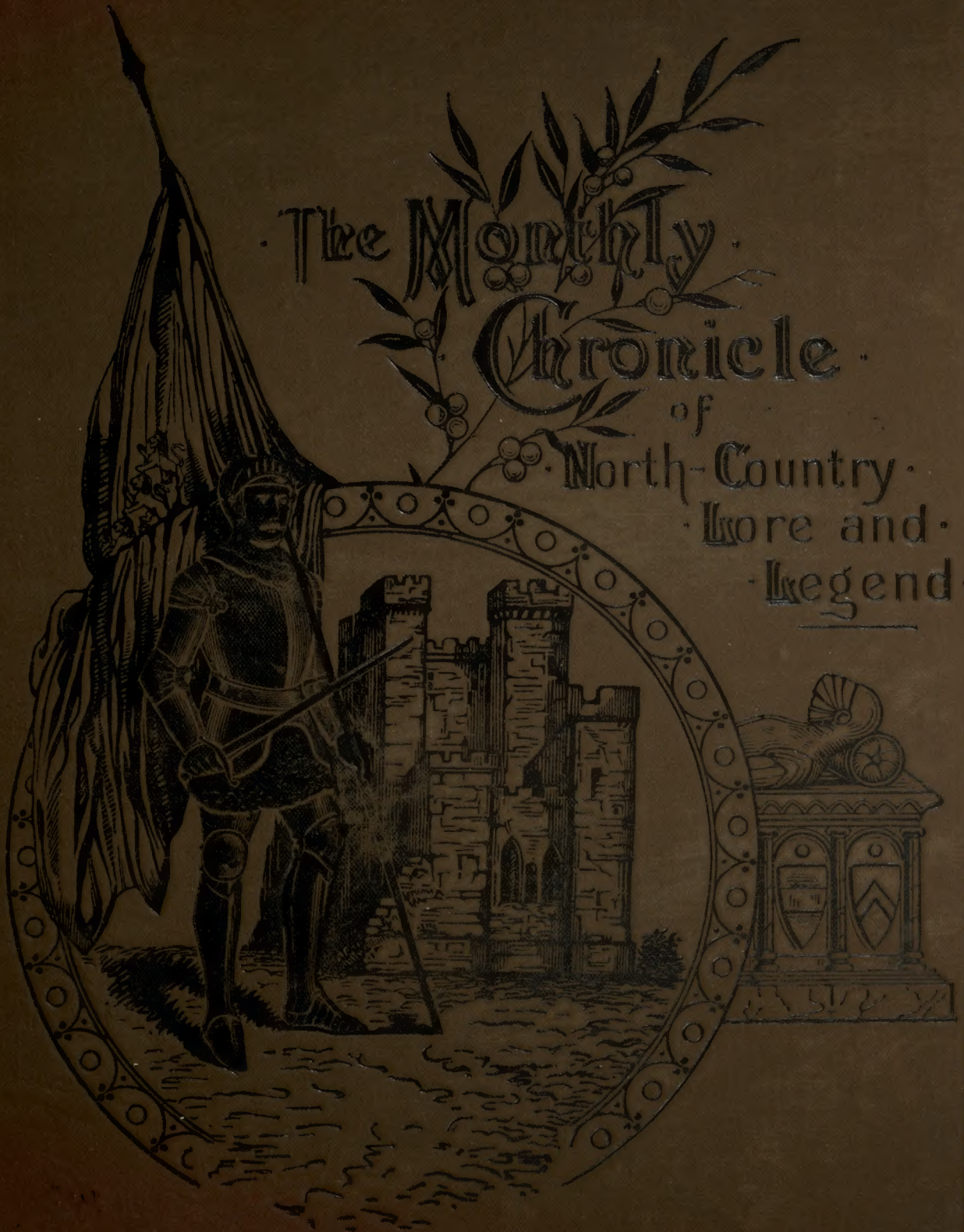


The Monthly
Chronicle
of
North-Country
Lore and
Legend





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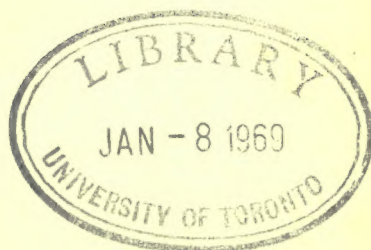
THE
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CHRONICLE

OF
NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

323 *ENGRAVINGS.*

1890

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Contents.

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	Page		Page
The Derwentwater Insurrection :—		NOTES AND COMMENTARIES :—	
Part I.—The Rising	1	Baron Hullock—The Hermit of Skiddaw—	
„ II.—The Collapse	49	Beacons in Northumberland	43
„ III.—The Execution	97	The Skiddaw Hermit—A Weardale Knitting	
The Rose of Raby	4	Stick—Richard Grainger—John Bird,	
THE NORTH-COUNTRY GARLAND OF SONG. By John		Mathematician	90
Stokoe :—		Pudding Chare—The Preacher and the High-	
“Winlaton Hopping,” 6; “Barber’s News, or		wayman	138
Shields in an Uproar,” 52; “Blow the Winds		The Oak Tree Coffins of Featherstonehaugh—	
I-ho,” 109; “Bowld Airchy Droon’d,” 165;		Curious Customs of the Lake District—Fairy	
“Sawney Ogilvie’s Duel with his Wife,” 198;		Pipes	185
“The Skipper’s Wedding,” 269; “Sair Feyl’d,		Family Longevity—Journalistic Enterprise at	
Hinny,” 325; “The Miller and his Sons,” 372;		Kendal—“Old Will Ritson”—The Old Mill,	
“Show me the Way to Wallington, 421; “Kin-		Jesmond Dene—The Remains of the Forsters	
mont Willie,” 453; “Success to the Coal Trade,”		at Bamborough—Thomas Topham in Gates-	
494; “Hughie the Græme,” 558.		head—Newcastle in Danger—Thomas Mor-	
Ovingham Village	7	ton, Bishop of Durham	281
Alnwick Church	8	Embleton Bog—Smollett and Akenside—A	
More about the Helm Wind	11	Weardale Holystone	329
The Case of Alexander Birnie	13	A Weardale Stay Busk—A Northumberland	
William Shield, Composer	14	Farmer’s Wedding 140 Years Ago—Old	
The Wren	16	Street Calls in Newcastle	378
Joseph Garnett	17	Old Street Cries in Newcastle—Oystershell Hall	
MEN OF MARK TWIXT TYNE AND TWEED. By		—Toad Mugs—Yorkshire Plant Lore	473
Richard Welford :—		A Newbrough Centenarian—Henwife Jack	522
John Cosyn, 19; Edward Collingwood, 20; George		The Chesters—A Tyneside Temperance Advocate	
Coughron, 22; John of Coupland, 65; Joseph		—Bath House, Newcastle	570
Cownley, 67; Sir Cresswell Cresswell, 68; Sir		North-Country Wit and Humour :— 44, 90, 138, 186, 234,	
William Cragh, 114; Matthew and George		283, 330, 378, 426, 474, 522, 571	
Culley, 116; Thomas Lord Dacre, 154; Rev. W.		North-Country Obituaries :— 45, 91, 139, 187, 235, 284,	
N. Darnell, B.D., 155; Robert Davell, 156; Sir		331, 379, 427, 475, 523, 572	
Alexander Davison, 157; Richard Dawes, 202;		Record of Events :— 46, 93, 141, 189, 236, 285, 332, 380,	
Henry Dawson, 203; William Dickson, 205;		429, 476, 524, 573	
Robert Doubleday, 206; Sir Ralph Delaval,		Joseph Cooke, Mystic and Communist	54
Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval, John Hussey Dela-		St. Hilda’s, East Hartlepool	55
val, Thomas Delaval, Edward Hussey Delaval,		Barnard Castle Church	57
250; Thomas Dobson, M.A., 298; Rev. William		John Knox in Newcastle	59
Dodds, M.A., 299; Arnoror Donkin, 300; Mat-		Mother Shipton and her Prophecies	61
thew Duane, 302; William Durant, 337; the		Ullswater and Stybarrow Crag	63
Cuthbert Ellisons, 339; John Ellison, M.A., 342;		An Eccentric Magistrate	69
the Nathaniel Ellisons : Nathaniel Ellison (1656-		The Countess’s Pillar	71
1721), Nathaniel Ellison (1737-1798), Nathaniel		Pandon Dene, Newcastle	71
Ellison (1786-1861), Robert Ellison, 411; Thomas		The Savings Bank Tragedy, Newcastle	76
Elliott, 441; James Ellis, 442; Jeffrey Ekins,		The Story of Dr. Cradock, an Ill-Fated Churchman...	78
443; William Elstob, 444; Elizabeth Elstob, 445;		Robert Browning	79
Richard Emeldon, 489; Rev. James Everett,		Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham	81
490; Christopher Fawcett, 492; Dr. Richard		The Newcastle Riot of 1740	83
Fawcett, 493; Sir John Fenwick, 537; Lieu-		William Gill Thompson	85
tenant-Colonel John Fenwick, 540; Colonel		The Titmouse Family	86
George Fenwick, 541.		The Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle—Thomas Bell,	
Warkworth Castle	23	Edward Culley	89
Richard Grainger, Builder	28	Turnip Husbandry	101
“Jackey Brough”	31	Julia St. George	103
Brignal Church and Brignal Banks	32	Cauldron Snout	105
Madame Stote and her Salve	33	Charles and Eugene d’Albert	105
Deer Parks in the North	36	Cuckoo Jack	110
Aydon Forest	37	Durham Cathedral	117
Nicky-Nack	37	The Pipits	124
William Brockie	38	The Towneley Family	125
The Butcher’s Dog : A Story of the Morpeth Road...	39	The Sad Story of Amy Fawsitt	126
Muncaster Castle	40	Craster House, Northumberland	128
Cocklaw Tower	41	Hollinside Manor	128
Hebburn Hall	42	Curious Customs of the Lake District	130
“Guinea Dick”	42	The Tyne Conservancy Contest	131
		Winter’s Stob, Elsdon	134

	Page		Page
Camilla Colville	135	The First Public Concerts in Newcastle	326
Valentine Smith	135	Oriel Window at Kenton	327
Mr. Justice Manisty	136	Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse	327
The Invention of the Lucifer Match	145	Ogle Castle	328
Charles Cowden Clarke's Visits to Newcastle	148	Alnwick Abbey	344
Mitford Church	150	Dungeon Gill Force	346
St. Oswald's Church, Durham	152	The Hermit of Warkworth	346
The Village of Elsdon	159	Jingling Geordie's Hole	349
The Wooden Dolly, North Shields	161	Kirkwhelpington Church	350
"The Duke of Baubleshire"	163	Workington Hall	352
The Brown Linnet and the Lesser Redpole	163	The Mosstroopers:—	
Durham Castle	166	Part I.—The Border Line—The Brigantes—	
The Grand Allies	170	Border Hardihood and Cunning—Dickie o'	
Deodands	174	the Den—Man-Hunting with Bloodhounds—	
A Laird of the North Countree	174	The Border Wardens and Warden Courts—	
Derwentwater, Keswick, and Grange	175	Castles, Peles, and Bastle Houses—Cottages,	
William the Lion, King of Scots	178	Huts, and Shiels—Robbers Perforce—"Ride,	
North-Country Artists:—G. F. Robinson, Arthur H.		Rowley, Ride!"—Wat o' Harden	354
Marsh, J. Rock Jones, Stephen Brownlow	181	Part II.—General Character of the Borderers—	
Coldstream Bridge	183	Misrule in the Thirteenth Century—Edom of	
Crawley Tower	185	Gordon—The Border Clans—Clannish Feuds	
The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh	193	—Northumbrians at Feud—The Murder of	
James Snape, D.D.	196	De la Bastie—A Raid of Kerrs—Raids into	
Farthing Giles and Guinea Dick	199	the Merse and Teviotdale—Sir Ralph Fen-	
The First Screw Collier	200	wick in Tynedale—The Robsons	402
Coupland Castle	201	Part III.—The Church and the Borderers—Lord	
The City of Durham	207	Dacre and the Thieves—The Scottish Thieves	
Cutty Soams	214	—The Feud of the Scotts and Kers—A	
The Quayside, Newcastle	215	Raid into the County Palatine—Lushburn	
The Elopement of John Scott and Bessie Surtees	215	Holes—The Dacres and the Ogles—"Saufey	
The Lighting of Towns	218	Money"—James V. : Piers Cockburn—	
The Raven, Carrion Crow, and Hooded Crow	221	Johnny Armstrong—The Northumberland	
Gateshead Perambulations	222	Fencibles	436
The "Newcastle Chronicle"	223	Part IV.—The Gallant Graemes—The Liddesdale	
John Hunter Rutherford	226	Thieves—The Inglewood Forest Thieves—	
Rookhope Ryde	228	The Redesdale Thieves—The Law of Gavel-	
Two Northumbrian Highwaymen	229	kind—Hexhamshire—The Halls	500
More about the Skiddaw Hermit	231	Part V.—Haltwhistle Harried and Avenged—	
The Bull Ring, North Shields	232	The Elliots and Armstrongs—Kinmont	
Dryburgh Abbey	233	Willie—Wat of Buccleugh—Jock o' the Side	
Strong Men: The Commons	234	—The Borders Partially Cleared—The Last	
Forde, Lord Grey, and Lady Henrietta Berkeley	241	of the Mosstroopers	529
The Shilbottle Blue Bonnet	244	Wallington, Northumberland	358
Jeremiah Dixon, Mathematician	245	A Nook in the Borderland	363
The Highlanders at Wolsingham	246	Egglecliffe Church	367
The Shrike, or Butcher Bird	247	Brancepeth Castle	371
Twizell House	249	The Brawn of Brancepeth	371
Penrith Castle	249	Harrison's Description of the North	373
The Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle	256	The Jay, the Chough, and the Nutteracker	375
New Church Schools, Newcastle	257	A Cleveland Tragedy and a Cleveland Poet	385
The Household Books of Naworth Castle	257	Camden's Account of the Northern Counties	387
A Roman Traveller in the North-Country	261	The Alnwick Stables in the Sixteenth Century	389
Newcastle and its Bridges	263	Seventy Years Ago in North Shields	390
Lindley Murray at York	267	Hartburn and Bolan	391
Beeswing and Lanercost	270	The Leakes of Bedlington	393
Stephen Hollin's Ghost	271	Madame Tomsett, Vocalist	396
Nab Cottage, Rydalmere	272	Toad Mugs	396
Long Meg and her Daughters	273	Pack Horses in the North	397
William Swan's Misfortunes	273	Newcastle's First Postman	398
Luke Long, Quack Doctor	275	Agnes Pringle, Artist	399
The Burning Hills of Shields	276	Belsay Village, Castle, and Hall	399
A Bedlington Legend	278	The Town and Port of Sunderland	406
Richard Halfknight, Artist	280	Hulne Abbey	416
Faloden Hall	281	A Family of Artists—The Hemys	417
Leland, the Antiquary, in Durham and Northumber-		The Buntings	419
land	289	John Clayton, Solicitor and Antiquary	422
The Battle of Sark	292	Bransholme Tower	433
A Jeddart Axe	294	Henry Evers, Teacher of Science	439
Ralph Dodds, Alderman of Newcastle	294	Brislee Tower, Alnwick	440
The Hawfinch, Bullfinch, and Goldfinch	296	St. George's Church, Jesmond, Newcastle	441
Alnwick Castle	303	Drayton's Description of the Northern Counties	446
An American Poem on Alnwick Castle	309	"The Sanctuary"	447
Blagdon Gates	311	Gateshead School	449
Kirkley Hall and Obelisk	311	The Blake Family Romance	449
The Strange Robbery at Kirkley Hall	314	Berwick Bridge	454
The Assassination of Gustavus of Sweden	318	The Bell Tower, Berwick	458
The Tynemouth Volunteer Life Brigade	319	Duns Scotus	459
Whitefield in the North	321	Miracle Plays and Mysteries of the North	461
The Captured Prelate	323	Bird Life on the Farne Islands	463
"The Old Highlander," North Shields	326	Herring Gull	466

	Page		Page
Great Auk	466	Bishop Bury's Lending Library	517
Common Guillemot	467	The Morning Star of the Reformation	518
Puffin	467	Bishop Cosin's Public Library	532
A Cumberland Poet: Josiah Relph of Sebergham	468	Three Norwich Soldiers	533
The Church of Haughton-le-Skerne	470	Views of Winton Mill	536
Ancient Cross at Gosforth, Cumberland	473	Mr. W. H. Patterson, Miners' Agent	542
Taylor, "Lord Kenedy," the Bigamist	481	Redmarshall Church	543
The Water Poet in the North	485	Bellister Castle	545
Robert Paton, Postman	486	Clavering's Cross	546
The Miller of the Clock Mill	487	The Failure of the District Bank	548
Two Bits of the North Road	488	The Village of Felton	550
Kirkharle Church	495	The Redstarts	554
Bondgate Tower, Alnwick	496	The Wild Dog of Ennerdale	555
The Arctic Expedition and Newcastle Election	498	Rev. Frank Walters	557
The Village of Ponteland	503	The Lark Hall Sprite	558
Captain Zachary Howard, the Cavalier Highwayman	506	Brougham Castle	559
The Seamen's Riot at Sunderland, 1825	508	Helvellyn Fatalities	561
Illicit Whisky in North-West Durham	510	Lumley Kettlewell, a York Eccentric	563
Coniston and Brantwood	511	Wynyard Hall	564
A Liddesdale Farmer in the Eighteenth Century	513	Jedburgh Abbey	565
The Warblers	515	John and Albany Hancock	566

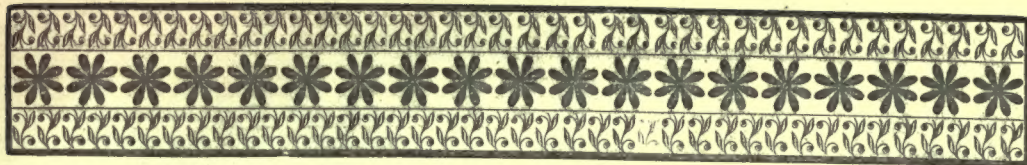
Illustrations.

Jedburgh Abbey (Frontispiece)	2	The Wooden Dolly, North Shields	161, 162
Staward Farm House	8	Linnet and Redpole	164
Ovingham	9	Exterior of the Great Hall, Durham Castle	168
St. Michael's Church, Alnwick	11	Interior of the Great Hall, Durham Castle	169
Grave Covers, Alnwick Church	12	Greta Hall	175
Helm Wind	17	Keswick and Derwentwater, from Latrigg	176
The Wren	19	Village of Grange, Borrowdale	177
"Cousin's House" Sun Dial	19	Coldstream Bridge	184
Cosyn's House, Quayside, Newcastle	23	Crawley Tower	185
The Lion Tower, Warkworth	24	The First Screw Collier, "Q.E.D."	200
Warkworth Castle	25	Coupland Castle	201
Warkworth from the River	26	Monument to Henry Dawson	204
Gateway, Warkworth Castle	26	Durham, from the Railway	208
The Keep, Warkworth	27	Durham Castle and Cathedral	209
The Coquet, Warkworth	27	Silver Street, Durham	211
Warkworth from the Cross	32	Elvet Bridge, Durham	212
Brignal Banks	33	Quayside, Newcastle	216
Brignal Church	37	The Elopement of John Scott and Bessie Surtees	217
King of the Forest, Aydon Forest	40	Raven	221
Muncaster Castle	41	Carrion Crow	221
Cocklaw Tower	42	Hooded Crow	222
Hebburn Hall	56	Gateshead Boundary Tokens	223
St. Hilda's Church, East Hartlepool	57	Skiddaw Hermit's Hut	231
Barnard Castle Church	58	The Bull Ring, North Shields	232
South Doorway, Barnard Castle Church	63	Dryburgh Abbey	233
Mother Shipton's Cave, Knaresborough	64	The Shrike, or Butcher Bird	247
Upper Reach of Ullswater	65	Twizell House	248
Stybarrow Crag, Ullswater	71	Penrith Castle	249
The Countess's Pillar	72	Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle	256
Barras Bridge, Newcastle	73, 74, 75	New Church Schools, Newcastle	257
Pandon Dene, Newcastle	86, 87, 88	Newcastle from Gateshead	263
The Titmouse Family	90	High Level Bridge, Newcastle	264
A Weardale Knitting Stick	100	Tyne Bridge, "	265
Execution of Lord Derwentwater	101	Swing Bridge, "	266
Memorial Cross to Lord Derwentwater	104	Nab Cottage, Rydalmere	272
Home of Julia St. George, Pandon Dene, Newcastle	105	Long Meg and her Daughters	273
Cauldron Snout, Teesdale	112	Falloden Hall, Northumberland	281
Jack Tar Inn, Newcastle	115	A Jeddart Axe	294
Autographs of Sir William Creagh, Ambrose Barnes, Wm. Hutchinson, and Samuel Gill	118	Hawfinch, Bullfinch, Goldfinch	296, 297
Durham Cathedral	119	Alnwick Castle: Bird's Eye View—The Barbican—Stone Figures—The Warders' Tower—The Keep—The Constable's Tower—Garret and Fragment of Norman Masonry—The Well—Castle from the river Aln—The Saloon	303-4-5-6-7-8-9-10
St. Cuthbert's Cross and the Dun Cow, Durham Cathedral	120	Blagdon Gates	312
Chapel of the Nine Altars, Durham Cathedral	121	Entrance to Kirkley Hall	313
The Nave, Durham Cathedral	123	Kirkley Hall and Obelisk	314
The Galilee, Durham Cathedral	124, 125	Firing the Rocket	320
The Pipits	128	Coming Ashore in Breeches Buoy	321
Craster House, Northumberland	129	"The Old Highlander," North Shields	326
Hollinside Manor	134	Oriel Window at Kenton	327
Winter's Stob, Elsdon	142	Ogle Castle	329
Effects of Explosion in Ellison Terrace, Newcastle	152	A Weardale Holystone	330
Mitford Church	153	Cuthbert Ellison's Tombstone	340
St. Oswald's Church, Durham	158		
Autograph of Alex. Davison	160		
Elsdon Village			

	Page		Page
The Vicar's Will	343	Royal Border Bridge, Berwick	457
Alnwick Abbey Gateway	344	The Bell Tower, Berwick	458
Duncheon Gill Force, Langdale	345	The Pinnacles, Farne Islands	463, 464, 465
Sun Dial, Kirkwhelpington Church	350	Herring Gull	466
Kirkwhelpington Church	352	Great Auk	466
Workington Hall	353	Common Guillemot	467
Wallington Bridge	358	Puffin	467
Arms of Sir George Trevelyan	359	Haughton-le-Skerne Church	472
Entrance to the Courtyard, Wallington Hall	359	Gosforth Church Cross, Cumberland	473
South Front, Wallington Hall	360	Oystershell Hall	474
Picture Gallery, Wallington Hall	361	Old Inn in Pudding Chare	479
Egglescliffe Church	368	Twenty-Mile Bridge, North Road	488
Brancepeth Castle	369	North Gate Toll Bar	489
Jay, Chough, and Nutcracker	376-7	Font in Kirkharle Church	496
A Weardale Stay Bask	378	Kirkharle Church	496
St. Augustine's Church, Newcastle	382	Bondgate Tower, Alnwick	497
St. Jude's Church	383	The Whalton Road, Ponteland	504
Font in Hartburn Church	392	Ponteland	505
Hartburn Church	392	Coniston Water, Cumberland	512
Bolton Church	393	Mr. Ruskin's House, Brantwood, Cumberland	513
Toad Mugs	396-7	The Warblers	515-6-7
Belsay Village, Castle, and Hall	399, 400, 401, 403	Wycliffe Church, Exterior	520
The Quarry, Belsay	402	Wycliffe Church, Interior	521
Sunderland :- South Quay, Upper and Lower High Street, Bodlewell Ferry	407-8-9-10	Lifton House, Jesmond, Newcastle	524
Signature of Dr. Nathaniel Ellison	412	Fac-simile of Lord Tennyson's Letter	526
Hulne Abbey : Tower and Church	416-7	Grand Hotel, Barras Bridge, Newcastle	527
The Buntings	419-20-21	Views of Winton Mill	535, 536, 537
The Chesters, Northumberland	424	Redmarshall Church	544
"Boys at Play" : From a picture by Miss Dorothy Tennant	432	Bellister Castle	545
Bransholme Tower	433	Clavering's Cross	546
Brislee Tower, Alnwick	440	Views of Felton	550, 552, 553
St. George's Church, Jesmond	441	Redstart	554
"The Sanctuary"	448	Blackstart	555
Gateshead School	449	Brougham Castle	560
Twizel Castle and Bridge	451	Striding Edge and Red Tarn	561
Berwick Bridge	456	Wynyard Hall	564, 565
		Oatlands, Surrey	569
		Bath House, Newcastle	571

Portraits.

	Page		Page		Page
The Earl of Derwentwater	1	Alderman John O. Scott	187	Miss Philippa Fawcett	356
Thomas Forster	2	John Fleming	187	Cuthbert Ellison	341
William Shield	14	Alderman Henry Milvain	188	Henry Ellison	341
Joseph Garnett	17	Old Will Ratson	189	Isabella Ellison	342
William Brockie	33	Edmund Gosse	189	Thomas Wakenshaw	379
The Hermit of Skiddaw	43	Bishop Wilkinson	190	William Crawford	380
Martin F. Tupper	48	Captain A. J. Loftus	190	Stephen Renforth	384
Mr. Justice Cresswell	68	Mrs. Cuninghame Graham	191	Madame Tomsett	396
Robert Browning	80	James Snape, D.D.	196	Newcastle's First Postman	398
Bishop Lightfoot	81	William Dickson	205	Agnes Pringle	399
William Gill Thompson	85	Robert Doubleday	207	Robert Ellison	414
Thomas Bell	89	Thomas Slack	224	Charles Napier Henry	418
Edward Culley	89	Mrs. Slack	224	Tom M. Hemy	418
"Cuthbert Bede"	91	Mrs. Solomon Hodgson	224	Bernard B. Henry	419
Bracey R. Wilson	91	William Preston	225	John Clayton	425
Alderman Joseph Spence	92	Thomas Hodgson	225	George Noble Clark	428
Mrs. Ann Lancaster	93	James Hodgson	225	Henry Evers	439
J. G. Brown	93	Dr. J. H. Rutherford	226	Elizabeth Elstob	445
Julia St. George	103	Skiddaw Hermit	231	Duns Scotus	459
Charles D'Albert	106	Thomas Beckwith	235	Robert Paton, Postman	486
Eugene D'Albert	107	Bishop Westcott	237	Rev. James Everett	491
Cuckoo Jack	113	David Dale	238	John de Wycliffe	519
Amy Fawcett	126	J. Crichton Browne	238	Mrs. Mary Teasdale	522
Camilla Colville	135	John Burnett	239	William Murphy	525
Valentine Smith	136	Ferde, Lord Grey	241	James Grey	525
Mr. Justice Manisty	137	Richard Halfknight	280	William Bowey	525
Christian Althausen	139	Edwin Waugh	288	W. H. Patterson	542
William Dodd	139	Alderman Ralph Dodds	296	Rev. Frank Walters	557
Alderman John Dobson	140	Thomas Dobson, M.A.	298	John Hancock	566, 568
Sir Edward Watkin	144	Armorer Donkin	301	Albany Hancock	568
"The Duke of Baubleshire"	163	Matthew Duane	302	William Peel	570
Bold Archy	165	John Morrison	320	John Thompson	572
Robert Southey	175	Alderman John Foster Spence	321	Thomas M'Kendrick	573
G. F. Robinson	182	W. S. B. Woolhouse	323	Herbert Ward	574
Arthur Marsh	182	Miss Eleanor Burnett	332	William Jenkins	574
J. Rock Jones	183	Berghard Stavenhagen	333	Robt. Shadforth	575
Stephen Brownlow	183	John H. Amers	335	Stephen Quinn	576



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The Derwentwater Insurrection.

Part I.—The Rising.

JAMES RADCLIFFE, the last Earl of Derwentwater, was the representative of an ancient Northumberland family, who had acquired by marriage immense property in the neighbourhood of Derwentwater Lake, in Cumberland, in addition to their own originally large possessions. Throughout the troubles of the seventeenth century, the Radcliffes uniformly espoused the cause of Royalty, as did many others of the Northumberland gentry, especially such as, like them, professed the Catholic religion. At length their attachment to the Stuart family was confirmed by the marriage of Edward, eldest son of Sir Francis Radcliffe, to Mary Tudor, an illegitimate daughter of Charles II. This event took place in 1687, and in the ensuing year Sir Francis was made Earl of Derwentwater by James II., then about to lose his throne.

When the revolution took place, and King James, with his consort and infant son, sought refuge in France, the Derwentwater family adhered most devotedly to his ruined fortunes. James, the eldest son of Edward the second earl, was brought up at St. Germain, in France, with the son of the exiled king, who was of the same age, and with whom, accordingly, he formed one of those youthful friendships which are usually found to be both the most tender and the most lasting. On the death of his father in 1705, he succeeded in his seventeenth year to the title and estates of his family, and in 1710, then in his twenty-first year, came to live at Dilston, in Northumberland, once a fine old mansion, now in ruins, where he exercised almost princely hospitality. He was in due time married to a daughter of Sir John Webb, of Canford, in Dorsetshire, by whom he had a son and daughter.

Shortly after the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I., which events occurred in the autumn of 1714, a very extensive design existed for restoring the



The Earl of Derwentwater.

family of Stuart to the throne. Those who favoured this unhappy cause—usually termed Jacobites, from James [Jacobus] II., who had forfeited the crown in 1688—were principally old families of rank in the North and West of

England and in Scotland. The Government of George I., becoming alarmed for its safety, took measures to prevent the suspected insurrection, seized the horses, arms, and ammunition which had been gathered together by the Jacobite leaders, and hastened to take various persons into custody. The Habeas Corpus Act, which gives the people a right to immediate trial should they be seized for any alleged offences, was likewise suspended. This extreme measure is supposed to have precipitated the rebellion. Among the noblemen and gentlemen who were ordered to be taken into custody on suspicion were the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Thomas Forster,



Thomas Forster.

of Adderstone, one of the members for Northumberland. Warrants were accordingly issued for their apprehension; but the design having been communicated by one of the clerks at the Secretary of State's office to his lordship's friends in London, they immediately gave him warning of the intended arrest. Lord Derwentwater, in consequence, fled from Dilston, and found refuge in the cottage of one Richard Lambert, a humble but faithful retainer of his family. Various houses are assigned as the place in which the earl passed the last night he spent in Northumberland whilst flying from the officers of the Crown. One of these is the Manor House at Alston; another is a farm house at Staward, of which Richardson has given an engraving in his Table Book.

For some time preparations had been making by the Roman Catholic gentry of Northumberland, in concert with their friends in London, to appear in arms on the first warning. The manner in which they communicated their plans to each other is somewhat curious. As it was considered unsafe to employ the usual mode of carrying on so important a correspondence, gentlemen were engaged to travel on horseback from place to place in the country, as if on commercial concerns, and letters were deposited by them in secure situations, while others were there taken up and delivered elsewhere. The placing of letters beneath stones at certain spots on the hills and moors was one of the expedients employed. A holly hedge still existing on the roadside between Dilston and the Linnels, locally known as the "Hollin Bus," is also said to have been used for this purpose. And it was by such means that the Earl of Derwentwater received private intelligence from his friends.

Derwentwater remained some time in concealment; but, being at length desirous of an interview with his family, he repaired secretly to his own house. On his lordship presenting himself before his wife, she reproached him with some asperity, declaring it was not fitting that the Earl of Derwentwater should continue to hide his head in hovels from the light of day when the gentry were up in arms for the cause of their lawful sovereign. It is also said that she at the same time threw down her fan, indignantly exclaiming, "Take that, and give your sword to me." These stinging reproaches decided the earl as to the course he should pursue. With regard to this matter, however, Mr. Sidney Gibson says it is very improbable that such a scene really occurred. Be this as it may, the earl resolved to join the insurgents.

It was on the 6th October, 1715, that the Earl of Derwentwater went into open rebellion. A few weeks before, the Earl of Mar had commenced a similar rising in Scot-



STAWARD FARM HOUSE.

land, and he was now posted at Perth with a considerable body of troops. It was anticipated that the people of both countries would instantly flock to the Stuart standard. Moreover, important aid was expected from France. Unluckily for those who took arms, the death of Louis XIV. prevented all foreign assistance, besides repressing the ardour of such as were still undeclared. On the side of the English, in particular, there was a lamentable failure of energy.

Attended by only a small body of retainers, the Earl of Derwentwater met Mr. Forster with a few followers at a place called Green Rig, on the top of a hill in the parish of Birtley, North Tyne. The whole force amounted to sixty persons on horseback. What was wanting in numbers could not well be said to be compensated by military skill or heroism. The smallness of Derwentwater's party showed that the authority which he possessed over his extensive estates and the large mines which belonged to him at Alston Moor had either been exerted very feebly or had been counteracted by some opposite influence. He was himself, though an amiable man, possessed of no special talents for such an enterprise; while his companion Forster was even more deficient in the qualities necessary to command a rebellion.

The insurgents marched first to a place called Plainfield on the river Coquet, where they were joined by a number of friends, and then to Rothbury, where they quartered for the night. Next morning they proceeded to Warkworth, where they were joined by Lord Widdrington, great-grandson of the famous Lord Widdrington, "one of the most goodly persons of that age," who had been killed fighting for Charles II. in 1651. Forster was now chosen commander-in-chief, not from any supposed abilities or military knowledge, but merely because he was a Protestant, it being judged unwise to excite popular prejudice against the insurgent cause by placing a Catholic at its head.

From Warkworth they marched to Alnwick, where, as they had done at Warkworth, they proclaimed James III. Proceeding next to Morpeth, they were met at Felton Bridge by seventy horse from the Scottish Border, so that they now amounted to 300. Some of their adherents remained undecided till the last fatal moment. Patten, the chaplain of Lord Derwentwater, and the historian of the rebellion, mentions that one of their number, John Hall, of Otterburn, attended a meeting of the Quarter Sessions which was held at Alnwick for the purpose of taking measures for quelling the rising, but left it to join the Jacobites with such precipitation that he forgot his hat upon the bench. The insurgents received many offers of assistance from the country people, but were obliged to decline them, as they had neither arms to equip nor money to pay the recruits. They therefore deemed it advisable to receive none but such as came mounted and armed.

The main body of the insurgents experienced a severe disappointment in the failure of the attempt to obtain possession of Newcastle. As they had many friends in that place, and Sir William Blackett, one of the representatives in Parliament, and a great coal proprietor, and, therefore, possessed of extensive influence among the keelmen, was understood to be warmly inclined towards their cause, they expected an easy capture of the town, intending to make it a grand stronghold for their party. But the great body of the inhabitants, like those of all the thriving towns in the country, sided with the reigning family. Newcastle, though not regularly fortified, had strong walls and gates, which were well secured and defended by seven hundred volunteers, while as many more could very soon have been raised among the keelmen and bargemen employed on the Tyne. The Earl of Scarborough, Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland, and a number of the neighbouring gentry, supported the loyal portion of the citizens in their resolution, and the arrival of a body of regular troops put this important post out of danger. Frustrated in their designs on Newcastle, the Jacobites turned aside to Hexham, from which they were led, few of them knowing whither, to a large heath or moor near Dilston, and there they halted, waiting for an opportunity to surprise Newcastle. But hearing of the arrival of General Carpenter with part of those forces with which he afterwards attacked the insurgents, they again retired to Hexham, where they proclaimed King James, nailing the proclamation to the market-cross. They had, a few days before, sent a message to the Earl of Mar, informing him of their proceedings, and entreating him to send them a reinforcement of foot-soldiers.

In the meantime the Jacobites in the South-West of Scotland had also risen in insurrection, placing Viscount Kenmure, a Protestant nobleman of high character, at their head. Kenmure, finding that he could not with a handful of cavalry obtain possession of Dumfries, resolved to unite his forces with the Northumberland gentlemen; and with that object he proceeded through Hawick and Jedburgh over the Border to Rothbury, where the junction was effected.

"The two bodies," says Sir Walter Scott, "inspected each other's military state and equipments with the anxiety of mingled hope and apprehension. The general character of the troops was the same, but the Scots seemed the best prepared for action, being mounted on strong, hardy horses fit for the charge; and, though but poorly disciplined, were well armed with the basket-hilted broadsword then common throughout Scotland. The English gentlemen, on the other hand, were mounted on fleet blood horses, better adapted for the race-course and hunting field than for action. There were among them a great want of war-saddles, curb-bridles, and, above all, of swords and pistols; so that the Scots were inclined to doubt whether men so well equipped for flight, and so imperfectly prepared for combat, might not, in case of an

encounter, take the safer course and leave them in the lurch. They were unpleasantly reminded of their want of swords on entering Wooler. Their commanding officer having given the order, 'Gentlemen, you that have swords, draw them,' a fellow among the crowd inquired, with some drollery, 'And what shall they do who have none?' Out of the four troops commanded by Forster, the two raised by Lord Derwentwater and Lord Widdrington were, like those of the Scots, composed of gentlemen and their relations and dependants. But the third and fourth troops differed considerably in their composition. The one was commanded by John Hunter, who united the character of a Border farmer with that of a contraband trader; the other by a person named Douglas, who was remarkable for his dexterity and success in searching for arms and horses—a trade which he is said not to have limited to the time of the rebellion. Into the troops of these last named officers many persons of slender reputation were introduced, who had either lived by smuggling or by the ancient Border practice of horse-lifting, as it was called. These light and suspicious characters, however, fought with determined courage at the barricades of Preston."

Our portrait of the Earl of Derwentwater is copied from a beautiful oil-painting, believed to be the work of Sir Godfrey Kneller, now in the possession of a gentleman at Tynemouth—Mr. Swinburne Wilson. The picture, which is said to have been originally the property of the Earl of Derwentwater himself, came into Mr. Wilson's hands through a retainer of the family at Dilston Hall.

The Rose of Raby.

THE following quotation from an old ballad relates, in a concise manner, the history of the illustrious lady known as the "Rose of Raby," whose life was indissolubly linked with the chief actors in the savage battles, ruthless executions, and shameless treasons which stamp the struggle between the rival houses of York and Lancaster as the most distressful period in our English annals:—

"A gracious lady!
What is her name, I thee praie tell me?"
"Dame Cecile, sir." "Whose daughter was she?"
"Of the Erle of Westmoreland, I trowe the yengist,
And yet grace fortun'd her to be the highest."

Cicely Neville was the youngest daughter and twenty-second child of Ralph, Lord Neville of Raby, Earl of Westmoreland, by his second wife, Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt. So far as can be ascertained, she was born at Raby, in the year 1415; was brought up in the North of England, and educated with her future husband, Richard, Duke of York, who was a ward of her father, the Earl of Westmore-

land. Cicely was by birth a Lancastrian, her mother being half-sister to Henry IV., and she herself first cousin one remove from Henry VI.; but her maternal relationship did not count for much after she married the representative of the second son of Edward III., as she then became heart and soul a Yorkist; and there is little doubt that this union induced the Nevilles to interest themselves in endeavouring to place the sceptre in the hands of the Duke of York and their kinswoman, thus plunging their unhappy country into all the miseries of civil war. Yet at the time of the marriage there appeared little chance of Richard ever ascending the throne, as it had been filled by three sovereigns of the Lancastrian branch in succession, while his own father had been attainted and executed for treason. The influence of the Nevilles was, however, all powerful and, after much bloodshed, the Duke of York was proclaimed Prince of Wales, and Protector of the Realm. The much-coveted diadem seemed now almost within Cicely's grasp; but many and dreadful were the battles that were still to ensue between the two factions. At last the Yorkists received what appeared to be a crushing defeat at Wakefield, Cicely's brother, the Earl of Salisbury, being slain on the field of battle, and her third son, the young Earl of Rutland, cruelly slaughtered by the black-faced Lord Clifford, while her husband was taken prisoner and afterwards beheaded. The manner in which the Duke of York was put to death portrays the ferocious spirit which then pervaded England. Dragged by his cruel captors to an ant-hill, he was there seated as on a throne, crowned with a diadem of knotted grass, and insultingly sneered at by his enemies who made obeisance, exclaiming, in unhallowed perversion of scripture: "Hail, king without a kingdom! Hail, prince without a people!"

The Duchess of York was in London at the time of her husband's defeat and death; but such was the respect in which she was held that, though alone and unprotected in the midst of the foes of her family, she was allowed to remain unmolested in her house, Baynard's Castle. Three months afterwards the star of York was once more in the ascendant; her young and handsome son Edward (surnamed from his birthplace the "Rose of Rouen") triumphed at Towton; after his victory, he hastened to London, called his first council in his mother's house, and was there proclaimed king. Although possessing great influence over Edward IV., the duchess was unable to prevent his marriage with Elizabeth Woodville. Furious at the thought of yielding her place as first lady in the land to the daughter of a man who had commenced life as a simple squire of ordinary descent, she endeavoured to impress on her son the impolicy of marrying a woman who was not only a subject, but a widow with a family. Her representations were of no avail; the king jestingly answered—"She is, indeed, a widow, and hath children,

and, by God's blessed lady, I, who am a bachelor, have some too. Madam, my mother, I pray you be content." Dame Cicely had to acquiesce. She ultimately consented to stand as sponsor to Edward's eldest daughter, who was christened Elizabeth—a proof that the gallant monarch cared more to pay a compliment to his wife than to conciliate his haughty mother.

The Duchess of York's dislike to her daughter-in-law was, in all probability, increased when the king, in his anxiety to provide for his wife's poor relations, insisted on marrying his mother's eldest sister, Catherine Neville, Duchess of Norfolk, a widow in her eightieth year, to John Woodville, a youth of twenty. At the death of Edward IV. the Duchess Cicely, influenced, doubtless, by the bad terms she was on with Elizabeth Woodville, joined the party of her son, Richard III., all of whose early councils were held under his mother's roof. It must, however, be supposed that she was greatly shocked by his subsequent conduct, for her noble upright character absolutely precludes any idea of her complicity in the murders of her unfortunate grandsons.

Before the death of her husband the Duchess of York had assumed all the state and dignity of a reigning sovereign; and, though after his decease she withdrew into comparatively private life, she still used the arms of France and England quarterly, thus implying that of right she was Queen. Even after taking the vows of the Benedictine order, in 1480, she still gave audience in her throne-room with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty. Her life, dominated as it was by two supreme ideas, the care of her soul, and the furtherance of her ambitious hopes for herself and family, was apparently passed between the cloister and the Court. Although she had professed a religious life, and had very strong feelings on the subject, such was her pride of race that she never allowed any one for a moment to forget that the blood of the haughty Nevilles and imperious Beauforts flowed in her veins. Well might she be proud of her noble lineage. Herself of royal descent, nine of her brothers were by birth, marriage, or creation peers of the realm; two of her sons were crowned kings; and it was a final satisfaction to her to see the succession peacefully settled by the marriage of her eldest grand-daughter to Henry VII. She lived to see several children born of this union, and, after surviving her consort thirty-five years, died in retirement at her castle of Berkhamstead in 1496. In accordance with her own desire, she was buried by the side of her husband in the collegiate church of Fotheringay.

Cicely was remarkably beautiful, and was known in the neighbourhood of her birthplace as the "Rose of Raby." In after life her pride grew so inordinate that her name became a byword, and in the Midland Counties to this day, when anyone wishes to describe a haughty, arrogant person, they say she is a "proud Cis." Curious portraits of Dame Cicely and the Duke of York still exist

in the south window of Penrith Church, where they were probably placed by Richard III. Cicely's head is decorated with a garland of gems, and her face gives the idea of a very handsome woman past her first youth. Whatever faults of pride or temper may be laid to the charge of the "Rose of Raby," her moral character was at least unspotted; vile calumnies were circulated against her by her Lancastrian enemies, but nobody believed her guilty of the crimes laid to her charge. The time was a stormy one, and in consequence of the greatness of her connections she endured grievous misfortunes. Her husband was beheaded; her son, Rutland, murdered; her son, Clarence, imprisoned by one brother, was put to death by another; while her youngest son, after disgracing humanity by his murderous deeds, fell in battle fighting for the Crown he had so unjustly usurped. Out of her family of twelve children only one survived her, and nearly all her relatives were either killed or beheaded. In spite of their high estate, wretchedness marked the fate of Plantagenets and Nevilles, and both families are now alike remembered for their ambition and their crimes.

A long account of the methodical and admirable manner in which the duchess ordered her house, and passed her days, has been preserved. From an old account we learn that, rising at seven in the morning, she not only attended mass in her chapel several times a day, but had religious books read to her during meals. After dinner, which was at "eleven of the clock," she gave audiences on business, and not till after supper, which was at five in the afternoon, did she dispose herself "to be familiare with her gentlewomen to the seeking of honest mirthe," and as she lived in anti-abstinence days, she saw no sin in comforting herself before going to bed at eight with "one cuppe of wine." By her will, after giving instructions as to her interment, she leaves her largest bed of bande kyn with a counterpoint of the same to her daughter Ann, a traverse of blue satin to her daughter Katherine, and to her daughter Anne, Prioress of Syon, a book of Bonaventure. The memory of Cicely Neville yet lingers in the North; but, owing to the disturbed period in which she lived, little special personal information can be gleaned about her. She must, however, always hold an important place in history as the direct ancestress of our present Royal family; for her great grand-daughter, Margaret Tudor, whose birth she lived to see, was the grandmother of Mary, Queen of Scots, the mother of James I., and from his grand-daughter Sophia, Electress of Hanover, all succeeding sovereigns are descended.

The Earl of Westmoreland's house stood in Westgate Street, Newcastle. There can be little doubt that Cicely passed some portion of her childish days in the town, and it needs little imagination to fancy her playing on the verdant slopes leading to the Tyne, or gazing from the

embattled tower on the trees and flowers which then rendered the Forth one of the most favoured resorts of the old burgesses.

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

WINLATON HOPPING.

WINLATON HOPPING, like all the other annual festive gatherings of the district, is now considerably shorn of its former glories, and the scenes of hilarious enjoyment formerly witnessed are now things of the past.

John Leonard, the writer of the song, was the son of Mr. George Leonard, gardener, of Gateshead, who was also the owner of a property on the east side of High Street, still known by the name of Leonard's Street. The son was brought up to the trade of a joiner, and wrote numerous pieces of poetry, including some satirical effusions on the events of the day, all of which are now lost or forgotten. In the latter portion of his life he fell into difficulties, and the property named passed into other hands.

The song was written above sixty years ago, and is a clever description of a village fair or hopping. John Peacock, the piper named in the song, was the Paginini of the players on the Northumbrian small pipes, and one of the last of the "Town Waits" whom the old merry burgesses of Newcastle maintained time out of mind to wait upon the Mayor on gala occasions, who played at weddings and other festivals, and serenaded the inhabitants during the winter months.

The tune is of Irish extraction, and possesses a rollicking character which fits it well to the lively verses of the song.



Ye sons of glee, come join with me, Ye



who love mirth and to - ping, O; You'll



ne'er re - fuse to hear my muse, Sing of



Win - la - ton fam'd : hop - ping, O, To



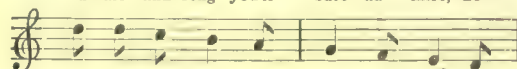
Tench - e's Ho - tel let's re - tire, To



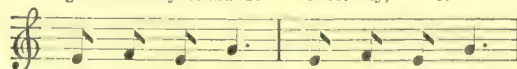
tip - ple a - way so neat - ly, O; The



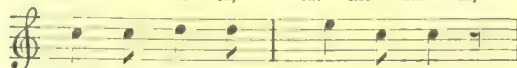
fid - dle and song you'll sure ad - mire, To -



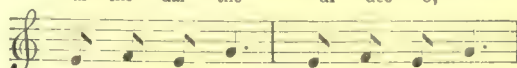
ge - ther they sound so sweet - ly, O.



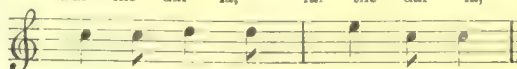
Fal the dal la, fal the dal la,



Fal the dal the di dee O,



Fal the dal la, fal the dal la,



Fal the dal the di dee O.

With box and die
You'll Sammy spy,
Of late Sword-Dancers' Bessy, O—
All patch'd and torn,
With tail and horn,
Just like a de'il in dressy, O:
But late discharged from that employ,
'This scheme popp'd in his noddle, O;
Which filled his little heart with joy,
And pleased blithe Sammy Doddle, O.

Close by the stocks
His dice and box
He rattled away so rarely, O;
Both youth and age
Did he engage,
Together they played so cheerly, O:
While just close by the sticks did fly
At spice on knobs of woody, O:
"How! mind my legs!" the youngsters cry;
"Wey, man, thou's drawn the bloody; O!"

Ranged in a row,
A glorious show,
Of spice and nuts for cracking, O:
With handsome toys
For girls and boys,
Graced Winlaton's famed Hopping, O.
Each to the stalls led his dear lass,
And treat her there so sweetly, O;
Then straight retired to drink a glass,
An' shuffle and cut so neatly, O.

Ye men so wise
Who knowledge prize,
Let not this scene confound ye, O;
At Winship's door
Might ye explore
The world a' running round ye, O.
Blithe boys and girls on horse and chair,
Flew round without e'er stopping, O;
Sure Blaydon Races can't compare
With Winlaton's famed Hopping, O.

The night came on,
With dance and song
Each public-house did jingle, O;
All ranks did swear
To banish Care,
The married and the single, O;

They tript away till morning light,
Then slept sound without rocking, O.
Next day got drunk, in merry plight,
And jaw'd about the Hopping, O.

At last dull Care
His crest did rear,
Our heads be sore did riddle, O,
Till Peacock drew
His pipes and blew,
And Tench he tun'd his fiddle, O :
Then Painter Jack he led the van,
The drum did join in chorus, O.
The old and young then danced and sung,
Dull Care fled far before us, O.

No courtier fine,
Nor grave divine,
That's got the whole he wishes, O,
Will ever be
So blithe as we,
With all their loaves and fishes, O :
Then grant, O Jove ! our ardent prayer,
And happy still you'll find us, O ;—
Let pining Want and haggard Care
A day's march keep behind us, O.

Ovingham Village.



FROM Tynemouth to Wylam, foundries, shipyards, and chemical works have effectually marred the banks of the Tyne. Further westward, however, the valley is more arcadian in aspect, and at Ovingham, on the north bank of the river, everything incongruous has disappeared from the landscape.

To the beauty of nature is added the charm of antiquity. Here more than a thousand years ago a family of Anglian settlers established themselves, and the place was known as the *ham* or home of the Offings, or family of Offa. The early chroniclers are silent respecting the early vicissitudes of Ovingham. Protected, as it was, from the middle of the twelfth century, by the neighbouring stronghold of the Umfrevilles—Prudhoe Castle—it would suffer but little from the depredations of Scottish marauders. It is more than likely that the army of William the Lion, which had spitefully stripped off the bark from the apple trees at Prudhoe on retiring from the walls of the castle in 1174, would inflict some injury on Ovingham as well. In 1644, a part of the Scottish army, under Lesley, crossed the Tyne by the ford here, on retreating from Newcastle, which they had vainly beleaguered from the 3rd to the 22nd of February of that year.

The most memorable event in the history of Ovingham took place on November 17th, 1771, when the Tyne rose to a great height above its normal level. The turbulent waters surrounded the boathouse, which was occupied on this particular evening by ten persons, viz., the ferryman, John Johnson, his wife and two children, his mother, brother, a man servant, maid servant, and two young men. The details of the picture are soon sketched in. The inmates take refuge in an upper room, and then climb

on to the roof. The flood grows stronger and the night darker. They break through the wall into an adjoining stable as the foundations of the building begin to give way, and so get on to the roof. They are swept away by the torrent, and carried down with the thatch nearly three hundred yards into a wood. The ferryman snatches at a bough of a tree with one hand, seizing his wife with the other. She, however, is forced away from his grasp, and he can barely save himself by climbing up into the branches. His brother and the maid servant escape from the flood in a similar way, and for ten weary hours they remain in their perilous position. Then help comes, and they are rescued, the girl, however, dying but a little while after.

Ovingham has associations of great interest—especially to lovers of art. It is the birthplace of the portrait-painter William Nicholson, R.S.A. (born 1785), and of Bewick's pupil, John Jackson (born 1801). Here, in 1795, died John Bewick, the engraver, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Ann Dobson ; and here he lies buried by the side of his more famous brother. The mother of George Stephenson was a native of Ovingham, she being the second daughter of George Carr, a dyer in the village, who is represented with his employer, Thomas Dobson, in Bewick's wood-cut of "The Ovingham Dyers."

If the village had none of these memories of Bewick and his pupils, it would still have a charm for the artist as a picturesque subject for the exercise of his powers. There is a slight swelling of the ground on the north bank of the Tyne here, and upon this long green knoll is seated the village. A new iron bridge in a coat of red paint now connects it with the railway station of Prudhoe.

Every view of Ovingham is dominated by the ancient tower of the church, a plain, square structure, without buttresses. It was built about the middle of the 11th century, and is an interesting specimen of pre-Conquest work. Beneath the tower against its west wall is the vault of the Bewick family surrounded by iron palisades.

One is continually being reminded of the great engraver on visiting this venerable church. Passages from his autobiography recur to our memories, and by their help we can picture to ourselves the somewhat unruly schoolboy who was afterwards to become so famous. First we have a glimpse of him locked up in the belfry for misconduct with some of his class-mates. They amuse themselves by pulling one another up and down to the first floor by the bell ropes. But an accident occurs. The rope slips through their hands, and the boy holding on to it is precipitated to the ground and much hurt. Then we see him shut up alone in the church, now peeping into the dark corners half expecting to discover some terrible ghost or boggle, and now climbing up one of the columns and sitting astride the capital, to the no small consternation of his reverend tutor, who marches up the aisles exclaiming "God bless me !" Now he is drawing various

figures upon the soft painted book-board with a pin during service, or arousing poor Dummy, of Wylam, from a refreshing nap with a sharp blow on the head. And now he is following the bent of his genius in sketching with a bit of chalk on the gravestones and the floor of the porch.

After the church, the next most interesting building in the village is the ancient Rectory House, standing above the river a little to the west of the bridge. It is a long low building of two storeys, looking very quaint with its ivied east gable, its mullioned rectangular windows, its round-arched door, and the sundial above it resting on a heavy, broad string-course. It occupies the site of a cell of Black Canons, which was founded here about 1378 by the first Earl of Northumberland. The north door has in lieu of a knocker the old screw ring and screw post forming the door-rasp now nearly extinct in England. One apartment in the house is of great interest, as the school-room in which Thomas Bewick, John Hodgson Hinde, the historian, and other North-Country worthies received their education. The tutor of Bewick was the Rev. Christopher Gregson, whose housekeeper his mother had been before her marriage. Here Bewick was well grounded in English, and acquired some knowledge of Latin. Full of boyish mischief he was always in some escapade or other; as, for instance, taming a runaway horse by riding it bare-backed over the sykes and burnes. From 1848 to 1850 the Rectory House was the home of the gentle and accomplished poetess—Dora Greenwell. She came to live with her brother, the Rev. William Greenwell (now Canon of Durham Cathedral, and the author of a valuable work on "British Barrows"), who was holding the living for a friend. "It was during the

early part of her life at Ovingham," says her biographer, "that Miss Greenwell experienced the pleasure of the publication of her first volume of poems." A pretty fruit and flower garden arranged in terraces descends to the river, its walls over-run with mosses and ivy. On the side of the steps leading down it are memorial stones marking the height of the floods on November 17th, 1771, and December 31st, 1815.

The view of the village from the opposite banks is very fine. Our eye rests on the Rectory House, then on the churchyard sycamores behind it and the old Saxon tower, and then on the rich undulating cornfields and meadows in the distance, and the wooded glen of the Whittle Burn. Clear and bright as in the days of Bewick are the waters of the Tyne as they pass this charming village, and pleasant it is to see, in the twilight, the angler knee-deep in the stream—unconsciously recalling to our memories many a woodcut of the famous engraver depicting a similar scene.

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

Alnwick Church.

THE Norman church of Alnwick, we may safely say, was built between 1130 and 1147. It consisted of a long narrow nave and chancel, both without aisles, but having a small apse at the east end. When the old Norman church became too small, aisles would be thrown out, probably at different times. The north aisle, originally a very narrow one, was doubtless built first. A little one-light window still existing at the west end would origin-





St. Michael's Church.
Alnwick
from the South-East.

ally be in the middle of the west wall of this aisle. Then about the middle of the fourteenth century a south aisle was built, opening into the nave by four arches, of which one pillar, the central one, still exists. The timber roof of this aisle rested, on the inner side, on corbels, four of which yet remain. A fifth would be destroyed when the tower was erected. All those corbels are sculptured in representation of heads.

In the fifteenth century the church underwent many changes, the total result of which was that it was almost entirely re-built. First of all, the north aisle of the nave and the arcade opening into it, were rebuilt. This was probably done about 1430. Then a few years afterwards the tower was erected, and a new and wider south aisle was built. These works we may ascribe to about the year 1450. After another short interval, the whole of the present chancel was built. In the last century the church suffered grievously. The old arcades of the nave were almost totally destroyed, two arches having been thrown into one, and the intermediate pillars removed, on both sides. In 1863 the edifice was restored, under the direction of an eminent architect, Mr. Anthony Salvin, who replaced the missing pillars, and reduced the arches to their original size.

So much for the history of the edifice.

We enter the building by a porch which is as late as any part of the church, if not later. The dripstone of the outer doorway terminates in bosses which bear, on one side the crescent, and on the other the fetter-lock—symbols borne by the ancient house of Percy, which we shall see again and again during our survey of the church.

The first thing which strikes our attention on entering is the marked difference between the north and south arcades. The pillars of the latter are octagons, are perfectly plain, and are surmounted by massive capitals with few and simple mouldings. The pillars on the north side are hexagons, are panelled on every side, and have elaborately moulded capitals. There is an equally marked difference between the windows of the north aisle and those of the south.

But it is when we pass into the chancel that we find the most enriched architectural features of the church. The pillars, which are octagonal, are panelled, and have capitals richly carved with foliage and fruit. The hood mouldings of the arches terminate in angels bearing shields. On one of these a St. Catherine's wheel is carved, and on some of the others is the heraldic bearing of Bishop Anthony Beck, *a cross moline*. The abacus of one of the capitals presents us once more with the fetter-locks and crescents of the Percies.

The chancel has what is known as a priest's door in its south wall, and a modern doorway and porch on the north side, built about 1840 for the exclusive use of the Duke of Northumberland and his family. There is a piscina in the east wall of the south aisle, which proves that this part of the chancel was formerly a chantry.

But the most remarkable and interesting feature about the chancel is the spiral stairway in its north-east corner and the turret to which it leads. The external appearance of this singular appendage to the church is very well shown in our engraving. The stairway, after winding round and round for a time, suddenly assumes a straight course and ascends into what, in the picture, is the left hand part of the turret. From this part access is gained to the roof of the aisle, and from this, again, to an almost circular chamber with a domed stone roof, which is now partly ruinous. This chamber is directly over the spiral stairway. The higher parapet, which now hides the roof of the east part of the turret, is a comparatively modern addition. For what object it has been put on I cannot imagine. Beneath it, however, the original parapet may be distinctly seen. The purpose of this singular structure has been a fruitful subject for speculation. The late George Tate, the historian of Alnwick, says, "It may have been a watch tower with a beacon on the top to warn the brethren of the abbey of approaching danger, of which notice might have been given either by the castle on the one side, or by Heiforlaw pele on the other; or it probably had been used as an occasional residence by one of the chantry priests who performed services at the altar of Saint Mary." I feel compelled to say that I cannot accept either of these theories. For any purpose of watch and warning the tower of the church or some turret raised upon it would have been much more efficient. Then also it has only one out-look, namely, the square opening shown in our engraving, and the integrity of the ancient masonry shows that it never had any other. That it was the abode of an anchoritic chantry-priest is extremely improbable. Its position for such a purpose is unusual; its dimensions are too small; and it has not, and never has had, a fireplace. Its most probable object is suggested by its one outlook. This outlook commands, or did command, the principal entrance to the castle. The turret, I am inclined to say, was built to enable an acolyte, or some other attendant, to announce to the priests, waiting to celebrate divine service in the church below, the approach of the Earl of Northumberland or his retinue.

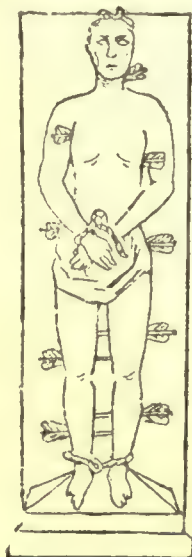
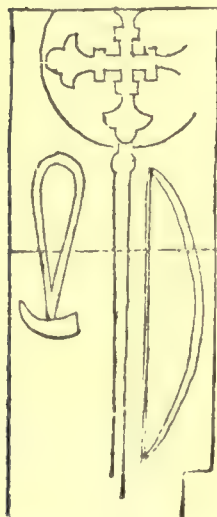
Returning to the chancel, we must not omit to notice the two sepulchral effigies which lie close to the wall on the south side, both resting on modern altar tombs. They are of almost identical date, and may be ascribed to the second quarter of the fourteenth century. One is the effigy of a man dressed in a short tunic, and with a purse hanging from his girdle. The other is that of a lady, with raised veil on her head, and wimple over her chin. Each effigy has an animal at its feet, and a canopy over its head. The head also rests in each case on a cushion which has been supported on each side by a small kneeling human figure. These figures, however, are all partly or entirely destroyed. In the duke's porch we have another sepulchral effigy, of considerably later

date, which also lies on a modern altar tomb. It is that of a monk.

Several other interesting memorials of the departed are now preserved beneath the tower. One of these is a small Norman head-stone, bearing a cross on each side, the one on the front ornamented with a moulding of pellets. It bears a few letters of an inscription—E O on one side of the cross and B I or B E on the other—which may have begun with the name ROBERTS. Another stone, which is part of a grave cover of uncertain date, bears the words—

VXOR SIMOIS

—the wife of Simon, whom Mr. F. R. Wilson, author of "The Churches of Lindisfarne," thinks may have been the Simon de Lucker who, for the salvation of his soul and that of Juliana his wife, gave certain lands in Lucker, in or about the year 1258, to the monks of Alnwick. There are several other grave covers, bearing no inscriptions, but only symbols of the condition or occupation of the persons they were intended to commemorate. But the most interesting is one which bears very unusual symbols. On one side a horn is represented, suspended



from a cord. On the other side is an archer's long bow. This slab has covered the grave of an ancient forester. Its date is the fourteenth century. As the reader will see, it has been at some time out in two, and till very recently it did duty as part of the water table on the west gable of the nave.

In the same part of the church two stone figures, not of a sepulchral character, are preserved. Correctly speaking, they are not statues, and for what purpose they were originally intended it is not easy to determine. One is the effigy of a crowned king, with a broken sceptre in his right hand, and globe in his left. The other represents St. Sebastian. Except a napkin round the loins, the figure is quite

naked. Both hands and feet are corded, and the body is pierced by no fewer than nine arrows. The heads of both these effigies are modern. J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

More about the Helm Wind.

IN that portion of the Pennine range of mountains, extending from Brough on Stainmore to Brampton in Cumberland, a distance of about thirty-five miles, a strong wind descends from the upper regions of the atmosphere, passes across the country in a westerly direction, and in a great measure terminates at the river Eden. The temperature of this wind is low, and in May and June it has a very prejudicial effect on vegetation. Even oak trees exposed to its full force are cracked longitudinally and rendered less valuable for timber. The phenomena connected with it has commanded the attention of the inhabitants of the villages on the east side of the Eden from a remote period. According to tradition, in Saxon times the wind was deemed to be the work of fiends who held their revels on the tops of these mountains. The Rev. T. Robinson, in the beginning of the last century, stated :—"Crossfell was formerly called *Fiends-fell*, from the evil spirits which are said, in former time to have haunted the Top of the *Mountain*, and continued their Haunts and Nocturnal Vagaries upon it, until St. Austin, as it is said, erected a Cross, and built an Altar upon it, whereon he offered the *Holy Eucharist*, by which he counter-charm'd those *hellish* Fiends, and broke their Haunts. Since that time it has had the name of Crossfell, and to this day, there is a heap of stones, which goes by the name of the *Altar upon Crossfell*. This is an old Tradition that goes current among the neighbourhood." (Natural History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, &c., 1709.)

When the Helm Wind commences to blow a cloud settles on the tops of the Pennine mountains, and extends a short distance down the west sides. This cloud is called the Helm; and with the exception of a few cirro-stratus clouds, and the small detached black clouds blown rapidly from the Helm, the sky is nearly clear to about the river Eden, where a dark cloud is formed, which is called the Bar. The phenomena connected with this wind are represented generally in the section which accompanies this article.

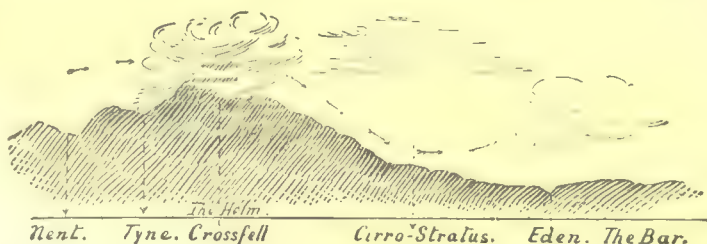
The Helm Wind occurs at all seasons of the year. One of the greatest storms of this kind I ever recollect occurred in the mid-winter of 1860-61, when the temperature was very low in the country. I remember taking refuge, for a short time, behind an old thorn tree near Dufton Pike; and I was very much exhausted when I arrived at the Dufton Fell mines. The wind brought the snow down from the upper part of the mountain, and its course appeared to be checked by the Dufton Pike, for

the snow fell most abundantly in Great Rundle ravine, though none was falling from the atmosphere. It was drifted from the rocks and hung over their edges in beautiful curves. In the early part of this century two brothers named Emerson were admiring the beautiful curves of drifted snow in Crow Rundle—a deep ravine which separates Cumberland from Westmoreland—when a large mass of it broke from the rocks or steep sides of the glen, and buried and smothered one of them, and carried the other before it to a considerable distance.

Some of the phenomena connected with this wind are very very remarkable. On the 19th November, 1885, about 7.30 a.m., I observed small dark helm clouds blown from the fells towards Appleby with great rapidity. The sky over the vale of the Eden was in a great measure free from clouds. When the small dark clouds were carried a little beyond Appleby, they were checked in their progress to the west by nothing visible. Portions of them were thrown back to the east for two or three hundred yards, and then vanished like steam from an engine boiler. About 1.30 p.m. of the same day, the Helm cloud extended only from High Cup Gill to the north end of Crossfell. The lower part of the cloud covered the mountain, being about 2,200 feet above the sea. The whole of the vale of the Eden was densely clouded over and the country greatly shadowed, except the space between the Helm and the Bar, which appeared to be above Dufton and Knock villages. Through this clear narrow space the sun shone brightly on the Helm cloud which covered the summit, and rose resplendent far above the top of Crossfell. The view of the Helm cloud from Appleby Fair Hill, in contrast with the shadowed country, was truly magnificent. When the Helm and Bar joined together on the north side of Crossfell the resplendent clouds appeared to be much disturbed and rapidly changed their forms from one fantastic shape to another. The dull grey Bar drifted in the direction of the wind, which was a little to the south of east. Small dark clouds were detached from the Helm, and moved rapidly in almost every direction, except with the wind which drifted the Bar cloud. When these small dark clouds approached the Bar, they made a sharp circular bend, and fell back towards the Helm cloud; but in every case that came under my observation, they faded away before reaching the Helm.

There is one phenomenon not often observed connected with the Helm Wind which is singularly striking. I came to reside at Dufton in 1861. Sometime after that period, Mr. John Ellwood, an elderly gentleman, who has resided at Dufton all his lifetime, informed me that he had occasionally seen the form of Dufton Pike reproduced in

the clouds when the Helm Wind was blowing. One day in the spring of 1883, on seeing indications of the Helm Wind, I walked up to the high ground of Appleby Fair Hill in order to obtain a good view of the storm clouds, and had the good fortune to see the form



of the Pike reproduced in the sky. The cloud was projected upwards with great force from the summit of the Pike, almost colourless, and something like superheated steam. It curved away from the Pike, gradually expanded, and grew darker as it flowed away in a horizontal position to the Bar. The Pike had the appearance of a burning mountain. The sun had set, and it would have been difficult even for a gifted artist to reproduce in painting the weird aspect of the landscape with the small dark clouds drifting rapidly across the unclouded portion of the leaden-coloured sky on the south side of the dense Pike cloud.

The most destructive storm of this wind known took place in 1860. I then resided at Nenthead, in the East of Cumberland. On Whitsunday evening, May 28th, the wind blew very strong from the south-easterly quarter, and was intensely cold. During the walk from the church a friend remarked that it was cold enough for snow. Next morning there was lying over the whole country from four to six inches of snow. It had fallen from a still atmosphere; for it was not in the least degree drifted. The branches of the few trees growing at Nenthead were all bent down with their load of snow. Such was the state of the weather in Alston Moor; and it may be taken for granted that it was not much different in the districts of the upper Wear and Tees. From inquiries made, after my removal the following year into Westmoreland, it appeared that the Helm Wind commenced on the morning of the 28th (Whit Monday), but I have not been able to ascertain the exact hour. At Appleby, between three and four a.m., there were two or three loud peals of thunder, and the snow which fell during the night was much drifted. On the fell sides, great numbers of sheep were deeply covered with snow, and before they could be found and extricated many of them were smothered. The sun melted the snow more rapidly than it does in the winter season. The loss to many farmers was very serious. On Long Marton Moor, the cattle, which had taken shelter behind hedges or stone walls, were covered with snow with the exception of their heads. On Stain-

more also the storm was very severe. A farmer who lived there informed me that many ponies were overblown, and many sheep not covered with snow were frozen to death.

In all the storms of Helm Wind which have come under my observation, with one exception, the cirro-stratus clouds remained perfectly motionless. The one case occurred when the wind was not very strong. I detected a very slight motion to the east, or one contrary to the movement of the Helm clouds.

The cause of this wind and the remarkable phenomena connected with it have never received an explanation based on strictly inductive methods. What was the attractive or propelling force which, on the 28th May, 1860, compelled the cold east wind to leave the valleys of the Tyne, and fall like a cataract down the west side of the Pennine Mountains, and from thence flow like a mighty river across the country until stopped or blocked in its rapid course near to the river Eden? Mr. Charles Slee, in a paper on the subject, read before the Royal Physical Society in January, 1830 (quoted in Sopwith's "Alston Moor Mining District," 1833), observes:—"I have no theory to offer by way of explaining the Helm, inasmuch as some of the facts relative to it appear to me hardly compatible with the laws of matter and motion." Since then many interesting facts have been recorded, and, during recent years, some important observations have been made under the direction of the Royal Meteorological Society. On the 14th February, 1889, the secretary (Mr. Marriott) delivered an interesting lecture on these observations under the auspices of the Penrith and District Literary and Scientific Society. Mr. Marriott stated that the Helm Wind "was caused by the air rushing down the west side of Cross Fell after having come up the east (Alston) side." "The descending air," he added "being heavy, came down very rapidly, and it was probably its coming in contact with the hot air below that produced the sound which was associated with the Helm Wind. A rebound afterwards took place, and the air was pressed upwards and became visible in the form of the Bar some little distance from the Fell-side." That the air rushes down the west side of the mountains is perfectly certain. But Mr. Marriott does not explain clearly how it is due to gravity. The height of Crossfell is 2,927 feet; and if we estimate the low lands from its base to the Eden at 550 feet, in the ordinary state of the atmosphere, the difference in the pressure of the air, according to Mr. Belville's tables, is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of mercury, or at 550 about 178 to 180 lbs. more per square foot than on the top of Crossfell. The air, as it ascends from the German Ocean, must rapidly expand in bulk and lose in weight as it is carried to higher elevations; nor is it possible that its condensation from the loss of heat should render it heavier than the air upon the plains. By the law of Dalton and Guy-Lussac

all gases expand by the same fraction of their bulk for equal increments of temperature, which fraction is only three-eighths in proceeding from freezing to boiling water, or a difference of 180° Fahr. There is a loss of heat of 1° for every 334 feet of elevation, or from the country to the top of Crossfell $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. It is, therefore, evident, that the difference in the temperature of the air at the summit from the air at the base of these mountains has little effect upon its weight; and also that so far as gravity is concerned, instead of removing the heavy compressed air out of the lowlands, the less compressed air ought to take the line of least resistance and float over the vale of the Eden like oil upon water. Perhaps delicate aneroid observations made on the top of Crossfell when the Helm Wind is strong might throw more light on the subject.

W. WALLACE.

The Case of Alexander Birnie.



GREAT sensation was caused in Northumberland early in the year 1862 by the discovery of a man in a dying state at Stobhill, near Morpeth. The man's name was Alexander Birnie—a journalist who had at one time been editor of the *Chester-le-Street Liberal*.

While residing in the County of Durham, Birnie identified himself with the public life of the neighbourhood. He was, said a writer in the *Newcastle Chronicle* of the time, witty, humorous, and "gifted with considerable perspicuity as a writer and fluency as a speaker." But he had one great failing—"he was in the habit of taking undue liberties with the bottle."

After leaving Chester-le-Street, Birnie became editor and proprietor of the *Falkirk Liberal*, to which he contributed a weekly article over the somewhat curious signature of "The Cock of the Steeple." For some reason or other, the speculation did not succeed in a pecuniary sense, and Birnie went to Edinburgh in the hope of finding employment. There he appears to have indulged rather freely in drink, and to have fallen amongst the Philistines, who robbed him of all the money he had in the world, together with a portion of his clothes. In a state of remorse he afterwards attempted to commit suicide; but, in consequence of the quantity of laudanum he took being too large, the poison failed to perform its deadly office.

With nothing in his pockets but a few pence, and a number of newspaper contributions of his own composition, upon which he seems to have placed a peculiar value, he left Edinburgh for Newcastle on foot. For days he never had his clothes off, never rested on a bed and seldom under cover, never tasted food, and never had anything to drink excepting water. "I had no idea," he wrote in the diary which he kept of his last days, "that the body, especially one so feeble as mine

apparently, was capable of so much endurance." It was late in the evening when he arrived at Morpeth. After spending his last penny upon a roll of bread in that town, he mistook the road to Newcastle, became overpowered by suffering and fatigue, and finally crept into a straw stack near Stobhill Brick Works.

The following extracts from his diary will tell what afterwards transpired :—

Thursday, February 13.—I have now lain under some straw, by a hay-stack, near Morpeth, last night and all day. God knows if ever I will be able to proceed any farther. I would liked to have got to Chester-le-Street, to be buried there, that my poor wife, when she looked on my grave, might forgive me and weep.

Saturday, 15th. — One week my punishment has lasted. I still lie here, but very weak and pained in the bowels.

Sabbath, 16th.—Another day without food or drink ; cold. When will the trial be over ?

Monday, 17th.—O God ! grant me patience.

Tuesday, 18th.—Alone, without a soul to see or speak to, a bit of bread, or a drop of water for six days and nights ; how long can it be ?

Wednesday, 19th.—This cannot hold out long. Help, O Lord !

Friday, 21st.—The ninth day without food ; got a drink of water last night.

Sabbath, 23rd.—Eleven days ! My legs are useless. O God ! when will it end ?

Monday, 24th.—Oh, I am weary ! One part of my body appears to be dead. I cannot go for a drink now. Seventeen days' suffering ; during that time had twice a piece of bread ; twelve days without a morsel.

Tuesday, 25th.—Death comes on ; I wait. I meet him without fear. Jesus is all. Oh ! He has saved me, yet so as by fire, these thirteen days. Oh, bless Him for them. To Him I commit my soul, my memory, my family, my all. Amen.

At length, after lying without food or drink for a fortnight, Birnie was discovered and conveyed to Morpeth Workhouse. His limbs were found to be so excessively swollen by exposure and travel that it was necessary to cut his boots from his feet. All the care and attention of the doctors and officials proved unavailing. The long-continued pressure of his boots, aggravated by the many privations he had undergone, was too much for his feeble frame. Mortification of both feet set in, and he died at the early age of thirty-six.

William Shield, Composer.



ONE of the most eminent composers that England has produced was William Shield. Recent research has set at rest the doubts that previously prevailed as to the date and place of his birth. The parish register in Whickham Church, county Durham, contains the following entry :— " William Shield, son of William and Mary Shield, born at Swalwell, March 5th, 1748."

While only six years old, he was taught by his father, a singing-master, to modulate his voice, which was remarkably full-toned, and to practise the violin and harpsichord ; and it was decided that he should follow the profession of

the musical art ; but the premature death of his father prevented this design from being carried out. The poor lad found he had no inheritance left, save his manner of singing Marcello and of playing Corelli, which was not likely to afford him as much as a supper. Moreover, the circumstances in which his mother was placed laid her under the necessity of getting him taught some handicraft, by which he might immediately earn a few



shillings a week. So, having had the choice of three trades offered him, he fixed on that of a boat-builder ; and accordingly he was apprenticed at South Shields, by regular indenture, to Mr. Edward Davison, with whom he continued to labour assiduously till his time was out. His master, a kind-hearted, indulgent man, rather encouraged than checked him in the pursuit of music in his leisure moments, and not unfrequently permitted him to perform on the violin at the concerts in the town and neighbourhood.

After having faithfully completed the term of his apprenticeship, he gave up boat-building to follow the natural bent of his mind ; and having attracted the notice of the organist of St. Nicholas' Church, the celebrated Charles Avison (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 109), he obtained from that able master, who, it is said, had given him a few lessons in thorough-bass when a boy, instructions in the principles of composition. The fruits of these, as well as his own zeal and indefatigable industry, he shortly afterwards exhibited by composing, in 1769, an anthem for the consecration of St. John's Church, a chapel-of-ease in Sunderland

parish, which was most successfully performed by the choir of Durham Cathedral to a crowded congregation. Its rich harmony secured for him a perfect ovation among his personal friends, while it greatly added to his fame as a musician of genius and power. In particular, it led to his being invited to the tables of the Church dignitaries at Durham, an introduction which, combined with his genuine ability and excellent conduct, speedily placed him on the high road to preferment. While in Newcastle, we believe, he conducted open-air concerts in Spring Gardens, which were situated at the end of Gallowgate, but of which nothing now remains but the name.

As leader of the orchestra in the local theatres, he had ample opportunity for developing his talents and fitting himself for a higher and wider sphere. Invited to Scarborough, then, as now, a fashionable resort, he undertook the management of the concerts in the Assembly Rooms there during the Spa season, and also led the orchestra at the theatre. Among his new associates were men of the highest professional repute in the dramatic world; and one of the "reputable actors" in the company was the pastoral poet John Cunningham, of whom an account has been given in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, page 277, and some of whose most admired songs he wedded to immortal melody. At one of the Scarborough concerts, where these songs were selected for the vocal part, he was importuned by the eminent professors, Fischer and Borghi, to fill a vacant seat in the orchestra in the Italian Opera House. This gratifying offer he readily accepted, and he had not been long in London, furnished with good recommendations, before that great musical genius, Giardini, the best solo-player of his day, engaged him as second violinist. In the following season, on Herr Stamitz leaving England, he was appointed first viola by Cramer, who had succeeded Giardini as leader. This position in the King's Theatre he held for the long period of eighteen years, in the course of which time he composed upwards of twenty operas for the Haymarket and Covent Garden Theatres. Of the latter he became the musical director, and was likewise appointed one of the musicians in ordinary to his Majesty George III. His engagements comprised Bach and Abel's Concerts, the Professional Concerts, the Lady's Friday Concert, the Grand Sunday Concerts, and the Wednesday Concert of Ancient Music, from the latter of which he for a time withdrew, as his necessary attendance at the Monday's rehearsal interfered with his theatrical duty; but Lord Sandwich, who was the influential friend of the chief promoters of the Wednesday concerts, "commanded," we are told, "his return to a duty which he always performed with profitable pleasure, and at last relinquished with great regret."

Shield first made himself known to the public as a dramatic composer in 1778, by his opera of "The Flicht

of Bacon"—written by a gentleman who had contrived to make himself very conspicuous, the Rev. Henry Bate, afterwards Sir Henry Bate Dudley—which was performed with the most marked success at Covent Garden. It was soon after this that he entered into his engagement at the same theatre as composer and musical manager. In 1783 appeared "Rosina," written by Mrs. Brook, which is almost universally considered to be Shield's chief work, and which was performed some ten years ago at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, for the benefit of the late Henry Egerton. The same year (1783) was produced "The Poor Soldier," the drama by O'Keefe, which as a melodious opera is second only to "Rosina." "Robin Hood" and "Fontainebleau" followed shortly after; "Marian," "Oscar and Malvina," "The Woodman," and others succeeded, and helped to sustain the reputation which the composer had gained.

During a brief sojourn at Taplow, near Maidenhead, in 1790, he had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Haydn, the German composer, from whom, it is said, "he gained more important information in four days' communion with that founder of a style which has given fame to so many imitators than ever he did by the best directed studies in any four years of any part of his life."

In the course of the following summer he paid a visit to his native village, and sought, in the company of his aged mother, who still resided at Swalwell, to revive the associations of his early years. He ministered liberally to her wants, and displayed towards her the fondest affection. He took advantage of the occasion to collect several of the airs that are still traditionally sung in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, which in his infancy he had been taught to sing and play, and of which he says:—"These hitherto neglected flights of fancy may serve to augment the collector's stock of printed rarities, and may perhaps prove conspicuous figures in the group of national melodies." Several of them he introduced in his "Rudiments of Thorough Bass," published in 1817.

Shield had long been on terms of intimacy with the eccentric critic and collector, Joseph Ritson, who invited him, in the autumn of 1791, to accompany him to Paris—a proposal which was accepted. During his stay abroad, he made the acquaintance of several eminent musicians in the French capital, as well as of others who were countrymen of his own, drawn thither by a desire to increase their musical knowledge; and, extending his tour to Italy, he abode some time in Rome, for the purpose of perfecting his studies in the classic land of song.

He returned to England in 1792, and renewed his engagement at Covent Garden, but only for a short time, a misunderstanding between him and Mr. Harris inducing him to resign and devote himself to other pursuits. Soon after this time he published the first

edition of his well-known "Introduction to Harmony," a work in two quarto volumes, which remained a standard work till superseded by those of Marx, Dehn, and Schneider.

Sir William Parsons, the Master of the Musicians in Ordinary to the King, having died in 1817, no one was considered so worthy to succeed him as William Shield, and when he attended at the Brighton Pavilion to express his gratitude for the appointment, the Prince Regent, it is said, addressed him thus:—"My dear Shield, the place is your due; your merits, independently of my regard, entitled you to it." Fairly installed in this office, he continued to be the object of great esteem and kindness in the circle of the Royal household till the day of his death.

The great composer died at his house in Berners Street, London, on the 25th of January, 1829, and his remains were deposited among those of England's greatest sons in Westminster Abbey. He left a widow, whose character was thus given in one of his letters:—"I ought to be the happiest of mortals at home, as Mrs. Shield is one of the best women in the world, and it is by her good management that I have been able to assist my mother, who laboured hard after the death of my father to give her four children a decent education. This power of contributing to her support I consider as one of the greatest blessings that heaven has bestowed upon me."

While he left his widow a competency for life, it is worthy of note that in his declining years Shield remembered his Royal patron, George IV., to whom he bequeathed his fine tenor violin, humbly entreating his Majesty to accept it as a testimony of his gratitude. The bequest was accepted, but only after its full value in money had been paid over to the widow, his Majesty's determination being thus expressed, through Sir Frederick Watson, to the testator's executor, Mr. Thomas Broadwood, that "she should be no sufferer by a bequest which so strongly proved the attachment and gratitude of his late faithful servant."

Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot), who lampooned all sorts of persons from George III. down to the liverymen of London, bestowed upon Shield the following cramo lines, on the occasion of the bust of the God of Music falling into the orchestra during a rehearsal:—

One day, on Shield's crown,
Apollo leaped down,
And lo! like a bullock he felled him!
Now, was not this odd?
Not at all, for the god
Was mad that a mortal excelled him!

The works of Shield are too numerous to be so much as catalogued here. Suffice it to enumerate of dramatic pieces not already mentioned, "Hartford Bridge," "The Farmer," "Lock and Key," "Two Faces under a Hood," "Omai," and "Lord Mayor's Day." He also composed many famous songs, including "The

Heaving of the Lead," "Old Towler," "The Post Captain," "Let Fame Sound her Trumpet," "Tom Moody," "The Thorn," and "The Wolf."

Though his early education had been rather neglected, Shield's thirst for knowledge led to exertions which enabled him to teach himself much more than, in all probability, he would have learned in a grammar school. He devoted all his spare hours to reading, and well digested what he read. Besides, during the greater part of his life, he mixed much with men of letters, whose society was his delight, and by whose conversation he profited. His moral character stood unimpeached; detraction herself never ventured to assail it, though the spirit of the age was comparatively gross and scurrilous. Such were the uprightness of his conduct and the sweetness of his temper, that he won the confidence of honest men, moved without offending less scrupulous persons, and appeased the most irascible and vehement. Among other proofs of his honourable feeling, it is stated by Mr. Reynolds, in his "Life and Times," that when he presented him, by Mr. Harris's desire, with one hundred guineas, as part payment for composing an opera which had proved unsuccessful, Shield declined the offer, saying, "I thank Mr. Harris, but I cannot receive money which I feel I have not earned."

Our sketch of Shield is copied from a portrait by George Dance, the younger, dated May 23, 1798, engraved and published by William Daniell in 1809. Mr. W. J. Ions, organist of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, has in his possession a miniature of Shield—a kind of silhouette, drawn with the point of a needle on smoked glass, which was given by the composer to Sir Robert Shafto Hawks, and afterwards presented to Mr. Ions by Lady Hawks.

The Wren.



HE wren (*Troglodytes vulgaris*—Bewick and Yarrell) is one of the smallest of British birds. It is well known in all the Northern Counties. That the perky little bird is a general favourite is shown by its many common names, such as Jenny Wren, Kitty Wren, &c. It may often be seen darting in and out of hedges, bushes, and overhanging banks, pertly cocking its little tail, while uttering its short and sharp "chit-chit." It may also often be seen running up and round the boles of trees in search of food. Though it is such a deserved favourite everywhere, it is even at this day ruthlessly persecuted, from superstitious motives, in some parts of Ireland and the Isle of Man on St. Stephen's Day.

Charles Waterton thus happily sketches the characteristics of the bird:—"The wren is at once distinguished in appearance from our smaller British songsters by the erect position of its tail. Its rest-

lessness, too, renders it particularly conspicuous; for, when one looks at it, we find it so perpetually on the move that I cannot recollect to have observed this diminutive rover at rest on a branch for three minutes in continuation. Its habits are solitary, to the fullest extent of the word; and it seems to bear hard weather better than even the hedge-sparrow or the robin; for whilst these two birds approach our habitations in quest of food and shelter, with their plumage raised, as in-



dicative of cold, the wren may be seen in ordinary pursuit, amid icicles which hang from the bare roots of shrubs and trees, on the banks of rivulets; and amongst these roots it is particularly fond of building its oval nest. The ancients called the wren *Troglodytes*; but it is now honoured with the high-sounding name of *Anorthura*, naturalists alleging for a reason that the ancients were quite mistaken in their supposition that the bird was an inhabitant of caves, as it is never to be seen within them. Methinks that the ancients were quite right, and that our modern masters in ornithology are quite wrong. If we only for a moment reflect that the nest of the wren is spherical, and is of itself, as it were, a little cave, we can easily imagine that the ancients, on seeing the bird going in and out of this artificial cave, considered the word *Troglodytes* an appropriate appellation."

The wren often commences singing as early as January, mostly taking its stand on a heap of sticks, a log of wood, or a currant bush. It may even be heard in song in mild winters in December, and in sharp frosty weather, during brief gleams of sunshine, while nearly all other birds are mute and melancholy, excepting the evergreen robin.

Although it does great service in gardens in devouring insects and other "small deer" inimical to fruit and flowers, the wren is not only persecuted from stupidly superstitious motives, but it is often shot that its feathers may garnish fish-hooks.

Two nests are built in the year, in April and June; and

some observers affirm that the female is the chief architect. Incomplete nests are frequently found near the right ones. These unfinished nests, called "cock nests," which are never lined, are said to be built by the male bird while his mate is brooding near. The birds build in various situations, and often in strange ones. Bechstein states that he once found a nest in the sleeve of an old coat hung up in an outhouse; while the Rev. J. G. Wood mentions another that was built in the body of a dead hawk that was nailed to the side of a barn. Many persons have been puzzled how the wren can so easily pop out and in at the small hole of her warmly-lined nest. The poet, James Montgomery, asks the bird the question, and receives quite a satisfactory reply:—

Wren, canst thou squeeze into a hole so small?
Aye, with nine nestlings too, and room for all.
Go, compass sea and land in search of bliss,
And tell me if you find a happier home than this.

The male bird weighs about two drachms and three quarters, and its length is a little over four inches. Mr. Duncan's drawing gives an admirable representation of our pretty little friend.

Joseph Garnett.

IT would be difficult to find a better sample of a Newcastle tradesman of the old school than Joseph Garnett, who for over sixty years occupied the same premises, living above his shop, interesting himself in the charities of the town, and quietly



lending a helping hand to those less fortunate than himself. Mr. Garnett was a bachelor, a man with few wants, and of very simple life; and, with a large and lucrative business, he could scarcely help accumulating money. But he spent it freely in doing good, and the remarkable stained-glass window in St. Nicholas' Cathedral does not exaggerate his virtues and benevolence. He died on the same night as the Prince Consort—Dec. 14, 1861.

Joseph Garnett was born at Alnwick, in 1772, of parents in a very humble position. When quite a young man, he was appointed by the then Astronomer-Royal to a post in the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Here he showed himself in every way worthy of the confidence reposed in him, for he was both industrious and ingenious. During his engagement here, he designed and completed a new semaphore for the purpose of signalling astronomical messages. Mr. Garnett was always very proud of this invention of his youthful days, and on an oil painting of himself, taken in later life, the semaphore is introduced in the background. Mr. Garnett read a paper before the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, giving 'a description of a telegraph and a comparison between it and others which had been offered to the public.' The Rev. William Turner and Mr. Wailes (Recorder of Leeds) laid the invention before the Lords of the Admiralty, at a time when no such thing as a Government telegraph existed in this country. But no notice was taken of Mr. Garnett's scheme, and it met with total neglect. Twenty years later, an improved telegraph, substantially the same as his, brought honour and fame and solid reward to Sir Home Popham.

Owing to an affection of his eyes, Mr. Garnett felt compelled to resign his position in the Royal Observatory, and he then came to Newcastle with letters of introduction to Mr. Turner and others. He first started business as chemist and druggist on the Quayside towards the close of the last century. From thence he removed, about six years after, to the shop at the foot of the Side which still retains his name over the door, and on the premises above which he continued to reside for sixty-one years. The shop is in the same condition as to fittings and general appearance as when first opened eighty-nine years ago. Mr. Garnett never left these premises, notwithstanding his wealth and his consequent ability to live where he pleased. The great explosion occurred in 1854, and doubtless shook his house not a little. He also had a very narrow escape from being burnt out by a fire next door; but still he would not remove. Mr. Garnett was not only a retailer and dispenser of drugs, but was consulted by so many persons as to their complaints and ailments, that he became generally known by the title of "Dr. Garnett." This can doubtless be explained by the fact that qualified chemists, until the passing of the Apothecaries Act of 1815, were generally allowed to prescribe.

Mr. Garnett was a very able musician, and acquired

considerable local fame as a musical amateur. He composed many airs of a lyrical character, besides setting to music several of the songs which occur in the late Thomas Doubleday's dramas. When quite an old man, compositions of a sacred character occupied his attention, and he produced many hymn tunes and chants that were then considered of no inconsiderable merit.

A correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, speaking of Mr. Garnett, says:—"He was a man of sterling integrity, sincerely religious, but not bigoted. For some time before his death, although he continued to live above his shop, he left the business almost entirely to Mr. John Dobson (now Mr. Alderman Dobson), and interested himself chiefly in religious and benevolent work. He contributed largely to the erection of Jesmond Church; he presented a complete service of books to St. Nicholas' Church; and he made a similar present to Bath Lane Church (Dr. Rutherford's). The last public appearance of the kind old man was at the casting of a bell, which he gave to Christ Church, Shieldfield. He was very rarely absent from worship in St. Nicholas' Church, his seat being always in the organ box, and up to the Sunday preceding his death he was there, and joined in the service with his customary earnestness."

When Mr. Garnett died, he had reached the patriarchal age of 90 years. Special permission was obtained for his interment in All Saints' Church from the Home Secretary, and his funeral was very largely attended, amongst the mourners being Mr. John Sopwith, Mr. Thomas Sopwith, Mr. John Dobson, and many other well-known local gentlemen. The church was crowded, and the choir of St. Nicholas' Church took part in the musical portion of the service. Mr. Garnett left amongst the various medical and other charities of the town about £3,700; to the British and Foreign Bible Society, £2,000; and to the Church Missionary Society, £500. Like all philanthropists and generous donors, Mr. Garnett was much plagued by begging-letter writers. As many as forty such letters in a day were at one time no uncommon number for him to receive, and it was almost comical to see the look of distress and dismay with which the good old man would view them, and exclaim, "Oh! dear, what am I to do with all these?"

Mr. Garnett had a passion for collecting, and in the course of his long life he had amassed treasures of various kinds. The sale of his library, music, musical instruments, paintings, surgical instruments, silver, and antiquities attracted a large company, and most of the articles brought high prices. We believe the sale extended over seventeen days, and the books alone realised about £500. Amongst the many rare editions was an imperfect copy of the Psalter of David, of which only two perfect copies are known to be in existence, and which brought £6 9s.

We may add that Mr. Garnett, though a self-taught

man, was no mean scholar. He was a very good Latinist, and had an excellent knowledge of Hebrew, whilst his mathematical attainments were of a very high order. He and Mr. William Armstrong (afterwards Alderman Armstrong, father of Lord Armstrong) took between them nearly all the prizes which at one time were given by the *Gentleman's Magazine* for mathematical problems.

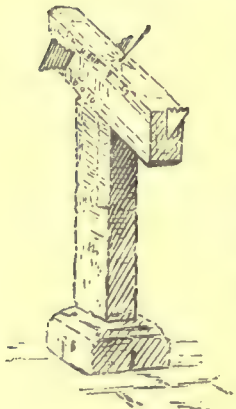
The portrait of Mr. Garnett which accompanies this article is taken from a lithograph kindly lent by Mr. T. S. Alder. W. W. W.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John Cosyn,

ALDERMAN OF NEWCASTLE.



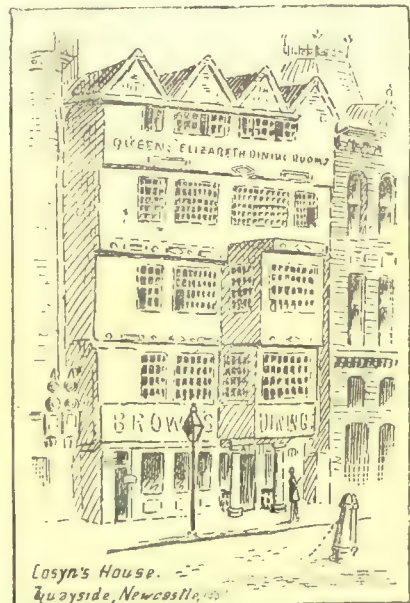
"COUSIN'S HOUSE" SUN DIAL. It would appear that he was not a native of the town.

There is evidence that he was born at Bradford, in Yorkshire, whence, probably, his father, Edward Cosyn, came. The latter is found settling in Newcastle in the early years of the seventeenth century, obtaining the freedom of the Incorporated Company of Bakers and Brewers soon afterwards, and dying in the parish of All Saints at the beginning of the Civil War. Cosyns' own calling was that of a draper, or merchant in woollen cloth, and the first note of him that local history affords is to be found in the Register of Marriages at All Saints, where it is recorded that on the 20th of October, 1632, John Cosyn was married to Jane Horsley—daughter, it is supposed, of George Horsley, barber-surgeon. His name occurs in the list of churchwardens of All Saints for the

year 1636, and in a series of charges preferred in 1642, against Sir John Marley and other prominent supporters of the Royal cause in Newcastle. From that time we read no more of him till after the siege and capture of Newcastle in the autumn of 1644. Under date Saturday, June 12, 1647, Rushworth reports that

A Letter from Newcastle, signed Jo. Cosens [in the House of Commons Journals the name is concealed by the initials "J. C."], directed to Alderman Adams, and from him delivered to a member of the House of Commons, was this Day presented to the House, and read, intimating some design of a Party in the Town to secure that Town against the present Government. The House, upon Debate hereof, ordered to refer the Letter to a Committee of Safety, and that a copy of this Letter should be sent to Field Marshal Skippon, now with the Army.

From these incidents it is evident that John Cosyn was in strong sympathy with the Puritans, if he was not one of their most active members. They made him an alderman of the town, and it is said that he was appointed Comptroller of Customs, or, as another authority puts it, head of the Excise, in Newcastle. Presuming these latter statements to be correct, he must have been the Cosyn who gave his name to the house at Wallsend, "Cousin's House," and put up the Roman stones in the wall there, as described by his grand-nephew, Horsley, in the "*Britannia Romana*." Cousin's House would be his suburban residence—a place of refuge from plague and pestilence



and a pleasant retreat at all times. His Newcastle home, abutting upon the Custom House of his day, fronted the Quay, near the Guildhall, in the centre of business, and although the picturesque Bridge of Tyne, with its ever-changing traffic, stretched across the river

in front, while over the town wall could be seen the grassy slopes of Gateshead, it must have been a pleasant relief to escape from the noise of the Quay and the racket of the Sandhill to a calm retreat midway between Newcastle and the sea. At one or other of these places he lived through the Commonwealth and into the dawn of the Restoration. With the return of the monarchy he would probably lose his position and emoluments. Whether that was so or not, he did not long survive. He made his will on the 17th July, 1661, and on the 24th of March following he was buried in the north aisle of his parish church of All Saints.

By his marriage with Jane Horsley, Alderman Cosyn left three daughters—Peace, Anne, and Rebecca. Peace married (October 5, 1658) George Morton, a member of the Drapers' Company, Sheriff of Newcastle 1673-74, and Mayor 1679-80. Anne became the wife of Robert Kay, or Cay, a partner in Elswick Colliery, and a member of a well-known Newcastle and North Tyne family. Upon the tombstone of the alderman in All Saints was written—"John Cosyn, Draper and Alderman, died the 21st March, Anno Dom. 1661. Here lyeth interr'd the Body of George Morton, Draper, Alderman, and sometime Maior of this Towne. He Departed this Life ye 26th of Novr. Anno Dom. 1693." Then followed a couplet, which Bourne introduces with a sarcastic quotation from the Milbank MS. :—

This John Cosyn, as well as Mr. Rawlin (whose Monument is over against his in the South Corner) was an Alderman in the Time of the Rebellion, of whom Sir George Baker said they were not truly Justices, tho' in the Place of Justices. This Cosyn was the first Excise-man that ever was in this Town, and a Captain against the King; yet upon this Stone Mr. Pringle (as they say) caused this to be written—

A Conscience pure, unstained with Sin,
Is Brass without, and Gold within.

But some took offence and said this :—

A Conscience Free he never had,
His Brass was naught, his Gold was bad.

"Mr. Pringle" of the foregoing paragraph—the Rev. John Pringle, physician as well as pastor, a leader of Nonconformity in Newcastle after his ejection from the cure of Eglington in the reign of Charles the Second—appears to have been one of Cosyn's intimate friends. From him, we may assume, the alderman derived his love of books, and the happy idea that, after his death, the library which he had gathered together might be rendered useful to the town. Accordingly, in his will, after bequeathing to his wife the Quayside residence; to his daughter, Peace Morton, another house on the Quay (the Fleece Tavern), "with the wine license thereunto belonging"; to the poor of All Saints' parish two shillingsworth of bread to be distributed weekly among those who went to church on Sundays, and making various gifts to his family and relations, he dictated the following clause :—

I do give and bequeath unto the Mayor and Burgesses one hundred volumes of books, sixty whereof to be in folio and the rest in quarto; so many to be taken out of my own as the ministers of the town shall think meet;

the rest to be bought and provided by my executors, such as the said ministers shall agree upon and appoint under their hands; which said books I will shall be added to the library of St. Nicholas' Church.

As might have been expected, the clergy did not relish any of the alderman's books. They accepted the sum of £90 as an equivalent, and with the money purchased such volumes as they approved, and added them to the old library in Cosyn's name. The churchwardens of All Saints received the annuity for bread, "secured upon the Fleece Tavern, situate by the Key," and put up in the sacred edifice an escutcheon to commemorate the gift and encourage others to imitate it. "Paid for a Schutcheon and Coate of Armes in Memorial of Mr. John Cosyn, a good Benefactor, £1 5s. 0d." is the entry by which, in the Church accounts for 1663, the transaction is recorded.

Upon the Quay (Nos. 1 and 2, Quayside) stands the house in which Alderman Cosyn lived, and behind it the Fleece Tavern, known to many generations of thirsty Quaysiders as "The Old Custom House." The family residence is in an excellent state of preservation. The arms of Cosyn and the Drapers' Company shine above the fireplace in one of the upper rooms, the stuccoed ceilings are sharp and clear, and the outbayed windows still give picturesque views up and down the river. "Cousin's House" at Wallsend (transformed soon after the alderman's death into Carville Hall) had until recently a souvenir of its Cromwellian owner, placed there probably by one of his sons-in-law—a sun-dial. The generosity of Mr. Wigham Richardson has transferred the dial (figured in the initial letter of this article) to the top of the old Norman keep in Newcastle, where, restored to its pristine use by the skill of Mr. J. R. Boyle, it stands, bearing the date 1667, a shield of arms impaling those of Cosyn, and a rhyming inscription :—

Time Tide
Doth haste
Therefore
Make haste
We shall

(And the dial itself completes the rhyme)—Die all.

Edward Collingwood,

TWICE RECORDER OF NEWCASTLE.

The ancient name of Collingwood has been borne by many honourable men distinguished in various branches of the service of their country. It is not pretended that they all belonged to one special family whose links of relationship can be gathered together and centred in a common ancestor. Like the names of Armstrong and Grey, Fenwick and Carr, that of Collingwood has been from immemorial time a common one in the North-Country. Among those who bore it worthily were Border chieftains who kept watch and ward in the Marches against incursive Scots; king's commissioners, county sheriffs, and justices of the peace; cavaliers who fell during the Civil Wars fighting for the Stuarts; participa-

tors in the Jacobite insurrections of 1715 and 1745; combatants in the Peninsula and other scenes of conflict; and milder-mannered men who stayed at home with their tenants, and fulfilled the duties of the county gentry. One of the Collingwoods, the most illustrious of them all, fought his country's battles gloriously on the seas, and was raised to the peerage; another of them represented Morpeth in Parliament; others occupied the Shrievalty, the Mayoralty, and the Recordership of Newcastle. It is with the occupant of this last-named office that we have now to deal.

At the beginning of last century the representative of one branch of the Northumberland Collingwoods, which had long been settled at Ditchburn, in the parish of Eglingham, was Edward Collingwood, of Byker. Besides the patrimonial estate of Ditchburn, Mr. Edward Collingwood owned the adjoining township of Shipley; an estate at North Dissington, in the parish of Newburn (which he had purchased of Sir R. Delaval in 1673, for £3,800); the house in which he lived at Byker, with the land attached to it; and two rent charges from abbey lands at Newminster and Morpeth. So we learn from his will, dated April 8, 1701. In that document, after providing for his daughter Dorothy, he bequeathed the property at Byker, North Dissington, and Shipley, and the rent charges at Newminster, to his son Edward, and gave Ditchburn for life to his nephew, Cuthbert Collingwood.

Edward Collingwood, the brother of Dorothy, died in 1721, and was buried beside his father in All Saints' Church, Newcastle, leaving, by his marriage with Mary Bigge, a son bearing his own and his father's name of Edward. This son (Edward No. 3) was trained to the profession of the law, and in due time received his call to the bar. He married Mary, co-heiress of John Roddam, an attorney in Newcastle, and with her received a moiety of the estate of Chirton, near North Shields, where he resided. In 1737, being then thirty-five years old, Edward Collingwood No. 3 was elected Recorder of Newcastle.

The post of Recorder was one of honour rather than of profit, and was not, like the majority of corporate offices in Newcastle, matter of bargain and sale. The income, including that of the judgeship of the local Court of Admiralty, did not exceed £60 per annum, and under the charter of James I. (1604) the appointment was renewed every year. Edward Collingwood had succeeded to the office upon the death of John Isaacson, had received in due course the honorary freedom of the town, and, being a young man, had every prospect of retaining the appointment for a long time. But for some reason or other, when he had filled the seat for a couple of years, he resigned it, and made way for William Outhbert, son of Sergeant Outhbert, of Durham, the predecessor of John Isaacson. Mr. Outhbert held the Recordership till his death in 1746, when the office was conferred upon Christopher Fawcett, son of John Fawcett, Recorder of

Durham, and nephew of Dr. Fawcett, Vicar of Newcastle and Gateshead. Some indiscreet remarks made by Mr. Fawcett respecting the alleged Jacobite tendencies of three quondam friends—the Prince of Wales's tutor, the Solicitor-General, and the Prime Minister's secretary—led to his resignation, and in 1754, Edward Collingwood, who had meanwhile been elected an alderman of the town, was re-appointed to the post he had resigned in 1739.

Shortly after the death of Edward Collingwood No. 1, Cuthbert Collingwood, the nephew mentioned in his will, had received an addition to his fortune by the death of his cousin Dorothy. The young lady, making her will on the 2nd December, 1701, only eight months after her father signed his, bequeathed to Cuthbert a yearly rent of £60 out of North Dissington and Shipley, and after making numerous bequests of plate, linen, &c., to friends and relatives, she made him her residuary legatee. Cuthbert went to reside at North Dissington, and there he brought up a numerous family. Among them was a son named after him, who in January, 1727, was bound apprentice to Christopher Dawson, merchant adventurer and boothman in Newcastle. In the same year that Edward Collingwood received the appointment of Recorder, this young man, his second cousin, Cuthbert Collingwood No. 2, was petitioning the Merchants' Company for his freedom. When he obtained it he married Milcah, daughter of Reginald Dobson, of Barwise, in Westmoreland, started in business at the Head of the Side, near St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, and, as is well known, became the father of Admiral Lord Collingwood.

Shortly after Mr. Collingwood resigned the Recordership for the first time, Cuthbert's business at the Head of the Side collapsed, and it became necessary to appoint trustees to wind up his affairs. Mr. Collingwood accepted the position on behalf of the family; Mr. William Wharton consented to act with him. By indenture dated September 29, 1744, the house near St. Nicholas', the estate of Cuthbert's wife at Barwise, and all other property of the bankrupt were assigned to them. Most of the creditors, it may be noted, were wholesale firms in London, grocers, distillers, oilmen, soapboilers, drysalters, sugarboilers, and druggists; the rest were Dutch merchants in Rotterdam, Dordt, and relatives and tradesmen on the Tyne. By good management, Mr. Collingwood and his co-trustees were able to pay 16s. 6d. in the pound, and to save out of the wreck, with a light mortgage, the house in which Cuthbert had commenced business, and where his illustrious son, the future admiral, was born.

For fifteen years Mr. Collingwood discharged the duties appertaining to the office of Recorder, and then, having lost his wife and brother-in-law, and finding the labours of the court irksome, he resigned in favour of Mr. Fawcett, whose indiscretions had long been forgiven. Retiring to his home at Chirton, he lived a life of learned ease till his death, which happened in 1783, at the ad-

vanced age of 81 years. In St. Nicholas' Church is a mural monument to his memory, and below it an inscription which, in elegant Latin, commemorates his eldest son, Edward Collingwood, who, "ably filling each of the offices that belonged to a gentleman, and were becoming to an honourable man, prudent in the transaction of public business, fortunate in adorning and enlarging his patrimony, courteous in manner, simple in mind, exceedingly dear to all his friends, after a life not dishonourably or uselessly spent, died unmarried in the year of salvation 1806, aged 62."

George Coughron,

A YOUTHFUL MATHEMATICIAN.

George Coughron was born August 24, 1752, at Wreigh-bill, near Rothbury, the youngest of three sons of John Coughron, a respectable farmer. Growing up among the rest of the household, he was noted at a very early stage of his boyhood for his attachment to books and his fondness for study. His schoolmaster, it is said, gave him up before the usual time; there was no longer anything that he was capable of imparting to him. His father had intended to bring him up to the family calling, and with that object he accompanied his brothers in their labours, taking his share of toil at the plough, and assisting in the barn and the byre. But his heart was not in the work, and every hour that he could snatch from manual labour and sleep was devoted to mental culture. The study of mathematics was his favourite pursuit, and in this abstruse department of learning he made such rapid progress that while still a lad he solved problems which puzzled the brains of matured students, and demonstrated propositions that perplexed men of the highest attainments. The first public display of his remarkable skill was made in the columns of the *Newcastle Courant*. To a mathematical question in that paper he sent an answer which Mr. Saint printed as the clearest and best he had received. Encouraged by this flattering recognition of his skill, he forwarded a problem of his own; not, however, in his own name, but through a friend named Wilkin. Other answers and other propositions followed, some of which displayed such remarkable ability that public curiosity was aroused as to the identity of the ingenious stranger. It was soon known that these clever problems were written and these intricate puzzles were solved by a farmer's son, who was following the plough under the shadow of Simonside. When, a few months later, he won a silver medal given by the proprietors of "The British Oracle," everybody in the kingdom who was interested in mathematics became aware that a genius had arisen, and that his name was George Coughron.

Seeing the bent of his mind, and the impossibility of attracting it permanently towards the pursuit of agricul-

ture, his father consented to his leaving the paternal roof and trying his fortune in Newcastle. He began life upon Tyneside as a clerk with Mr. George Brown, wine and spirit merchant, at the Head of the Side, facing the well-stocked shelves of Joseph Barber's far-famed library. On the eve of his departure from Wreigh-bill, October 12, 1770, he penned a rhyming "Farewell to Coquetdale"—a youthful effusion of over a hundred lines, in which his native valley, his brothers, his friends and companions of both sexes, with tender regret and touching solicitude, are separately and individually bidden adieu.

Adieu! adieu! thou ever famed Wreighbill,
My native village and my favourite still!
But, hush! I think I hear Tyne's murmurs say,
Welcome, O Coughron! Welcome, come away!
Ne'er shalt thou rue; I take thee as my son:
Thy Coquet nymphs forget; thy sorrow's done!

At the time of Coughron's settlement in Newcastle, another self-taught genius, Charles Hutton, was teaching in the town the whole circle of the mathematical sciences and their various applications. Coughron became useful to Hutton in some of his literary undertakings. It is said that he compiled the greater part of the "Ladies' Diary" which Hutton commenced to re-issue at this time, and probably he assisted him in other directions. Unfortunately, the friendship did not last long. Whether the breach originated from Hutton's jealousy of Coughron's fame, or whether a difference arose out of some financial misunderstanding, does not clearly appear. Hutton left Newcastle in June, 1773, upon receiving the appointment of Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, and he saw neither Coughron nor Newcastle any more.

A curious anecdote respecting Coughron's attainments is told by local historians. The incident upon which it is founded must have occurred shortly after the youth entered Mr. Brown's office. Two eminent mathematicians, Maskelyne, the Astronomer-Royal, and Heath, author of "The British Palladium," fell into controversy, which terminated in an amicable agreement to refer the point in dispute to some competent person possessing the confidence of both. They were acquainted with Coughron's name and reputation, but apparently knew nothing of his age or position. Upon him, however, they mutually fixed, and Coughron, accepting the office of umpire, decided in favour of Heath. Being told by a friend that his decision had shut him off from all hope of promotion, he replied, "Truth is my study, and demonstration my delight." Soon after the decision was given, a gentleman from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich came down to Newcastle, and inquiring at William Charnley's bookshop for the great mathematician, was directed to the office of Mr. Brown. There he was introduced to the object of his search—a youth tall and slender, with light hair and fair complexion. "Sir," he said, "be pleased to excuse my intrusion, the name has misled me; you cannot be the gentleman I want." "Sir," answered Coughron, "my assistance is at your service." "But I want Coughron, the mathematician." "I sometimes amuse myself with

that science, sir," said the other. The gentleman stood astonished for a moment, and then exclaimed—"God bless my soul—a child!"

The result of this interview with the astonished gentleman from Woolwich was the engagement of Coughron to make calculations for the Astronomer-Royal. Heath, too, Maskelyne's quondam opponent, was not chary of sounding the young man's praises. In an address to his correspondents he wrote—"All those who wish to wear laurels should win them like Mr. George Coughron, to whom nothing appears too difficult for his penetration to accomplish"—a compliment which Coughron justified by challenging all the mathematicians of his time to answer a most difficult question in the "Gentleman's Diary" for 1772, and, upon their failure, giving the solution himself. He won no fewer than ten prizes for answering questions in Fluxions alone, and was so successful in his demonstrations that the Rev. Charles Wildbore, an adept, gave up competing with him. Writing to Mr. Saint in December, 1773, the reverend gentleman expressed himself thus:—"I have long contended with Mr. Coughron for the superiority in this sublime science; but the sapling sage soars so aloof with his skilful scholiums, &c., that I am now under the necessity of resigning to him the bays."

"Whom the gods love die young." Within three weeks of the date when Mr. Wildbore resigned the bays, "the sapling sage" had soared beyond the reach of mortal ken. On the 1st of January, 1774, he sickened of the small-pox, and on the ninth day he died, in the twenty-second year of his age. From his lodgings in the Broad Chare, near the great mathematical school of the Trinity House, his remains were carried to St. Andrew's Churchyard, and over them the Rev. John Brand, historian of Newcastle, pronounced the last words of hope and benediction. In the burial register of that ancient place of sepulture appears the simple entry:—

"1774. January 10th. George Coughron, gent., an eminent mathematician."

Warkworth Castle.



ABOUT a mile from the mouth of the river Coquet, on the crown of a rock of lofty eminence, stand the ruins of the Castle of Warkworth. The castle and moat occupied upwards of five acres of ground; the keep or donjon, containing a chapel and a variety of spacious apartments, occupies the north side, and is elevated on an artificial



THE LION TOWER, WARKWORTH.



WARKWORTH CASTLE.



WARKWORTH FROM THE RIVER.

mount, from the centre of which rises a lofty observatory. The area is enclosed by walls garnished with towers. The principal gateway has been a stately edifice, but only a few of its apartments now remain.

The castle and barony of Warkworth belonged, in the reign of Henry II., to Roger Fitz-Richard, who held them



Gateway Warkworth Castle

by the service of one knight's fee. John of Clavering had them settled upon him by Edward I. They were bestowed upon Henry Percy (the ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland) by Edward III. After being several times forfeited and recovered, they were finally restored, in the twelfth year of Henry V., to Henry fourth Earl of Northumberland, and have since continued in the possession of the House of Percy.

Warkworth was the favourite residence of the Percy family, and in Leland's time was "well menteyned." It is not certainly known when it was built; the gateway and outer walls are the work of a very remote age, but the keep is more recent, and was probably built by the Percies. Unfortunately for Warkworth, the family became possessed of the still richer, though not finer, castle and park of Alnwick, and consequently Warkworth sunk in interest before its rival. And, by and by, the buildings in the outer-court becoming partly ruinous for want of repairs, a warrant was granted to Mr. Whitehead, one of the stewards of the then Earl of Northumberland, dated the 24th of June, 1608, "to take down the lead that lieth upon the ruinous towers and places of Warkworth, to way it and lay it uppe, and to certify his lordship of the quantity thereof, that

the places where the lead is taken off be covered againe for the preservation of the timber." And in 1610 the old timber of the building in the outer court was sold for £28. In 1672, the donjon or keep of the castle was unroofed, &c., at the instance of Joseph Clarke, one of the auditors to the family, who obtained a gift of the materials from the then Countess of Northumberland. The following is a copy of a letter from him to one of the tenants:—

William Milbourn.

Beinge to take down the materials of Warkworth Castle, which are given me by the Countess of Northumberland to build a house at Chirton, I doe desire you to speake to all her ladyship's tenants in Warkworth, Birlinge, Buston, Acklington, Shilbottle Lesbury, Longhanton, and Bilton, that they will assist me with their draughts as soon as conveniently they can, to remove the lead and tymber which shall be taken downe, and such other materials as shall be fit to be removed, and bringe it to Chirton, which will be an obligation to theire and your friend,

JO. CLARKE.

Now the roofless fabric is preserved with all the care that can be extended to it, short of replacing the roof; and so admirable is the masonry that it will probably endure for many centuries. The floors are covered with a composition of pitch and sand, so as to defend them as much as possible from the rain. In one of the lower apartments, which was arched with stone, yet remains the dungeon, a horrid testimony to the little feeling which, in the feudal times, was exhibited towards a captive foe or a disobedient vassal. The access to it is by a perpendicular hole in the floor of the room, through which the prisoners were let down, and out of which they were again hoisted by cords. Here they were, during their confinement, in total darkness, and with all hope of escape cut off, except in the event of the castle being carried by their friends.

The tower to the right of the visitor as he leaves the keep is called the Lion Tower. It is decorated with an



THE KEEP, WARKWORTH.

original conception of that animal, and was built by Hotspur's son.

Near the Lion Tower lies a huge blue stone, with a history which has been told by the Vicar of Warkworth

in a paper read to the Berwickshire Natural History Society. The story has been thus summarised by another writer :—"Many years ago, the custodian of the castle dreamed thrice on the same night that, if he went to

a certain part of the castle which was shown him in his dream, he would find a blue stone, beneath which a vast treasure lay buried. The vividness and frequent repetition of this dream impressed him so much that he resolved to test it, but he waited a day or two, and in the meantime told it to a neighbour. When at last, spade in hand, he went to the place, he found that a deep hole had been made on the very spot which he had beheld in his dreams, a blue stone was lying by it, and soon afterwards he had the bitter mortification of seeing his neighbour become suddenly rich. Years afterwards, a great iron coffer was found in the river, which was supposed to have contained the wealth which the unhappy custodian had lost by his imprudence."

The church, which is situated at the lower end of the village, occupies the site of an older structure. This older structure was the scene of a terrible tragedy in 1173. William the Lion was besieging Alnwick with an army composed of Flemish soldiers and savage Galloway men, and sent out bands in all directions with orders to commit as much havoc as possible. Some of these bands came to Warkworth, killed all the



THE OOQUET, WARKWORTH.



WARKWORTH, FROM THE CROSS.

men they found there, broke open the church, and murdered three hundred poor creatures who had taken refuge inside it. "Alas!" exclaims Benedict of Peterborough, who tells the story, "what sorrow! Then might you have heard the shrieks of women, the lamentations of the aged, and the groans of the dying; but the Omnipresent God avenged on the self-same day the injury done to the Church of the Martyr." (St. Laurence.) William was captured and carried into captivity. That there is no exaggeration in the account of this massacre was proved in 1860, when the church was restored, and such an immense number of human bones were found lying beneath the pavement that the vicar had the greatest difficulty in disposing of them.

The village consists of a double row of houses, far apart from each other, with the highway in the middle. The view, as shown in our illustration, is dignified by the sight of the castle at the top of the hill. Morning and evening, when the cows of the villagers are driven home to be milked, the visitor is reminded of the precautions that had to be taken against the Scots. Little troops of cows are slowly driven up the hill by the cowherd, and one by one they enter the houses of their owners, making their way along the stony passages with all the precision of long habit. There is actually no other access to the byres at the back except through the front doors. And this plan was adopted years ago, when no inhabitant of Warkworth could have gone to bed in comfort if he had not known that his cattle were safe under his own roof, and could not be taken away without his having a chance of making a fight for them. When warning was given that danger was imminent, the cows were driven with all speed up the hill to the castle, where there was abundant provision for sheltering them.

Richard Grainger, Builder.

IT is now upwards of fifty years since the people of Newcastle found themselves, or rather their town, grown famous through the spirited and enterprising speculations of one of their body, whose aspirations to become the "architect of his own fortune" had developed themselves in improving the internal features of his native place. The man who accomplished this great work was Richard Grainger, who, though not himself an architect in the technical sense of the word, was fully sensible of the value of architectural beauty as an element of success in building, and who associating himself with professional men like Mr. John Dobson, was enabled to erect edifices which will bear comparison with any of their class in England, or, indeed, any other country.

Richard was born in 1798, in High Friar Lane, Newcastle. His father was a "porter pokeman gannin

on the quay," who died while his second son, Richard, was yet a very little fellow. His mother, a native of Gibraltar, and the daughter, we believe, of a private soldier, was an excellent woman, honest, frugal, industrious, clever, and neat-handed. She earned a subsistence for herself and her three children, after her husband's death, by clear-starching, glove-making, &c. Living in a poor locality, in an upstairs tenement, she kept herself, her children, her two small rooms, and the narrow stairs that led up to them, clean and tidy. She strove, we need not say with what success, in Richard's obvious case at least, to make her children worthy of such a mother.

From Richard's earliest years, he was comfortably but frugally housed, clothed, and fed. He had a complexion fair and ruddy, light brown hair, violet-blue eyes, chubby cheeks, a good constitution, and a brave, stout heart. Through the influence of his mother's friends, he was sent to St. Andrew's Charity School, founded by Sir William Blackett. During his stay in this institution, he went through the usual course of instruction in those days, comprising the Bible, Tinsell's Arithmetic, Mavor's Spelling-book, and the "History of Tom Thumb." And he duly received each year, when Christmas came round, the regular green coat and cap, leather breeches, shirts and bands, and three pairs of shoes and stockings.

According to the regulations of the school of St. Andrew's, he was, on completing his fourteenth year, bound apprentice to a trade. His master was a house carpenter and builder, named Brown, who was afterwards, when the tables were turned, employed as a journeyman in some of his pupil's erections. On leaving school, Richard was presented, as all the boys were when they left, with forty shillings in money, a Bible, a prayer-book, and the "Whole Duty of Man." This was the sum total of his worldly fortune, except his small stock of clothes. All beyond that he was to owe to himself. He soon won attention by the remarkable steadiness and easy composure of his character, giving promise of success and respectability in the world. He learned his business thoroughly, and gave indications of power of mind and comprehensiveness of understanding far above the common before he was out of his teens.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, his elder brother George, a bricklayer, engaged him to join in an undertaking of his own, in pulling down and rebuilding a house next that in which their mother lived in High Friar Lane. George, however, was shortly afterwards attacked by illness, became incapable of transacting business, and died. Richard was thus left to struggle against the natural difficulties of the situation, nearly without capital. His first undertaking upon his own account was the building (for Mr. Wm. Batson) of Higham Place—a range of substantial houses branching northward from New Bridge Street, and so

called by the proprietor from his estate in Ponteland parish.

Not long after finishing his first contract, Richard Grainger married. His wife was Rachel, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Arundale, tanner, Newcastle, and it was currently said at the time that she brought him a fortune of £20,000—truly, we believe, only £5,000. However this may have been, it is certain that she made him an excellent helpmate. She was a wife in every sense of the word, assisting her husband by conducting his correspondence, keeping his accounts, and in many other ways relieving him from care and anxiety. She brought him fifteen children, ten of whom survived their parents, six daughters and four sons. Mrs. Grainger died in October, 1842, to the great grief of her husband and family, towards whom she had been most affectionate.

From the period of his marriage, Mr. Grainger's progress upwards was rapid. He built thirty-one houses in Blackett Street, and then, in 1826, began his first great enterprise, the erection of Eldon Square, composed of handsome stone houses, of a solid, plain, and uniform style, from which he is said to have realised £20,000.

Mr. Grainger next projected Leazes Terrace and Leazes Crescent, containing seventy first-class and sixty second-class houses, with highly ornamented stone fronts. He commenced building these on the 7th of March, 1829, the day on which Jane Jameson was hanged on the Town Moor. On the 17th October of the same year, he laid the foundation stone of the Music Hall in Blackett Street.

In June, 1831, he began building the Royal Arcade, running back from Pilgrim Street to the Manors, from designs by Mr. Dobson. When this work, costing £40,000, was finished, he had enriched the town with property of the value of nearly £200,000, and was himself "passing rich." Shortly before this he had proposed to the Corporation to build a covered market for the accommodation of the corn trade in the Manor Chare, on the site where he subsequently built the Arcade. The scheme would have gone forward but for the opposition of parties who were anxious to preserve the advantages incidentally conferred upon them by the removal of the market in May, 1812, from the foot of Pilgrim Street to St. Nicholas' Square. These parties offered to build a covered market in what was called the Middle Street for £5,000, the offer was accepted by the Council, and Mr. Grainger's plan fell to the ground. But no sooner was it out of the field than the projectors of the Middle Street scheme ceased to give themselves any further trouble in the matter, and the prospect of a covered corn market seemed as remote as ever. On the 30th July, 1833, a public dinner was given at the Assembly Rooms for the purpose of presenting Mr. Grainger with a handsome silver tureen and salver, and a full-length por-

trait by Miss Mackreth, as tokens of the donors' admiration of his exertions in ornamenting and improving the town. The Mayor, Mr. John Brandling, presided, supported by several of the local members of Parliament and other influential gentlemen.

In the spring of 1834, Mr. Grainger entered into arrangements for the purchase, for £50,000, from the representatives of Major George Anderson, of the fine old mansion and grounds called Anderson Place, occupying the whole space north of the High Bridge between Pilgrim Street and Newgate Street. Great was the public curiosity to learn his object; but he kept it a secret for some time, matured his plans in his own office, and not a particular was known outside until his arrangements were completed. It then turned out that he had bought other old property to the amount of £45,000, being enough to enable him to open communications between some of the busy parts of the town which were distant from each other, and which before could only be reached by widely circuitous ways.

Mr. Grainger's plans being too large for the individual powers of one man, unless he had been as rich as Croesus, he associated with himself the Town Clerk of Newcastle, Mr. John Clayton, and laid his designs and proposals before the Common Council, with whom it was necessary to deal, inasmuch as he proposed to remove the Butcher and Vegetable Markets, then comparatively new, and to build a magnificent street upon the site, connecting Dean Street with Blackett Street. The bold character of his propositions raised a loud clamour on the part of certain property owners whose capital was invested in other neighbourhoods. The inspection of the public was, however, invited, and the plans were exhibited in Mr. Small's sale-room in the Arcade. There they met with such general approbation that five thousand signatures were appended to a memorial in their favour, while a counter-petition received only about three hundred. At a meeting of the inhabitants, held at the Commission Room in the Arcade—Mr. James Losh in the chair—it was agreed, without a dissentient voice, to present a petition to the Council, praying it to give its support to Mr. Grainger's plan, and to offer him the requisite facilities for carrying it into effect. The plan included, besides the formation of several wide and elegant streets, the houses to be built of polished stone, the erection of an extensive and convenient covered market in a central situation. Had the opportunity been lost, there was reason to apprehend that the ground might be sold in detached portions and applied to purposes which, instead of being advantageous to the town, would be directly the reverse. So, at a meeting of the Common Council, held on the 12th of June, it was resolved, by a majority of 24 votes to 7, to treat with Mr. Grainger; and on the 15th July the sanction of the Corporation was formally given, the old market which stood in the way being

given up for the sum of £15,000 in exchange for the new one about to be built, for which it was agreed to give £36,000. This result was welcomed with peals from the church steeples, bonfires, and other rejoicings. On the 30th of the same month, Mr. Grainger commenced to lay out the new streets.

The levelling of the ground alone cost £21,500, exclusive of the cost of deposit of the rubbish, nearly five million cubic feet of earth being carted away at 2s. per load of 18 cubic feet, after filling up the valleys and levelling the ridges. Six weeks later (September 12) Mr. Grainger came to terms with the proprietors of the Theatre Royal, in Mosley Street, engaging to erect a new and elegant theatre and convey it to these gentlemen in exchange for the old one, paying also any difference in value which might be estimated by the arbitrators, to the extent of £500. Some people wanted to put a stop to the project of pulling down the old theatre, and intended to apply for a legal injunction; but within three hours of the sealing of the contract the chimneys were down, and before any message could have reached London the whole building had disappeared. He had in another instance an obstinate householder to remove by force. In the case of a house which had several owners, some of whom, occupying the cellars, refused for a long time to treat, the purchase was at last effected at some little extra cost; the same evening the inhabitants were all removed to another house ready prepared for them; and before morning the house they had left had disappeared. Crowds came to see it at breakfast time, and found it not.

Mr. Grainger was eager to give the inhabitants new houses for old ones, and yet, strange to say, he encountered the most formidable difficulties in persuading self-satisfied or wilful people. For six years were the corn-dealers exposed to wind and weather, in spite of their own and Mr. Grainger's desire that they should be comfortably sheltered and splendidly housed. At last, with his usual spirit, Mr. Grainger stepped forward and said:—"The town shall not be disappointed of a corn market. I shall have one covered in and ready for the accommodation of the trade in three months—a much better one than is proposed to be built in the Middle Street—and the Town Council may have it on their own terms." According to a certain old minute of Council, however, that body had bound and committed itself to the Middle Street scheme; and the vested interests at stake in that neighbourhood were, at any rate, too powerful to permit of Mr. Grainger's offer being closed with. The opposition prevailed, and this scheme of Mr. Grainger's would have come to nothing had he been an ordinary man with ordinary means. But fortunately he was not. And when the Corporation declined to accept his liberal offer, instead of being discouraged, he went quietly on with his work, and the

result was the stately and massive Central Exchange in Grey Street.

It would occupy a deal more space than can be spared to notice all the details connected with Mr. Grainger's undertakings. One fact, however, must be stated, that every building which he erected was of the most substantial character. Very few serious accidents occurred during the progress of his works. But one fatal casualty did take place. It was when one day in the month of June, 1835, three houses on the south side of Market Street, in course of erection and all but finished, fell with a tremendous crash. Upwards of a hundred men were at work upon and immediately round the premises at the time. Of these, twenty-one were buried in the ruins, and many others had narrow escapes from a like fate. As soon as the alarm had somewhat subsided, Mr. Grainger's other workmen, upwards of seven hundred in number, were employed in removing the sufferers from the midst of the wreck, while what remained of the building threatened every moment to crush the bystanders. It was not till half-past two o'clock next morning that the whole of the missing persons were disinterred; and of these four were dead when found, and three soon afterwards died, while thirteen others were greatly injured. No satisfactory reason could be given for the falling of the unfinished houses; but it was strongly suspected that the building had been struck by lightning during a heavy thunderstorm which was then passing overhead, and which did a deal of damage, and caused some loss of life, in other places besides Newcastle. Mr. Grainger had inspected the work only a few minutes before, and at the time of the accident he was standing upon the adjoining house.

Little more than a year afterwards the various new streets were named by the Town Council. These were Upper Dean Street (afterwards changed to Grey Street), Shakspeare Street, Hood Street, Market Street, Grainger Street, Clayton Street, Clayton Street West, Nun Street, and Nelson Street. Thus there were nine princely streets added to the town, and nearly one million sterling's worth of property was added to the rateable value, in the course of five years. Meanwhile, Mr. Grainger became the possessor of the Elswick estate, from whence nearly the whole of the stone and bricks used in the new buildings were procured.

In November, 1838, Mr. Grainger offered to build, at the upper end of Grey Street, new assize courts and corporation buildings, for the sum of £20,000, taking in payment a plot of ground in Forth Field, and some old buildings near the Cattle Market. But the offer not meeting with the support of the Council, he withdrew it, and erected a beautiful building, now used as Lambton's Bank, on a portion of the site.

Mr. Grainger died on the 4th of July, 1861, in the affectionate regard of his fellow-townsmen, and was buried in Benwell Churchyard.

Some idea of the work Mr. Grainger did may be gathered from his own statistics. Examined before the Cholera Commission in January, 1854, he stated that he had erected 5 houses in New Bridge Street, 2 in Carlisle Street, 5 in Croft Street, 3 in Portland Place, 1 in Northumberland Street, 31 in Blackett Street, 22 in Eldon Square, 3 in Newgate Street, 9 in Percy Street, 68 in Leazes Terrace, 80 in Leazes Crescent and streets adjoining, 14 in St. James's Street and Terrace, the whole of the Royal Arcade, the whole of Grey Street (containing 81 houses), the whole of Market Street (38 houses), Grainger Street (68), Nun Street (26), Nelson Street (26), Clayton Street (107), Clayton Street West (27), Hood Street (16), Shakespeare Street (16), Pilgrim Street (14), Nun's Gate (6), Rye Hill (23), Elswick (19), and in Railway Street (20 houses)—total, 737 houses. In the course of a few years he had raised Newcastle from a cluster of smoked-dyed brick and timber to a condition exceeding anything to be seen elsewhere in Britain, except in the best parts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the new streets, terraces, and crescents erected by him being in a style vastly superior to Regent Street, London, where the fronts of the houses are only brick, faced with stucco. When a stranger walks up Grey Street, and enters the Central Exchange, or when he perambulates the Market, or visits the Theatre Royal, or casts his eye towards Leazes Terrace, and learns that they are all the creation of one master-mind—the work of a man who began his career as a poor mason's boy carrying a hod of mortar—he cannot fail to be astonished at the industry, enterprise, and genius of Richard Grainger.

It is clear that Mr. Grainger could not have effected what he did without having first inspired his neighbours with a strong confidence in his integrity. Gentlemen who had to receive periodical payments from him declared him to be the most regular payer they ever had to deal with. His workmen regarded him as something like the sun for punctuality, and the unremitting character of his operations. They occasionally tried him with strikes, but he was always too much for them. Some may still remember the excitement in the town, on one of the first of these occasions, at the news that Grainger's men had struck, and the curiosity to see what he would do. There he was in the midst of his stone and timber, as serene as a summer's morning, secure in his plans. Before the evening he had sworn in six hundred apprentices. Being asked what he would do with so many novices, he answered that excavations were just then his chief object, and the boys could excavate under his directions. So they did, and the difficulty was over; for the men offered themselves in crowds again presently. He then picked and chose from amongst them, those whom he rejected being left at leisure to bewail their strike. But this policy could not have answered had Grainger been

a hard, unfeeling, unjust master. It succeeded because he never lost his self-control, or showed the least ill-temper, and always took care to do full justice to his men. He was therefore very popular among them, as he found leisure, at the busiest time, to consider their interests, and took pleasure in extending his generosity to their families.

When we consider how often his plans were thwarted—what noble designs he was compelled to surrender—what opposition and disparagement he encountered for years from such of his townsmen as wrongly imagined that his interests were incompatible with theirs—and that in the conduct of such vast pecuniary concerns, through seasons of commercial fluctuation and even panic, a thousand difficulties and perils must have arisen—when, too, we take into account the annoyances to which the master of two thousand workmen, and the occasional servant of several public bodies, must be subject day by day—it is clear that he was indeed a world's worthy, a great "Captain of Industry," pre-eminently entitled to wear a civic crown, and far above many who chance to be more widely famed

"Jackey Brough."



AN eccentric character of this name lived some years ago in the county of Durham. He owned the Seaton and Sharpley Hall farms. The former was farmed by his brother, William Brough; the latter was also let, but, I believe, one room was reserved for the landlord, who was very seldom there. Jackey was always rambling about the country, cleaning clocks, putting up sun dials, cutting headstones, &c. He wore a very old-fashioned coat—single-breasted, with very wide skirts reaching below the knees, and very capacious pockets. In them he carried his tools and his food—bread, tea, coffee, sugar, &c.—and always knew where to find some poor person who would supply hot water, tea or coffee pot, &c., for his frugal meal, also a night's lodging. He never went to bed—indeed, he kept too much company to be a desirable tenant—all he asked was leave to sleep by the fire. A wooden chair, turned face down with the legs in the air, gave him a rest for his back and head. I never knew him carry a bag or parcel, and he never had any change of garments with him. Once dressed, he was dressed for as long as the clothes would hold together. He always spoke of himself in the plural. It was always "we" and "us." He frequently called at my parents' house. One day he came in a very dilapidated condition, and my mother gave him a lecture, telling him how wrong it was for a man with his ample means to be going about like a beggar and hoarding up money from which he

got no enjoyment, and reminding him that he could not take it with him when he died. He quietly replied :—"They winnot give us't—we would syun tak't." Passing behind him, I observed his coat was much worn at the back, there being a large hole four or five inches in diameter on the right shoulder, and the sleeve half loose. I said :—"Mr. Brough, there is a large hole in your coat ; I can see your bare skin." He turned round and said :—"We could have telled thou that, if we'd been as greet a blab viv our tongue." Yet in spite of all his miserable and parsimonious habits, there must have been something of a better nature underneath. I never heard of his being insulted or annoyed, and he always seemed a tolerated guest amongst the poor with whom he mingled. It was said that many of the really struggling and deserving occasionally got a bag of flour, or a poke of potatoes, in some roundabout and mysterious manner, and it was more than suspected that the gifts came from Jackey.

Q.

Brignall Church and Brignall Banks.



WHEN Sir Walter Scott visited his friend Morritt at Rokeby, he naturally inquired about the traditions of the neighbourhood. Being asked what subjects he particularly required for the poem which it was known he was intending to write, he is alleged to have said that he must have "an old church of the right sort, and a robbers' cave." It was an easy matter to find both for him not far from Rokeby. Eggleston Abbey was the church ; the cave was near the slate quarries of Brignall, a village in the most open and fertile part of the Vale of Greta, and some four miles south-east of Barnard Castle.

This picturesque district has been brought into prominence through the genius of Scott and Turner. The former, as is well known, wrote a poem which he called "Rokeby" ; the latter found here subjects for his pencil, the skilful treatment of the landscapes he depicted creating a sensation in the artistic world. Our reduced drawing of Brignall Church represents a fair specimen of



BRIGNALL BANKS.

Turner's method of enhancing the charms of a delightful view. The sun has set behind the distant moorlands, leaving a warm glow in the sky; and there is a soothing half-light upon the middle distance, where the village of Brignal is calmly reposing beside the banks of the Greta. Our other drawing, representing Brignal Banks, is not so ambitious in design, the subject being adapted for the ordinary sunlight effect of an afternoon in summer. Scott fully appreciated the beauty of the scene, and described it with his accustomed power in "Rokeby."

An insight into the poet's method of work is given by Mr. Morritt, who accompanied Scott on his excursions in the neighbourhood—"I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and could not help saying that, as he was not upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be just as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understand him when he replied that in nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his mind

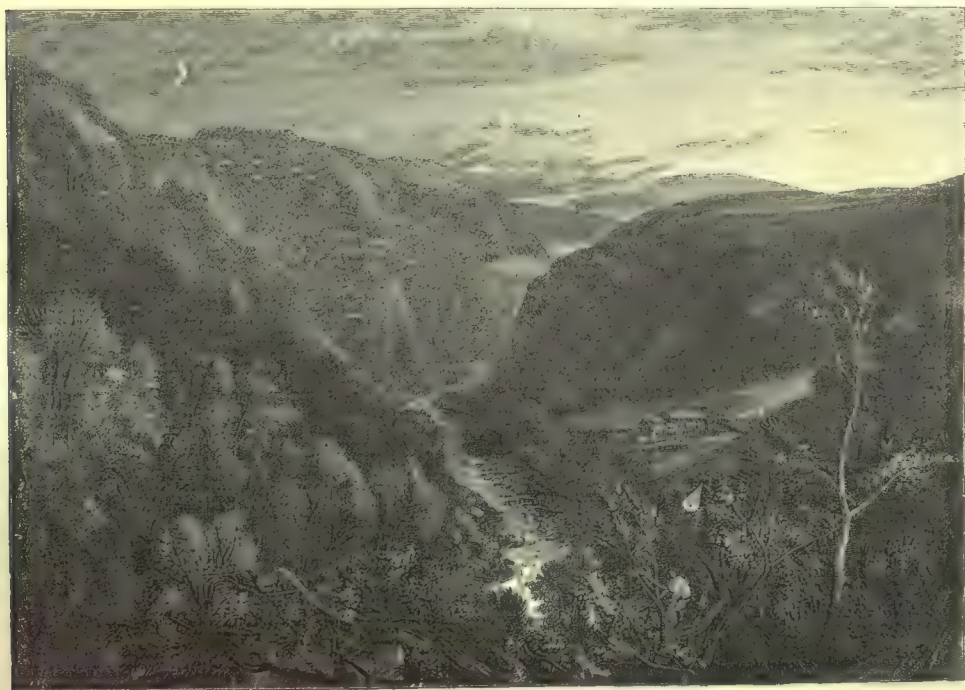
circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images, and repetition of these would, sooner or later, produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth. 'Besides,' he said, 'local names and peculiarities make a story look so much better in the face.' In fact, from his boyish habits, he was but half satisfied with the most beautiful scenery when he could not connect it with some local legend; and when I was forced sometimes to confess that I had none to tell, he would laugh, and say, 'Then let us make one; nothing so easy to make as a tradition.'"

The old church at Brignal is now a ruin. It was inconvenient in many respects, and a new one has been built on the top of the hill above, some of the materials of the old edifice being used in erecting it.

Madame Stote and Her Salve.



THE Stotes or Stotts were an old Newcastle family, several members of which filled responsible situations in the town during the sixteenth century. They likewise long held many leasehold possessions under the See of Durham in the vill of Hedworth, in the parish of Jarrow, which then comprehended the whole extent of



BRIGNAL CHURCH.

country from that of Gateshead eastward to the sea. Stote's House is mentioned in records in 1538; and when Surtees wrote (1820-3) there were still some slight vestiges of it remaining in Hedworth township, being traces of walls and enclosures, suitable, as the historian says, to a family of "yeomanly gentry." This part of their possessions eventually passed out of their hands, and came into those of the Lister family, who also held some freehold property in the township.

The municipal records of Newcastle contain many references to the Stotes. Richard Stote, who is repeatedly mentioned, and who was probably the gentleman that built Stote's House, seems to have been an attorney in good practice, employed by the Master of the Trinity House to conduct his official correspondence, and consulted by him in difficult cases on points of law. In a muster-roll of the male inhabitants of Newcastle capable of bearing arms, drawn up in the 30th year of Henry VIII. (1539), Richard Stote appears with one servant, "with jacks (buff jerkins), sallets (light helmets), and halberts, well appointed." He paid 23s. 4d. per annum for two houses which had belonged to the Nuns of St. Bartholomew previous to the suppression of the monasteries. Thomas Stote, probably Richard's son, held the office of Sheriff of Newcastle in the year 1547-8. The Newcastle Stotes intermarried with some of the leading families in the town and neighbourhood, such as the Andersons, Ellisons, Carrs, &c.; and one of them, Miss Dorothy Stote, sister of the then head of the family, was married, in 1703, to Mr. John Pemberton, of Hilton, South Moor, and Bainbridge Holne, the great-great-grandfather of Richard Lawrence Pemberton, Esq., of Hawthorn Tower, Seaham, one of the most extensive landholders in the county.

In the early part of last century, the family was represented by Mr. Robert Stote (born 1713), who, shifting his residence from Hedworth, with his wife, Ann Watson, built, in 1743, the mansion house of Horsley Hill, in the township of Harton, about two and a quarter miles south-by-east of South Shields. The estate of which he was the owner was considered a valuable one, even at that time, when landed property near towns did not bring anything like the market price it does now; and he got a considerable addition to his worldly means at the death, without issue, in 1777, of his connection by marriage, Mr. James Donnison, of Sunderland, who, having realised a large fortune in business in that town, invested the bulk of it in land, and so became the owner of the freehold estates of Farrington and High Ford, near Silksworth, and also of a large tract of copyhold land in Wearmouth South Moor, now all laid out in villas and country houses, such as Ashburne, Ashbrooke, &c. Mr. Donnison, who was the second husband of Mrs. Elizabeth Donnison, previously Mrs. Guy, the benevolent foundress of the Donnison School, in Church Walk, Sunderland, at which thirty-six poor girls are taught and clothed, bequeathed his property, or at least the bulk of it, to Mrs. Stote,

requesting her son, Watson Stote, to take the name of Donnison. Robert Stote died on the 6th of March, 1796, in the 83rd year of his age, and was buried in St. Hilda's Churchyard, South Shields.

Robert Stote's son, Watson, who died in 1827, having, for some reason or other, been disinherited by his father, the Horsley Hill and West Hendon estates, and other properties owned in Brancepeth, Herrington, and Newbottle, also most of the property left by Mr. Donnison for Watson Stote, were left to his three surviving daughters. The eldest of these ladies married a gentleman of the name of Wilkinson, to whom she bore a son, the late Thomas Wilkinson, Esq., of Scots House (father of Mr. R. T. Wilkinson, of Rosedene, Ashbrooke Range, Bishopwearmouth), and a daughter, Mrs. Lotherington, mother of the late John Stote Lotherington, barrister, of South Moor House. The youngest sister became the wife of Mr. Nicholas Crofton, of Barnston, and left an only daughter, mother of Sir William Fox, and of the late Rev. George Townsend Fox. Robert Stote had another son named Robert, born in 1755, who died in 1811, unmarried.

The male line of the family was continued by the Rev. Watson Stote Donnison, who was born in 1747, became Rector of Feliskirk, near Thirsk, which living he held for fifty-three years, and died in 1827, when he was eighty years of age. His daughter, Elizabeth Henrietta, was married to the Rev. Martin Stapylton, Rector of Balborough, Derbyshire, and her second daughter, Jane Emma, became, in 1854, the first wife of Richard Lawrence Pemberton, Esq., of Barnes and Bainbridge Holme, to whom, besides other issue, she bore a son, John Stapylton Grey Pemberton. This lady having died, Mr. Pemberton married her cousin, the daughter of the Rev. James Watson Stote Donnison (son of the Rector of Feliskirk), now living, aged 81, at the Dove House, Mendham, Harleston, Norfolk, an acting magistrate for that county. Mr. Stote Donnison is the last representative male of the Stote family; but the issue of his daughter, the present Mrs. Pemberton, who has three sons, will prolong the female line after her father's death.

Margery, the second of the three surviving daughters of Robert Stote, of Horsley Hill, was never married, and she it was who became so widely known all over the country as Madam Stote. She continued to live after her father's death at Horsley Hill, which to many people is still known as "Madam Stote's." She is described as having been a slender-made, or "small" woman. She had a neat way of dressing, always very plain, but her clothes of the best materials. She generally wore black dresses. She was a frequent and welcome guest at the houses of her Sunderland friends, but seldom stayed over night away from home. Madam Stote used to live mostly in the kitchen at Horsley Hill, the floor of which was flagged. At one end near the door was a

plain wooden dresser, on which stood a supply of a particular ointment which she understood how to make, and which she used to distribute gratis to all who applied for it. There was a chair at each end of the dresser for the patients to sit on until they had related their stories respecting their several complaints; and after she had patiently heard these, her habit was to give them sufficient of the salve to serve them for a week or fourteen days, directing them to come back to Horsley Hill and get more of the stuff, if necessary, till their sores were completely healed. There were frequently several persons waiting for ointment at the same time; and in order to accommodate them, till she could get all attended to, she had a form placed in the passage for them to sit upon. On no account would she accept of any recompense, other than thanks, from those whom she had cured of their ailments. All she desired was that they should come and let her know when they were cured, if within a reasonable distance; or, if they had come from afar, as they occasionally did, even from London, that they should write to tell her the effect of her recipe and treatment. Her medicines, it may be observed, were all given in mussel-shells.

Many persons yet living can tell how Madam Stote cured them of this or that sore, boil, or blain, by means of her wonderful salve, and the wise counsel she gave them as to diet and regimen and other things. Her general directions were to have the ulcer washed every morning with milk and lukewarm water, and then the ointment was to be applied fresh. A green salve was first put on, and then a black one on the top of it. How these salves were made, or of what composed, she kept a profound secret as long as she lived, and only communicated it at last to her near relatives the Lotheringtons, and to her trusty housekeeper, Jane Grey, requesting them to continue to give it gratis to all applicants, in the same manner as she had done in her lifetime, which, for some months at least, was accordingly done. But the last of the Lotheringtons left the district many years ago; and Jane Grey has now been dead for some time, but has left the secret, if we are not misinformed, as a legacy to her sister Ann, who now resides at Blyth with a gentleman of the name of Johnson, a metal-founder, formerly of South Shields, whose wife is said to have the recipe.

Mr. Stote Donnison, of Mendham, writing to the editor of the *Weekly Chronicle* in November, 1889, gives the following account of the salve. He says:—

I have the receipt, and remember my father using it extensively and successfully. The ingredients are numerous; indeed, several of both black and green are obsolete, as I found on trying to find them with a druggist's help in London some years ago. The druggist supplied those which we could not hear of as near as his old-world lore suggested, and I still possess some specimens, and occasionally employ it, and find it still serviceable. I once called upon Mrs. Burn (i.e., Miss Jane Lotherington), of Sunderland, who told me she found the same difficulty; but on my inquiring of a druggist in

Sunderland (who made up the old receipt for her), I found he substituted a preparation of diachylum as the nearest drug he knew. The receipts were brought to England by a confidential attendant of the Countess of Derwentwater, who obtained it from the nuns or nursing sisters of Germany, with whom the Countess of Derwentwater took refuge when her lord was beheaded after "being out" in 1715.

Only one thing can be said with truth, that in every case known to our informants, the salves, whatever they might have been made of, always effected a cure. This they did with the most troublesome running sores in the legs and arms, abscesses, varicose veins, women's chapped or gathered breasts, and even, it is said, jaundice and the yaws.

Mr. William Hurrell, of the Rectory Park Schools, Bishopwearmouth, recollects his father taking him to see Madam Stote, when he was a little lad, in very indifferent health, indeed very weakly, and not supposed likely to live long. The lady examined him carefully, and after putting certain questions, no doubt pertinent, gave his father directions how he had best be treated, adding that he was in a very critical state and would have to be dealt with very gently, but that, if he only could be kept up till he had reached his fifteenth year, he would probably live to be an old man. This was sixty years ago, and Mr. Hurrell, though a confirmed invalid, is still to the fore. We give the anecdote, as it goes so far to show that Madam Stote was at least a shrewd guesser.

Madam Stote always partook of her food in the kitchen, and was very fond of such maid-servants as she found out to be good ones, and faithful and attentive to their duties. She made a point of recognizing her old servants when she happened to meet them anywhere; and whenever she had an opportunity she would give them good advice respecting their duties as girls and also as mothers. Some of them who had been special favourites she desired never to pass her house without calling to see her; and when they did, she invariably treated them kindly, and repeated her wise instructions when she thought it necessary.

Very few people indeed are without their weaknesses; and Madam Stote, though she might have been pointed out as a perfect pattern otherwise, had one foible in which she had many fellow-partakers. She often speculated in lottery tickets, being tempted by T. Bish's flattering promises in the weekly newspapers of fifty thousand pounds prizes to be won for a mere trifle. And she was frequently a winner, but never, we conclude, of so large a sum.

When Madam Stote died, which was on the 19th of January, 1842, at the very advanced age of ninety-seven, she left behind her a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, which was divided amongst her relatives. W. B.

Deer Parks in the North.

ONE of the most noted deer parks in the county of Durham was that of Stanhope, and local names of places mark out the extent of this enclosure, where hundreds of the red deer were preserved for the sport of the princely prelates of the rich See of St. Cuthbert. The village of Eastgate, three miles above Stanhope, was the east gate of Stanhope deer park; the village of Westgate, three miles further up into Weardale, was the west gate; a farmhouse called Northgate was the north gate; and a ruin, once a dwelling-house, and called Gate Castle, was the south gate. Then the parish of Stanhope is divided, for parochial purposes, into four quarters or townships. Park Quarter covers the old deer park, and Forest Quarter is that part of Weardale west of Westgate, which extends to the limits of the county of Durham. Leland described this park as being "rudely enclosed with stone of 12 to 14 miles in compase." In the year 1458, Stanhope Park contained 200 deer, and the same number in 1575. Twenty years later, however, the park only contained 40, and in 1647 it is recorded in palatine documents that there was neither red nor fallow deer in Weardale.

The park, however, existed before the year 1458, for in 1327 Edward III. encamped in Stanhope Park when pursuing the Scots, and the steward's account for 1327 of Bishop Auckland Manor records "84 stones of lead, the profit of Stanhope Park." Long before the park existed there were deer in Weardale, because in the year 1183 nearly all the land was held on forest service. No doubt the bishops of Durham enjoyed the hunt, and also enjoyed the venison in former times, for we find Bishop Sever in 1503 requesting his chancellor to send him to York "bukes of the beste . . . out of Aucklande ij; out of Hulsyngham (Wolsingham) ij; in lyke wyse, and from Stanhope iij." Bishop Hutton killed twelve deer out of Stanhope Park every year during his episcopacy. The wages of park keepers were not high. In 1542 Thos. Marche and Nicholas Appleby were foresters of the old park of Stanhope at 2d. per day.

In this exposed locality there were great losses amongst the deer. We find that in Bishop Barnes's time no less than 120 deer perished in Stanhope Park from rot and want of proper attention; and I might mention that 400 deer perished during a snowstorm in 1673 in the forest of Teesdale. Grand hunts took place every year in the old times among the Weardale hills. "There was doubtless," says Raine, "much of pleasurable excitement in this great annual gathering, and even now, in retrospection, the animated scene may have its charms. At its head the mitred earl of the palatinate in all his state, surrounded by his lords and commons, and attended by hundreds of retainers in every grade

of life, enlivened by the pleasures of the chase, and cheered by the echoes of hounds and horns reverberating from hill to hill, and rock to rock, in the valley of the Wear. But it is well, perhaps, for humanity that destruction of life, so conducted and upon such a scale, is now happily of rare occurrence. The law of nature gives to man dominion over the beasts of the field, but the law of nature nowhere enjoins him to add cruelty to cruelty in taking away life. The death of the Weardale roe, the most timid and sensitive of animals, when at last it came, must have been as nothing to the poor creature in the way of pain in comparison with the suffering which it must have been previously compelled to undergo for hours by the terror-inspiring shouts of its pursuers, the goring of arrows, the tearing of dogs, and the hemming in of cords."

W. M. EGGLESTONE.

Besides Stanhope, there were of old in the Bishopric of Durham many extensive parks and forests in which deer were preserved for sport, long after the wolf and wild boar—beasts of the chase indigenous in wooded Durham—had been destroyed. Wild cattle were also preserved, so late as the seventeenth century, in several parks in the North-Country. Leland, writing of Auckland in the previous century, says, "There is a fair park by the castelle, having fallow deer, wild bulles, and kin." The Broad Park and Colt Park of Barnard Castle likewise, in 1626, held deer and wild cattle. Hutchinson, in his "History," has reference to numerous parks belonging nearly all to the bishops and priors of Durham. Among them were the deer-parks of Auckland, Axwell, Aycliffe, Barnard Castle, Bearpark (*Beaurepaire*), Consett, Gateshead, Greencroft, Heworth, Lumley, Marle, Muggleswick, Raby, Rainton, and Stanhope in Weardale.

The Bishop of Durham was "Lord of the Park and Forest of Weardale," and there the bishops held their great forest hunt (*Magna Caza*, or the Great Chase) for centuries. There also, no doubt, the Chester-le-Street prelates would find more exciting and nobler sport in hunting some fiercer beast than the stag. Wolves, during the era of the Chester bishops (882-995), were well-nigh exterminated in the North, though in the twelfth century they were again increasing in the forests of Durham. In the meantime the clergy had been prohibited the diversion of hunting. The prince-bishops, however, continued to indulge in the royal pastime. The mighty prelate Bek, when not fighting, was "perpetually either riding from one manor to another, or hunting or hawking."

Richard Fox, *circa* 1500, walled in a large park for deer near Durham (supposed to have been Auckland), and about the same time he made Peter Castell master of the bishop's game.

A few years later Leland was making notes of various deer-parks in the North. "There [be] long 3 parkis to Raby [Castle]," he writes, "wherof 2 be plenished with dere. The middle park hath a lodge in it; and thereby

is a chase, bearing the name of Langely, and hath fallow dere; it is a 3 miles in length." He says nothing here of "wild bulles," or wild cattle, though the ancient breed, one might conjecture, once roamed around Raby. Raby and Auckland Parks were, and are perhaps still, the finest in the county of Durham. N. E. R.

Aydon Forest.

FOREST and chase were terms as familiar to our fathers of the olden time as field and garden are to us, their descendants. The old Northumbrian forests were, from the natural formation of the country, limited in extent. It is said that Aydon Forest extended from Alnmouth to Ingram. There is evidence, at the present day, that it extended along the Vale of the Aln to Alnham, and so round the southern base of the Tillington Hills to Powburn.

Although wanting in the luxuriance of the forests of Kent and Surrey, Northumbrian forests had their own special features of beauty, hill and vale being interspersed with deep ravines, where grew the hazel and alder trees in dense thickets. Their decayed and fallen trunks were festooned with ferns of luxuriant growth. Amongst them the lady fern spread out its beautiful fronds like an esoteric palm. During the scarcity of food in winter, wild oxen and deer forced their way into these thickets to eat the fallen ferns, and sank, occasionally, in the almost bottomless peat, to rise no more. At the present day



many of their heads and horns are being dug up by drainers all over the county. Along with these relics of the forest fauna are found the fallen oaks of the old forest—deeply imbedded in alluvial deposits of various kinds. They are found in this district four and five feet below the present surface of the ground. But there are

still specimens of the old native oaks standing around Linkendene. In this dene the last remnant of a real native Northumbrian oak forest fell beneath the axe in the year 1857.

Linkendene and Crawleydene are merely different names for portions of the wooded ravine that runs south from the Powburn to Shawdon. The branch line of the North-Eastern Railway, from Alnwick to Cornhill, a few yards beyond Glanton Station, crosses it upon an embankment that cost enormous labour and material in its construction. The material sunk rapidly in the almost bottomless deposit that lay beneath. From this embankment there is a charming view of Linkendene and Crawleydene, and many fine specimens of native oaks may be seen on either hand.

One tree bears the name of "The King of the Forest." As will be seen by the accompanying sketch, it stands close to the railway. The line was altered several yards to save this fine remnant of the old forest. In girth, it measures about twenty feet, and to all appearance the girth is increasing every year, for the tree is quite sound and vigorous.

JAMES THOMSON.

Nicky-Nack.

IT was through Tommy Chilton (no connection of the famed Dicky Chilton, whose eccentricities have been described in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 367) that the nick-name "Nicky-Nack" was given to a colliery at New Seaham, county Durham. Tommy, about sixty years or so back, held the windmill (now dismantled) and occupied the Mill Inn (still flourishing), both situate at Seaham Park Houses—miller and innkeeper being happily united in the person of the jovial Chilton. But Mr. Thomas Chilton was something beyond this: he was a "bit of a genius" and a practical man to boot. He contrived an electric machine, and drew crowds on Sundays to the Mill Inn, and there and then "electrified" them for nought—the "cakes and ale" of course they had to pay for. He was famous also for repairing the old women's spinning wheels. Seventy years ago, and for some few years later, the revered spinning-wheel was still in much request, and no household was complete that had not some old mother or aunt busy at her wheel. An improved machine was then in use called the Knack-Reel, which seems to have been somewhat complex in principle and liable to get "out of gear." When in order and spinning, these patent wheels at regular intervals gave a lively "nicky-nack"—precisely *nicky-nack*, in sound—to denote, I understand, that a skein had been spun. When they went wrong and failed to repeat the signal, only Tommy Chilton in all the East country had the *knack* of setting them agoing again and

restoring the essential "nicky-nack" to the machine. Consequently, Chilton's dwelling, the Mill Inn, became the receptacle (like a cycling smithy of to-day) for numerous disordered spinning-wheels, which were constantly arriving from far and near to be "fettled" by his cunning hand. His public-house from this cause began soon to be better known as the Nicky-Nack, than as the Mill Inn; the landlord himself was dubbed Tommy Nicky-Nack; and later the colliery at New Seaham, which was sunk within bowshot of the inn, thus very simply acquired the popular name of the Nicky-Nack. It should be noted, however, that Seaham Colliery was, even within my recollection, just as often called the Knack, or Nack, as the Nicky-Nack, and you may yet hear old pitmen referring to the time when they put, hewed, or wrought "doon the Nack."

N. E. R.

William Brockie.

DURING the past twenty-five years Mr. William Brockie has written innumerable articles on all kinds of subjects for the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, many of which have been reprinted in the *Monthly Chronicle*. It need not be said that he is specially conversant with the lore and legend connected with the North of England, and has probably as accurate and extensive a knowledge of the North-Country, its people, and its literature as any person now living.

But to turn to Mr. Brockie's early career. On the 1st of March, 1811, the subject of our sketch was born at Lauder East Mains, his parents—Alexander and Janet Brockie—being off-shoots of old Border yeoman families. Being truly national as regards the education of their children, William's father and mother sent him to the parish schools at Smalhome, Mertoun, and Melrose, where he received an English and commercial tuition, with a little Latin interlarded. Having satisfied his father with the progress he made at school, young Brockie was articled in February, 1825, to Messrs. Curle and Erskine, solicitors, of Melrose. Here he was expected to work very hard, commencing business early in the day, and very often, at nine o'clock in the evening, called upon to write a number of letters at the dictation of the principal, which frequently kept him employed until the early hours of the next morning.

This drudgery, however, was not unaccompanied with pleasure, for the young law student saw, almost daily, Sir Walter Scott, and many of the characters depicted in the "Waverley Novels," as well as James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Sir David Brewster, and other notabilities. After completing his engagement at Melrose, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had many opportunities of visiting the Parliament House, and thereby added

greatly to his mental store. Here he saw and heard Jeffrey, Cockburn, Skene, Moncrieff, and other famous advocates; while, on Sundays, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Henry Grey, and Dr. Andrew Thompson had in young Brockie an ardent student and enthusiastic admirer.

At the conclusion of his servitude in the office of the solicitors, the country was suffering from the effects of a severe commercial panic, which prevented him from securing an engagement or opening a business on his own account. He thereupon went home and commenced farming under his father, with whom he served several years. A dishonourable rent transaction on the part of a friend of the confiding Alexander Brockie brought the farming career of William to an end.




In 1841, he found himself at Galashiels, doing duty as a clerk, book-keeper, and traveller for a wholesale establishment. He did not, however, find this a congenial employment: so in 1843 he accepted an offer to take charge of a school at Kailzie, in Peeblesshire, but here his pedagogic career was brought to a close prematurely, through his choosing to join the Free Church, then lately formed. He was then offered and accepted the editorship of the *Border Watch*, a Free Church paper published at Kelso. After occupying the editorial chair for about three years, Mr. Brockie joined the printer of the paper in the purchase of the office plant; and in 1846 the *Watch* was removed to Galashiels, where it became fairly prosperous. Eventually the concern was sold to a gentleman who changed the name of the paper to the *Border Advertiser*, which is still to the fore.

Mr. Brockie's next engagement was that of editor of the *North and South Shields Gazette*, but ill-health compelled him to relinquish the post in 1852. After recruiting his strength, he opened a school in South Shields, where he taught a thorough English education, besides French, German, Latin, and Greek.

As in Galashiels, where he was a member of the Board of Guardians, Mr. Brockie's talents, industry, and literary labours were much appreciated in Shields. Here he was elected to the Town Council, being returned at the top of the poll. The year he received municipal honours, Mr. Brockie married Miss Mary Neil, daughter of the Rev. Robert Neil, Presbyterian Minister at Wallsend. After this happy event, Mr. Brockie removed to Sunderland, where he still resides, and where he took the editorship of the *Sunderland Times*. But in 1873 loss of health again obliged him to vacate the editorial chair.

Not only is Mr. Brockie a voluminous contributor to the periodical press: he is also the author of numerous books, including a history of Shields, "The Folks of Shields," "Rythmical History of the British Empire," "The Confessional and other Poems," "Coldingham Priory," "The Gypsies of Yetholm," "Legends and Superstitions of the County of Durham," "Leaderside Legends," "Indian Thought," &c. Even now, at the advanced age of 78, he is constantly preparing articles and works for the press, material for which he mainly gleans from two hundred bound volumes of scraps on all conceivable subjects, duly collected and classified under distinct headings. In his literary work he is greatly assisted by his competent knowledge of the French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Ancient and Modern Greek languages. He can also, by the aid of the dictionary, make his way through Gaelic, Welsh, and some half dozen other tongues. Besides being an accomplished linguist, Mr. Brockie is an excellent botanist; and he possesses a large number of botanical specimens gathered by himself, the whole being pasted on large folio sheets, forming a very instructive and interesting collection.

The Butcher's Dog: A Story of the Morpeth Road.

N the night of March 26th, 1833, one William Buddle, a butcher of Newcastle, was journeying, according to his weekly wont, to the Morpeth market, then the largest in the Northern Counties. He had with him his dog. Don't let us think this an unimportant detail; wait a bit, and it will be seen that this faithful animal deserves honourable mention. Well, Buddle had accomplished some six miles of his journey when four men came up. One of

them, John Macbeth, asked him the time. He replied that it was nearly one o'clock. Then Macbeth asked for money. Buddle answered that he had only fourpence. Without doubt the men were satisfied that he had a good deal more—he was going to market. So Macbeth seized his victim by the leg, threw him backwards, held him by the collar, and prevented his cries with his hand. It was now the turn of the other three marauders—John Slater, James Kelly, and James Henry by name. They searched the pockets, and obtained about £13 in gold, silver, and notes. Neither Buddle nor his dog was passive just then, but they were helpless against four. The footpads ran away, pursued by the man and the dog. The animal ran faster than his master, came up to Macbeth, and bit him in such a way that the scoundrel yelled for very pain. But all four kept on their course, Buddle after them. They fired pistols at him then, but the intrepid butcher was not daunted; and so Seaton Burn was reached. Here an exciting scene occurred.

The first man got safely over the burn. Not so the second and third; they fell in, but managed to struggle out again. The fourth, Macbeth, came to grief headforemost, and found himself up to his ears in mud. In jumped our butcher after him, and found himself up to his breast in water; in, too, went his dog. Macbeth extricated himself from his mud-bath somewhat, only to get a sound cudgelling from his victim's stick, laid on, we may be sure, with right goodwill. Nor was the dog idle; wherever he saw his chance for a bite, he seized upon it with promptitude. Between the two, Macbeth had an uncommonly bad ten minutes of it. Kelly now returned with a stake, wherewith he dealt Buddle a couple of severe blows on the head, and knocked him down in the water. But he rose again, and gave Macbeth another severe thrashing until he was nearly senseless. Meanwhile, another of the gang was beating Buddle with a stake, until at last it broke over him. Macbeth took advantage of his opportunity, and got over the hedge, after nearly transfixing himself on a sharp stake in the effort.

The situation at this time stood thus: Macbeth, with the help of two of his companions, got away some distance, when he was fain to rest for about half-an-hour. Buddle was, for a time, senseless; but, soon recovering, he followed three of the men. As for the fourth man, he was off and away as fast as his legs could carry him; he had the money. Buddle, bleeding terribly, was forced to stop. About two in the morning he knocked up the good people of a public-house at the Six-Mile-Bridge. They bound up his wounds, and he rested for awhile. But soon a party of butchers came in. He told them his story, and out they all went in search of the robbers. The search was in vain, and poor Buddle arrived home in sorry state. His dog had kept up the chase on his own account after his master had yielded by reason of his exhaustion; but he,

too, duly put in his appearance at his old Newcastle quarters.

The rest of the story is soon told. The three men were all noticed on the road by the wayfarers whom they passed as they made their way to Newcastle; but for the time they eluded capture. Two of them, Macbeth and Kelly, were apprehended at Durham. The other two, Slater and Henry, were subsequently arrested as far off as Leicestershire. On the 2nd of August they were charged with no less than five robberies in Northumberland; on the 3rd, sentence of death was recorded against them, but in the end it was decided to transport them all for life. The judge was Baron Bolland; Newcastle the scene of their trial. Many were the songs chanted throughout Northumberland for many a long day afterwards on the subject. Buddle himself, some two years later, when Grainger's Market was opened, occupied one of the small shops; but he did not seem to drive a very brisk business. The poor man never recovered the money of which he had been so savagely robbed.

Muncaster Castle.

MUNCASTER CASTLE, the old family seat of the Penningtons, occupies a lofty site amidst well-grown woods, not far from the mouth of the Esk, and about a mile from Ravenglass, in Cumberland. The edifice is principally modern, all that remains of the old Border fortress being the

great tower. The whole of the interior of the castle underwent extensive alterations in 1865. The terrace commands one of the noblest prospects in Cumberland, embracing, as it does, both marine and land views. Amongst the adornments of the castle are oak carvings, sculptured marble chimney pieces, and pictures. Included amongst the latter are several historical canvases, one of which represents Caxton presenting the first book printed in England to Edward IV. Like Eden Hall in the same county, Muncaster Castle has its "luck." This is an enamelled glass vase that was presented to Sir John Pennington by King Henry VI., who was entertained at Muncaster Castle in 1463, after his flight from Hexham, where his forces had been defeated. The king was encountered by some shepherds in Eskdale, and they accompanied him to the castle. The glass, which is known as the "Luck of Muncaster," is carefully preserved. According to tradition, the family will never fail of male issue so long as it remains entire. In the park is an old church, at the east end of which is a small turret. This turret contains a massive bell, that was tolled on the occasion of the elevation of the host, when the retainers within hearing fell on their knees. Numerous monuments of the Pennington family are in the church. In mediæval times a certain jester was popular amongst the dalespeople. His memory is kept green by the children in the neighbourhood, who still play a game called "Mad Tom o' Muncaster."



Muncaster Castle.
(N.E. View.)

Cocklaw Tower.



THE accompanying sketch of the ruins of Cocklaw Tower is taken from a water-colour picture by Mr. Robert Wood. The tower has so much fallen into decay as not to admit of exploration above the ground storey, which, when the building was entire, was used as a refuge for cattle, in case of need, against the marauders then common. The farmer on whose land it stands puts this large room to its old use as a byre, only the cattle now go in and out without such hot haste as used to be the case when Jock o' the Side, Wat o' Harden, or Kinmont Willie chanced to heave in sight. The tower is situated

in the township of the same name, in the parish of St. John Lee, between five and six miles north of Hexham, and about two miles from Chollerford Railway Station. It was the principal seat of the Errington family from 1372 to 1567. This family derived its name from the village of Errington, in the neighbouring township, which again took its name from the Erring Burn.

The neighbourhood is rich in historical associations. The Erring Burn is the same stream as that which Bede calls Denise Burn. It was on its banks that Oswald, King of Northumberland, afterwards canonized as a saint, overcame a formidable host of heathen warriors. The place was called Hefenfelth, or Heaven-field, to signify that it was by celestial aid that the



COCKLAW TOWER.

pious king gained the day. The village of Halyton, or Hallington, called in old writings Haledown, or the Holy Hill, may mark the site where Oswald set up his standard. Near it is a hill called the Mote Law, or Beacon Hill, having a square entrenchment upon it, in the centre of which is placed a hearth-stone that was wont to be used for the need fire or bale fire, in times of public danger, before the union of the kingdoms, to alarm the country. There is a mineral spring within a few yards of the Erring Burn, in Bingley township, the water of which is said to have such peculiar properties that fish or worms put into it immediately expire. Watling Street, leading from the station of Corstophitum, Colchester, or Corbridge, towards Bremenium, now Rochester, and the Scottish Border, passes through the township. The position of Cocklaw Tower must once have been a very important one, since it was along this great high road that the communication between the two British kingdoms was usually effected, before the construction of the turnpike road over Carter Fell.

Mr. Wood describes the ruins of Cocklaw as in a tolerable state of preservation. "In form," he says, "the tower is a sort of oblong square, in height probably about forty feet. The structure is built of large chiselled stones. The walls are nearly eight feet thick. Altogether it is a remarkable building, and must have been a place of great strength in former times. The view from it is extensive and beautiful."

Hebburn Hall.

HEBBURN HALL, of which we give a small sketch from a photograph kindly supplied by Mr. J. H. Payne, of Jarrow, has been converted into a vicarage and a couple of villa residences, while the old capacious wing of kitchen, offices, and ser-



vants' dormitories has been converted into a church, and the stables into schools, the plans and designs being drawn by Mr. F. R. Wilson, Diocesan Surveyor for the Archdeaconry of Lindisfarne. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the chancel end of the church took

place on the 11th of August, 1886, and the ceremony of consecration by the Lord Bishop of Durham followed on May 14th, 1887. Writing about the antiquity of the hall, Mr. Wilson says that the manor of North Hebburn was in 1532 in the possession of Ralph Grey, who conveyed it to Edward Baxter. Four years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, John Baxter, we are told, granted it to Richard Hodshon, an alderman of Newcastle. During recent alterations, a carved stone panel and portions of carved scroll work were found in the building, the panel bearing the arms of Sir Robert Hodshon and his wife. In 1650, the estate came by purchase into the possession of the Ellisons, and in the last century a member of this family built the spacious mansion depicted in our sketch. It contained no fewer than eighty-five chambers. Mr. Wilson informs us that the builder of the mansion took down the old tower (with the exception of one length of massive walling four and a half feet thick), as well as the Elizabethan additions that had been made to it, and used up the materials in the new edifice. Some of the mullions and the sills of the narrow windows of the tower were found in the walls when the recent transformations were made.

"Guinea Dick."

THE Rev. Richard Wallis, Vicar of Seaham, who died in 1827, was a man of exceptional talents. Over the communion table in St. Mary's Church, Seaham, there hangs a work of art executed by Mr. Wallis, which is unique and marvellous in execution. It represents Christ blessing the wine at the Last Supper. Any visitor standing close to the altar rails would mistake it for an old oil painting. Indeed, some of the members of the Durham and Northumberland Archæological Society, when visiting the church in 1880, did so mistake it. It is really an engraving on wood produced by means of hot irons. The lighter shades are merely singed, while the darker ones of brown and black are different degrees of burning.

Mr. Wallis, however, was not liked in the village. Readers must distinguish between Seaham and Seaham Harbour. Seaham Hall and the Vicarage alone stand now where stood the ancient village of Seaham chartered by King Athelstane. In Mr. Wallis's time the hall of the Milbankes was not the stately mansion which occupies the same site now. It was a building of much less pretensions, with a public-house at one end and the village smithy at the other. In the village lived the now famous Joseph Blackett, poet and shoemaker, the protégé of Miss Milbanke, who was then unknown to her future husband, Lord Byron. The vicar and Blackett had a serious quarrel, and one which only death terminated. It used at intervals to smoulder and burst into flame. Now, Mr.

Wallis was looked upon as a very greedy, grasping man, and a bad payer. And it was over a matter of business that the two quarrelled; the vicar applied an obnoxious epithet to the shoemaker, and the latter retaliated in a string of verses entitled "Guinea Dick." I am not sure, but I think a copy of these verses is still extant, though in capital hands for preventing them from ever seeing the light.

Byron, in a letter to his wife, gives vent to the following piece of sarcasm, intended as an epitaph on Blackett, who died young from consumption:—

Stranger! behold, interr'd together.
The souls of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his all:
You'll find his relics in a stall.
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitch'd, and with morocco bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid,
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet he is happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his sole.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last:
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only leather and prunella?
For character—he did not lack it;
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

H. W. R.

Notes and Commentaries.

BARON HULLOCK.

Sir John Hullock, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, began life as an attorney in his native town, Barnard Castle, but soon went to the bar, and in 1792 published the "Law of Costs," which brought him into recognition. He was supposed to have had the regard of Lord Eldon, then Lord Chancellor. Hullock was, however, a thorough lawyer. He became Serjeant-at-Law in 1816, a Baron of the Exchequer in 1823, and was afterwards knighted. The writer spent about ten days at Lancaster Spring Assizes in 1828, when the baron presided in the Nisi Prius Court, being the *beau idéal* of a judge. There were giants at the bar at that time. Brougham, Pollock, John Williams, and Serjeant Cross were on the front bench; Alderson, James Parke, Starkie, Coltman, Alexander, Wightman, and two score of others (many who became eminent) on the back benches. The deference paid the baron by the bar was remarkable. He died the following year, 1829, when on circuit at Abingdon Assizes, after four days' illness. Independently of a large flat stone in Barnard Castle Churchyard, and a fine monument in the church, there used to be in the Barnard Castle Mechanics' Institute a three-quarter length portrait of him in his judicial robes. This portrait was presented by Serjeant Bain, late of the Northern Circuit, a relative. Baron Hullock had a large house and garden in Thorngate, Barnard Castle, now occupied by Colonel W. Watson, chairman of the Local Board.

J. R., Newcastle.

THE HERMIT OF SKIDDAW.

George Smith, who was known in the neighbourhood of Keswick as the Hermit of Skiddaw, was a native of Banffshire. About twenty-six years since he resided, or rather *roosted*, in a kind of gigantic bird's nest on one of those two great protuberances from Skiddaw Mountain—the farthest from Keswick—called the Dod. He was



known in the neighbourhood as the "Dod Man." His house was constructed of sticks, branches, and withered leaves; it was slightly oval in form; the entrance to it was effected by climbing a rough stone wall, lifting a branch from the roof and dropping through a hole. One small room served him for "parlour, kitchen, and all." The fire, which was of sticks, was made between two large flat stones, one of which was his table; at the opposite side was his bed of leaves. He was about the middle height, and slim; his dark hair stood "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." He seldom wore a coat, and never either hat or shoes; his trousers were cut off short just below the knees. (The accompanying portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Whittaker, Penrith.) Smith was his own laundress, and he always washed his shirt in the nearest stream, and dried it on his back. He was a fairly good artist in portraiture, most of his best pictures being in oil; but he did not refuse to sketch a rough

and ready portrait of a visitor in pencil or water colours for a small consideration. His domestic habits were most eccentric. He would sometimes cook a steak, or a herring, over his rude fire; at other times he would eat them raw. I have often seen him eat raw potatoes. His house was perched on a ledge of rock overlooking a yawning gulf. He frequently went to Keswick to indulge in his favourite beverage, Glenlivet. He was "unfortunate in the infirmity," and frequently "taxed his weakness" with too much liquor. The police were always ready to get this oddity into their toils; for he was locked up more than once, and, as he always refused to pay a fine, he was often sent to Carlisle Gaol. On his release he returned to his old home on the Dod, only to go through the same programme. As he persisted in defying the authorities, they were equally resolved to drive him from the Dod. He afterwards took up his quarters at Mrs. Beetham's hotel at Millom, where for some time he did a flourishing business with the artist's pencil. The poor hermit is now said to be an inmate of Banffshire Lunatic Asylum.

J. LOMAX, Rotherham.

BEACONS IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Rutland papers, lately brought to light by the Historical Manuscript Commission, contain the following quaint list of beacons in Northumberland:—

1549.—Theis be the naymes of the beacons within the Shereiffdom of Northumberlande the whiche wer accustomed to give warning to all the holl country of the invasions of the Scottes in England.

First the beakon of Rosse Castell.
The beakon of Tytes howghe.
The beakon of Rymes Syde.
The beakon of Redde Syde.
The beakon of Symon Syde.
The beakon of Hedwen Lawes.
The beakon of Hartley Crag.
The beakon of Hemsholte.
The beakon of Snogon.

Added:—22 May.—The becon of Muet Lawe appoynted by lettres to Sir Roger Fenwick.

1549, May 24.—List of the beacons in Northumberland, and of the gentlemen charged with them:—

Racheheugh.—Person Heryson, George Carr, of Lesbury.

Warkeworth tower head.—John Shafto, constable, and the bailiffs there.

Widdrington tower head.—Sir John Widdrington, or his deputy.

Newbiggen.—Oswald Carswell of Carswell; Thomas Grey, bailiff, of Ellington; John Widdrington, of Newbiggen.

Hurst tower head.—George Ogle, Gerard Errington.

Seaton tower head.—John Mitford, of Sighill; Thomas Cramlington, of Newsham.

Tynemouth.—Sir Thomas Hilton, or his lieutenant.

Shotton Edge.—John Ogle, of Ogle Castle; John Ogle, of Twizel; Lionel Fenwick, of Blagdon; Gerard Lawson, of Cramlington; George Lawson, of West Horsforth.

Hetton Law.—Anthony Mitford, John Musgrave, Anthony Herrington.

Harley Crag.—Thomas Care, Thomas Welden.

"Snogoo".—William Carnaby, John Swynbourne, Cuthbert Carnaby, David Carnaby.

Hemmes Hole.—Cuthbert Shafto, Geron Heron, Ralph

Widdrington, of Mickle Swinburne; Thomas Errington, of Bingfield.

Mute Law.—Sir Roger Fenwick, Roger Fenwick, of Bitchfield; Richard Dacre, of Belsay.

Rimside and Tytesheugh.—Robert Colingwode, of Ellington; Hery (sic) Collingwood, of Ryle; Thomas Clavering, of Callaly.

Redside.—John Roddonsen, constable, of Alnwick, and the bailiffs.

Simonside.—Sir George Ratcliffe; William Carr, of Whitton; Edward Gallow, of Trehwhitt; Hugh Parke, of Wharton.
H. D.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

IN THE OTHER WORLD.

When the cattle market was held at Morpeth in the early part of the century, a Shields butcher, returning by way of Bedlington and Blyth, arrived at Hartley Pans, where he got more drink than he could carry. At that time the bottle works were in full operation, and one of the workmen kindly took the butcher into the place, in order that he might sleep off the effects of his debauch. After sleeping some time, the butcher awoke. Looking around him, he seemed utterly amazed at seeing the great furnaces and the men with black faces running about with the hot metal. At last one of the men approached him with the question, "What are ye?" The poor fellow replied, "O hinny! aa wes a Shields butcher in the other world, but aa divvent knaa what aa is in this!"

ECONOMY.

The following conversation is said to have occurred between two old bottlemakers at the Ship Inn, Seaton Sluice, some years ago. Charley, sitting with his elbows on the table, looking eagerly at his friend Joseph, addressed him in the following manner:—"Aa say, Joe, them thit knaas mair than ye may start a neet schyul." "Hoo is that?" inquired Joe. "Wey," Charley went on, "it's about forty-five years sin' ye and me started wark. We sarved wor times an' myed bottles togither for twenty years. Then ye retired indipendint, wi' ships on the sea an' hooses on the land, an' here's me dorsint sup ma gill off for fear aa cannot get it filled agyen." "Varry true," said Joseph; "but if ye had myed yorsel' acquainted wiv economy as aa did, ye wad been better off the day." "Economy!" exclaimed Charley, in amazement: "wey, aa nivvor knaa'd the man in ma life." "Hoots, hoots," said Joseph: "economy means this—giving yer bairns a penny te gan te bed wivoot thor suppers, tyekn't from them when they get te sleep, an' settin' them off te schyul the next morning wivoot thor breakfasts for lossin' thor pennies." Charley gave vent to his astonishment by exclaiming, "By gum, that's a crampor! Ye shud ha' tell'd us that when wor Bobby was little!"

A GOOD SHOT.

A pitman at Heworth Colliery, who is a keen sportsman, was out shooting one day. Seeing a flock of birds on a hedge, he let drive at them; but, instead of shooting any of the birds, he shot the farmer's pig that was feeding on the other side. On hearing the report the farmer came and asked the reason for shooting his pig. The pitman replied:—"Wey, man, that's nowt; aa've shudden a coo afore th'day!"

A PITMAN'S DREAM.

A pitman at Windy Nook, who is fond of telling his dreams, was asked by some quarrymen to relate his latest. He began thus:—"Wey, lads, aa dreamt last neet that a quarryman an' me went up te the gates o' hivven. When we raps, oot comes St. Peter, who says: 'What are ye? Can ye sing onny?' 'Wey,' says aa, 'aa can sing the "Aad Hundred" or "The Banner on High."' 'Cum in,' says St. Peter; 'yor the varry man we want.' 'But,' says aa, 'aa hev a mate oot here.' 'What is he?' says St. Peter. 'A quarryman,' says aa. 'Wey,' said the saint, 'he'll ha' te gan back, there's oney yen quarryman here, an' he'll nythor sing nor ha'd the music!'"

THE PITMAN AND THE SPIRIT-LEVEL.

A pitman engaged in laying down a new flagstone to the kitchen hearth of his house had noticed with some interest on a previous occasion the use of a spirit-level by a bricklayer; and believing it to be a necessary part of the work, he had borrowed one at the colliery. As his work proceeded, declining daylight compelled him to work in semi-darkness. The task completed, he placed the spirit-level on the stone to assure himself that it was "well and truly laid," but, not being able to distinguish the position of the bead in the level, he took it up, and carefully carrying it to the door, examined it, exclaiming after he did so:—"Mally, woman, it's just the thing tiv a hair's breeth!"

FAITH.

A keelman at Howdon was once giving a Sunday afternoon address on the subject of faith. To illustrate his arguments, he said, "Noo, dear children, supposing thor was a keel coming doon the river, and aa wes to tell ye that thor was a leg of mutton in that keel's huddick, wad ye believe us?" "Yes," shouted the children. "Well," he continued, "that is faith. Noo, dear children, what is faith?" All the youngsters shouted at once, "a leg of mutton in a keel's huddick!"

A FUNERAL TOAST.

Not many miles from Haswell, a working man's wife died, and nearly everybody in the village was pitying his loss. When the funeral took place, the bottle went round, as is sometimes usual on such occasions; and when it came to the turn of the bereaved widower he filled his glass, and gave the only convivial toast he remembered, "Here's luck, lads," said he, "and may nivvor warse be amang us!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Joseph Gordon, engineer to the London County Council, and a native of Haltwhistle, Northumberland, died very suddenly in an omnibus, in London, on the 9th of November, 1889. The deceased gentleman, who was 53 years of age, had carried out large works at Tyne-mouth. (See vol. iii., page 428.)

Mr. William Duncan, a native of Dundee, but who had been upwards of thirty-four years engaged as a teacher in connection with the Presbyterian schools at Wooler, Northumberland, died in that village on the 9th of November.

On the 16th of November, Mr. Thomas Walker, J.P. of Staincliffe House, Seaton Carew, West Hartlepool, died there in the 63rd year of his age. He was, for many years, head of the firm of Thomas Walker and Company, timber merchants.

Corporal George Robinson, a Chinese and Crimean veteran, who, after his retirement from the army, was employed in the orchestras of some of the leading theatres and music halls in the North of England, died in Sunderland Infirmary, from the effects of an accident, on the 16th of November.

On the 18th of November news was published of the death of Mr. R. Brough Smyth, a native of Newcastle, who emigrated to Australia in 1852, and subsequently attained the position of permanent head of the Mining Department of that colony.

Mr. Walter Pringle, for nearly half a century a bookseller in Newcastle, and a son of the late Rev. James Pringle, long a leading Presbyterian minister in the same town, died on the 19th of November, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

On the 24th of November, David Wilkinson, a sinker at Cambois, and one of the heroes of the catastrophe at Hartley Colliery in January, 1862, was found drowned on the sea-beach between Newbiggin and Cambois. The deceased was one of the first to head the exploring party on the occasion of the memorable accident at Hartley, and in recognition of his gallant conduct he was, with others, awarded a silver medal, which he preserved with the greatest care.

On the 1st of December, there were interred in the Cemetery at Berwick, the remains of James Hunter, who had died a few days previously. The deceased was formerly a soldier, who took part in the charge under General Yorke Scarlet, on the 25th October, 1854, when the Scots Greys (in which regiment Hunter served) and the Inniskillings, numbering 300 sabres, attacked, rode through, and afterwards, with the assistance of other Dragoon regiments, drove between 2,500 and 3,000 Russian cavalry over the Balaclava heights in the Crimea.

On the 6th of December, Mr. John Hartley, proprietor of the Wear Glass Works, and the second son of the late Mr. James Hartley, died at his residence, Mowbray Villa, Ryhope Road, Sunderland, from an attack of paralysis. The deceased gentleman, who was also a county magistrate, a trustee of the Hudson Charity, and a governor of the Sunderland Infirmary, was 46 years of age.

The Rev. Canon Richard Earnshaw Roberts, M.A., Rector of Richmond, and honorary canon and rural dean of Ripon, died on the 10th of December.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

11.—The Earl of Camperdown spoke at a political meeting in the Town Hall, Gateshead, and, on the following day, took part in a similar meeting at South Shields.

12.—Mr. Wentworth C. B. Beaumont, eldest son of Mr. W. B. Beaumont, M.P., was married in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, to Lady Alexandrina Vane Tempest, daughter of the late Marquis of Londonderry, and sister to the present Marquis, ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The newly wedded couple took up their residence at Dilston Castle.

—An exciting encounter took place about midnight at the Railway Station, Hexham, between a porter and a young Russian bear, which had escaped from a circus in the Market Place.

13.—An advance of 3s. per week in wages was granted to the Newcastle and Gateshead lamplighters.

—The new chancel of St. Hilda's Church, Middlesbrough, was opened, the sermon being preached by the Bishop of Beverley.

14.—It was announced that a movement had been set on foot to form the "Tyne Working Stevedores' Co-operative Company, Limited," the proposed capital being £2,000, divided into 2,000 shares of £1 each.

—At Seaham Harbour, the Marquis of Londonderry, ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was presented with complimentary addresses from several Conservative Associations. On the following evening his lordship was entertained at a banquet in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, by the Northern Union of Conservative Associations, whose annual meeting had been held in the city at an early period of the day. The chair was occupied by Sir M. W. Ridley, M.P.

—A prisoner in Durham Gaol, named William Clark, was engaged in the kitchen preparing soup, when he fell head foremost into the boiling liquid, and died almost immediately afterwards.

17.—Commander Cameron, R.N., lectured in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "The Congo State: the Ideal and the Real," the chair being occupied by Dr. R. S. Watson.

—The Rev. Johnson Baily, M.A., Vicar of South Shields, and the Rev. Reginald Thomas Talbot, M.A., Gateshead, lecturer on Church History and Doctrine for the dioceses of Durham, Ripon, and Newcastle, were installed as Canons of Durham Cathedral.

—The Bishop of Newcastle dedicated a new Lych Gate erected opposite the porch which leads to the nave of the church at Mitford.

18.—It was stated that, as the result of operations by Messrs. Thomas C. Hutchinson and Partners, salt had been discovered on the reclaimed land near the Lackenby Ironworks, Middlesbrough.

19.—The Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., was ordained as minister of St. James's Congregational Church, Bath Road, Newcastle.

—In reply to the demand of the servants in the employment of the North-Eastern Railway Company for shorter

working hours and increased wages, the directors, through the secretary, stated that they could not see their way to agree to establish uniformity of conditions in relation to services which were not of the same character. Several concessions, however, were subsequently made to the men.

20.—The Rev. T. A. Wolfendale, B.A., was ordained to the pastorate of the Durham Congregational Church.

—Lady Grey, wife of Sir Edward Grey, M.P., presented the prizes to the successful students of the Gateshead School of Art.

—A new hall in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, to be called the Priestman Memorial Hall, was inaugurated at Ashington.

21.—An exhibition in connection with the Borough of Tynemouth Art Club was opened in the Free Library Buildings, North Shields.

—The collection of the Delaval papers discovered by Mr. John Robinson in the disused bottleworks at Seaton Sluice, having been acquired by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, was removed to the Museum of Antiquities in the Old Castle.

—Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., was thrown from his horse and seriously injured, while hunting with the Cleveland hounds.

22.—The new Assembly Rooms erected at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, were inaugurated by a conversazione in aid of the Home for Destitute Crippled Children at Wallsend, the use of the spacious building having been granted by the proprietor for the occasion.

—Portions of the Earl of Carlisle's Cumberland estates were publicly sold at Carlisle.

23.—It was announced that the will of Mr. Joseph Laing (director of Bolekow, Vaughan, and Co.), formerly of Stockton-on-Tees, and late of Castlenan, Surrey, had been proved, the net personalty being £38,339 4s. 1d.

—Re-opening, after large extensions and decorations, of the publishing office of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in Westgate Road.

—Newcastle and Northumberland Assizes were opened by Mr. Justice Manisty. The most serious case was that of Henry Percy Mole, 20 years of age, who, convicted of the manslaughter of his wife in Newcastle, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

24.—The Master and Brethren of Trinity House, Newcastle, attended morning service in All Saints' Church, in celebration of the centenary of that place of worship, the sermon being preached by the Vicar, the Rev. A. S. Wardroper.

25.—At a meeting held in the Crown Hotel, Newcastle, Mr. Richard Fynes, of Blyth, was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold by his creditors, as a mark of their appreciation of his conduct in paying his debts to the full after his late financial troubles. The presentation was made by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

—The ironmoulders of Sunderland received an advance of 2s. per week in their wages.

—Several men were injured by an explosion of gas at Whitburn Colliery.

—The *Pelorus*, one of the five cruisers intended for the Australasian Colonies, was launched at Elswick by Lady Samuel, wife of the Agent-General in London for New South Wales.

26.—At a meeting of the Middlesbrough Corporation Park Committee, it was reported that a great proportion, if not all, of the 1,500 Loch Leven yearling trout which

had been put into the lake about two years previously, had been poisoned, and an analysis was ordered to be made of a sample of the water.

27.—Intelligence reached Jarrow to the effect that the tenders of Messrs. Palmer and Co., shipbuilders, for the construction of two large battle ships had been accepted by the Admiralty.

28.—Durham Assizes were opened by Mr. Justice Manisty. There was an unusually heavy calendar. Of the 24 prisoners for trial, 12 were charged with offences upon women and children. There were also four charges of manslaughter.

—A Gateshead tramcar, which had been temporarily detached from the engine, suddenly started off down the High Street. Leaving the line towards the bottom of that thoroughfare, it dashed into a drapery establishment, doing much damage, and so seriously injuring a young lady named Laura Gent that her right leg had to be amputated. The accident was made the subject of a Board of Trade inquiry.

—Considerable damage was done by fire to the premises of Messrs. Giles and Robley, drysalters, Ridley Court, Groat Market, Newcastle.

29.—It was announced that £3,000 left by the late Mr. Christie, printer and lithographer, of Newcastle, in 1830, had become available for the promotion of instruction at the School of Art in those branches of design and drawing which relate to lithography.

30.—By a large majority, the Durham miners, as the result of a ballot, decided to accept an advance of 10 per cent. in wages offered by the masters, the number who voted for acceptance being 29,910, and for rejection 8,843.

—The eighth annual meeting of the English Arboricultural Society was held at Darlington.

—St. Andrew's Day was observed by Scottish concerts in the Art Gallery and a dinner by the members of the Newcastle Scottish Association.

DECEMBER.

1.—Prince Krapotkine, the Russian exile, lectured in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "Problems of the Century," the chair being occupied by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

2.—It was announced that the will of Sir Daniel Gooch, late chairman of the Great Western Railway, and a native of Bedlington, Northumberland, had been sworn, the value of the personality being £653,492. (See vol. iii., page 568.)

3.—The Rev. Henry Slater, of the Glebe, Riding Mill, and the Rev. John Harrison Usher, Vicar of Cambois, were instituted honorary canons of St. Nicholas' Cathedral by the Bishop of Newcastle.

—The first meeting of the Morpeth Town Council, in its reconstituted form, was held under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr. Councillor Schofield.

—The annual bazaar in connection with the Newcastle City Mission was opened by the Sheriff, Mr. Edward Culley. The amount realised by the sale of work was £307 4s. 1d., in addition to a cheque for £50.

4.—A deputation representing all the Christian bodies in the city waited upon the City Council and presented a memorial on the subject of the high death-rate. The memorial was referred to the Sanitary Committee.

—A new Wesleyan chapel was opened at Walker Gate.

—To-day was issued the first special Christmas number of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, which was a distinctly new departure in provincial journalism. It consisted of 28 pages, illustrated, of the size of the *Graphic*, and was accompanied by a splendid coloured plate, entitled "Going Home," from a picture by Ralph Hedley, representing two Northern pitmen on their homeward journey at the conclusion of their toil underground. The demand for the paper and picture was such that it was found quite impossible to meet it.

—An agreement was signed by the Newcastle City Council, enabling two electric companies to proceed with the laying of their underground cables.

5.—The annual sale of fat cattle and sheep bred by the Marquis of Londonderry, Seaham Hall, took place. 101 head of cattle realised £2,407.

—Mrs. Wright, widow of Benjamin Wright, ex-police-man, who fatally shot Superintendent Scott at Durham, and then committed suicide, having died shortly after her arrival in America, whither, with her family, she had been sent by some friends, the three children, aged 10, 7, and 5 years respectively, returned to Bishop Auckland.

6.—Under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society, Captain Wiggins, F.R.G.S., lectured in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, on his arctic voyages of exploration and journeys across Siberia, illustrating his subject with numerous lime-light views.

—Between 500 and 600 of the various branches of labourers in the goods departments of the North-Eastern Railway Company's system in Newcastle and Gateshead gave in their notices to cease work unless concessions were made in the matter of hours. Besides these, about 80 men belonging to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants also gave in their notices. The question was subsequently referred to the arbitration of Dr. R. S. Watson.

7.—Large and commodious premises, purchased as offices for the Northumberland and Durham Miners Provident Relief Fund, in Queen's Square, Saville Row Newcastle, were formally opened by a dinner, provided at the expense of two coalowners. The chair was occupied by Mr. Thomas Weatherley, one of the originators of the Fund, which was established shortly after the occurrence of the Hartley Colliery catastrophe, in 1862.

—The Carl Rosa Opera Company concluded a successful six nights' engagement at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

8.—The foundation stone of a new Roman Catholic Church at Prudhoe Hall was laid by the Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

9.—Mr. Clement Stephenson, Newcastle, obtained several valuable awards at the Smithfield Cattle Show.

10.—Mr. James Craig, M.P., presented the prizes to the successful students at the School of Science and Art, Corporation Street, Newcastle.

—At a public meeting in Newcastle, the Lord Bishop presiding, a resolution was adopted in favour of co-operation between the medical and other local charities, with a view to prevent overlapping and fraud by impostors.

—The Rev. George Candlish Chisholm was ordained and inducted as pastor of the Erskine Presbyterian Church, Ryehill, Newcastle.

—Speaking at the annual dinner of the York Gimcrack Club, the Earl of Durham congratulated the company on the fact that his speech of last year had done something to purge the turf of scandals which were calculated to drive honourable men from it.

—Mr. Chaplin, Minister of Agriculture, received at the Board of Agriculture a deputation from the Corporation of Newcastle and the County Council of Northumberland, who urged with regard to losses from pleuro-pneumonia the desirability of having inspectors acting from a central authority, and that compensation should be paid from Imperial funds instead of from local rates. Mr. Chaplin gave hope of a satisfactory solution.

11.—It was announced that, at the instigation of Codrington College, Barbadoes, which is affiliated to the University of Durham, the authorities of the latter institution had decided to establish a Chair of Agriculture in connection with the College of Science in Newcastle.

General Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

11.—The river Yangtse Kiang, in China, overflowed its upper banks for a distance of about a hundred miles, causing the loss of more than a thousand lives.

14.—Eight people were killed and twenty-eight injured by an explosion in the cartridge-room of the Royal Powder Factory at Hanau, near Frankfort, Germany.

—A revolution took place at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and a Republican Government was set up. The utmost courtesy was shown to the Emperor, Dom Pedro, who, with his family, left Brazil a few days later for Europe. It was a remarkable fact that the revolution was effected without the loss of a single life.

19.—A German, named Arneemann, who had lost a case in the Nottingham County Court, attempted to assassinate the judge, Mr. Samuel Boeteler Bristowe, by shooting him with a revolver. His Honour's injuries were of a serious, but not fatal character.

20.—It was announced that Sir Edward Guinness had given £250,000 for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor in London and Dublin.

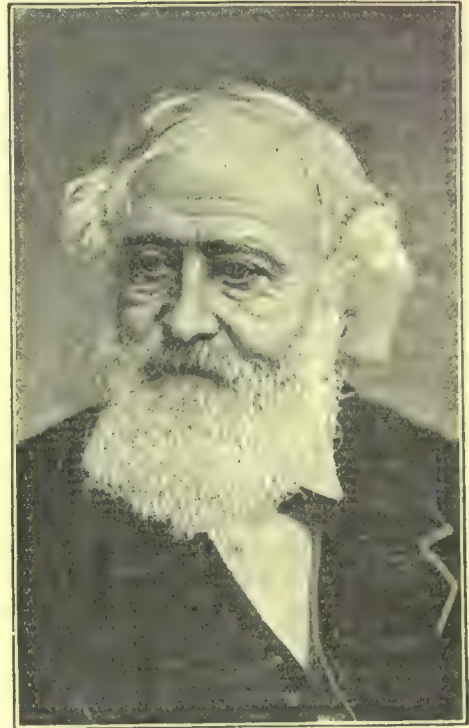
22.—The Parnell Commission, which was begun on the 22nd of October, 1888, was closed.

26.—A great fire broke out at Lynn, Massachusetts, United States, when a square mile of buildings was destroyed, the damage amounting to five million dollars.

28.—Another fire took place in America. About two acres of the business part of the city of Boston were entirely destroyed, the damage being estimated at ten million dollars.

29.—The death was reported of Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," at the age of 80. "Proverbial Philosophy," when it was first published many years ago, met with enormous success. Edition after edition was called for, and a second, a third, and a fourth series were published, and taken up with equal avidity. Altogether Mr. Tupper is said to have realised £10,000 from the work. Had there been international copyright between England and America, his receipts would have been vastly increased; but the only remuneration he received for something like a million and a half of copies sold in the United States was some £80, though he made money by readings from his works which he gave on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1886, he published his autobiography, "My Life as an Author," which revived public interest in a writer who had been

forgotten. Mr. Tupper, some years ago, contributed original poems to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Our



MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

portrait is reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

DECEMBER.

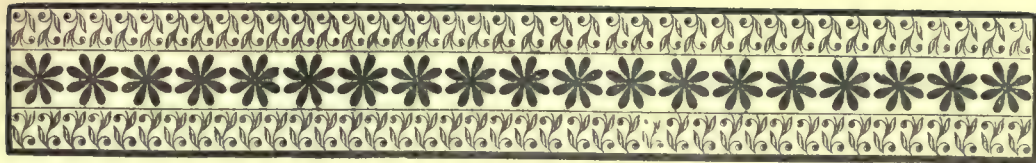
5.—William Dukes was found guilty of the murder of George Gordon, at Bury, on September 25.

6.—After extraordinary experiences in the wilds of Central Africa, Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer, and his party, arrived safely at Zanzibar, having effected the object of the great undertaking—the rescue of Emin Pasha. Two days before Emin met with a strange misfortune. Being near-sighted, he accidentally walked out of a window at Bagamoyo, and fractured his skull.

—Mr. Jefferson Davis, who was President of the Southern Confederacy during the War of Secession, died at New Orleans, U.S.

9.—Henry Ernest Searle, the champion sculler of the world, died of typhoid fever. He was 23 years of age.

—During the month of December, a remarkable epidemic, partaking of the nature of a severe form of influenza, broke out in Russia, and affected thousands of people, from the Czar and members of the Imperial family, down to persons in the humblest ranks of life. The epidemic afterwards spread to Germany, Austria, and other parts of Europe.



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The Derwentwater Insurrection.

Part II.—The Collapse.

THE combined forces of Kenmure and Forster, having been apprised that a detachment of Mar's army had been sent across the Firth of Forth to join them, crossed the Tweed, and directed their march towards Kelso, which had been appointed as the place of junction. The Earl of Mar, commander-in-chief of the rebels in Scotland, sent upon this mission towards the Borders a body of picked men, to the number of 2,500, including the Mackintoshes, the Farquharsons, and the greater part of the regiments of Lords Strathmore and Nairn, Lord Charles Murray, and Drummond of Logie Drummond—the whole under the command of Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, a veteran of zeal, experience, and intrepidity. After various bold exploits, one of which was a threatened attack upon Edinburgh, which caused great alarm, Mackintosh marched southward through the wilds of Lammermoor, and on the 22nd of October, 1715, joined the forces of Lord Kenmure and Mr. Forster at Kelso, which had been hurriedly evacuated by the Government militia and volunteers. The combined forces of the insurgents, when mustered in Kelso, were found to amount to 600 horse and 1,400 foot.

The day of their arrival was entirely spent in appropriate religious exercises. Orders were given by Viscount Kenmure, who commanded when in Scotland, that the troops should attend divine service in the magnificent abbey of David I., then occupied as a Presbyterian place of worship. Mr. Patten, chaplain to the rebels, preached a sermon on hereditary right, from Deut. xxi. 17—"The right of the first-born is his." In the afternoon, Mr. Irvine, an old Scottish Episcopalian clergyman and non-juror, delivered a discourse full of earnest exhortation to

his hearers to be zealous and steady in the cause: which discourse, by his own information to Mr. Patten, he had preached in the Highlands to Lord Dundee and his army when they rose against King William, a little before the battle of Killiecrankie. "It was very agreeable," says Patten, "to see how decently and reverently the very common Highlanders behaved, and answered the responses according to the rubric, to the shame of many that pretend to more polite breeding."

The insurgents remained in Kelso from the 22nd to the 27th of October. Hearing that General Carpenter had advanced as far as Wooler for the purpose of attacking them, they held a council of war. One plan of operations was advocated by the Scots, another by the English. The Highlanders positively refused to enter England, and the English were determined to advance no further into Scotland. In the end they moved westward along the Border. This foolish scheme was signally unsuccessful; for General Carpenter and his dragoons, falling into their track and following in their rear, gave to their march the appearance of a flight. Arriving at Jedburgh, where they rested for a couple of days, the insurgents resolved to cross the hills into North Tynedale, and accordingly Captain Hunter, who was well acquainted with the country, was despatched thither to provide quarters for the army, but the Highlanders having still resolutely refused to cross the Border, they were eventually obliged to alter their intention and march towards Hawick. While lying at Hawick the disputes between the Highlanders and the English respecting their final course came almost to an open rupture. The former separated themselves from the horse, and, drawing up on a moor above

the town, declared that they would on no occasion go into England to be kidnapped and enslaved, as their ancestors were in Cromwell's time. And when the horse, exasperated at their obstinacy, threatened to surround them and force them to march, they cocked their pieces, and calmly observed that if they must needs be made a sacrifice, they were determined at least that it should be made in their own country. At length the Highlanders consented to continue with the army as long as it should remain in Scotland.

On Sunday, October 30, the rebels entered Langholm. Here they were informed by a gentleman, who had that morning seen Carpenter's troops enter Jedburgh, that they were so completely worn out with fatigue as to seem almost incapable of resistance. But although this information was laid before a council of war, it was found impossible to come to any resolution to take advantage of it. Eventually, it was determined to make an attack upon Dumfries. An advanced party of 400 horse had proceeded as far as Blacketridge, when they were met by an express from their friends in Dumfries, informing them of the preparations the citizens of the town had made for its defence. Immediately on the arrival of this message, the dispute was renewed between the Scots and the English, the former insisting on forming a junction with the Earl of Mar, while Mr. Forster and his friends obstinately adhered to their proposal of entering England, affirming that, upon appearing there they would be joined by 20,000 men. Lord Derwentwater strongly protested against the proposed measure, as certain to end in their ruin; but his remonstrances were unheeded. The rest of the English leaders urged the advantage of their plan with such vehemence as to bear down all opposition. After a long altercation, they finally resolved upon the invasion of Lancashire, provided they could gain the consent of Brigadier Mackintosh, who was not present at the consultation, and who had all along strenuously opposed the measure. Mackintosh's opinion, however, had undergone a change on the subject, and he accordingly exerted himself to prevail upon his men to obey the orders of the council. He succeeded with the greater part; but a detachment of about 500 resisted all his arguments, and, disregarding his orders, broke away entirely from their companions, with the purpose of returning home through the western districts and by the heads of the Forth. The difficulty of finding provisions, however, compelled them to separate into small parties, and the greater part of them were consequently captured by the peasantry about the upper part of Clydesdale.

The main body of the insurgents, weakened by the desertion of the 500 Highlanders, entered England on the 1st of November, and took up their quarters for that night at Brampton, near Carlisle, where they seized the money collected for the excise on malt and ale. Here Mr. Forster opened his commission from the Earl of Mar to act as General in England. The next day they

marched towards Penrith. The horse militia of Westmoreland and of the northern parts of Lancashire, having been drawn out to oppose the insurgents, were joined at Penrith by the *posse comitatus* of Cumberland, amounting to 14,000 men, headed by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle. But this host was composed of ignorant and undisciplined rustics, ill armed and worse arrayed, who had formed so dreadful an idea of the fierceness and irresistible valour of the rebel army, that they were no sooner made aware of the approach of an advanced party than they took to flight in all directions. The insurgents collected a considerable quantity of arms which the fugitives had thrown away in their flight, and took a number of prisoners, who, being of little value to their captors, were immediately set at liberty—a kindness which they repaid by shouting "God save King James, and prosper his merciful army!" Lord Lonsdale, deserted by all save about twenty of his own servants, found shelter in the old castle of Appleby.

Entering Penrith, the principal inhabitants of which treated them from the first with all manner of civility, the insurgents marched next to Appleby. From Appleby they proceeded to Kendal, and from Kendal to Kirkby-Lonsdale, everywhere proclaiming King James. Hitherto, they had seen nothing of that enthusiasm in their cause which the English leaders had taught their associates to expect. Most of the leading Catholics, indeed, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, such as Mr. Howard of Corby, and Mr. Curwen of Workington, had been previously secured by the Government in Carlisle Castle. Instead of increasing, the number of insurgents rather diminished; for at Penrith seventeen Teviotdale gentlemen abandoned their cause, thinking it hopeless.

Their next remove was to Lancaster, and during the march they learned from Charles Widdrington, brother to Lord Widdrington, who had been sent forward to warn their friends in Lancashire of their approach, that King James had been proclaimed at Manchester. This cheering intelligence raised the spirits of the Highlanders, who had loudly complained that all the specious promises held out to them respecting the vast reinforcements by which they were to be joined had proved a delusion; so, with the confident expectation of success, they continued their march to Lancaster. Colonel Charteris, who then occupied the town, wished to defend the place by blowing up the bridge over the Lune, in order to prevent the enemy's passage; but this being opposed by the inhabitants, he retired, and, on the 7th of November, the insurgents entered the town without hindrance. They remained at Lancaster two days, and here, before leaving, the noblemen and gentlemen prepared for the only gentle episode in their campaign. "They dressed and trimmed themselves up," says Peter Clarke in his journal, "and went to drink tea with the ladies of Lancaster, who also appeared in their best rigging, and had their tea tables richly furnished to entertain their new suitors. Tea was

then a novel and expensive luxury that was still but little used even among the higher classes." After this episode, they pushed forward to Preston, from which Stanhope's regiment of dragoons and a body of militia thought it prudent to retire on their approach.

On arriving at Preston, on the 10th November, the insurgents were joined by nearly all the Roman Catholics in the district, the augmentation of their numbers amounting to 1,200. But they were badly armed, and had no notion of discipline. Just as the insurgents had taken possession of Preston, General Willis, commanding the loyal forces of Lancashire, left Manchester for Wigan with four regiments of cavalry and one of foot, commanded by experienced officers. At Wigan he was joined by Pitt's regiment of dragoons, which had been quartered there, and also by Stanhope's, which had retired from Preston on the approach of the insurgents. Having there learned that General Carpenter was advancing from the opposite quarter, and would be ready to take the rebel forces in the flank, Willis determined to march straight upon Preston.

There were two plans of defence open to the choice of the insurgent general—either to march out and dispute with the Royal forces the passage of the River Ribble, by which Preston is covered, or to remain within the town and defend it by the assistance of such temporary fortifications and barricades as could be hastily constructed before the enemy's approach. The first of these courses had many obvious advantages. Between the bridge and the town there extended a long and deep lane, bordered with steep banks, surmounted by strong hedges. The lane was in some places so narrow that two men could not ride abreast. But Forster made no attempt to avail himself of this advantageous pass. River, bridge, and road were all left open to the assailants. Possessed with the idea "that the body of the town was the security of the army," the rebel general abandoned all exterior defences, and commanded the guard of 100 chosen Highlanders, which the council had placed at the bridge under Farquharson of Invercauld, to retire into the town. He at the same time withdrew another detachment of fifty Highlanders who had taken up a most advantageous post in Sir Henry Haughton's house, near the extremity of the town corresponding with the bridge.

Within the town, however, the insurgents had taken judicious measures for their defence, and pursued them with zeal and spirit. Four barricades were thrown up across the principal streets; not, however, at their extremities towards the fields, but towards the centre of the town. The danger was thus avoided of the enemy coming through the numerous lanes at the termination of the streets and attacking the insurgents in the rear of their defences. Each barricade was protected by two pieces of cannon, and troops were also posted in the houses near.

General Willis, on reaching the bridge over the Ribble,

was surprised to find it undefended. As he approached the town, however, he saw the barricades which Forster had thrown up. Having taken a survey of the defences, he prepared for an immediate onset; and to make the assault with more effect, he determined to attack only two of the barricades at once. His troops were accordingly divided into two parties, one under Brigadier Honeyman, the other under Brigadier Dormer. But their intrepid assault was met with equal courage; and, so destructive a fire was poured upon them, not only from the barricades, but from the adjacent houses, that they were beaten off with considerable loss.

Early on the morning of November 12, the same day on which the Earl of Mar had fought the indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir, General Carpenter arrived with a part of his cavalry, accompanied by the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lumley, and a considerable number of the gentry of the country. Various alterations were now made in the disposition of the forces; the town was completely invested on all sides, and preparations were made for a renewed assault.

The situation of the insurgents had now become desperate. They had, it is true, succeeded in repulsing their assailants in the previous attack; but it was evident that, cut off from all assistance, their fate was inevitable. Every avenue of flight was closely guarded; and of those who made a desperate attempt to sally, the greater part were cut in pieces, and only a very few escaped by hewing their way through the enemy. "The English gentlemen," says Sir Walter Scott, "began to think upon the possibility of saving their lives, and entertained the hope of returning once more to the domestic enjoyment of their homes and their estates; whilst the Highlanders and most of the Scottish insurgents, even of the higher classes, declared for sallying out and dying like men of honour, with sword in hand, rather than holding their lives on the base tenure of submission." The only one of the English leaders who seems to have joined the Scots in this opinion was Charles Radcliffe, brother of Lord Derwentwater, who, with his usual intrepidity, declared "he would rather die sword in hand, like a man of honour, than yield to be dragged like a felon to the gallows, and be hanged like a dog." Forster, however, was completely disheartened; and at the instigation of Lord Widdington and a few others, Colonel Oxburgh, an Irish Catholic, who had been Forster's principal adviser in military matters, went out to ask terms of surrender.

Oxburgh's mission was coldly received by the English general, who, irritated by the loss he had sustained, seemed at first disposed to reject the proposition altogether, and declared that he would not treat with rebels who had killed several of the king's subjects and must expect to share the same fate. Oxburgh entreated him, as a man of honour and an officer, to show mercy to people who were willing to submit. Willis at last relented so far as to say that if the rebels would lay

down their arms, and surrender at discretion, he would protect them from being cut to pieces by the soldiers, until further orders from Government.

When Oxburgh returned and reported the result of his mission, Captain Dalzeil, brother to the Earl of Carnwath, went out in the name of the Scots to ascertain what terms would be granted to them; but Willis refused to offer any other terms than those which he had already offered through Colonel Oxburgh. Dalzeil then requested time to take the proposal into consideration, which was granted by Willis, on condition that the insurgents should give him hostages against their throwing up new entrenchments, or making any attempt to escape. Colonel Cotton accompanied Dalzeil back to Preston for the purpose of bringing out the hostages. He speedily returned to the general's tent, bringing with him the Earl of Derwentwater and Brigadier Mackintosh, who had been selected for this service.

Next morning, November 14, Forster sent a message to General Willis, informing him that the insurgents were willing to surrender on the terms proposed. The Royal troops then entered Preston in two detachments, and, meeting in the Market Place, where the whole of the insurgents were drawn up, they disarmed and formally made them prisoners. By this final blow the rebellion in England was effectually terminated.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BARBER'S NEWS, OR SHIELDS IN AN UPROAR.



HIS song was first published on a broadside sheet in Newcastle, about 1805, and refers to the circumstance of Stephen Kemble's capturing a sculler-boat in which he was crossing the Tyne, in the dark age before there was any ferry, direct or indirect, between North and South Shields.

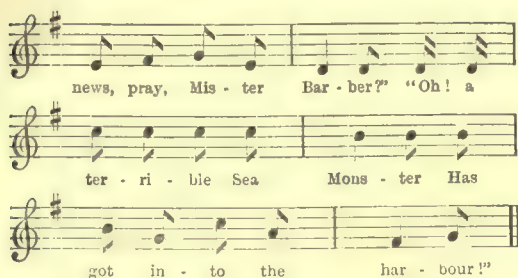
Stephen was, as all the world knows, a very portly gentleman, for his remarkable obesity enabled him to personate Falstaff "without stuffing." He was the brother of the celebrated John and Charles Kemble, and of the equally celebrated Mrs. Siddons. No wonder that he took kindly to the stage, instead of to the profession of a barber-surgeon, for which his parents destined him, he having been born on the very night in which his mother had played Anne Boleyn in the play of "Henry the Eighth." He was manager of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, for about fourteen years, having succeeded Messrs. Whitlock and Munden in 1792, and being succeeded in 1806 by Mr. William Macready, father of the great Macready. He also had the chief interest and property in the rest of the theatres of the circuit, as it was termed, including North and South Shields, Sunderland,

and Durham, which he bought of Mr. Cawdell. His wife, formerly Miss Satchell, was a good actress and a prodigious favourite in Newcastle. Stephen himself was only second-rate on the boards: but he was what is styled a "chaste performer," a beautiful reader, a well-informed and entertaining companion, and a right hearty good fellow. Under his administration the legitimate drama had a long and flourishing career in the North. He died on June 2nd, 1822, in his 64th year, at the Grove, near Durham, and his remains were interred in the Chapel of the Nine Altars at the east end of Durham Cathedral, on the north side of the Shrine of St. Cuthbert.

Of Mr. John Shield, the author of this song, and of several other popular local lyrics, such as "My Lord 'Size," "Bob Cranky's Adieu," &c., an account is given in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, p. 37.

The tune to which the song is directed to be sung—"O, the Golden Days of Good Queen Bess"—is also known by the names of "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," and of "Alley Croaker." Under the latter title it usually appears in collections of Irish melodies as a product of the sister isle. It is, however, a purely English air, first known as "No More, Fair Virgins, Boast Your Power," and was introduced into the play of "Love in a Riddle," in 1729.

Great was the con-ster-na-tion, A-
 maze-ment, and dis-may, Sir, Which
 both in North and South Shields Pre-
 vail'd the o-ther day, Sir. Quite
 pan-ic struck the na-tives were, When
 told by the bar-ber, That a
 ter-ri-ble Sea Mon-ster Had
 got in-to the har-bour.
 "Have you heard the news, Sir?" "What



Now, each honest man in Shields—
I mean both North and South, sir,
Delighting in occasion to
Expand their eyes and mouth, sir :
And fond of seeing mar'v'ous sights,
Ne'er stayed to get his beard off,
But ran to see the monster, its
Arrival when he heard of.
Oh, who could think of shaving,
When informed by the barber
That a terrible sea monster
Had got into the harbour?

Each wife pursued her husband,
And every child its mother,
Lads and lasses, helter-skelter,
Scampered after one another;
Shopkeepers and mechanics, too,
Forsook their daily labours,
And ran to gape and stare among
Their gaping, staring neighbours.
All crowded to the river side,
When told by the barber
That a terrible sea monster
Had got into the harbour.

It happens very frequently
That barbers' news is fiction, sir ;
But the wond'rous news this morning
Was truth, no contradiction, sir ;
A something sure enough was there,
Among the billows founcing,
Now sinking in the deep profound,
Now on the surface bouncing :
True as Gazette or Gospel
Were the tidings of the barber,
That a terrible sea monster
Had got into the harbour.

Some thought it was a shark, sir,
A porpoise some conceived it;
Some thought it was a grampus,
And some a whale believed it ;
Some swore it was a sea horse,
Then owned themselves mistaken,
For now they'd got a nearer view—
'Twas certainly a kraken.*
Each sported his opinion,
From the parson to the barber,
Of the terrible sea monster
They had got into the harbour.

"Belay, belay," a sailor cried,
"What, that, this thing, a kraken !

'Tis no more like one, split my jib,
Than it is a flitch of bacon !
I've often seen a hundred such,
All sporting in the Nile, sir,
And you may trust a sailor's word,
It is a crocodile, sir."
Each straight to Jack knocks under,
From the parson to the barber,
And all agreed a crocodile
Had got into the harbour.
Yet greatly Jack's discovery
His audience did shock, sir,
For they dreaded that the salmon
Would be eat up by the croc., sir :
When presently the crocodile,
Their consternation crowning,
Rais'd its head above the waves and cried,
"Help, O, Lord ! I'm drowning !"
Heavens, how their hair, sir, stood on end,
From the parson to the barber,
To find a speaking crocodile
Had got into the harbour.

This dreadful exclamation
Appalled both young and old, sir.
In the very stoutest hearts, indeed,
It made the blood run cold, sir.
Even Jack, the hero of the Nile,
It caused to quake and tremble,
Until an old wife, sighing, cried,
"Alas ! 'tis Stephen Kemble !"
Heavn's ! how they all astonish'd were,
From the parson to the barber,
To find that Stephen Kemble
Was the monster in the harbour.

Straight crocodilish fears gave place
To manly, gen'rous strife, sir ;
Most willingly each lent a hand
To save poor Stephen's life, sir ;
They dragged him, gasping, to the shore,
Impatient for his history,
For how he came in that sad plight
To them was quite a mystery.
Tears glistened, sir, in every eye,
From the parson to the barber,
When, swol'n to thrice his natural size,
They dragged him from the harbour.

Now, having roll'd and rubbed him well
An hour upon the beach, sir,
He got upon his legs again,
And made a serious speech, sir.
Quoth he : "An ancient proverb says,
And true it will be found, sirs,
Those born to prove an airy doom
Will surely ne'er be drowned, sirs,
For fate has us all in tow,
From the monarch to the barber,
Or surely I had breathed my last
This morning in the harbour.

"Resolved to cross the river, sirs,
A sculler did I get into,
May Jonah's ill-luck be mine
Another when I step into !
Just when we reached the deepest part,
O, horror ! there it founders,
And down went poor Pill Garlick†
Amongst the crabs and flounders !
But fate, that keeps us all in tow,
From the monarch to the barber,
Ordnained I should not breathe my last
This morning in the harbour.

"I've broke down many a stage coach,
And many a chaise and gig, sirs ;
Once in passing through a trap hole
I found myself too big, sirs ;

* As we do not believe any of our readers can ever have seen a kraken, we may be pardoned for giving the following account of this Norse monster, abridged from Pontoppidan :—It is a mile and a half in circumference ; and when part of it appears above the water it resembles a number of small islands and sand-banks, on which fishes sport and seaweeds grow. Upon his further emerging, a number of pellucid antennae, each about the height, size, and form of a moderate mast, appear ; and by the action and re-action of these he gathers his food, consisting of small fishes. When he sinks, which he does gradually, a dangerous swell of the sea succeeds, and a kind of whirlpool is naturally formed. In 1680, we are told, a young kraken perished upon the rocks in the parish of Alstahong ; and his death was attended with such a stench that the channel where he died was impassable.

† An allusion to Stephen's two years' juvenile practice in Dr. Gibb's surgery at Coventry.

I've been circumstanced most oddly,
Whilst contesting hard a race, sirs,
But ne'er was half so frightened
As among the crabs and plaice, sirs,
O, fate, sirs, keep us all in tow,
From the monarch to the barber,
Or certainly I'd breathed my last
This morning in the harbour.

"My friends, for your exertions,
My heart o'erflows with gratitude.
Oh, may it prove the last time
You find me in that latitude.
God knows with what mischances dire
The future may abound, sirs,
But hope and trust I'm one of those
Not fated to be be drown'd, sirs."
Thus ended his oration, sirs,
(I had it from the barber),
And, dripping like some river god,
He slowly left the harbour.

Ye men of North and South Shields, too,
God send ye all prosperity !
May your commerce ever flourish,
Your stately ships still crowd the sea !
Unrivalled in the coal trade
Till doomsday may you stand, sirs,
And every hour fresh wonders
Your eyes and mouths expand, sirs.
And long may Stephen Kemble live,
And never may the barber
Mistake him for a monster more,
Deep floundering in the harbour !

Joseph Cooke, Mystic and Communist.



AMONG worldly mortals it is a very thin partition that divides sanity from insanity. It is commonly called Eccentricity, and sometimes Genius. The eccentricity of Joseph Cooke (some authorities call him Thomas) certainly verged upon, perhaps considerably overpassed, the bounds of sober sanity ; and yet there was much transcendental philosophy in his madness.

The son of a shoemaker at Hexham, Mr. Cooke was born in the year 1719. Destined for the Church, he got a liberal education—first at the grammar school of his native town, then taught by Thomas Bolton ; afterwards at Durham, as a king's scholar, under the tuition of Richard Dougworth, M.A., who had as his assistant Thomas Randal, the indefatigable collector of the local MSS. which bore his name, and which he bequeathed to George Allan, Esq., of Darlington, who gave Hutchinson, the county historian, the free use of them ; and finally at Queen's College, Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A. In due time he was ordained, and not long after succeeded in obtaining a curacy at Embleton, in Northumberland. Here a turn for mysteries led him to study mystic writers, and he soon caught the same enthusiastic flame which warmed them. His favourite author was the Lusatian visionary, Jacob Boehme, who had been a shoemaker, like his own father, but had been called by an audible voice from heaven, as he verily

believed, to become an inspired teacher of his fellow-men. and to open up to them the most profound celestial mysteries that perplex the understanding. The humble Northumbrian curate fancied he understood Boehme's fundamental principle, and also the propositions and corollaries based upon it. He comprehended "the forthcoming of the creation out of the divine unity"—"the evolution and manifestation of the creature out of God" ; and he was in the habit of deeply meditating upon God himself apart from creatures, or, to use some of Boehme's own synonyms, "the Groundless, the Eternal One, the Silent Nothing, the Temperamentum." The Absolute, from which the Phenomenal springs, and into which it is received back, was no mystery to him, any more than it had been to his master, among whose pupils, it may be well to mention in passing, have been such great men as Newton, Schelling, and Hegel, the last-named of whom places Boehme at the head of modern philosophy, while admitting that his terminology was fantastic. Mr. Cooke was accustomed to repeat to himself, and babble, as others thought, to such as would listen to him as to a man beside himself :—

All things consist in Yes and No. The Yes is pure power and life, the truth of God, or God himself. The No is the reply to the Yes, or to the truth, and is indispensable to the revelation of the truth. So, then, the Silent Nothing becomes Something by entering into Duality.

It is no great cause of wonder that the good people of Embleton, and even the worthy vicar, thought there must be a something wrong with the dreamy curate. The natives of Northumberland are mathematically, not metaphysically, inclined ; and comparatively few, even in Scotland, the land by pre-eminence of metaphysics, can understand Jacob Boehme. Besides, Mr. Cooke superadded to the foreign visionary's theories some notions peculiar to himself ; for he publicly as well as privately maintained that the Christian dispensation did not abrogate one jot or tittle of the Law of Moses, quoting in proof the express words of Christ himself, as recorded by Saints Matthew and Luke. Of course, he was told the words meant something else ; but he did not believe it. He went so far as to undergo the initial rite of Judaism, conceiving, as he did, that what was good for Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the Saviour himself, could not be bad for modern believers. Reading in the Apocalypse, or Book of Revelation, that a new name was to be given to them that "overcame the world," he assumed the names of Adam Moses Emanuel, and ever afterwards signed himself A. M. E. Cooke. He also made an attempt to follow the example of Jesus in fasting forty days ; and, what is astonishing indeed, had resolution and strength to fast seventeen days without anything whatever, and for twelve days more allowed himself each day only a trifling crust of bread and a draught of water. Moreover, in obedience to the Levitical command—"Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy

beard"—he suffered his beard to grow to its natural length, which, by itself, in an age when everybody not a Jew shaved clean, was considered a sure mark of mental derangement.

In short, so strange were the notions Mr. Cooke broached, and so extravagant his behaviour, that he incurred the displeasure and reprehension of his superiors in the Church, and was by them soon discharged from his curacy. Then, leaving the North, he found his way to London, where he commenced as an author, and also signalised himself by street preaching, which he did in full canonicals, his flowing beard attracting special attention. Of his writings in divinity and politics we can give no account. They are said, but we know not with what amount of truth, to have been "pieces of unintelligible jargon." Mr. Cooke wrote also two plays, of which even the names are now forgotten. He likewise published his ideas upon sundry practical matters, advocating, for instance, the collection of all the metropolitan markets into one grand subterraneous centre under Fleet Street. Conceiving what was then even more than now deemed the strange notion that all the good things of this world should be common, according to the doctrine and practice of the primitive Church of Jerusalem, he was in the habit, when in London, of going into a coffee-house in the morning and taking to his own use the first muffin and pot of coffee he saw set on any of the tables. A writer to a local publication, who contributed an obituary notice of him at the time of his death, says:—

The strangeness of his appearance, or the knowledge of his character, used to screen him from the expostulations on the part of the gentlemen for whom the breakfast was intended, nor did he meet with interruption from the waiters till he had finished, and, after saying a short grace, was going towards the door without discharging the reckoning. The coffee-house master would then expostulate, while he could prove, by mode and figure, that the good things of this world were common. The bucks would then form a ring for the disputants, till the one would be obliged to give up the contest, unable to make objection to the arguments brought by the other from the Talmudists, and from Hebrew, Greek, and Latin authors.

After he had conducted himself in this eccentric manner for a while, some good-natured clergymen got him sent to Bethlehem Hospital, where he stayed two or three years. When discharged thence, he travelled over the greater part of Scotland without a single farthing in his pocket, subsisting, as he says in one of his pamphlets, on the contributions of the well-disposed. He then went to Ireland, which he perambulated on foot in like manner. Arriving at Dublin in 1760, he was kindly entertained for some time by the provost and senior fellows of Trinity College, who admired his extraordinary learning and his almost infantile simplicity. Returning to England, he visited Oxford, where much notice was taken of him for the same reasons by some gentlemen of distinction, particularly by the head of one of the colleges, with whom he lodged. We are told

by his biographer that, after hearing the University sermon in St. Mary's, he went into the street, mounted some improvised rostrum, and gave his own exposition of the preacher's text, interlarded with long extracts from the classics and the Hebrew Bible.

After living in London many years, he came down to his native county to spend the rest of his days, which he was enabled to do in comparative comfort, having had a small pension allowed him by the Society of Sons of the Clergy. He lodged in Newcastle, in a house near the Forth, and amused himself with writing odes, epigrams, letters, and other trifles, some of which found their way into the local papers, but never seem to have been worth preserving.

Mr. Cooke died at his lodgings on the 15th November, 1783, aged sixty-four.

St. Hilda's, East Hartlepool.

IN the early days of Christianity in North-umberland, a monastic house, founded by St. Begu, and afterwards extended and governed by St. Hilda, existed at Hartlepool. As early as 657, Hilda removed to Whitby, but the monastery at Hartlepool seems to have been maintained till the time of the Danish invasions. After that we hear no more of it. Hilda's monastery had no connection with the present church dedicated to her. And probably for some centuries after her house had been destroyed by the Danes, Hartlepool had no provision for the worship of its people except the mother church of Hart, three miles away. Its population during this period must have been extremely small; for we have evidence that the town only sprung into existence after the Norman Conquest.

Hartlepool is first mentioned in 1171, when Hugh, Earl of Bar, and nephew of Bishop Pudsey, brought his fleet, together with a body of Flemings, into its haven. Pudsey was a great builder. To him we owe the Galilee of Durham Cathedral and the Norman gallery of Durham Castle. He built the church of Darlington, and to him, in some measure at least, we must ascribe the church of St. Hilda at Hartlepool. It is true that Hartlepool formed no part of his lordship, and it is not included in his Boldon Buke. But in his days it was the principal port in the county, and was yearly increasing in wealth and importance.

The first church is the church which still remains. Despite of all that has been done to rob it of its ancient glory, it is still the finest of the parish churches of the North of England. No one possessed of any spirit of reverence for ancient art can see this wonderful structure without being deeply impressed. It is the most picturesque building in the county. Its decayed and crumbling details give it an aspect of wierd antiquity, of

which the mason's chisel has too often stripped more ancient structures. And its massive tower, overlooking, from a bold headland, a vast expanse of land and sea, and exposed to the storms and tempests of centuries, gives us that sense of endurance and permanence which we can so seldom attach to the work of man, and which is so grateful a contrast to the constant change and tantalizing insecurity of most of our surroundings.

The church of Hartlepool differs from most ancient churches in being throughout one design, carried out at one time. It is not the work of many centuries, but of one. The tower is the most striking and characteristic part of the edifice. The enormous buttresses by which it is supported, though forming no part of its original design, were found to be necessary, and were added at an early period, and certainly increase the picturesque effect of this part of the building. Their date is determined by the exceedingly beautiful though much decayed doorway in the south buttress supporting the west side of the tower. This doorway, and consequently the buttresses, may be ascribed to about the year 1230, or forty years after the church was built.

The early history of Hartlepool Church consists of little more than a series of confirmations by successive Bishops of Durham of the claims of the priory of Guisborough. In 1599 the Corporation of Hartlepool drew up a number of statutes for the government of the church, many of which are very curious. Amongst them are the following:

Item. Imprimis it is ordained that whosoever he or

they be of the twelve chief burgesses that upon any Sabbath day and other holy day coming to the church do not seat and place him or themselves in his or their accustomed place shall pay for every time so doing, 12d.

It is ordained that whosoever of this town is found throwing of any stones upon the church leads, shall pay for every such offence to the use of the town, 2d.

It is ordained that whosoever of this town doth shoot at or within the church or church steeple of this town, with gun, crossbow, or any other shot, for the killing of any dove, pigeon, or any other fowl, shall pay, &c., 12d.

It is ordained that the spouts of the church be used in common in the time of rain, and the water to be parted equally between party and party, only one spout to be reserved for the mayor, upon pain for everyone so violating this order to pay, &c., 4d.

Hartlepool church is not rich in monuments of the dead. Outside the east end of the church is a large square tomb, nine feet in length and four feet nine inches in breadth. Before the ancient chancel was taken down, this tomb was enclosed within its walls. The top of it consists of an enormous slab of Stanhope marble, destitute of any inscription or sculpture. Each side, which is formed of the same kind of stone, bears a shield on which is a lion rampant. During some re-erection of the monument, all these shields have been placed up-side down. This tomb is ascribed both by tradition and by its heraldry to the early De Bruses, the ancient lords of Hart and Hartness.

Near the pulpit is a small monumental brass, bearing the effigy of a lady in the costume of the later years of Elizabeth's reign. She is dressed in gown and cloak, the former wrought over with needlework, and wears the ruff and high-crowned and broad brimmed hat of the period.



Beneath the effigy is the following inscription, engraved on the brass :—

HERE VNDER THIS STONE LYETH BVRYED THE
BODIE OF THE VERTVOWS GENTELWOMAN
IANE BELL, WHO DEPTED THIS LYFE THE VI
DAYE OF IANVARIE 1593 BEINGE THE DOWGHTER
OF LAVERANCE THORNELL OF DARLINGTON GENT &
LATE WYFE TO PARSAVEL BELL, NOWE MAIRE OF THIS
TOWEN OF HARTINPOORELL MARCHANT.

Whos vertues if thou wilt beholde
Peruse this tabel hanginge bye ETATIS SVÆ
Which wylt the same to the unfold 40.
By her good lyte learne thou to die.

Beside the lady's mouth is a ribband bearing the words, "Casta, Fides, Victrix," intended, doubtless, to mean, "Chaste, Faithful, Victorious."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

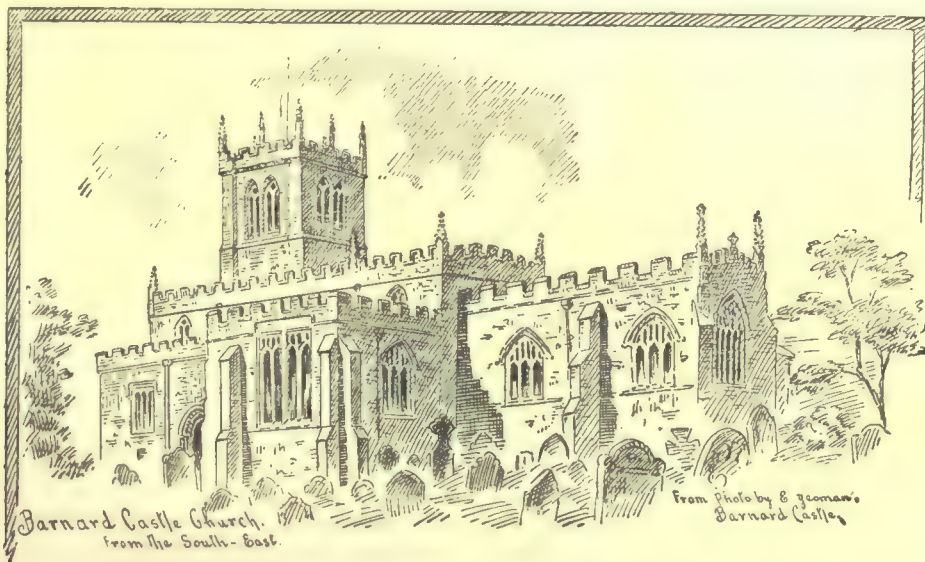
Barnard Castle Church.

THE town of Barnard Castle, like that of Alnwick, grew up under the shelter of a great feudal stronghold. The castle of Barnard or Bernard Baliol was founded early in the twelfth century. The town seems to have enjoyed the fostering care of Bernard himself, for we have a charter of his son, the second Bernard, in which he confirms to his burgesses of Castle Bernard, and their heirs, all those liberties and free customs which his father had granted to them.

The earliest church of Barnard Castle has almost entirely passed away. Very early in the twelfth century Guy Baliol, the Norman grantee of the lordship to which his successor gave his own name, amongst other gifts to the abbot and convent of St. Mary of York, included the

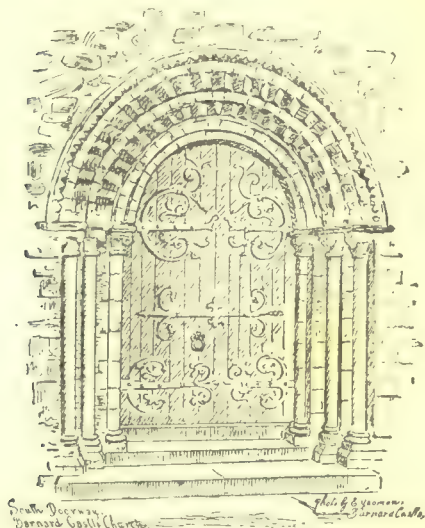
church of Gainford. The modern parish of Barnard Castle is part of the original parish of Gainford; and as the chapel of Barnard Castle is not mentioned in Guy's grant, we are safe in assuming that it had then no existence. But in 1131 or 1132, Godfrid, the then abbot of St. Mary's, granted to Bernard, a priest, and the son of Hugh Baliol, for the term of his life, "the church of Gainford with the chapel of Bernard's Castle." This is the earliest mention we have of the church of Barnard Castle, and serves to show how soon after the foundation of the castle itself a town had sprung into existence, for which it was necessary to provide ecclesiastical accommodation.

Of this, the original church of Barnard Castle, the only existing portion is part of the north wall of the chancel, with its two widely splayed, round-headed windows. With this slight exception the oldest portions of the present building belong to the latter half of the twelfth century, or, to be more precise, about the years 1170 to 1180. Sufficient remains of the church of this period still exist to show that it was from the first a large and important edifice. It consisted of a chancel and a nave, with both north and south aisles. Of this church, part of the north arcade of the nave, part of the outer walls at the south-west corner, and the beautiful south doorway, here engraved, still remain. The north arcade of the nave consists of four arches, of which only the two towards the west are original. They are round-headed, consisting of two square orders, and are extremely plain. They rest on square abaci, under which, at every corner, are volutes of a very peculiar type. The pillars are cylinders which rest on round bases and square plinths. The two eastern arches were rebuilt at the restoration of the church twenty years ago. The south doorway, which



was no doubt originally the principal entrance, is one of the most interesting features of the edifice. Its arch, which is of three orders, is lavishly adorned with the chevron or zig-zag moulding, and although the work is of the rudest description, it is, on the whole, effective and pleasing.

The church appears to have undergone some alterations during the first half of the thirteenth century. An engraving of the edifice as it appeared before the year 1815, printed in Surtees's History of the County of Durham, shows what appear to be two Early English windows in the south wall of the chancel, as well as one round-headed one similar to those in the north wall. But since the year just named all these have been destroyed.



About the end of the thirteenth century the builders were again at work in this church, and for some reason the south arcade was at that time taken down and rebuilt. I am inclined to think that at the same period a clerestory was raised on the nave walls. The south arcade consists of five pointed arches, each of two plain chamfered orders. The arches rest on octagonal pillars, with octagonal capitals and bases.

The transepts appear to have been built about the middle of the fifteenth century. The vestry, in all probability, is of the same date. The chancel arch, which is a remarkable piece of work, may be dated about fifty years later. The capitals of its responds are crested by a miniature battlement, and the face of the arch itself is ornamented by a series of large and rudely chiselled conventional roses.

From Surtees's engraving of the church I am disposed to assign the original tower to the first half of the fifteenth century, or about the years 1430 to 1440. But of that tower not a fragment now exists. It was taken down to its

foundations twenty years ago, and a new tower, professedly in the style of the old one, was built on the same site.

I may now proceed to describe what most people will regard as the more curious and interesting features of the church. In the north wall of the north transept there are two arched recesses. These were intended for, and probably actually received, the tombs of benefactors to the church. One of the recesses is now occupied by the supulchral effigy of a priest. His head rests on a diapered cushion, and he holds the sacramental chalice in his left hand. He is attired in chasuble, stole, dalmatic, alb, and cassock. The chasuble is ornamented with cinquefoils, and has a bird sculptured on the right shoulder. At the priest's feet is a lion. The effigy has been much mutilated on its left side. Round the sides of the monument a miniature arcade is sculptured, and above this is the following inscription in Lombardic capitals :—

ORATE PRO AIA ROBERTI DE MORTHAM QNDAM
VICARII DE GAYNFORD.

(Pray for the soul of Robert de Mortham, at one time vicar of Gaynford.) Of Robert de Mortham, fortunately, we know something more than this inscription tells us. He doubtless took his name from Mortham, near Rokeby, two miles south-east of Barnard Castle, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees. In 1339, he founded "a perpetual chantry" in the chapel of the Blessed Mary at Barnard's Castle, which he endowed with seven messuages, forty acres of land, with their appurtenances, and an annual rent of ten shillings, in the towns of Barnard's Castle and Whittington. In 1345, he exchanged livings with Robert de Horton, rector of Hunstanworth. The time of his death is not known.

The font and its shaft and base are formed of Tees marble. The basin, which is octagonal in shape, is a fine piece of stone. Its internal diameter is 2 feet 10½ inches, and its depth in the centre is 1 foot 1½ inch. It has evidently been designed to admit of the immersion of infants. On its sides are eight shields. Four of these bear a merchant's mark, which must be accepted as an improved representation of the signature of the donor of the font. Each of the alternate shields bears a Lombardic capital. It seems impossible to determine which of the letters should be read first, and equally impossible to ascribe any meaning to them. The four letters are

A E M T

I hope some reader will be more successful in discovering a meaning in them than I have been. The date of the font is about 1480 to 1500. The merchant's mark is repeated on the base of the font, and also occurs on the upper right hand corner of a large marble grave slab now in the churchyard, on the opposite corner of which is the word

I O H N.

This John was possibly the donor of the font, but, except his Christian name and "his mark," the whole inscription has been erased, and a modern one substituted, which tells us

that this is the burial place of "Sir John Hullock, Baron of the Exchequer," a native of Barnard Castle, to whom there is a monument by Westmacott inside the church.

I have already mentioned that the church of Barnard Castle, with its parent church of Gainford, was appropriated to the abbot and convent of St. Mary in York. At a later period it seems to have been served by a series of perpetual curates, the vicar probably confining himself almost entirely to the requirements of the mother church. In 1587, the curate seems to have been in many ways an unsatisfactory personage. The wardens of the church were summoned to the ecclesiastical court of Durham, and their evidence as to the curate's proceedings was recorded. One complaint against him was that when the corpse of a child was brought from Whorlton he was not at home to bury it. He had previously absented himself a whole week, during which two bodies were brought for interment. In baptising infants he neglected to make the sign of the cross on their foreheads. But, besides all this, he seems to have made Barnard Castle a sort of Gretna Green. He married one William Warton, of Eggleston, and one Janet Sayer, of Startforth, "by three o'clock in the morning," "about Candlemas last." The horses of the runaway wedding party were brought into the church, and remained there throughout the ceremony, "and both the said married folks and their company were ridden away long before day." The couple were "asked," that is, the banns of their marriage were published, in their respective parish churches after they had been married by this rival of the Border blacksmiths, and this although they had both been previously "handfast" or betrothed to others. But the curate's misdeeds did not end here. He had also married "an unknown tinker to a girl of twelve years old, neither being of the parish of Barnard Castle." For marrying the tinker he received a fee of half-a-crown, "whereas the curate of Startforth had refused to marry him"—at any price, I suppose.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

John Knox in Newcastle.

QUEN the suppression of the English monasteries, a rude justice pensioned the evicted monks, and made their pensions chargeable on the forfeited lands. But the Crown advisers soon bethought them of another plan, that of giving benefices to the monks instead of pensions. Had Edward VI. outlived these beneficiaries, their appointment to the cure of souls under a Protestant regime would have mattered less; but his early death opened the way for the restoration of the old religion. Cranmer and the Great Council of the Regency were fully alive to the character of the mistake that had been perpetrated, and resolved to use extraordinary measures to abate the evil. A num-

ber of distinguished Protestant teachers were invited to England, and appointed to professorships in the two Universities, amongst them Peter Martyr and Martin Bucer. But the full effect of this policy could not be looked for immediately, and the case was urgent. It was determined, then, to select a few of the foremost available Protestant teachers, and to send them in a semi-missionary capacity to those parts of the country which they considered to be most deeply sunk in superstition and ignorance.

For such a mission John Knox had every qualification. He was learned, pious, earnest, thorough, and at the same time equally gifted with eloquence and sound judgment. Probably because of his nationality he was sent first of all to the Borders, and at Berwick, for the space of between two and three years, he laboured mightily in word and doctrine. For a time his energetic ministry was not interfered with by the chief spiritual authority of the diocese. Tunstall, the then Bishop of Durham, was a man not very likely to stir in such a matter, unless strongly moved thereto by others. He was a man of much learning, refinement, and general amiableness of disposition. In later days, when the old creed gained a temporary re-ascendancy, he exerted himself diligently to prevent the sword of persecution or the fires of martyrdom from being set in operation in his diocese; and even when an unquestionable recusant against Popery was brought before him, he discharged him without examination, for fear he might be compelled to adjudge him to suffer. Such a man might wince under the fulminations of Knox; for he himself was a temporizer in eternal things and a trimmer between contending theologies. At last, however, the utterances of Knox became so pronounced, and so much in advance of the standard of Cranmer's Protestations, that Tunstall could no longer hesitate to cite him before his tribunal.

The reformer was summoned to appear in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, and there to defend himself from the charge that he had proclaimed the sacrifice of the mass to be idolatrous. It is more than probable that Tunstall would have proceeded against him without giving him this opportunity of answering for himself, but that the Council of the North, which was a sort of sub-committee of the Council of the Protector Somerset, insisted on this right of the accused. On the other hand, Tunstall would hardly have ventured to cite one who was known to be the special servant of the Lord Protector and a favourite with the young king, if he had not thought that Knox had committed himself to extreme views which the Government would regard with strong suspicion. At any rate, on the 4th April, 1550, a large assembly of priests, State dignitaries, local magnates, and the common people, in addition to the bishop and his assessors, was gathered in the sacred edifice. When the charge had been duly presented, John Knox rose to reply. The effect of his discourse was described on all sides as very great. That the

bishop and his party were "silenced" is not the testimony of a prejudiced adherent, nor of one witness only. But if confirmation were needed, it is abundantly forthcoming in the sequel. Not only was Knox not further proceeded against, but he was exalted higher than ever in the favour of the Government; and the first step in this direction was his removal to Newcastle, a sphere of greater prominence and usefulness than he had hitherto enjoyed.

Before he removed to Newcastle he had contracted a matrimonial engagement with Marjory Bowes, usually styled Joan, though probably not christened by that name. This lady was the daughter of Richard Bowes, youngest son of Sir Ralph Bowes, of Streatham, whose wife was Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Roger Aske, of Aske, in Yorkshire. The father of Marjory was but a lukewarm reformer, and entertained strong opinions as to the dignity of his family and the indignity of what he deemed to be a *mesalliance*. Knox had to learn that not even for a zealous reformer will the course of true love run smoothly. He had a staunch friend in the young lady's mother, and some of the most delightful of his compositions are letters which he from time to time addressed to this worthy woman. To him she was in truth a mother, and he to her a faithful son, years before the marriage bond brought them into actual relationship. As might have been expected, his strong affection for this mother furnished occasion to the foul-mouthed slander of his enemies; but a random glance through his letters to her will suffice to show how preposterously wicked such calumnies were.

In December, 1551, Knox was appointed one of the chaplains to Edward VI., apparently with a view to securing for him a certain measure of protection in the exercise of his special mission. To this chaplaincy was attached a stipend of £40 a year, which he continued to receive until the year of the young king's premature death. In Newcastle and the neighbourhood he pursued his ministry with all, and more than all, the success which had attended him at Berwick. He conducted controversies with able polemics of the old Church, both lay and clerical. But it is clear that he was often called away to London. It is certain that he was consulted about the Book of Common Prayer, and some of his suggestions were embodied in the Prayer Book as authorised by Edward VI. Some time later Dr. Weston complained that "a runaway Scot did take away the adoration or worshipping of Christ in the Sacrament, by whose pronouncement that heresy was put into the last communion book, so much prevailed that one man's authority at that time." Knox also, while at Newcastle, had to revise the Articles of Religion previous to their ratification by Parliament—a revision which has left permanent doctrinal traces not to be mistaken.

Bishop Tunstall, being accused of misprision of treason, was deprived, in 1552, of his bishopric, and remained a

prisoner in the Tower until Queen Mary came to the throne. Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, proposed that the see of Rochester should be given to Knox in order that he might be settled far away from the North-Country, and that the Bishopric of Durham should be divided by creating a new see at Newcastle. Writing to Secretary Cecil, he thus developed his ideas:—

I would to God it might please the King's Majesty to appoint Mr. Knox to the office of Rochester Bishopric, which, for three purposes, would do very well. First, he would not only be a whetsome to quicken and sharpen the Bishop of Canterbury, whereof he hath need, but also he would be a great commander of the Anabaptists lately sprung up in Kent. Secondly:—He should not continue the ministrations in the North, contrary to this set forth here. Thirdly:—The family of the Scots now inhabiting in Newcastle chiefly for his fellowship would not continue there; by colour thereof many resort unto them out of Scotland, which is not requisite. Herein I pray you desire my Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Vice-Chamberlain to help towards this good act, both for God's service and the King's. And then for the North, if his Majesty make the Dean of Durham Bishop of that see, and appoint him 1,000 marks more to that which he hath in his deanery, and the same house which he now has, as well in the city as in the county, will serve him right honourably. So may his Majesty reserve both the castle, which hath a princely site, and the other stately houses which the Bishop had in the country, to his highness, and the Chancellor's living to be converted to the Deanery, and an honest man to be placed in it, the Vice-Chancellor to be turned into the Chancellor. The suffragan [Thomas Spark], who is placed without the King's Majesty's authority, and also hath a great living, not worthy of it, may be removed, being neither preacher, learned, nor honest man. And the same living, with a little more to the value of a hundred marks, will serve for the erection of a Bishop within Newcastle. The said suffragan is so perverse a man, and of so evil qualities, that the country abhorreth him. He is most meetest to be removed from that office and from those parts. Thus may his Majesty place godly ministers in these offices, as is aforesaid, and reserve to his crown £2,000 a year of the best lands within the north parts of his realm; yea, I do not doubt it will be 4,000 marks a year of as good revenue as any is within the realm, and all places better and more godly furnished than ever it was from the beginning to this day.

The Duke of Northumberland returned to the subject again some time later:—

Master Knox being here [Hulsea] to speak with me, saying that he was so willed by you, I do return him again, because I love not to do with men which be neither grateful nor pleasurable. I assure you, I mind to have no more to do with him, but wish him well. Neither also with the Dean of Durham, because under the colour of a self-conscience, he can prettily malign and judge of others against good charity on a froward judgment; and this man, you might see in his letter, that he cannot tell whether I be a dissembler in religion or not, but I have for twenty years stood to one kind of religion in the same which I now profess, and I have, I thank the Lord, past no small dangers for it.

Christmas Day fell on a Sunday in 1552, and John Knox preached a sermon in Newcastle which gave great offence to the friends of the old religion. He affirmed that whatsoever was enemy in his heart to Christ's gospel and doctrine which then was preached in the realm was enemy to God, and secret traitor to the crown and commonwealth. The freedom of this speech was immediately laid hold of by his enemies, and transmitted, with many aggravations, to some great men about the Court, who

thereupon accused him of high misdemeanours before the Privy Council.

Upon reaching London, Knox found that his enemies had been uncommonly industrious in their endeavours to excite prejudices against him. But the Council, after hearing his defence, gave him an honourable acquittal. He was employed to preach before the Court, and his sermons gave great satisfaction to the king, who contracted a favour for him, and was anxious to have him promoted in the Church. The Council resolved that he should preach in London and the Southern Counties during the following year; but they allowed him to return for a short time to Newcastle, either that he might settle his affairs in the North, or that a public testimony might be borne to his innocence in the place where it had been attacked.

A short time afterwards the see of Durham was divided by a special Act of Parliament, and Newcastle was made into a City, and the headquarters of a Bishopric. No appointment was made under this Act. It is said that Bishop Ridley (the Martyr) was to have had Durham, and John Knox Newcastle, but Knox refused to be made a bishop on the ground that the office was destitute of Divine authority, and soon afterwards the illness and death of the king put a stop to the proceedings.

In the course of the same year Knox was repeatedly prostrated with attacks of gravel, and his general health, of course, suffered much; but the undaunted spirit within him bore him up in a fashion that reminds the reader of his letters of a great man and great sufferer of very recent days—the famous Robert Hall. In a letter to his sister, written in Newcastle, he says:—"My daily labours must now increase, and therefore spare me as much as you may. My old malady troubles me sore, and nothing is more contrarious to my health than writing. Think not that I am weary to visit you: but unless my pain shall cease, I will altogether become unprofitable. Work, O Lord, even as pleaseth thy infinite goodness, and relax the troubles at thy own pleasure, of such as seeketh thy glory to shine. Amen." In another letter to the same correspondent, he writes: "The pain of my head and stomach troubles me greatly. Daily I find my body decay; but the providence of my God shall not be frustrate. I am charged to be at Widdrington upon Sunday, where, I think, I shall also remain Monday. The Spirit of the Lord Jesus rest with you. Desire such faithful with whom ye communicate your mind to pray that, at the pleasure of our good God, my dolour both of body and spirit may be relieved somewhat; for presently it is very bitter."

Knox happened to be in London when King Edward died, and he was one of the first to realise the seriousness of that event to Protestant interests. He remained there until the 19th of July, 1553, and then returned to Newcastle. Shortly after his return he was

married to Marjory Bowes. Her father was wealthy enough to have secured him from anxiety; but Knox was as proud in his way as any Bowes of them all. It was therefore natural that he should have an anxious time of it after his salary as chaplain was taken away by Queen Mary. In weariness of mind, and often in great physical anguish, he preached day after day during the autumn of that year. The new Parliament had repealed all the Acts on which the Reformation rested. Tunstall was restored to Durham. The Protestants were allowed till the end of the year to signify their conformity to the new order of things, after which they stood exposed to all the pains of law. With great reluctance Knox yielded to the advice of friends in leaving Newcastle for the less conspicuous sphere of Berwick; but he never got so far. He took refuge on the coast, and when pursued after him waxed hot he took ship for Dieppe. Thus he disappeared from Newcastle.

Mother Shipton and her Prophecies.



Of all the prophets and prophetesses that Britain has produced, from the days of Merlin and Thomas the Rhymer downwards, none has had a wider and more lasting reputation than Mother Shipton, the celebrated Yorkshire witch, whose "strange and wonderful prophecies" are contained in one of those popular chap-books, "printed for the flying stationers," of which millions of copies have been issued first and last, and of which early editions now bring fabulous prices. The personal history of this shrewd prognosticator of remarkable events, as related by her anonymous biographers, is manifestly apocryphal. Only she appears to have lived at Clifton, a village on the banks of the Ouse, just outside the walls of York; and, if any dependence could be placed on the traditions regarding her, she must have lived to a quite extraordinary age, having come into the world under King Henry VII., and not having left it until after the Great Fire of London, so that her span of earthly existence must have been lengthened out to upwards of two hundred and sixty years, only forty years less than the patriarch Enoch, who was three hundred years old when he was translated to Heaven.

It is of her prophecies, however, and not of her length or manner of life, that we intend here to speak. We are told that it was shortly after her marriage that she set up for a conjuror, or what would now be called a medium, thought-reader, or psychognotist, informing people, for a consideration, who had stolen this or that from them, and how to recover their goods. She soon got a great name, far and near, as a "cunning woman," or "woman of fore-

sight," and her words were counted "lively oracles." Nor did she meddle only with private persons, but was "advised with by people of the greatest quality." The most exalted personages in the realm were not above the scope of her ken, or indifferent to the weight of her words.

Thus, when the great Cardinal Wolsey fell into disgrace, about the year 1530, and got an order from the king to remove from Richmond-on-Thames to his see of York, Mother Shipton publicly said he should never come there. His eminence, so runs the story, being offended when he heard of this, caused three lords to go to her to make inquiries. They went in disguise to Dring-Houses, where she then resided, and, leaving their horses and grooms behind, knocked at the door of her house, which was shown to them by a man named Bearly. "Come in, Mr. Bearly, and those noble lords with you," was her immediate welcome from within; "whereat," says the story-teller, "the lords were greatly amazed, not comprehending how the woman should know them." But as soon as they entered, she saluted each of them by his name, and, without asking their errand, set refreshments before them. Whereupon one of the lords said, "If you knew our errand, you would not make so much of us. You said the cardinal should never see York. What warrant had ye for that?" "No," replied the pythoness; "you say not sooth; I said he might see York, but never come at it." "Well," rejoined the lord, "when he does come, thou shalt be burnt." Then, taking her linen handkerchief off her head, says she, "If this burn, then I may burn." And she immediately flung it into the fire before their eyes, and let it lie in the flames for the space of a quarter of an hour or more, which it did without being even the least singed. The event justified her vaticination; for the cardinal, having arrived on his journey northwards at his magnificent palace or castle of Cawood, between nine and ten miles south of York, and having mounted to the top of one of the towers, and had the Minster pointed out to him, is reported to have said:—"There was a witch who would have it that I should never see York." "Nay," said one present, "your eminence is misinformed; she said you should see it, but not come at it." "Well," replied the cardinal, "I shall have her burned as soon as I get there." But that very day he was arrested for high treason by the king's orders, and carried back directly south, without being allowed to revisit his archiepiscopal see, which he never again saw; for he died on his way to London, at Leicester Abbey, of a violent attack of dysentery, brought on partly by the fatigues of his journey and partly by distress of mind.

It is related that on one occasion Mother Shipton had a stolen visit from the Abbot of Beverley, who, seeing the turn that things were taking under the renegade Defender of the Faith, and dreading that the monastery he presided over might be included in the number of religious

houses to be summarily dealt with, put on counterfeit clothes and went to consult the wise woman, hoping she might be able to clear up the dark future to him. But the moment that he knocked at her door, she called out to him and said:—"Come in, Sir Abbot, for you are not so much disguised but that the fox may be seen through the sheep's skin. Come, take a stool and sit down, and you shall not go away unsatisfied. I am an old woman, who will not flatter nor be flattered by any; yet will answer simple questions as fast as I may. So speak on." And, in reply to his reverence's queries about the fate overhanging the monasteries, she poured forth her vaticination in Hudibrastic verse as follows:—

When the Cow doth wive the Bull,
Then, priest, beware thy skull!
The mitred Peacock's lofty pride
Shall to his master be a guide;
And when the lower shrubs do fall,
The great trees quickly follow shall.
The poor shall grieve to see that day,
And who did feast must fast and pray.
Riches bring pride, and pride brings woe,
And Fate decrees their overthrow.

Here by the cow was meant King Henry, who, as Earl of Richmond, bore a cow on his escutcheon; and the bull betokened Anne Bulleyn, to whom her father gave the black bull's head in his cognisance. When the king married Anne, in the room of Queen Catherine, then was fulfilled the second line of the prophecy, a number of priests having lost their heads for offending against the laws made to bring the matter to pass. Cardinal Wolsey, who was intended by "the mitred Peacock," in the height of his pride and the vastness of his undertakings, intended to erect two colleges, one at Ipswich, where he was born, the other at Oxford, where he was bred; and, finding himself unable to endow them at his own charge, he obtained license of Pope Clement VII. to suppress forty small monasteries in England, and to lay their old lands to his new foundations, which was done accordingly, the poor monks that lived in them being turned out of doors. Then King Henry, seeing that the cardinal's power extended so far as to suppress these "lower shrubs," thought his prerogative might stretch so far as to fell down the "great trees"; and soon after he dissolved the priory of Christ's Church, near Aldgate, in London, which was the richest in lands and tenements of all the priories in London and Middlesex. This was a forerunner of the dissolution of the rest of the religious houses, which was brought about in due course.

Another of Mother Shipton's prophecies was:—

A prince that shall never be born
Shall make the shaven heads forlorn.

This alluded to King Edward VI., who was brought into the world by the Cæsarion operation, his birth having cost his mother, Jane Seymour, her life.

Again she foretold the accession of Queen Mary:—

A princess shall assume the crown,
And streams of blood shall Smithfield drown.

The long reign of Mary's successor, Queen Elizabeth, was predicted in the following couplet :—

A maiden queen full many a year
Shall England's warlike sceptre bear.

The destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 by the English fleet under Sir Francis Drake was anticipated in two significant lines :—

The Western Monarch's wooden horses
Shall be destroyed by the Drake's forces.

The Union of the Crowns under "bonny King Jemmy," and the consequent cessation of the Border wars, suggested the following learned quatrain :—

The Northern Lion from over Tweed
The Maiden Queen shall next succeed,
And join in one two mighty states;
Then shall Janus shut his gates.

The marriage of Prince Charles with the Princess Henrietta Maria of France, his accession to the throne as Charles I., and the assassination of the Royal favourite Buckingham, were summarised in the following lines :—

The rose shall with the lily wed;
The crown then fits the White King's head;
Then shall a peasant's bloody knife
Deprive a great man of his life.

Buckingham was only great, however, in the sense of being the greatest man in favour at Court; and Charles was called the White King merely because at the time of his coronation he was clothed in white.

The next prophecy refers to the troubles commencing in 1630, taking their rise in Scotland, and thence spreading to England :—

Forth from the North shall mischief blow,
And English Hob shall add thereto;
Men shall rage as they were wood,
And earth shall darkened be with blood.
Then shall the counsellors assemble,
Who shall make great and small to tremble,
The White King then, O cruel fate!
Shall be murdered at his gate.

The Cromwellian Protectorship and the Restoration were sung in the same doggerel strain :—

The White King dead, the Wolf shall then
With blood usurp the Lion's den;
But death shall hurry him away,
Confusion shall awhile bear away
Till fate to England shall restore
A king to reign as heretofore,
Who mercy and justice likewise
Shall in his empire exercise.

The great plague of London in 1665, and the great fire in the following year, are tersely described in a couple of lines :—

Grizly death shall ride London through,
And many houses shall be laid low.

Many other prophecies have been recorded of this remarkable woman, most of them, doubtless, only placed to her name. What we have quoted are interesting as illustrative of the truth of what we read in "The Historie of Philip de Commines, Knight, Lord of Armenton," that "the English are never unfurnished of a prophecy to suit any great occasion."

A stone was erected to the memory of this cunning

woman near Clifton, where she resided at the time of her death, and on it the following epitaph was engraved :—

Here lies one who never lied,
Whose skill often has been tried;
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive.



According to some accounts, Mother Shipton, whose Christian name is said to have been Ursula, which means "a she bear," was born in the reign of Henry VII., not at Clifton, but at Knaresborough, in a cottage situated at the foot of the limestone rock out of which the celebrated Dropping Well springs. There is in the same neighbourhood a cavern (shown in our engraving) which goes by the name of Mother Shipton's Cave.

Ullswater and Stybarrow Crag.

MANY writers assert that Ullswater is the grandest of the English Lakes. Undoubtedly the mountain masses around the head of it are scarcely inferior in majesty and impressiveness to those of Wastwater, while for variety and sylvan charms it is quite equal to Windermere and Derwentwater.

According to tradition, Ullswater derives its name from Ulf, first Baron of Greystock or Greystoke. Hutchinson, a writer on the English Lakes, avers that the lake was sometimes called Wolf's Water, in allusion, as he supposes, to the wolves which used to frequent its

shores. Wolf is the Anglo-Saxon form of Ulf. The Norman form of the name was l'Ulf, the wolf, which name survives in Lyulph's Tower, a castellated shooting box built by a Duke of Norfolk on the site of an old castle, about halfway down the west side of Ullswater.

Ullswater is about seven and a half miles in length, and is so narrow that it has been called the river-lake. Portions of it have reminded some travellers of the Rhine near Coblenz. Other travellers declare that it is Lake Lucerne in miniature. The shape of the lake may be roughly described as that of an elongated S. Ullswater is divided into three divisions or reaches. The upper reach possesses superior attractions to the others. Here the lake broadens to some extent, and three or four diminutive islands add not a little to the interest of the landscape. The view we give of the upper reach is taken from a point at the foot of Place Fell, a noble hill that occupies a conspicuous position to the south-east of the lake. St. Sunday's Crag looms up in the distance, and hides the mighty Helvellyn.

On the opposite shore of the lake is the precipitous Stybarrow Crag, which blocks the way from the north-east. But a narrow footpath at the foot has been

widened, and vehicles can now enter Patterdale from the Penrith district. During the period when moss-troopers made their raids into the Border Counties, a desperate fight—so says tradition—took place at this point. It was known in Patterdale that a predatory band was ravaging the neighbourhood; the peasantry assembled to defend their homes, but they were without a leader. One dalesman, more confident than the rest, named Mounsey, offered his services; being accepted as the chief, he at once planted his followers in a secure position at the Stybarrow Pass. When the marauders arrived, they were attacked with so much energy that they found it prudent to retreat, and did not return. The delighted inhabitants of the peaceful vale at once pronounced Mounsey the King of Patterdale—a title which he enjoyed during his life, and which continued with his descendants for many years. Perhaps it was an empty title, but it was at all events evidence of the goodwill of his neighbours. The view of Stybarrow Crag shown in our engraving is taken from a promontory to the south-east. This part of the lake is very romantic, the combination of lofty cliff and varied foliage producing a striking effect on the eye of the beholder. Whether we



UPPER REACH OF ULLSWATER.

look towards the head of Ullswater, or in any other direction, the view from Stybarrow is enchanting, more especially in the spring and autumn months.

Both our illustrations are reproduced from photographs taken by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, Keswick.

Men of Mark 'Twist Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John of Coupland,

A BRAVE "NORTHUMBRIAN SQUIRE."



ON the 17th October, 1346, upon the Red Hills, near Durham, was fought that fierce battle between an army of Scottish invaders led by King David II. and a body of English troops commanded by Ralph, Lord Neville, which historians designate as the Battle of Neville's

Cross. Already in these pages (vol. i., p. 256) has appeared the story of that terrible struggle; it remains now to tell of John of Coupland, the courageous squire whose daring conduct gave the finishing stroke to the conflict.

The parentage of John of Coupland is involved in obscurity. Harrison, in his "History of the Wapentake of Gilling," constructs a pedigree of the family which begins with "Ulfkill, lord of Coupland, co. Northumberland, temp. Hen. I." In this genealogy John appears as the son of Richard, son of Alan de Coupland, and his wife is said to be Johanna, daughter of Sir John Lilburn, knight. Hodgson, in the "History of Northumberland," does not venture upon a Coupland pedigree, but he describes John of Coupland's wife as Joan, sister of Alan del Strother, of Wallington and Kirkharle—the same Alan, probably, who was with Chaucer at Cambridge, and one of the two scholars who tricked the miller of Trumpington, as described in "The Reeve's Tale." Ritson states that "South Coupland," near Wooler, was the place that gave the hero his name and habitation. No "South" Coupland appears in Northumbrian topography, and no trace can be found of his owning land



STYBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER.

within the ancient manor of Coupland; but we may give the old chroniclers the benefit of the doubt, and for the present purpose adopt their description of him as a "Northumbrian squire," accepting at the same time Hodgson's theory that he married a Northumbrian wife.

John of Coupland's first appearance in local history gives an indication of his daring and intrepid character. Like others of the Northumbrian gentry, he had been called upon to serve Edward III. against the Scots, and in 1337 he was assisting Lord Salisbury to besiege Dunbar. Failing to reduce the fortress by force of arms, Salisbury resorted to stratagem; he bribed the porter to open the gate to him and his followers. The porter revealed the plot to the garrison, and it was arranged that when Salisbury had entered, the gate should be closed behind him. But Coupland suspected treachery, and when Salisbury was rushing in, he violently forced him back. While they struggled, the portcullis came down between them; Coupland had saved his lord and become a prisoner himself.

How long he remained in captivity is unknown. Not for any length of time, probably, for in 1340 he assisted to defeat an invading party of Scots under the Earls of March and Sutherland. In the treaty which followed, he received an appointment as one of the keepers of the truce, and a substantial reward for his exertions. The king gave him lands in Little Hoghton, which had been John Heryng's; in Prendwyk, Ryhill, Reveley, and Alnwick, which had been taken from William Rodom; and in Hedreslawe, which had belonged to Richard of Edmonston. As soon as the treaty came to an end, he was appointed a commissioner for raising forces in the North, and upon this work he was engaged when the king came to Berwick in 1344, and arranged another truce to last for two years.

How this truce, like many others, was broken by the Scots is well known. While Edward and his son, the Black Prince, were away in France, winning Cressy and besieging Calais, the French king prevailed upon David of Scotland to help him in his straits by invading England. David, nothing loth, drew together a numerous army, and crossing the Border near Netherby, advanced through Cumberland, wasted Lanercost, plundered Hexham, captured Aydon Castle, and finally encamped at Beaufort, near Durham. The battle of Neville's Cross followed, and then John of Coupland did the deed which has made his name famous through all subsequent time—he took David King of Scots prisoner.

Froissart tells a very pretty story of Coupland's loyalty to his sovereign at this juncture. According to his narrative, Queen Philippa was at Newcastle while the armies were contending, and, mounting her palfrey, rode to the scene of action. Being informed that King David had been taken by a squire named John of Coupland, she ordered a letter to be written commanding him to bring the cap-

tive to her, and reproving him for carrying off his prisoner without leave. When the letter was presented to Coupland, he answered that he would not give up the King of Scots to man or woman except his own lord the King of England, and that he would be answerable for guarding him well. The queen, upon this, wrote to the king, who ordered John of Coupland to come to him in France, and Coupland, placing his prisoner "in a strong castle on the borders of Northumberland," embarked at Dover, and in due time landed near Calais. Froissart is able to tell us exactly what took place—even to the very words that were uttered, but grave doubts are thrown upon the accuracy of the narrative. It is by no means certain that Queen Philippa came northward at the time of the invasion; it is doubted if Coupland went to Calais. But this much is clear—that the king marked his appreciation of Coupland's bravery by conferring upon him substantial rewards and honours. He created him a banneret (a particular mark of distinction for meritorious actions performed on the field of battle, and generally bestowed there), appointed him, at various times, keeper of the royal forests of Selkirk, Peebles, and Ettrick, and captain of Roxburgh Castle, and gave him half the manor of Byker, "which was Robert of Byker's, a rebel"; and various unenumerated manors, lands, tenements, pastures, and rents which formerly belonged to "divers attainted persons." Coupland had also a moiety of the manor of Wooler, three knights' fees in Kynnerston, and lands and tenements in Highburn and Holthall. In some of the grants he is styled the king's "valettus," or Gentleman of the Privy Chamber; in other documents he appears as one of the king's escheators. He was Sheriff of Northumberland from 1349 to 1356, and at various times during that period the Scottish monarch whom he had taken captive, travelling between England and Scotland in fruitless endeavours to negotiate a ransom, was committed to his custody. Afterwards he became successively a conservator of the truces, Governor of Berwick, Warden of the East Marches, and Sheriff of Roxburghshire. Such were the appointments and emoluments of the man whom the king delighted to honour.

Mr. Robert White, who wrote a full account of the Battle of Neville's Cross in the "*Archæologia Æliana*," and the Rev. John Hodgson, in the "*History of Northumberland*," suggest some doubt about the circumstances which ended Coupland's life. Hodgson says he died at Werk; White, on the other hand, thinks there is truth in Knyghton's statement that he was slain, or rather murdered, in 1362, or the following year, and not by the Scots, but by his own countrymen, "for in 1366 the county of Northumberland obtained a pardon for his death by payment of 1,000 marks." Now, there is no manner of doubt whatsoever as to the way in which John of Coupland lost his life. Hodgson and White both must have overlooked the following entries in the Patent Rolls of Edward III., quoted by Hodgson himself in the

"History of Northumberland," part iii., vol. 2, page 277 :—

37 Edw. iii. (1363). Mem. 7.—An inquiry concerning those who killed John of Coupland, one of the keepers [or wardens] of the Scottish Marches and keeper of the town, castle, and county of Roxburgh, killed at Bolton More.

40 Edw. iii. (1366). Mem. 43.—The king grants to Joan of Coupland in fee, all lands and tenements which belonged to John of Clifford, because he killed John of Coupland, her husband, while in the service of the king, &c. [This document is printed in full in the "*Archæologia Eliana*," vol. iii., p. 71, old series.]

Mr. White, in quoting Knyghton as above, has not quite accurately conveyed the meaning of the king's pardon—for the royal rescript, so far from condoning the offence, specially excepts it. The "*Originalia*," quoted by Hodgson on pages 330 and 331 of the same volume, contains this entry :—

40 Ed. iii. (1366). Ro. 5.—The king for a thousand marks, which the men of the county of Northumberland, beyond the liberties of Durham, of Tynedale, and of Hexham, have paid to him, has pardoned to them, and each of them, the suit of his peace which belongs to him, for murders, felonies, robberies, &c., except for the death of John Coupland, the forfeitures of war, and the carriage of wools without customary dues.

It is clear, therefore, that John of Coupland was killed by John of Clifford at Bolton Moor (Bolton, near Glanton, is probably meant), and that his widow obtained the lands of the slayer as compensation for her loss. He was buried in the church of Carham, from whence, by license of Bishop Hatfield, his body was removed for final sepulture to the Priory of Kirkham, in Yorkshire. His widow entered into the possession of his extensive estates, which had been granted for her life as well as his own, but, dying soon afterwards, the greater part of the property passed into the hands of Ingelram, Earl of Bedford, and Isabel his wife, the king's daughter.

Joseph Cownley,

AN EARLY METHODIST PREACHER.

The great religious upheaval which the labours of the brothers Wesley produced throughout England in the middle of last century reached Tyneside at an early stage of its progress. John Wesley came hither in the spring of 1742, and found the people ignorant and wicked beyond conception. "So much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing, even from the mouths of little children," he wrote, "do I never remember to have seen or heard before." Sending his brother Charles in the summer to prepare the way for him, he returned to Newcastle in the autumn of that year, and acquiring from an ancestor of Alderman W. H. Stephenson a piece of land outside Pilgrim Street Gate, he erected the third Methodist place of worship in the kingdom. To this building (sketched in vol. ii.—504) he gave the name of "The Orphan House." Chapel and residence in one, the Orphan House was intended by its founder to form a centre of evangelistic effort in the two

northernmost counties. In it he lived himself when he visited Newcastle; from it he sent his heralds among the neglected people of Northumberland and Durham; around it, as opportunity served, he built up societies, and consolidated the work to which his life was devoted.

Shortly before he came to Newcastle, Mr. Wesley had been preaching at Bath. Among his hearers was a young man named Joseph Cownley, secretary to a West of England magistrate. Under Mr. Wesley's impassioned appeals Mr. Cownley was converted, and about the time that the Orphan House was completed he began to teach and to preach. His gifts were considerable, and Mr. Wesley made him an itinerant minister. Sent to Newcastle, he took up his abode in the Orphan House in March, 1747. Thence he proceeded to Ireland, where he and his colleagues preached at the peril of their lives, for the mob broke up their meetings, and the grand jury of Cork presented them as vagrants. After obeying a brief call to his old duties in Newcastle, he returned to Ireland, and married, in 1755, a Miss Massiot, of Cork. Shortly after that event his health declined, and he came back for the third time to the Orphan House. His disorder rendered him incapable of sustaining the fatigue of incessant travel, and Mr. Wesley, who was accustomed to speak of him as "one of the best preachers in England," permitted him to settle in Newcastle. He officiated at the Orphan House as, in some degree, a fixed minister among the Methodists of the town and its suburbs, and at the same time exercising a spiritual guardianship over the outlying societies. "For nearly forty years," writes one of his biographers, "he may be regarded as the Orphan House minister, having delivered in that hallowed spot several thousands of sermons. Every Tuesday and Thursday evening he was wont to occupy the pulpit, and frequently also on the Lord's Day morning; yet it was generally remarked, 'Mr. Cownley has always something new.'" Outside the town his labours were equally earnest and abundant. From Alnwick to Sunderland, from the harbour of Shields to the valley of the Allen, there was scarcely a village or hamlet in which his voice was not heard.

At the Conference in 1788, Mr. Cownley was appointed to take duty at Edinburgh, and, though quite unfit for the task, he obeyed the call. His stay in Scotland was brief. Increasing debility forced the veteran of the Orphan House to return to his Tyneside home. He had lost his wife in 1774; his eldest son, Massiot Cownley, a surgeon in the army, died from a wound received while fighting a duel in 1780; and now it was evident that the hand of death was closing over him. In September, 1792, returning from Hallington to Prudhoe, his old enemy overtook him, and, though he preached there and at Ovington, it was his last appearance in the pulpit. He was brought to Newcastle, died on the 8th of October, and was buried in the Nonconformist Cemetery at the Ballast Hills.

Sir Cresswell Cresswell,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES.

This family has been seated from an early era in the North of England, Robert de Cresswell having been (according to a MS. taken from old writings) in possession of the estate so far back as the reign of Richard I.—Burke's "*Landed Gentry*."

Cresswell has its name from a spring of fresh water at the east end of the village, the strand of which is grown up with water cresses.—Hodgson's "*History of Northumberland*."

The long line of Cresswells of Cresswell ended towards the close of last century in twin daughters, the offspring of the marriage of "Mad Jack Cresswell" with Kitty Dyer, the accomplished daughter of the Rev. Thomas Dyer, and niece of Dyer the poet. One of these ladies—Frances Dorothea—was united to Francis Easterby, of Blackheath, who, acquiring the moiety of the family estates held by his wife's sister, assumed the name and arms of Cresswell. The eldest son of this marriage, Addison John, inherited the estates, married, and, receiving considerable properties from his wife's uncle, took the name of Baker-Cresswell. He was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1821 (in which year he commenced to build the present magnificent residence of the family), and sat for the Northern Division of the county in the Parliament of 1841-47. The fourth son of Francis Easterby Cresswell is the subject of this sketch.



Mr. Justice Cresswell.

Cresswell Cresswell was born in 1793, in the Bigg Market, Newcastle, educated at the Charter House, entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1810, took his degree of B.A. in 1814, and of M.A. in 1818, and then pursuing his studies at the Inner Temple, was called to the bar in 1819, and joined the Northern Circuit. He received the appointment of Recorder of Hull in 1830, ob-

tained the silk gown of King's Counsel in 1834, was elected Conservative M.P. for Liverpool in 1837, became a judge of the Common Pleas and was knighted in 1842, and in 1858 assumed the office of judge of the new Court for Probate, Divorce, and Matrimonial Causes, over which he presided till his death.

The career, the character, and the abilities of Sir Cresswell Cresswell have been portrayed by the masterly hands of two local attorneys—Alderman W. Lockey Harle and Wm. Wealands Robson. Alderman Harle published his sketch in the defunct *Northern Examiner* newspaper, in 1854, when the judge was in the fulness of his prime; Mr. Robson contributed his to the *Newcastle Chronicle* twenty years later, when the subject of it had passed over to the great majority. To reproduce, in an abridged form, the observations of these piquant writers will be more convenient, and certainly more interesting, than to attempt the incorporation of the details which they supply into ordinary biographical narrative. First, then, selections from Mr. Harle's playful delineation:—

Mr. Justice Cresswell was "wooden spoon"—last of the junior optimes—at Cambridge; attempted to unite the fine gentleman with the student, and the wooden spoon was the natural and proper result. He obtained early distinction as an advocate in cases connected with the navigation of ships. His early days were spent much among sailors and fishermen on the rocky and stormy coast of Northumberland. He always knew where the "binnacle" was, and he knew the "cathead" as well as his own. "Halyards," "maintopsails," "weather bow," and "iron-knees" were to him familiar as household words. Hence in the old days of "running down" cases, when the Moot Hall was half filled with sailors and sea captains, pilots and underwriters, we always found Mr. Cresswell first favourite. He soon distanced all competitors on the Northern Circuit. He laboured as a reporter of law decisions with Mr. Barnewell; and everybody knows, in a lawyer's chambers, the numerous volumes manufactured by "Barnewell and Cresswell." In managing his cases Mr. Cresswell never declaimed. He was always safe as an advocate—always clear. If his jokes were not very good, or his humour very unctuous, his law was rigid and severe, unquestionable and correct.

In 1837, Mr. Cresswell was returned member for Liverpool with Lord Sandon. Liverpool, in those days, delighted in Tories; Mr. Cresswell was a Tory after Liverpool's own heart. He spoke very little in the House. He supported Sir Robert Peel steadily, and his principal speech was one delivered on the old question of the Danish claims. In 1841 he was again returned with Lord Sandon for Liverpool. His brother defeated Lord Howick that year in Northumberland. The Cresswell interest was consequently strong when Sir Robert Peel took the reins of government; and in February, 1842, Mr. Cresswell became a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He was wise in time. The toil of his profession as a leading barrister, and his labours as M.P. for Liverpool, were too much for his frame. He prudently sought the repose of the Bench instead of pursuing, with shattered health, the more uncertain flashes of political distinction.

We think Sir Cresswell Cresswell an admirable judge. He is thought at times to be coldly supercilious. He is merciless, it is true, upon men at the Bar who have no law, and are proud of their speaking. He cares nothing for rhetoric—he must have common sense. Everybody has a wholesome dread of Mr. Justice Cresswell. Still he is a gentleman. Still he is a clever and accurate lawyer. Still he is an Englishman, who can see through a dirty business as soon as anybody. All honour then to the distinguished lawyer born in the Bigg Market! Newcastle has not many distinguished sons hung in frames of

gold on her walls. Let us have space for Mr. Justice Cresswell.

Mr. Robson's account is chiefly anecdotal, the most interesting form in which biography can be written, but requiring an intimate knowledge of the man, his friends and surroundings:—

By far and a long way the best counsel I ever saw was Mr. Cresswell Cresswell. He had all the advantages of a good figure, a handsome face, and a pleasing voice. He was wonderfully successful in gaining verdicts. The secret of his success was obvious enough. He seemed always studiously to put himself on a level with the jury whom he was addressing, and to talk to them not so much collectively as individually. He used to fix his eyes upon, and, as it were, fascinate one jurymen after another until the whole lot were fairly within his net. He did not try to compel conviction; he got it by taking it for granted.

Cresswell used sometimes, in fine weather, to drive from Cresswell to Newcastle in an open brake. Old Tommy Hare then kept the Blue Bell in Bedlington, and besides the excellence of his music Tommy was noted for the excellence of his sherry. Above his mantelpiece Tommy had printed on earthenware that text of the Old Testament which Burns profanely paraphrased about giving wine to him that is heavy of heart. It is said that the great Cresswell occasionally condescended to call, and that he was wont to read the text aloud, ending by quietly observing to Tommy: "Ah, Mr. Hare, it is said the devil can quote Scripture for his own purpose!"

As a judge, Cresswell came the Northern Circuit much oftener than was universally agreeable. Being generally the junior judge, he, of course, sat in the *Nisi Prius* Court at Durham. There he appeared to take a particular malicious pleasure in snubbing his old rivals and associates at the Bar. He carried his politics with him to the Bench. He tried the Thornhill footpath case from Bishopwearmouth with a vast deal of partiality to the plaintiff and prejudice against the defendants. At Newcastle his conduct was still worse. He was said to have chosen the Northern Circuit one assizes on purpose that he might try the case of whipping a journalist. The severe, or rather the savage, sentence shocked the people of Newcastle; their respected fellow-townsmen did not suffer one iota in their estimation, and he has since attained the highest distinctions in their power to bestow.

But, putting aside personal animosities and political prejudices, the ex-leader of the Northern Circuit was a great judge amongst great judges. Like Campbell, Crompton, and Alderson of his own day, and Blackburn of a day later, he had been a law reporter, and the best way to learn law is to write it. As the first judge of the new Divorce and Probate Court, he will go down to posterity with his judgments in his hands. Nothing could have shown his vast mind more signally, or more strikingly, than his quickly learning, and completely mastering, what to him was an entirely new branch of law.

Mr. Robson's reference to the frequency of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's travels northwards as circuit judge is confirmed by official records. Raised to the Bench in 1842, he occurs in the list of judges at Newcastle Assizes every year but two from that date till 1855, when he paid his last judicial visit. After his appointment to the judgeship of the Divorce Court the Northern Circuit saw him no more. He presided over that court—a bachelor settling intricate questions of matrimony—for six years. His death occurred unexpectedly. Fond of exercise, it was his custom in fine weather to ride home from the Divorce Court upon horseback, and he was so riding through St. James's Park in the second week of July, 1863, when Lord Aveland's carriage broke down, and the affrighted horses came into collision with Sir Cresswell

Cresswell and knocked him from his seat. His injuries were not considered serious, but ten days later, on the 29th of the month, as he was entertaining some friends, he was seized with faintness and suddenly expired.

An Eccentric Magistrate.

FOR the better part of half a century, ending about the year 1808, William Ettrick, of the High Barnes, Bishopwearmouth, commonly known as Justice Ettrick, held the honourable position of chairman of the bench of magistrates for Sunderland division of Easington Ward, in the county of Durham. "He was," says Burnett, in his history of that town, "a man of an independent spirit and somewhat of a humourist, in consequence of which he was both feared and respected." Sunderland was then a comparatively small place, separated from Bishopwearmouth by a considerable interval of fields and gardens; and Mr. Ettrick might daily be seen riding down from his residence at High Barnes to the George Inn, in High Street, where the court was held, in all the plenitude of magisterial dignity.

A number of amusing anecdotes are still in circulation about him. He was reputed to be as impartial, strict, and inflexible in his judgments as Rhadamanthus himself. On one occasion, at least, he sat in judgment on his own case, and gave his decision against himself. A neighbouring farmer had sent his carts to market without having his name painted upon them as the law directed; he was brought up for the offence before the Bench, and fined 7s. 6d. and costs, in spite of his having pleaded ignorance of the law. After leaving the court, the man happened to meet Mr. Ettrick's own dung-cart, which was employed in leading manure from the Fish Quay up to High Barnes farm, and he noticed that the cart, like his own, had either no name on it, or that the name was illegible. So he turned back to the court room and gave information against his worship, who, on hearing the case, found he had no alternative but to mulct himself in the same amount which the farmer had just had to disburse.

One day when the Justice was riding down what was then termed the Walk, between Bishopwearmouth and Sunderland, he noticed a crowd of people gazing upon a stranger, whom he found on inquiry to be a prize-fighter just arrived. He immediately sent the man a challenge; but when the boxer found out who was his challenger—no less than the chief magistrate of the place—he was seized with affright and prepared to leave the town at once. In returning home in the afternoon, Mr. Ettrick again perceived a crowd, and, inquiring what was the matter now, was told that it was the pugilist taking his leave.

"Oh! oh!" cried the valiant Justice, "tell him from me he is a great coward. I sent him a challenge and he durst not accept it. If he is afraid to meet me, what would he do if he was matched against Jackson?" Jackson was the champion of the prize ring in that day.

Mr. Ettrick was, during many years, a daily visitor at the house and shop of Mr. James Graham, a highly respected printer and bookseller, 185, High Street East. For an hour or two every day (Sundays excepted), before Mr. Graham's dinner time, it was his constant practice to sit in that gentleman's parlour discussing and relating the news and events of the day, until dinner was placed upon the table, when he uniformly rose from his seat and departed. To the invitation which Mr. Graham always, as a mark not of common politeness and courtesy, put to the worthy magistrate, "Won't you stop to dinner, sir?" his reply was, "Oh, no, I cannot; I have to go to such a place" (naming it). And during the many years he frequented Graham's house, he was never known either to eat or drink in it. His frequenting Mr. Graham's was so well known to his fellow-townsmen, that parties wanting warrants, summonses, affidavits sworn for seamen's protection, or magisterial aid of any description, used to go there to find him, when Mr. Graham's shop was his justice room. Masters of ships wanting to slip off (as they sometimes did) without paying fees for swearing affidavits, were sharply asked by him, "Do you think that Mr. Graham gets his pens, ink, and paper for nothing?" All his fees were laid upon Mr. Graham's counter, and remained untouched by any one until he left the house, when, no doubt, as Mr. Ettrick intended, Mr. Graham took them up and appropriated them to his own use.

Once upon a time, says the late Jeremiah Summers in his History of Sunderland, Mr. Ettrick had an old Scotchman doing something or other about his mansion-house, and when his work was done he was told by the house-keeper to hand in an account of his charge. As a matter of course, the man did so; but, unfortunately, in writing the Justice's name, he spelled it Attrick, and on his presenting it for payment he was told that no such person lived at High Barnes. Some days elapsed before the man got to know the reason why Mr. Ettrick refused to discharge his account, and when at length he was told of his mistake he tried to correct it to the best of his judgment; but, instead of making the matter right, he made it worse, for he wrote it this time Ettrick. After several fruitless attempts to see the Justice, he succeeded in getting an audience, when, to keep up the farce, Mr. Ettrick still refused to pay the account, although, to his honour be it stated, he was always very punctual in money matters; but, having learned that his honour was exceedingly fond of a pun, the canny Scotchman pretended to get into a great passion, and plainly told the dispenser of the law that he did not care whether his name was A—trick or E—trick, but if he did not pay him im-

mediately he would play such a trick upon him as would effectually do his trick. This witty reply, adds the historian, had the desired effect; the account was discharged forthwith; and the man was moreover regaled with the best the house afforded.

Amongst his other qualifications, Mr. Ettrick wrote verses, although it would have been a misuse of terms to call him a poet. One of his metrical effusions was a Hudibrastic epitaph, inscribed on a tombstone in Bishopwearmouth Churchyard, which he erected to the memory of George Bee, a day labourer upon his estate at High Barnes, whose death was caused by a man accidentally riding over him. It runs as follows:—

Under this stone his friends may see
The last remains of poor George Bee.
Laborious Bee had oft earn'd money,
As oft hard winters eat the honey;
Of all the Bees were in the hive,
None toil'd like him are now alive.
A man more cruel than a Turk
Destroy'd him coming from his work.
Without a word, without a frown.
The horrid monster rode him down.
And thus, tho' shocking to relate,
Poor Bee, alas! met with his fate—
Since life's uncertain, let us all
Prepare to meet Death's awful call.

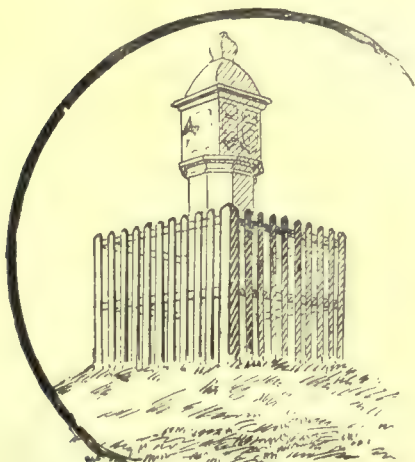
On the 14th September, 1802, Mr. Ettrick made his last will and testament, and, after giving certain pecuniary legacies to his two servants, he went on to say:—"I give unto Robert Allan, of Bishopwearmouth, in the said county [of Durham], Esquire, the sum of one thousand pounds, in trust, to apply the same in causing a marble monument to be erected in the parish church of Bishopwearmouth aforesaid, to commemorate my ancestors (that is to say), Walter, my great-grandfather, Anthony, my grandfather, and William, my late father, to their posterity, and with the most grateful acknowledgments and thankful remembrance of their care of and provision made for their posterity, and with such inscription as he, the said Robert Allan, shall judge proper to be engraven thereon, and I direct that such monument shall be made and erected as soon after my decease as the same can conveniently be done." As regarded his funeral, the testator willed as follows:—"I desire that my body may be buried in the burying place belonging to the house and estate of High Barnes aforesaid, at or about the hour of twelve of the clock at night; that it may be carried in my dung-cart to the grave, and that if I should not then have any, then in any other cart, and not in a hearse; that my coffin may be inch and half oak, without any mouldings, plates, tackets, or ornaments of any kind, without lining, and without covering, and may be put into the grave by four paupers, without the date of the year of my death, or number of years I have lived, and that no mourning of any kind may be used at or about my funeral." The will was proved in the Consistory Court of Durham, on the 18th of June, 1808, by the Rev. William Ettrick, the son and sole executor, and the effects were sworn under £35,000.

Mr. Ettrick died at his seat, High Barnes, on the 22nd February, 1808, in the eighty-third year of his age. As might be anticipated, the instructions contained in his will regarding his funeral were not complied with. Mr. Ettrick frequently told Mr. Richard Hutton during his lifetime to make his coffin according to the directions contained in his will, always concluding his orders with "And you must take me to the church in a cart." Mr. Hutton made the coffin of oak, one inch and a half thick, according to the will, but with a brass plate upon the lid, whereon was engraved the deceased gentleman's name, the date of his death and his age. The funeral took place on the afternoon of Sunday, the 27th of February, in Bishopwearmouth Church, at the usual hour for interments. Among the mourners was Sir Charles Miles Lambert Monck, of Belsay Castle.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

The Countess's Pillar.

THE Countess's Pillar is situated about a quarter of a mile from Brougham Castle, in Westmoreland. An inscription records the fact that the pillar was erected in 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, "for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious



The Countess's Pillar.

mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, the 2nd of April, 1616, in memory whereof she also left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2nd of April for ever, upon the stone hereby." The pillar is adorned with coats of arms, dials, and other embellishments, and is terminated by a small obelisk. Words-

worth, Rogers, and Mrs. Hemans have each written verses on this memorial of filial affection. The lines of the last of these writers upon it begin :—

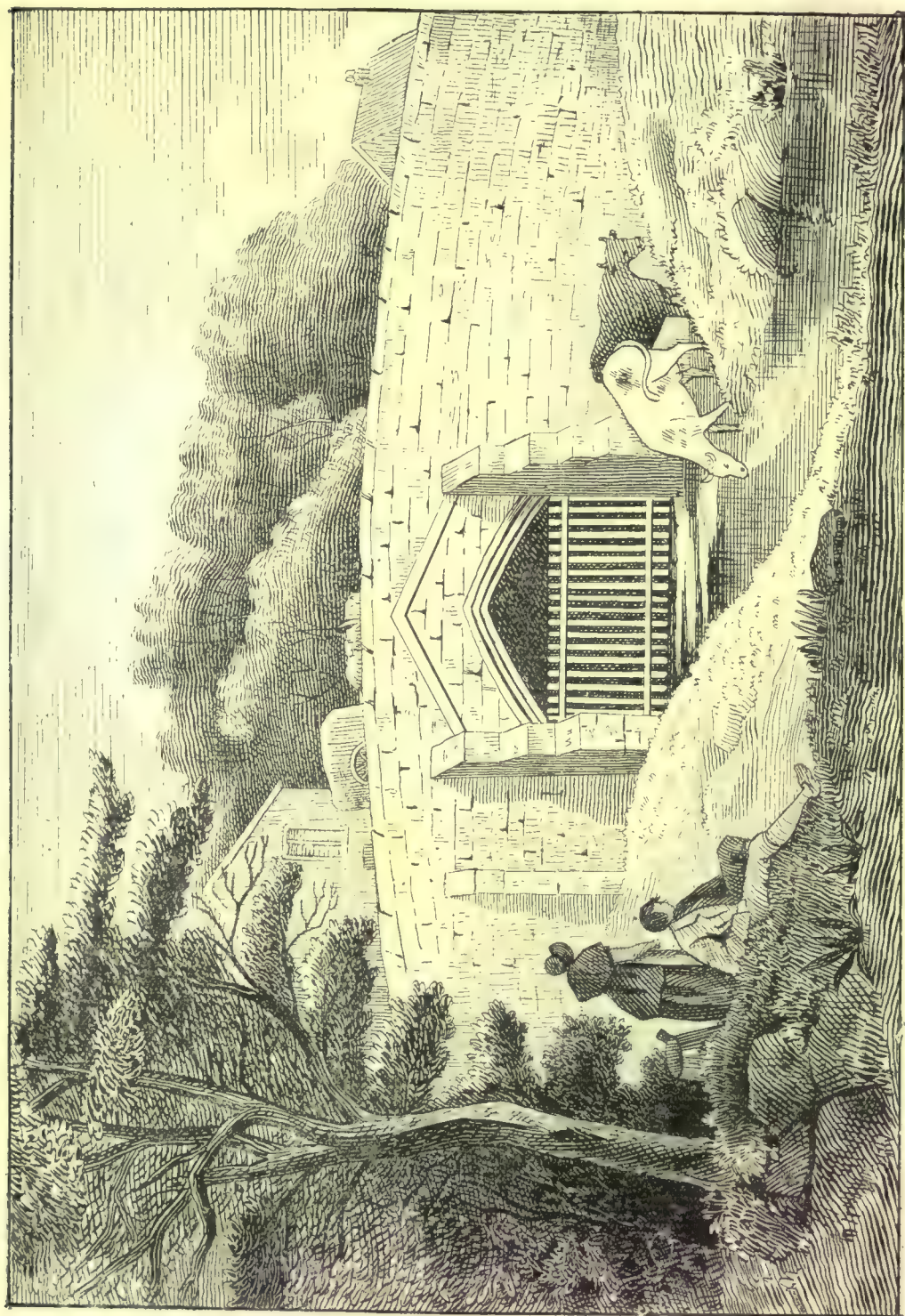
Mother and child ! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place
Where, to the love of many years,
Was given one last embrace—
Oh, ye have shrined a spell of power
Deep in your record of that hour.

Pandon Dene, Newcastle.

TO write of Pandon Dene is like writing of some departed friend. There is a tender melancholy associated with the place like that associated with the memory of the dead. And when we think of it as it once was—gay with foliage and blossom—and look upon its condition of to-day, buried far beneath a mass of ever accumulating rubbish, our melancholy is not unmingled with regret that so splendid a site for a public park should have been lost the city.

One of the old features of Newcastle, in which it differed from the flat monotony of many towns, was the number of its little valleys, each with its streamlet flowing down the midst, which graced it with so pleasing a variety of hill and dale, and added to the picturesqueness of its situation on the bold sloping banks of the Tyne. Of these little valleys one of the most lovely was that whose blotting out we now deplore. Through it flowed the Pandon or Bailey Burn—rising near Chimney Mills, running between the Leazes and the Moor down to Barras Bridge—then, after receiving its little tributary, Magdalene Burn, about opposite the end of Vine Lane, merrily turning the wheels of the various water mills which nestled down by its side amongst gardens and trees, until it flowed under the Stock Bridge and Burn Bank, and so joined old Father Tyne.

It would take a very big book to contain the history of this little valley and its associations, and its historian might linger long and lovingly over many a spot within its watershed, of deepest interest to lovers of old Newcastle lore. He would have much to say of its two bridges—now bridges only in name : of the Barras Bridge and of the contiguous hospitals of St. James and Mary Magdalene—of the New Bridge and its building. We show in one of our illustrations a view of the former bridge when it was in reality a bridge. The picture is from a drawing made by the elder T. M. Richardson about 1810 ; and, rude as it is, a sufficiently good idea of the former beauty of the spot may be gathered from it. Two of our views show the other, the New Bridge, gracefully spanning the Pandon valley. One is from the north, taken from near the foot of the steps which used to lead down from Shieldfield at the end of the lane called



BARRAS BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE, ABOUT 1810.

—From Drawing by T. M. Richardson, Senior.



TANDON DENE, NEWCASTLE, 1821.

—From Painting by John Jameson.

"the Garden Tops." It was painted by John Lumsden in 1821, and shows the old water corn mill, afterwards the Pear Tree Inn, the town in the middle distance, and the Windmill Hills at Gateshead beyond. The other (from a painting by James Dewar about 1833) is from the south, from near what was afterwards "New Pandon," and gives us a view of the well-known Mustard Mill in the foreground. The roof of Picton House (now the Blyth and Tyne Railway Station) is seen, on the left, peeping over the parapet of the bridge.

The account of the mills of Pandon Dene would of itself form a goodly chapter in our imaginary historian's book, and would carry the reader far back into the mists of antiquity; for the waters of the burn have turned mill wheels from time immemorial. As far back as 1460 we have recorded the proposed erection of one of these mills. On July 10th of the year named we find the Mayor and community of Newcastle devising to John Ward (formerly Mayor of the town, and founder of the Charity in Manor Chare known afterwards as Ward's Almshouses), along with other lands, "a certain other parcel of waste land, of the trenches called the King's Dykes outside the (Town) Wall, and land within the wall to the extent of forty-two ells in length, from the aforesaid gate (Pandon Gate) and along the wall, and in width the same as the King's Dykes, to hold, etc., for the building and construction upon the said parcel of land, outside the wall, a dam for the mill, &c." (Welford's "Newcastle and Gateshead.")

With this part of Pandon Dene is associated the memory of one of the old worthies of Newcastle, the opulent and munificent Roger Thornton, whose memorial brass is still extant and to be seen in All Saints' Church. After his death in 1430, an inquisition was held to take account of his property, and in the record the name of Pandon frequently occurs in connection with gardens and orchards possessed by him in the vicinity of the Stock Bridge.

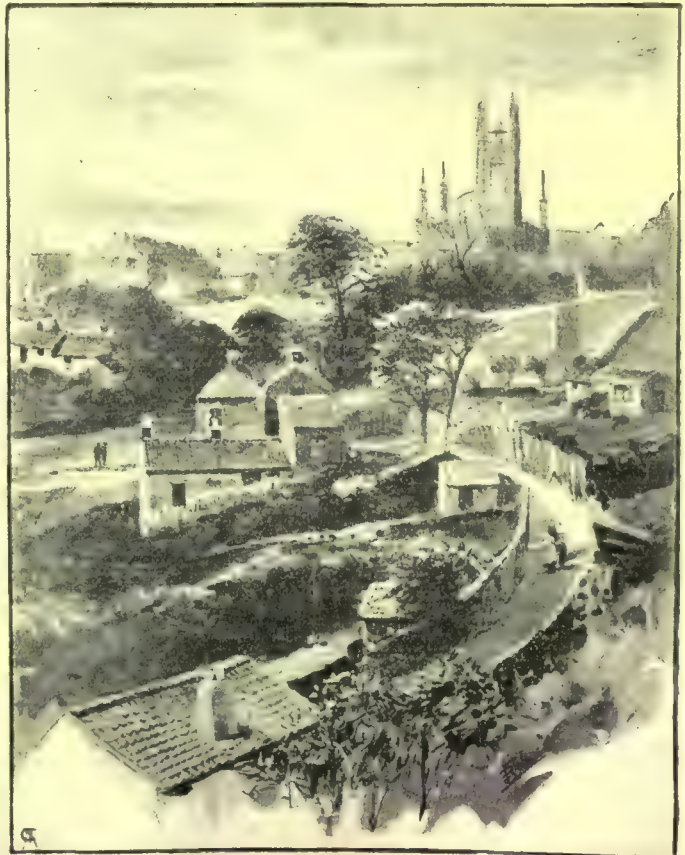
In our own times, besides the two mills already mentioned, there was the Oatmeal Mill, higher up the valley on the left bank of the burn. It is seen in Mr. Jobling's view on this page, which shows some of the old gardens in front of Lovaine Crescent, with the little houses in which many of the occupants lived, the mill house in the middle distance, and St.

Thomas's Church behind. Close by the mill was the cottage of Julia St. George, the famous actress, whose career is sketched elsewhere. We give also another very interesting view, showing Julia St. George's house in the distance, with the footpath leading down by the burn side from near the end of Vine Lane. It is from a pencil drawing made by Mr. Ralph Hedley, after T. M. Richardson, and gives some idea of the old-time rural beauty of the Dene.

Some further idea of the charms of Pandon Dene may be gathered from the following verses which they inspired, and which appeared over the signature of Rosalinda in the *Newcastle Magazine*, Sept. 18th, 1776:—

When cooling zephyrs wanton play,
Then off to Pandon Dene I stray;
When sore depressed with grief and woe,
Then from a busy world I go;
My mind is calm, my soul serene,
Beneath the bank in Pandon Dene.

The feather'd race around me sing,
They make the hills and valleys ring;
My sorrow flies, my grief is gone,
I warble with the tuneful throng:



VIEW IN PANDON DENE.

From Drawing by R. Jobling.

All, all things wear a pleasing mien
Beneath the bank in Pandon Dene.

At distance stands an ancient tower,
Which ruin threatens every hour ;
I'm struck with reverence at the sight,
I pause and gaze in fond delight.
The antique walls do join the scene
And make more lovely Pandou Dene.

Above me stand the towering trees,
While here I feel the gentle breeze ;
The water flows by chance around,
And green enamels all the ground,
Which gives new splendour to the scene
And adds a grace to Pandon Dene.

And when I mount the rising hill,
And then survey the purling rill,
My eye's delighted ; but I mourn
To think of winter's quick return,
With withering winds and frost so keen,
I, sighing, leave the Pandon Dene.

O, spare for once a female pen,
And lash licentious, wicked men,
Your conscious cheek need never glow
If you your talents thus bestow ;
Scarcely fifteen summers have I seen,
Yet dare to sing of Pandon Dene.

Alas, poor Rosalinda ! both you and the carping critics
of your generation, whose wrath you so modestly
deprecate, and whose "conscious cheek" you so tenderly
seek to spare, are now laid low in the dust. Not you
only, but even the sweet scenes which inspired your
muse. Henceforth, all thoughts and memories of Pandon

Dene shall be but as echoes from the depths of a buried
past, gradually, on each repetition, growing fainter and



more faint, until they die away into the utter silence of
forgetfulness.

R. J. CHARLETON.



Bridge over Pandon Dene.
From painting by James Dwyer, 1835.

The Savings Bank Tragedy, Newcastle.



FEW people who now pass by the front of the Royal Arcade, Newcastle, are aware of the dreadful story of crime with which the building on the right hand side of the entrance was connected half-a-century ago. That building was then the Savings Bank; the victim of the crime was Joseph Millie, a clerk in the bank; and the murderer, or supposed murderer, was Archibald Bolam, who held the important position of actuary.

The mystery in which the foul deed was enshrouded at the time was but imperfectly dispelled at the trial of Bolam; but shortly afterwards circumstances transpired which cleared up the most serious of the difficulties that judge and jury had had to contend with. It is now known that Bolam was one of that dangerous class of capable men that live a double life. To all outward seeming, he was a trustworthy and straightforward man, a professor of religious opinions, and a citizen who enjoyed the distinguished honour of having, by sheer force of ability and integrity, raised himself from a humble position to one of great responsibility and liberal emolument. In reality, he was a morbid and self-tormenting sensualist, a hypocrite of a peculiarly vile kind, and one who at least held communion with filthy and depraved characters. Joseph Millie was about as different a person as can well be imagined. An unfortunate business career had shown him to be honourable and just to others, whilst he was severe towards himself; and his nature was so amiable and his manners so genial and pleasant as to lead persons not thoroughly acquainted with him to infer a lack of firmness in his nature which really did not exist.

Millie was born in North Shields, where he succeeded his father in an old-established ironmongery business, which he failed to carry on successfully. In order to pay his creditors in full, he reduced himself to his last penny, and for years afterwards he pursued a wandering and uniformly unfortunate business career, until, at fifty-six years of age, he found himself occupied as an occasional clerk in the Newcastle Savings Bank.

Archibald Bolam was born at Harbottle, Coquetdale, in 1797, and was thus forty-one at the time of the murder. Early in life he was a schoolmaster at Holystone. Before he reached the age of twenty years, he drifted to Newcastle. There for some time he held a position as usher in the Percy Street Academy, then kept by Mr. Bruce, father of the venerable and respected Dr. Bruce; he became a member of the Presbyterian body, and kept up for years a correspondence with his old pastor at Harbottle; and finally he secured the appointment of actuary to the Savings Bank. Prosperity appears to have had a bad effect upon him, for soon after he had floated into easy circumstances he quarrelled with his Presby-

terian friends, and ceased his correspondence with the pastor of the Harbottle congregation.

This was the state of affairs with him in the eventful year 1838. His residence at the time was No. 2, Sedgewick Place, Union Lane, Gateshead, his house being kept by a woman named Mary Ann Walker, about whom, afterwards, people had a great deal to say. The first step in the path that led directly to the commission of a great crime seems to have been taken early in the year named. Mr. George Ridley, a gentleman highly esteemed in the town, had been appointed assistant clerk to the actuary of the Savings Bank. For a short time matters went smoothly enough between them; but suddenly Bolam turned round upon his subordinate, and used every endeavour in his power to procure his dismissal from the post. Still it was not till the first days of December that he eventually succeeded in his efforts. The fact was, that he was clearing Ridley out of the way in order to secure the office for Millie, whose employment as an occasional clerk at the bank had dated from the month of March preceding. Bolam had taken a strong fancy to Millie, and had chosen the means referred to for bringing the poor man nearer to him. On the 5th of December, Millie entered upon the duties of his new appointment, and two days afterwards he was murdered under circumstances of revolting brutality.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 7th December, 1838, a servant in the employment of Mr. Robson, lace merchant, whose shop closely adjoined the Savings Bank, discovered that the premises occupied by that institution were on fire. Smoke was found to be pouring out of the windows in volumes, and the police and the fire brigades of the period were quickly summoned to the spot. The engines arrived promptly—their quarters were only about two hundred yards distant—and the fire, which was found to be but a small affair, was soon extinguished. When the firemen entered the premises, they passed into the waiting-room, and proceeded through to a door which gave access to an apartment usually occupied by the actuary and his assistant. One of the firemen attempted to open this door, but found that it was held almost close, apparently by the pressure of some one behind it. The man desisted for a moment in order to summon assistance; but when he tried the door again he found that it opened without any difficulty. Groping their way into the inner room, the firemen stumbled over something lying on the floor. The glimmering light of their lanterns was brought to bear upon the object and its surroundings, when a hideous sight was revealed.

The body of the grey-headed old man, Millie, was seen to be lying face downwards on the hearth-rug, with traces of a terrific death struggle surrounding it. There were no less than twenty wounds on the victim's skull, which had been smashed to pieces; his left jaw and cheek bone were broken; the hearth-rug was literally saturated with blood; and blood,

brains, and hair bespattered the chairs, walls, and wainscoting nearest to the spot. By the side of the dead man lay the poker, which had evidently been the instrument used by the murderer, for it was covered with blood and hair. Close to the victim's feet were the tongs belonging to the set of fire irons. They lay as if they had dropped from the murdered man's hands, after being used in an ineffectual attempt at self-defence. A cursory examination of the body led to the belief that the firing of the premises had been accomplished for the purpose of hiding the evidence of murder, as the poor man's pockets were found to have been stuffed with coals and paper. After noting these details, the firemen continued their search round the room, in a corner of which they found a man lying, apparently, in a state of insensibility. The man was Archibald Bolam, who appeared to be suffering partly from the effects of the smoke, which still almost filled the room, and partly from a slight wound in his throat. No blood was on the floor where he lay. When he was discovered, he opened his eyes intelligently, and then shut them without any reasonable cause for so doing, creating an impression amongst the firemen that he was shamming. There was a small quantity of blood on a desk near the spot, together with a blood-stained desk-knife, with which it seemed that the scratch wound on his throat had been inflicted.

Bolam was conveyed to the house of Mr. Glenton, chemist, close at hand, where he was attended by Dr. Nesham and Dr. Walker, who found nothing serious the matter with him. Here he was waited upon by two magistrates, Mr. Alderman Dunn and Mr. Woods, to whom he gave his version of the occurrence. The purpose of Bolam's story was to fix the commission of the crime upon some mysterious and unknown person, from whom he declared he had received threatening letters as recently as the previous day. In consequence of this, he stated that he quitted the bank on the previous evening, leaving no one on the premises, and proceeded to his home in Gateshead. When he came back, he found the bank door as he had left it; but, upon entering the inner room, he saw Millie lying on the hearth-rug. Believing that Millie was asleep, he proceeded to his desk, but had no sooner opened the lid than a man with a blackened face struck him a blow on the right temple. Bolam ran shouting to the windows, which looked out upon one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the town; but the man threatened to kill him as he had done Millie, and ultimately knocked him down and attempted to cut his throat. Such was Bolam's story.

The inquest on the body of Millie was opened the same afternoon—just twelve hours after the discovery of the murder—at an old-fashioned hostelry, the Blue Posts, Pilgrim Street. News of the tragedy had by that time spread all over the town, and the street in front of the old inn was densely packed by excited crowds. Before the coroner, Bolam repeated substantially the same story

that he had told the justices in the morning; but at the adjournment of the inquest, three hours afterwards, he was given into custody. Ultimately a verdict of "Wilful murder against Archibald Bolam" was returned, and the prisoner was remitted for trial to the Spring Assizes, due to be held in the month of March succeeding.

Meanwhile, a strong feeling against Bolam had developed in the town. Metaphorically, he was arraigned at the bar of public opinion, convicted of murder and crimes yet more horrible, and sentenced to undergo the extreme penalty of the law. Then an uneasy suspicion gained possession of the public mind that Bolam was powerfully befriended, and that in his case the ends of justice would be defeated. Thus it became necessary to take strict precautions for his protection from the summary vengeance of an infuriated mob when he journeyed between the gaol and the courts.

A true bill was in due course found against him at the March Assizes for the town; but applications to postpone the trial until the succeeding Midsummer Assizes, and to transfer it to the court for the county of Northumberland, were successfully made. The case was eventually heard before Mr. Justice Maule, on July 30th, 1839. The evidence for the prosecution showed that the bank porter left Bolam and Millie sitting together "like brothers" at half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the murder. Millie, who lived with his wife in the Croft Stairs, never reached his home again. Bolam, however, was known to have visited his house in Gateshead later in the day, and, from the evidence of a neighbour, who heard a breaking of glass, it is supposed that he had entered by a window from the rear. The evidence of his housekeeper, Mary Ann Walker, furnished confirmation of this visit; but her deposition was of such an unsatisfactory character that it was under consideration for a time to place her in the dock as an accessory, after the fact, to the crime. She admitted that she had sponged the sleeve of the coat Bolam was wearing, where a close examination afterwards disclosed bloodstains and smears. The theory of the prosecution was that a sudden quarrel had arisen between Bolam and Millie; that the former had furiously assailed the unfortunate clerk, and had beaten out his brains; that the murderer had then gone home, where the marks left upon him by the struggle had been, with the aid of Walker, as far as possible, obliterated; and that on his return to the bank he had resolved on firing the place, hoping that he might escape whilst the body was consumed, or desperately electing to take his chance with the story of a disguised murderer. The prosecution stopped short at a theory of motive for the murder, and no reference to the horrible stories current outside was made in court. The prisoner's defence was conducted by Mr. Dundas, who adhered pretty closely to the narrative first given by Bolam. The jury accepted the theory of a quarrel and probable affray, as propounded by the prosecution, and Mr. Justice Maule, who was accused by

the excited people of summing up favourably for the prisoner, sentenced Bolam to transportation for life.

What became of Bolam after he was transported does not seem to have been generally known till 1889, when a question on the subject in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* elicited some curious information. Mr. James Patterson, residing in Tasmania, made inquiries which established the fact that one Archibald Bolam presented a sun dial to the Botanical Gardens, Sydney, New South Wales, and that this Archibald Bolam was identical with the person who was transported in 1839. A Sydney gentleman, Mr. Reynolds, sifted the matter thoroughly, and in the course of a letter to Mr. Patterson stated :—

An old lady who was a neighbour told me that, two hours before Mr. Bolam died, he said he had something to say to her that was much disturbing his mind, as he felt his death was near. He then said, as nearly as she can remember :—"Mrs. R——, both your family and yourself have treated me for years as a friend and a good neighbour, as if I had never been a lag, and have hidden all the pains and sorrows that are generally attached to such a name. Now, as I am about to go before my God, I declare to you I am innocent of the crime for which I was sent out here. I never committed the offence, and, if I had been inclined to do such a deed, I never had any cause to do so." He then asked her to hand him a small brooch, with a gold wreath rim and crystal centre, covering a lock of very fair hair. This he kissed tenderly, and handed it back to her, saying, "That is all that remains of the only woman in this world whom I ever loved." He also told her that, some time previously, he had saved up over £200, and invested that sum in the purchase of an annuity, the first instalment of which would be due in a few days or weeks, but that he feared he should not live to enjoy much of it.

The following is a copy of the inscription on a tombstone in the graveyard of St. Stephen's Church, Sydney :—

Sacred
to the memory of
ARCHIBALD BOLAM,
who died 25th December, 1862,
aged 67 years.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man."

A. B. 70,793. 1862.

Bolam, however, must not be assumed to have been innocent. Speaking of the motive of the crime as revealed to him by a Newcastle resident of Sydney, Mr. Reynolds says :—"It was a terrible story; if not the worst I have heard, certainly the worst for many years, and sufficiently sickening to bury."

pleasant reading, but it is a bit of local history that cannot properly be omitted from any representative collection of North-Country episode and incident.

Surtees ("History of Durham," vol. iv.) prints a pedigree of the Cradock family, from which it appears that Dr. Cradock was a son of John Cradock, of Newhouses, in Baldersdale. Appointed vicar of Gainford, "the Queen of Durham villages," in 1594, he acquired property in the parish, and erected the mansion house of Gainford Hall, a picturesque many-gabled building, over the north door of which his name and arms, with the date of erection (1600), may still be seen. His promotion in the Church was rapid, and his preferments numerous and valuable. Upon the death or removal of Michael Colman, B.A., he obtained the living of Woodhorn, in Northumberland, another rural retreat, combining views of great beauty over both sea and land. Bishop Neile, in 1619, made him Archdeacon of Northumberland, but this appointment he resigned a few months afterwards to become the bishop's spiritual chancellor and Vicar-General. To heighten his dignity he was collated prebendary of the fifth stall in Durham Cathedral, and made a Justice of the Peace; to increase his emoluments he was presented to the living of Northallerton.

Soon after Dr. Cradock's elevation to the spiritual chancellorship charges of a serious nature began to circulate in the diocese respecting the administration of his office. There were reports against him of extortion and abuse, if not of peculation and fraud. On the 28th of May, 1621, his conduct, and that of a similar offender, Dr. Lambe, were brought before the House of Commons. The proceedings dragged on till May, 1624, when Sir Henry Anderson, one of the members for Newcastle, tendered another petition against him. Under date the 22nd of that month the Journals of the House contain a portentous report, from which we learn the nature of the offences with which Dr. Cradock was charged. Written in the jerky style which the long-hand chronicler of the proceedings usually adopted, the report reads as follows :—

Mr. Lenthall reporteth from the Committee for Cradocke.—That his [he is] a High Commissioner for Durham, a Justice of Peace, and a Chancellor: Found to be a great Offender in all these: Confoundeth these several Jurisdictions, making the one to help the other.—1. A Sequestration of one Ashen's Goods, worth 1000*l* which very ordinary there. A Sequestration granted to Two Strangers. They ransacked the House, seized upon divers bags: This was done at the Funeral-sermon. The Will being found, and Hawden Executor of it, could not get the will proved. A second Sequestration granted. Cradocke, breaking open the House, as a Justice of Peace, ransacked it: Offered an Oath, *ex-officio*, to the Executor; and, upon that, asked him what he had done with the Bags of Money. New Sequestrators again appointed, his man Sompner, &c. These ate up all the Provisions of the House: Took Hawden, and sent him to the Gaol, for a Force: Could not be released till 20 Pieces given; and then fined him 50*l* to the Bishop of Durham. This done out of any Sessions. 6*l* Fees paid. No Act of Sequestration in all this Time made.—Thus also did in Rand's case.—A forged Excommunication, as Mr.

The Story of Dr. Cradock, an Ill-Fated Churchman.



SOCIETY in the Northern Counties of England was scandalised during the reign of James the First by serious allegations against a clergyman who held high office in the diocese of Durham. The dignitary whose fame was so roughly handled was John Cradock, D.D., and he occupied the exalted position of spiritual chancellor and Vicar-General of the diocese. The narrative is not very

Richardson offereth to swear; Bribes taken as a Justice of Peace; and all the Offences reported in Dr. Lambe.

That the Opinion of the Committee was, that this Man deserved greater Punishment than Lambe.

What punishment Dr. Cradock received, if any, is not recorded. Within a week from the presentation of this report Parliament was dissolved, and it did not meet again till the 21st of June, 1625, when Charles I. had ascended the throne. The new Parliament had weightier matters to attend to, and, perhaps, they left this business to the ordinary tribunals. Dr. Cradock's sons, however, kept the scandal alive. Resenting the allegation of Mr. Richardson (afterwards solicitor-general to Bishops Mathew and James) about the forged excommunication, they took a singular method of vindicating their father's reputation. On the 22nd of December, 1625, these youths and others, about nine o'clock at night, went, and kept such a rapping at the doors and lower windows of Mr. Richardson's house in the Bailey, Durham, as "frighted his wife," and "one Rangel going out of the house with a ruler in his hand to see what the matter was, the defendants took his ruler from him, and struck him therewith on the face, to the effusion of his blood," kicked him, spurned him, pursued him, and hit him again, saying that "if he had not enough he should have enough," &c. For this offence, three of the Cradocks were committed to the Fleet, fined £50 a-piece, and bound to their good behaviour for a year.

A curious case, reported in the "Acts of the High Commission Court of Durham," illustrates the feeling entertained towards Dr. Cradock among his neighbours. On the 19th January, 1627, as he was walking down the middle aisle of Durham Cathedral in his surplice and hood, with Charles Slingsby, Rector of Rothbury, "whilst the Letanye was solemnlye in readinge and singinge," there appeared before him his old accuser John Richardson; Thomas Gill, a well-known attorney; Mr. Timothy Comyn, under-sheriff of the county; and Matthew Vase, Richardson's clerk; and then and there "in contempte of the place, the person, and the tyme," Gill delivered to the under-sheriff a writ of attachment against the doctor and demanded his arrest, which the under-sheriff promptly performed. At the same time Vase served him with "his Majesties writte of subpœna forthe of the highe courte of Starre Chamber, which Dr. Cradocke dewtifullye and quietlye receyved." Gill was brought before the High Commission in October to answer for this offence against the Church. The proceedings were continued till December, when a tragedy occurred in the vicarage of Woodhorn which probably put an end to them. Dr. Cradock died there three days after Christmas, and upon investigation it was found that he had been poisoned. Suspicion fell upon his wife, Margaret, daughter of William Bateman, of Wensleydale, and she was accused of the crime and tried, but was acquitted. This is the last we hear of Dr. Cradock. Hodgson, following Hutchinson, states that he was buried

at Woodhorn; Surtees represents him to have been buried at Durham. None of them mentions the erection of any monument to his memory.

Dr. Cradock was the father of a numerous family. Seven sons and three daughters came of the union which ended so dismally. One of the former became Sir Joseph Cradock, Knt., LL.D., Commissary of the Archdeaconry of Richmond; one of the latter, Margaret, married the Rev. John Robson, M.A., Rector of Morpeth, whose election, in 1620, as one of the members for the borough, led to a memorable parliamentary discussion, ending in a declaration that the clergy are ineligible for seats in the House of Commons.

RICHARD WELFORD.

Robert Browning.



ALTHOUGH the great poet, Robert Browning, who died in Italy on December 12, 1889, had no direct connection with the North of England, there were two circumstances in his career which were specially interesting to North-Country people.

Mr. Browning was married many years ago to Elizabeth Barrett, whose poetic gifts were as eminent as those of her husband. For a very long time there was considerable doubt and controversy as to the exact place at which Mrs. Browning was born. It was known that she first saw light in the county of Durham; but many residences were suggested as the locality of the event—such as Burn Hall, Carlton Hall, &c. Mr. Browning himself seems to have had no positive knowledge on the subject. The discussion, however, induced the Rev. Canon Burnet, vicar of Kelloe, to examine the registers of that parish. The result of the reverend gentleman's investigations was the discovery of the entry which settled all dispute. The record in the register of Kelloe Church, so far as it relates to Mrs. Browning's birth, reads thus:—"Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, Esq., of Coxhoe Hall, a native of St. Thomas's, Jamaica, by his wife Mary, late Clarke, of Newcastle, born March 6th, 1806." A full account of the whole matter, including a letter from Mr. Burnet himself, will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1889, pp. 303, 378.

The second circumstance of interest has reference to one of the dead poet's poems. Mr. Browning made Charles Avison, a celebrated Newcastle organist of the last century, a sort of peg on which to hang his "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day." It is of Avison that he thus sings:—

Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire
Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire,
Thou whilome of Newcastle organist.

The biography of Avison appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, p. 109, and a portrait in the volume

for 1889, p. 170. The great organist lies buried in St. Andrew's Churchyard, where his tombstone is so much decayed that the inscription is now illegible. It occurred to Mr. John Robinson, who was instrumental in restoring the tombstone of the poet Cunningham, that the tombstone of Avison ought also to be restored. A proposition to this effect was made in a letter which was printed in the *Weekly Chronicle* some time ago. Mr. Robinson subsequently communicated with Mr. Browning on the subject, and from him he received the following letter :—

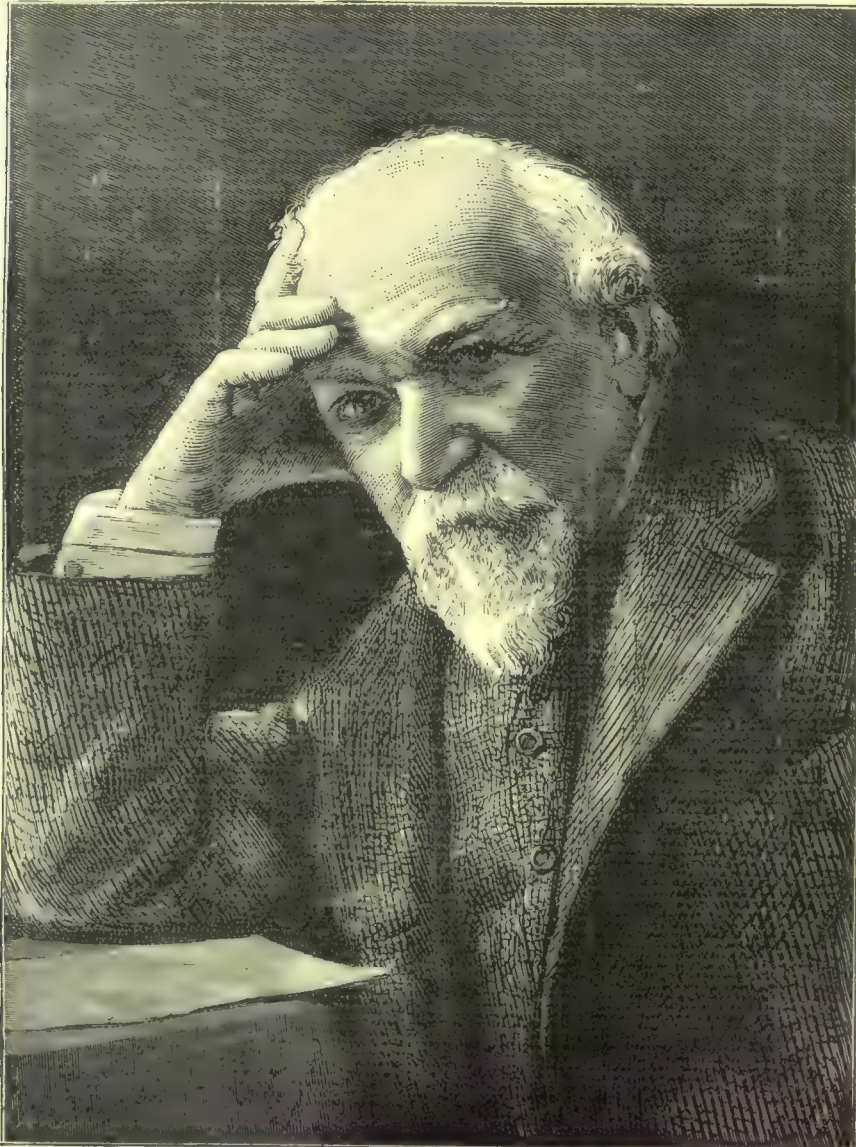
Asolo, Venito, Italy, Sept. 30, 1889.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged by your exceedingly kind and interesting letter, and the information it gives

of the praiseworthy project of which you are author—that of restoring the tombstone of a good old English musician. Honour to Avison, and honour to you ! Pray let me contribute in my becomingly modest degree to so proper an enterprise by engaging to send a small subscription to the fund whenever I return to London, as I am at a loss to know how I could conveniently do so from this out-of-the-way place. And pray believe me, dear sir, yours most sincerely,

ROBERT BROWNING.

The last photograph for which Mr. Browning sat was taken by Mr. Grove, 174, Brompton Road, London. It is from this photograph that our portrait has been copied. We have only to add that the mortal remains of the poet have been deposited with those of the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.



ROBERT BROWNING.

Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham.

JOSEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT, Bishop of Durham, one of the greatest scholars and most estimable men that ever occupied the See of the Palatinate, died at Bournemouth, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, on Saturday, December 21, 1889. The remains of the deceased prelate were interred on December 27 in the chapel at Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland.

The great Churchman was born in Liverpool in 1828. Educated at Birmingham and Cambridge, he was ordained by the Bishop of Manchester in 1854. But while thus fully equipped for the sacred office he remained for some time closely identified with his university. As tutor of Trinity College, his influence was unrivalled. In due course his ample powers and distinguished attainments received recognition. He was appointed a select preacher at Cambridge and Oxford, University preacher at Whitehall, honorary chaplain to the Queen, chaplain to the Prince Consort, and canon of St. Paul's.

The first announcement of the appointment of Dr. Lightfoot as Bishop of Durham, on the resignation of Dr.



DR. LIGHTFOOT, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Baring, was made on the 28th of January, 1879. The confirmation of the election took place in the parish church of St. James's, Piccadilly, London, on the 10th of April. Next came the consecration in Westminster Abbey, on the 25th April, the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester, Ely, Truro, Carlisle, Manchester, and Sodor and Man. The preacher on the occasion was the Rev. Canon Westcott, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. There was an immense congregation, hundreds being unable to obtain admission. On the 13th of May, Dr. Lightfoot arrived at Durham, where he was officially received by Dean Lake, and on the 15th of the month the enthronement of his lordship took place in the Cathedral. With few exceptions, the whole of the clergy of the diocese were present, as well as many of the most influential members of the laity.

On the 27th of May, the bishop performed his first official act by consecrating the new church dedicated to St. Edmund, at Bearpark, near Durham. The first diocesan meeting at which he presided was that held in Bishop Cosin's Hall, Durham, on the 6th of June, on behalf of the National Society for the Promotion of Religious Education.

It was on the 14th of June that Dr. Lightfoot paid his first official visit to Newcastle, when he preached a sermon in St. Nicholas' Church, in aid of the Restoration Fund, in connection with which a debt of £700 still remained. The Mayor, the Sheriff, and a large number of the magistrates, aldermen, and councillors of the borough were present, with members of the consular body of the town in their uniforms, and the church was crowded to excess. Before commencing his discourse, his lordship referred to the object of the service. For himself, he said, he held it a privilege that his first words in that ancient town, and in that their venerable church, should be an appeal on behalf of so good a cause. It should be the endeavour and the prayer of all there—whatever might have been their opinion on the division of the diocese in the first instance—that the creation of the new See of Newcastle should take effect at the earliest date possible. A state of transition was always unsatisfactory, and could not with advantage be prolonged. That being so, it was a matter of the highest moment that they should hand over that time-honoured and beautiful fabric to be the cathedral of the newly-created See, not only duly restored and furnished, but free from the encumbrance of debt.

To the creation of the new diocese of Newcastle his lordship devoted himself with unflagging energy and enthusiasm. Indeed, from his entrance upon the duties of the diocese he evidently regarded it as a work of the highest importance, and in furtherance of that object he addressed a series of meetings in various parts of the counties of Northumberland and Durham. One of the largest and most influential of these gatherings was held

in the Guildhall, Newcastle, on the 2nd of June, 1881. In opening the proceedings on that occasion his lordship stated that it had always been a satisfaction to him when he came to preside at any meeting or to perform any episcopal function in Newcastle to recollect that the name by which he was known—the name of Joseph Barber—was one which he had inherited through four generations from a worthy citizen of Newcastle.* The success which attended the Newcastle meeting was of a most encouraging character, and such was the favourable response to the bishop's appeals in the various parts of the diocese that about twelve months afterwards the new diocese was practically formed. The bishop appointed, as is well known, was the Right Rev. Dr. Wilberforce, the present occupant of the See, whose enthronement took place in August, 1882. Farewell addresses were upon the occasion presented to Dr. Lightfoot by the members of the City Council, the Master and Brethren of the Trinity House, and a large number of the general public. In responding to these tributes of gratitude and respect, Dr. Lightfoot stated that he at least would carry away nothing but bright memories of his connexion with Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Thus released from the responsibilities of a large and populous district, his lordship applied himself with all the energy and vigour of which he was possessed to the promotion of the moral, religious, and social interests of that portion of the diocese contained within the boundaries of the county of Durham. One of the earliest movements in this direction was a scheme of church extension. During Bishop Lightfoot's episcopate there was raised for this purpose a sum of £138,000, while upwards of forty places of worship have been added to the diocese. Dr. Lightfoot was himself a most munificent contributor to the work of church extension. In a letter which he addressed to the Rev. Canon Mathie, of Hendon, Sunderland, he intimated that at the close of seven years of his episcopate he was desirous of building a church as a thank-offering for the many and great blessings which he had received since he came to Durham, and that the parish of Hendon had naturally occurred to him as the fittest locality. It was by far the most populous in the diocese, while at the same time, being inhabited chiefly by working men, it could not be expected to contribute very largely to such an object from its own resources. The project was carried out with every possible expedition, and the bishop had himself the satisfaction of consecrating the new church of St. Ignatius the Martyr on the 2nd of July, 1889.

* Joseph Barber, bookseller, Amen Corner, Newcastle, died on July 4, 1781, aged 74. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, pp. 158-455.) A few months after the above allusion to his ancestors, his lordship caused to be erected in old St. Nicholas' Churchyard a new monumental stone in place of that which had previously covered their remains.

To the various charitable and philanthropic institutions of the two counties of Northumberland and Durham his lordship was a most generous contributor. One of the earliest associations of this description in which he exhibited a practical interest was that of the Wellesley Training Ship, at an annual meeting of which he presided shortly after his arrival in the North. He also proved a warm and liberal supporter of the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, and on the occasion of the unfortunate accident at Seaham Colliery, in 1880, he made a special appeal to the clergy and laity on behalf of the society. As a resident in the palace at Bishop Auckland, Dr. Lightfoot manifested a lively interest in the welfare of the town and district, and soon after his arrival there he generously built at his own cost an institute for the Young Men's Christian Association, the site for which he also provided.

Dr. Lightfoot's literary works were chiefly of a theological character. Most of them have been so highly appreciated that several have passed through no fewer than nine editions. Of one of these productions—"St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp"—the *Times* lately remarked that it is "a monument of learning which can be paralleled only by the works of the greatest scholars of the past."

The Newcastle Riot of 1740.

IN the winter of 1739-40, emphatically styled "The Hard Winter," intense frost lasted for nine weeks, beginning at Christmas and continuing till the latter end of February. It was equally severe all over Northern Europe. In Russia, the Empress Anne took advantage of it to cause a palace of ice to be built on the bank of the Neva. This edifice, constructed of huge quadrats of ice hewn in the manner of freestone, was fifty-two feet in length, sixteen in breadth, and twenty in height. The walls were three feet thick. In the several apartments were tables, chairs, beds, and all kinds of household furniture of ice. In front of the palace, besides pyramids and statues, stood six cannon, carrying balls of six pounds weight, and two mortars, of ice. From one of the former, as a trial, an iron ball, with only a quarter of a pound of powder, was fired off; the ball went through a two-inch board at sixty paces from the mouth of the cannon, and the piece of ice artillery, with its carriage, remained uninjured by the explosion. The illumination of the ice-palace at night had an astonishingly grand effect. In this country, of course, there was neither the means nor the disposition to construct any such ephemeral building; but festivities and diversions of all kinds took place upon the ice. The river Thames was covered with such a thick crust that a

multitude of people dwelt upon it in tents, and a great number of booths were erected for the entertainment of pleasure-seekers.

The Tyne was hard frozen over for many weeks, to the entire stoppage of trade. Tents were set up, shows exhibited, and various games played on the glassy surface. So intense was the cold that the air in some of the coal pits could not be borne by the workmen without a fire at the bottom. At Tanfield Colliery one of these fires led to what might have been a woeful catastrophe. The boys were ordered to put it out after the men had left; but, instead of doing so, they spread it abroad carelessly among some straw, which immediately took fire. The flame caught two casks of oil standing near, and the oil set fire to the coal, which burnt with such violence, and rarefied the air to such a degree, that a strong draught set in from the adjacent galleries and shafts, and changed the pit into a bellowing volcano, thundering out eruptions of hot cinders of considerable weight to an incredible height and distance. One day in the month of January, Mr. John Fenwick, of Bywell, had a tent erected upon the river, and gave a grand entertainment in it, on the occasion of his son's birthday. A large sheep was roasted whole, over a fire made on the ice; cannons were fired with air-splitting huzzas; and barrels of strong ale were broached and emptied; while Mr. Fenwick's coach and two horses drove up and down and across the river with several ladies and gentlemen in it. In the second week of February, the Tyne being still frozen over, the principal coalfitters, headed by Sir Henry Liddell, Bart., Mr. Edward Montagu, and Mr. George Bowes, set two hundred men to work to cut away the ice and open the channel from below Newcastle to their staiths above bridge, a distance of nearly a mile and a half. This work was accomplished in about a week, without any fatal accident having occurred; but when an attempt was made to clear away the ice from the staiths belonging to some of the other coalowners, two men unfortunately were drowned, which stopped the proceedings. The gentlemen connected with the coal trade on the Wear followed the example of their rivals on the sister river, and with like partial success. The ice on the Wear at Durham was so strong that carriages and horses daily travelled on the surface. A foxhunt was moreover improvised, a tame Reynard being cruelly used for the purpose; and the poor animal, we are told, "afforded great diversion," after which "three tar barrels were burnt below Framwellgate Bridge."

When the frost was at the keenest, the cold was so intense, and coals and other fuel rose to such a price, that many poor people throughout the country were chilled to death. Out-door work of any kind was next to impossible, and thousands of handicraft men and labourers were laid idle. All sorts of provisions, likewise, be-

came scarce and dear; and it was even difficult to get an adequate supply of water. During this time of distress, many wretched families must have perished by cold and hunger had not those in easier circumstances been inspired with humanity and compassion. Among the many gentlemen in Durham and Northumberland who extended the hand of benevolence to the poor, Walter Blackett, Esq., M.P. for Newcastle, was one of the most conspicuous. He ordered £350 to be distributed in the following parishes, viz., in Newcastle, St. Nicholas' and St. John's, £40 each; All Saints' and St. Andrew's, £60 each; and in Gateshead, Hexham, &c., £50 each. The Corporation of Newcastle also gave £50 to each of the four parishes of the town; and the senior alderman and governor of the Merchants' Company, Matthew Ridley, Esq., permitted the poor people to carry away as much fuel as they pleased from his heaps of small coal.

But corn, during the ensuing summer, became so dear and scarce that an absolute famine seemed impending; and able-bodied men, with their wives and children sore pinched for want of food, grew as savage and ferocious as bull-dogs. No wonder, then, that the people assembled in dangerous threatening mobs in many populous places all over the kingdom. At Durham, on the weekly corn-market day (June 14th) their leaders offered 8s. per boll of two bushels for wheat, which was less than half the price the farmers were asking. The farmers having refused to accept the proffered sum, the people seized the corn, on which blows ensued, and several on both sides were wounded. A week later a great mob assembled at Sunderland, seized all the wheat they could lay their hands on, and sold it at 4s. a bushel.

At Newcastle a clamorous mob assembled on the 9th of June; but, upon a promise being given to them that, if they would only remain quiet, they should have grain at a much lower price than it had lately been, they were pacified for that day and dispersed. Meanwhile, a sort of volunteer local militia was organised at the instance of Mr. Alderman Ridley. The associates, according to Alderman Hornby, were mostly young men, several of whom were merchants' apprentices, and on account of their wearing white stockings they were called and long afterwards remembered by the name of the "White Stocking Regiment." Amongst them were "some middle-aged gentlemen of different professions"; but Mr. Ridley was their only officer. They were mustered in imposing force on the 10th, and their commander gave notice to the multitude that the corn factors had set a price on their grain, and had declared that every one that applied should have it at the fixed price. The factors also made proclamation by the bellman that they would sell at the following prices, viz.:—Wheat at 7s., rye at 5s., oats at 2s. 6d., and meslin, or maselegem, a mixture of wheat and rye, at 5s. 6d., per boll. This information was received with satisfaction and applause, and the people

once more went quietly to their homes. But the Mayor, Mr. Cuthbert Fenwick, imprudently ordered the volunteers to forbear assembling; and the corn-factors, regardless of their promise, kept their shops shut up, most of them having absconded through fear. The pitmen, keelmen, and poor of the town, finding that it was no use to make application for corn at the reduced price, determined they would have it, reason or none, by main force. And so they made up their minds to break open and rob the granaries.

As long as the volunteers were suffered to act, nothing material happened. The mob, though gloomily threatening on four successive days, from the 21st to the 24th of June inclusive, proceeded to no absolute violence. They only stopped a vessel which was discovered surreptitiously going off down the river with rye, and had some of the grain on board sold to the poor at the stipulated price. But on the 25th, the militia, as the volunteer force was called, were disbanded, and the mob, no longer awed by their presence, grew every hour more and more unruly. In the forenoon of the following day the people assembled in immense numbers on the Sandhill, then the marketplace of Newcastle, while the Mayor and several aldermen met at the Guildhall to consider what was best to be done in so pressing an extremity. One of the volunteers ventured out to inform the multitude that it had been agreed that the poor should be supplied with rye out of a ship lying at the quay. The reception he got, however, was most barbarous, for he was knocked down and wounded. Upon this the rioters, "with more justice than prudence," as Brand says, were fired upon by the volunteers, who had hastened to the spot to protect the magistrates. One of the people outside having been killed and several dangerously wounded by the unlucky shot, the crowd instantly fell upon the gentlemen assembled in the hall, and proceeded to outrages that threatened the destruction of the whole town. They ransacked the town-courts and chamber; they spoiled and tore down every part of the wood-work; and they destroyed all the paintings, except only the faces of two portraits of Charles II. and James II., which by some chance escaped. They broke into the town's hutch, which served as the town's treasury, and plundered it of nearly £1,200 (some authorities say £1,800), besides destroying several royal charters, the guild records from Christmas, 1721, to Michaelmas, 1738, and other books, parchments, papers, and writings, the loss of which was irreparable. After this wanton havoc, they patrolled the streets, and, finding all the shops shut up, threatened to burn the town.

There happened to be no military stationed in Newcastle at that critical juncture. So an express was sent off to Alnwick, travelling post-haste; and, in the evening, three companies of Howard's regiment, under the command of Captain Marmaduke Sowle, marched into the

town, and soon dispersed the rioters, forty of whom were seized and committed to prison. At the ensuing assizes, seven of the prisoners were sentenced to transportation each for seven years, and were duly sent off to the plantations in America.

This dreadful affray is said to have cost the Corporation of Newcastle upwards of £4,000, besides the loss of their original charters and other things. Those who withheld any of the documents that had been carried off were threatened with prosecution, and a generous gratuity was offered for such information as might lead to their recovery; but nothing, we believe, of the slightest value was ever brought back.

A few weeks after the riot, the mayor, aldermen, and common council of Newcastle voted the freedom of the Corporation to be presented to Captain Sowle, in a gold box, value fifty guineas, as a compliment for his so seasonably entering the town on the 26th of June and putting a stop to the outrages. They likewise ordered a plate value forty guineas to be presented to Captain Fielding; one of thirty guineas to Ensign Hewitt; and ten guineas to each of the three companies.

William Gill Thompson.



R. WILLIAM LYALL, the courteous librarian of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, is the fortunate owner of a very interesting volume relating to William Gill Thompson, one of the minor poets of Tyneside. The book has been most carefully collated and annotated by Thompson's friend, Mr. George H. Gilchrist, and the title page (a beautiful specimen of calligraphy) is executed by Mr. Gilchrist's own pen. Facing the title is a portrait of the poet, in water colours, by H. P. Parker, which is considered a striking likeness. Our own sketch is taken from it.

William Gill Thompson was born in Newcastle, and, his parents being poor, he received but a scanty education. He served his apprenticeship with William Andrew Mitchell, of the *Tyne Mercury*, as a compositor, and, while a very young man, taught himself shorthand—a system of his own, it is said. He joined the staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle* as a reporter in 1824, and his general abilities, together with his pleasant, unassuming manners, gained him the good-will of his employers, the Messrs. Hodgson, then the proprietors of the paper, as well as his coadjutors in the office. His friend Gilchrist thus describes his personal appearance:—"He was rather under the middle height, and neither slender nor stout, had a round face, without much colour, and marked with the small-pox, small, grey eyes, forehead very capacious and bald. His habitual expression was that of mildness, and his deportment modest and retiring. He was often gloomy and desponding, from constitutional causes; and

although Thompson was not dissatisfied with the world as it is, yet the manifest evils which pressed hard upon his sensitive mind—a mind too noble and independent for his station of life—rendered his existence a bitter one; and he often, I fear, sought relief in enjoyments which brought sorrow only with the temporary pleasure."

It is to be feared that this method of finding relief from his frequent fits of gloom and depression was the cause of poor Thompson's downfall and tragical end. "As the wine flowed," says Mr. Gilchrist, "he grew eloquent, and his imagination glowed with poetical images. But, alas! his morbid moments followed, and he was now the most gloomy and desponding of men." His indulgent employers appreciated his great talents, and pardoned his shortcomings. But a newspaper must be published, and its readers naturally look for reports of matters of public interest. Poor Thompson was sent to report the pro-



ceedings at a public dinner on the 19th of October, 1844; but he indulged too freely at the banquet, and was unable to supply his "copy" for the paper, which was published on the following morning. This even the brothers Hodgson could not overlook, and they discharged their favourite reporter, although much attached to him, and conscious of his value. Stricken with shame and remorse, the poor, weak, sensitive poet committed suicide in a closet at the Literary and Philosophical Society on the 21st October, 1844, and his body lay there undiscovered until the 28th.

Thompson's more ambitious efforts, such as the "Coral Wreath," "Tribute to the Memory of James Losh," "Erminia," &c., are marked by an easy, graceful flow of language, and natural, pleasing imagery. He was well-read in the poets of his time—Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Kirke White—and he seems to have made "unhappy White" the model for his smaller pieces. One of the most pathetic and beautiful poems in Mr. Lyall's collec-

tion—but too long to quote here—is the “Deserted Infant.” Of this, Mr. Gilchrist says:—“It is impossible not to feel emotion while reading it. There is some improbability, perhaps, in the story of a mother leaving her infant in the way described, but this takes nothing away from the merit of the poetry.”

In 1822, Mr. Thompson published the first of a series of seven “Fishers’ Garlands.” To this song his friend Gilchrist appends the following note:—“I am not sure but the ‘Fishers’ Garland’ was the offspring of jealousy—perhaps emulation would be the juster word—and written to vie with similar ‘Garlands’ by the Coquetside men, Doubleday and Roxby. W. A. Mitchell, W. Garret, and the poet Thompson were the Tynesiders, and were, I think, facetiously called the ‘groundlings’ or ‘minnow fishers,’ whilst the Coquetsiders fancied themselves a superior class, pursuing nobler game, in a much sweeter place, and could sing a note higher.” From the “Garland,” which bears the title of “Tyneside,” we extract a single verse:—

The fisher may smile by his far-away stream,
As he marks his faint victim’s last quiver;
He may smile in contempt at the bard and his theme,
But still thou art dear, “shining river”;
And gay are the tenants that people thy flood,
And elate are the bosoms that catch them,
Oh! the hearts and the scenes where those light hearts
have stood,
Ye may walk the wide world ere ye match them!
Then hey for the fisher, the creel, and the gad,
And hey for the scenes of his pleasure;
On Tyne’s smiling sides, with a heart light and glad,
How he waves up the glittering treasure!

Under the title of “Sketches in Prose,” Thompson published, in 1829, a selection of stories, most of which had appeared in magazines or Christmas annuals. They all seem to have a sad and melancholy termination, and to be marked by the author’s gloomy disposition.

Poor Gill Thompson was nobody’s enemy but his own. There must have been much good in the man who was able to attract so many firm friends—friends who in his lifetime rallied round him, presented him with his bust by R. S. Scott and a silver snuff-box, and when he was dead raised a subscription for his family. Few but must feel regret for his untimely fate, and pity for his want of fortune.

W. W. W.

The Titmouse Family.

The interesting family of the *Parada*, or Tits, we have seven British species, of which at least five are residents in the two Northern Counties, and are more or less common, namely, the Blue Titmouse (*Parus cæruleus*); the Great Titmouse (*P. major*); the Cole Titmouse (*P. ater*); the Marsh Titmouse (*P. palustris*); and the Long-tailed Titmouse (*P. caudatus*).

The Blue Titmouse is a permanent resident in Durham

and Northumberland. It is, says Mr. Hancock, “the most abundant of the genus, and, like the great titmouse, it seeks the haunts of man in the winter season when pressed by severe weather.” The bird is found in woods, thickets, hedges, and in gardens and orchards, where



it frequently nests in decayed trees. As it flits among the branches of the trees, its blue cap and sulphur and green and black plumage is conspicuous. If not seen, its sharp notes can often be heard, sounding like the syllables “chicka, chicka, chee, chee.” It is a most pugnacious little fellow, and he will often tackle and put to flight a bird twice its own size. Even the robin, bold and fierce as it is, has to make way for the pert little tit when food is in question during the stormy days of winter. Among its familiar names are the following:—Blue tit, blue bonnet, nun, tomtit, blue mope, billy biter, hickmall, and blue buffer.

The birds are quick and active in their movements, and may often be seen hanging head downwards from the branches of trees, like acrobats, all the while busily searching for insect food. In the spring they are mostly seen in pairs, in the summer in family parties, and in the autumn occasionally in small flocks, while in severe winter weather they frequent farmyards and the neighbourhood of houses with other small birds. The blue tit sometimes builds in curious situations. A nest has even been found built within the jaws of a skeleton of a man who had been executed and gibbeted for murder.

The male bird is under half an ounce in weight, and four inches and a half in length. The plumage is bluish-green on the back, and blue on the head, wings, and tail, while the under part is yellow; a white line passes from the brow to the nape, and a narrow bluish-black line divides the white cheeks from the dark head; the throat is encircled by a blue band; the quills are slate black, the

hinder ones sky-blue on the outer web, and white at the tip; the tail feathers are greyish blue. The female resembles the male, but is a little smaller, and her plumage is not so bright.

The Great Titmouse (*Parus major*) is the largest of all the *Paridae* family. It is a resident, and generally common. "In winter," as Mr. Hancock tells us, "it frequents the habitations of man along with the robin and other birds." It has a variety of common names, some of which seem to be derived from its notes and its plumage—such as blackcap, oxeye, sit-ye-down, &c. The name sit-ye-down has reference, Mr. Morris surmises, to its note bearing a supposed resemblance to these words; this is so loud that it may be heard at the distance of half a mile. The note has also been compared to the sound produced by the sharpening of a saw, and in some districts the great tit is occasionally called the saw-sharpener.

The bird is most frequently found in woods and thickets, near to gardens and cultivated lands. It is very active in its movements while in search of food on trees or old walls, and it is very often to be seen clinging to the



branches head downwards, and performing other acrobatic feats. Mr. Hewitson, a most painstaking observer, remarks that the titmice are perfect mountebanks, and that in their gambols and antics it makes no difference to them whether their heads or their tails are uppermost.

The male bird is six and a quarter inches in length; bill, black; the upper part has a broad festoon on the edge—a characteristic of all the titmice; iris, dusky brown; head, black on the crown, white on the sides, sometimes tipped with yellow; neck, bluish black in front, and banded on the sides with the same, and behind the white patch. The nape has a few white feathers on it, making a spot; chin black, united to the black on the nape; throat black; breast yellow, tinged with green, divided all down the middle by a broad black line; back

olive green, bluish-grey below. The wings expand to the width of ten inches, and extend to one-third of the length of the tail; undermost they are bluish-grey; greater wing coverts bluish-black, edged with olive green, and tipped with white, forming a bar across the wings.

The Cole Tit (*Parus ater*) resembles in its habits the birds just described. The male weighs about two drachms and a quarter; length four inches and a quarter; bill, blackish or dark horn-colour, lighter at the edges and tip; iris, dusky; head, white on the sides, black glossed with blue on the crown; neck, white on the sides, black near the wing, with an oblong patch of white; chin and throat, black; breast, dull white in the middle above, below and on the sides light buff, with a tinge of green:



back, bluish-grey above, varying to brownish-buff; the feathers are singularly long, as is the case with most of the other titmice. The wings, which are grey underneath, expand to a width of rather over seven inches; greater and lesser wing coverts bluish grey, the feathers tipped with white, forming two bars across the wing; primaries, brownish grey, edged with greenish grey on the outside, and on the inside with whitish grey. The tail, which is slightly forked at the tip, is brownish grey, and extends a little beyond the wings, the feathers margined with greenish; underneath grey, with white shafts; upper and under tail coverts, greenish buff; legs, toes, and claws, very deep lead-colour. The female closely resembles the male.

The Marsh Tit (*Parus palustris*), as its name imports, is most plentifully found in marsh places where reeds and scrubby underwood prevail. Like its congeners, it has a variety of common names, such as black-cap, smaller ox-eye, willow-biter, and Joe Bent. The birds prefer low trees and brushwood generally to hedgerows and woods. "They dwell together," says Martin, "in considerable numbers, and are perpetually in motion,

going in and out of their nests, feeding their young, flying off in search of food, or seeking for it in the crevices of the neighbouring trees. It is truly gratifying to witness their sprightly gambols, and the entertaining positions into which, as it were, in the very exuberance of spirit, they are continually throwing themselves." They are believed to pair for life, and, in the nesting season especially, the male may often be



seen feeding his mate, while the latter flutters its wings like a young bird. The male weighs less than three drachms; length, four inches and a half; bill black; iris, dark brown; head on the sides, greyish white, on the crown black, slightly tinged with brown; neck, the same behind, greyish white on the sides, and greyish black in front, the feathers tipped with greyish white; chin, as the crown; throat the same as the front of the neck; breast, brownish white, with a tinge of yellow; back, greyish brown tinged with green; greater and lesser wing coverts as the back; primaries, dark brownish grey, margined with yellowish grey; secondaries the same, but margined with yellowish brown; tertiaries, the same; larger and lesser under wing coverts, brownish white; tail as the primaries, the outer feathers having the outer web paler; underneath brownish white; upper tail coverts as the back; legs, toes, and claws, bluish black. The female only differs from her mate in being more dull in colour, especially in the black parts, which have a brownish tinge.

The Long-tailed Tit (*Parus caudatus*) is not the least interesting of the tit family. It has quite a catalogue of common names, such as pie, mag, muffin, bottle-tit, long Tom, long pod, mum ruffin, poke pudding, feather poke, &c. In the hedges on each side of the West Turnpike, near Newcastle, parties of long-tailed tits may occasionally be seen in autumn, almost invariably flying south. In its habits the long-tailed tit resembles the rest of the family, but is even more active and restless, if possible,

from the first peep of dawn till sunset. "Constantly in motion," says Meyer, "from tree to tree, and flying in a straight line with much rapidity, they remind the spectator of the pictured representation of a flight of arrows."

"The nest of this little bird," observes Morris, "is a hollow ball, generally nearly oval, with only one orifice; some have said two, to account for the location of the tail, which is said to project through one of them." Mr. Hewitson describes one that he saw which had two openings, leaving the top of the nest like the handle of a basket. Mr. Hancock, however, remarks:—"I have seen nothing to lead to a suspicion that there is more than one entrance to the nest of the long-tailed tit, and I have seen a great number of those nests, and have six or eight in my collection; but I have an example, which I took myself, and which might induce a careless observer to assume that this nest had no orifice at all. The specimen alluded to has a valvular flap or lid, which falls over and completely closes the entrance. The bird must have raised this lid every time it entered and left the nest; indeed, I discovered the entrance by the bird doing so and passing out when I was searching for the hole. The long-tailed titmouse erects its tail in the same manner



as most of the *Passeres* do, and of necessity must do, when sitting on their eggs."

The male, which is five and a half inches long, including the long tail, weighs only two drachms. The short beak, a mere speck, is glossy black, and almost hidden by the feathers. The upper part of the head and throat are light grey dappled with black, and a well-defined black band runs from the eye and merges in a long black patch at the back of the neck. The back is of a reddish tinge, flecked with black. The greater wing coverts are

blackish-brown, the lesser wing coverts tipped with white, the under part shaded bluish grey. The tail, which is three inches long, consists of eleven feathers, which are black, the outside webs being tipped with white. The female resembles the male in plumage, but the black streak over the eye is wider.

Sir William Jardine describes a form of the long-tailed tit which had the crown and underparts white, but all the rest of the plumage black, tinged only on the scapulars with rose-red; Montague describes others as black on the whole of the upper parts of the neck, and with an obscure dusky band across the breast; and Bewick mentions one in which the black band through the eyes was wholly wanting, the back of the neck black, and the sides reddish brown, mixed with white.

The Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle.

THE MAYOR.



R. THOMAS BELL, the Mayor of Newcastle, is the senior partner in the firm of Pyman, Bell, and Co., of Newcastle and Hull, carrying on an extensive business as merchants and steamship owners. Mr. Bell commenced



Mr Thomas Bell.

business in Newcastle in 1864, having come from West Hartlepool to open a branch for the firm of George

Pyman and Co., with whom he had been connected for some years. The Mayor, who is a native of Yorkshire, is 47 years of age. He was first returned to the Newcastle Council as a representative of East All Saints' Ward, on the 21st of June, 1878; and, on the reconstruction of the wards, he became representative of All Saints' North. Mr. Bell, with great acceptance, occupied the office of Sheriff during the municipal year 1885-86. One of the most interesting functions his worship has performed since his elevation to the chief magistracy was that of opening Uncle Toby's annual Exhibition of Toys on December 20, 1889. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. James Bacon, Northumberland Street, Newcastle

THE SHERIFF.

Mr. Edward Culley, the Sheriff of Newcastle, is a native of Norwich, being the youngest son of the late Richard Culley, merchant, of that city. Mr. Edward Culley came to Newcastle about forty years ago, and ever since, at first in partnership with his brother,



Mr Edward Culley.

Mr. Samuel Culley, and afterwards by himself, he has been engaged in business as a corn merchant. Mr. Culley was first returned to the Newcastle Council, as one of the representatives of Elswick Ward, on March 19, 1879, and, on the redistribution of seats, he was constituted one of the members for Elswick North Ward. The portrait of the Sheriff is also from a photograph by Mr. Bacon.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE SKIDDAW HERMIT.

This eccentric individual, whose portrait appears on page 43 of the present volume, has been long since dead. A letter published in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, written by Mr. D. M. Cullock, of the Banffshire Lunatic Asylum, explains that the poor fellow died in that institution from inflammation of the brain on September 28, 1876.

EDITOR.

A WEARDALE KNITTING STICK.

There must be admitted into our North-Country lore and legend the old knitting stick, or sheath, around which has been woven many a tale of love in the dales of the North of England. It has been for centuries, no doubt, a common practice in these dales for young men to shape and ornament, with their pocket knives, knitting sticks intended for presents to their sweethearts or female friends; hence it was a labour of love, and occupied untold numbers of leisure hours. To make the stick as beautiful as possible, so that it would please the receiver, was the aim of the plodding and painstaking carver, who followed no special pattern, but by practised hands cut out ornamentations strikingly like those found on bows, quivers, spears, knives, axes, clubs, and other implements, and the handiwork of the natives of foreign countries. The accompanying sketch of a Weardale knitting stick represents a good specimen which I picked up some years ago. The four sides are all ornamented. On one there is a fish, on another a heart and shield, and the letters R. L., undoubtedly the initials of the giver or receiver, occupy the side opposite to that shown in the illustration.

W. M. EGGLESTONE, Stanhope.

RICHARD GRAINGER.

From our school register for 1806-8, I can correct or supplement the statement in the *Monthly Chronicle* about the connection of Richard Grainger with St. Andrew's School, Newcastle. He entered it in 1806, when his name appears thirtieth on the roll as "Richard Grainger, son of Thomas Grainger, porter." It stands eighteenth in 1807, and eighth in 1808, with no variation, except that his age (9) is given in the first year, and that in each the words "not free" are written against it. This implies

that he was *not* a free scholar, and as there is no addition "dead" in the columns of parents' names, his father was probably living in 1808. Richard Grainger left in 1809, when he was ten or eleven, and *not* in his fourteenth year, as the article in the *Monthly Chronicle* states. In the disbursements for 1809 there is the entry, "Paid Richard Grainger's apprentice fee, bound to Jno. Brown, £2 0 0." Of course, the forty shillings did not form part of Grainger's worldly fortune, as the article states. It was, no doubt, received by his master.

J. MOORE LISTER, Vicar of St. Andrew's.

JOHN BIRD, MATHEMATICIAN.

John Bird, a celebrated mathematical instrument maker in the last century, died March 31st, 1776, aged sixty-seven. He was brought up as a cloth-weaver in the county of Durham. What first led his thoughts to the art in which he afterwards so much excelled was his accidentally observing, in a clockmaker's shop, the coarse and irregular divisions of the minutes and seconds on a clock dial plate. He went to London in the year 1740, and began his career by dividing astronomical instruments both for Graham and Sisson, and afterwards carried on business in the Strand. His celebrated Greenwich quadrant was mounted February 16th, 1750. Another instrument was erected in the Oxford Observatory. His last work was the mural quadrant for the Ecole Militaire at Paris, with which D'Agelet and the two La Landes determined the declinations of 50,000 stars. In 1767, he received £500 from the Board of Longitude, on condition that he should take an apprenticeship, instruct other persons as required, and furnish, upon oath, descriptions and plates of his methods.

J. EPHGRAVE, Grangetown.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

POTTED HEED.

Two Ryhope men took a trip to Sunderland a few years ago, to see the monument to the late Mr. Candlish, M.P., which is placed on a pedestal of Shap granite. As they were returning, they were asked their opinion about the monument and what it was like. One of them said, "Wey, man, they've put poor Candlish on a block of potted heed!"

FLOATING PROPERTY.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, when there was a rush of prosperity in steam shipping property, a Northumbrian farmer was induced by some friends to invest a few hundreds in a North Shields Shipping Company. For a short time he shared in the large dividends that were then paid; but depression came, and for some months he heard nothing about his dividends. Having occasion to visit North Shields on business, he thought he would call at



the company's office and inquire about the money he made sure would be due to him. On entering the office, he mentioned his object, when he was informed that circulars had been sent out making a call upon him on account of his share in the steamers. When he reached home, he ordered his eldest son to get him his gun and ammunition—at the same time telling him of his loss. The son, after objecting to trust his irate father with so dangerous a weapon, at length yielded to the parental command, and the farmer, with the gun, &c., in his hands, deliberately proceeded upstairs to a back window which overlooked the duck pond. The son followed, apprehensive of some dreadful rashness on his father's part, which was intensified on hearing the report of the gun. Rushing into the room, he was amazed to find his father deliberately blazing away at the ducks in the pond, crying out at the same time, "Ne mair floatin' property for me! ne mair floatin' property for me!"

"QUACK!"

A local worthy, who was very desirous to have either a goose or a duck for his family's Christmas dinner, but was not provided with the wherewithal to buy either, rather than be disappointed repaired to a neighbouring farm in the early hours of the morning, and, effecting an entrance into one of the outhouses, secured a fine duck. He was hurrying away with the same through the yard gate, when the duck gave vent to its feelings with a "Quack, quack, quack!" Instantly the marauder, addressing his prize, said: "Had yor gob, ye fyul; ye needn't wauk—aa'll carry ye!"

A TYNESIDER'S FRENCH.

Two Newcastle youths were speaking about another young man, who was known to them only by repute, when one of them observed:—"Aa've hard it said that he can taak French just like English!" "Wey," returned his companion, "that's the way aa taak't it when aa wes at the Paris Exhibition, and nobody knaa'd what aa said!"

North-Country Obituaries.

The Rev. T. Broadbent, superintendent minister of the Shotley Bridge and Consett Wesleyan Circuit, died at Consett, on the 11th of December, 1889. The deceased had, for a number of years, acted as a missionary in the West Indies.

On the 11th December, the funeral took place at Preston Cemetery, North Shields, of Mr. Thomas Haswell, who had died a few days previously, and who for nearly half a century was head-master of the Royal Jubilee Schools in that town.

On the 12th of December, the death was announced of the Rev. Edward Bradley, vicar of Lenton, Grantham, who, as author of "Verdant Green," and other literary works, was better known under the pseudonym of Cuth-

bert Bede. Mr. Bradley, who was born in 1827, was an alumnus and graduate of Durham University, and to this



"CUTHBERT BEDE."

fact appears to have been attributable the adoption of his *nom de plume*. The portrait of Mr. Bradley is copied from a photograph by Messrs. Hill and Saunders, Cambridge.



MR. BRACEY R. WILSON.

On the 14th of December, Mr. Bracey Robert Wilson, who contributed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, over the signature of Robinson Crusoe, a series of interesting "Recollections of Sunderland Fifty Years Ago," died at Stonehaven, Scotland, at the age of 70. Mr. Wilson, who was formerly British Vice-Consul at Callao, had been for some years totally blind.

Mr. Christian Bruce Reid, of the Leazes Brewery, son of the late Mr. Christian Ker Reid, who founded the well-known goldsmith's business in Newcastle, died at his residence in that city, on the 16th of December, aged 85. The deceased was a Knight of Leopold, one of the oldest Freemen of the town, and one of the founders of Jesmond Church.

On the 17th of December, Mr. Joseph Spence, alderman of North Shields, died at Tynemouth in his 70th year. The deceased gentleman was a borough magistrate, a member of the Tynemouth Board of Guar-

dians, and had been Mayor of the borough of Tynemouth. He was one of the first members of the Tynemouth School Board, in connection with which he continued till the beginning of 1889. He was also for some time a member of the River Tyne Commission. At the last general election he was a candidate for the representation of Tynemouth in the House of Commons, but was defeated by Mr. R. S. Donkin. At the time of the Hartley Colliery explosion, Mr. Spence did good service in assisting to assuage the sorrows of the suffering. In conjunction with his



Alderman Joseph Spence.

brother, Mr. Alderman J. F. Spence, he was one of the founders of the Tynemouth Volunteer Life-Brigade, and he continued a member of the brigade until the time of his death. Mr. Spence took an active part in every philanthropic movement in connection with the borough of Tynemouth.

On the 18th of December, Mr. John Watson, postmaster of Easington, died there after a brief illness, at the age of 80 years.

Saturday, the 21st of December, was a melancholy day, in the death of several men more or less prominently connected with the North of England. A profound sensation of sorrow was aroused by the announcement of the death which had taken place that afternoon at Bournemouth of the Right Rev. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. (See page 81.)

On the same day died Mr. John Slack, an old and well-known bookseller in the city of Durham. He was a member of the Durham School Board, of the Board of Guardians, of the Framwellgate Moor School Board, and of the Durham Town Council. Mr. Slack was a native of Arkengarthdale, in the North Riding, and was 51 years of age.

Another death which took place on the same date was that of Mr. Edward Fletcher, of Osborne Avenue, Newcastle, who for many years had occupied the position of

locomotive superintendent in the works of the North-Eastern Railway Company at Gateshead. He had served his time at Messrs. Stephenson and Co.'s engineering establishment in Newcastle, and he was one of those employed in the construction of the "Rocket" engine, which in 1829 won the prize of 500 guineas in the famous competition at Liverpool. (See vol. iii., page 265.) Mr. Fletcher, who had entered upon his 83rd year, was a native of Netherwitton, Northumberland.

Mr. William Sheridan, who for the past forty years had filled the office of harbour master at Seaham Harbour, died there on the 21st of December, at the age of 74 years.

On the same day, at Hartlepool, and in the 35th year of his age, died Mr. E. Bailey Bourne, editor of the *Northern Evening Mail*.

Also, on the 21st of December, died, at the age of 70, Mr. Joseph Lee, of Haltwhistle, a well-known farmer, who, on the 17th, was overthrown by a bullock and severely injured in the Christmas Cattle Market at Newcastle.

The death took place on the 22nd of December, after a protracted illness, of Mr. George Wascoe, an alderman of the borough of Tynemouth. A somewhat remarkable incident in his life was that, in 1815, when he was employed in driving the stage coach between Shields and Newcastle, he was the first person to carry the news of the battle of Waterloo to the harbour borough. The deceased had attained the ripe age of 83 years.

On the 23rd of December, Mr. David Holsgrove, an old Sunderland worthy, died at his residence in that town, in his 91st year.

On Christmas Day, the Rev. Thomas Rudd, M.A., Rector of Hetton-le-Hole, died at the Rectory, aged 51. He graduated at London in 1869, and at Durham in 1884. He became Rector of Hetton-le-Hole in 1877, previous to which he was curate at St. Hilda's, South Shields, and afterwards at the Abbey Church, Hexham.

The Rev. George Strong, M.A., pastor of the Newport Road Presbyterian Church, Middlesbrough, died on the 27th of December, at the age of 35 years.

The funeral took place, on the 27th of December, at St. Asaph, North Wales, of Mr. James Young, a native of Durham, and formerly deputy-governor of Durham Gaol.

Mr. C. J. T. Poole, postmaster of Witton Park, was accidentally killed on the railway near that place, on the 28th of December.

On the same day, the Rev. James Hicks, formerly vicar of Piddle-Trenthide, Dorset, died at Alnwick, in the 80th year of his age.

On the 1st of January, 1890, the Rev. J. Elphinstone Elliot Bates, who from 1843 till 1880 was Rector of Whalton, died at his residence, Milbourne Hall, near Ponteland.

Joseph Sadler, ex-champion sculler of the world, died in Richmond Hospital on New Year's Day.

On the 4th of January, the remains of Mrs. Ann Lanchester, who had died at Bildershaw, near West Auckland, on the 31st of December, 1889, at the age of 107 years, were interred by the side of her husband, in Manfield churchyard. The old lady, whose husband died forty years ago, had been only four days in bed before her death. Mrs. Lanchester was born at Gallow Hill, Yorkshire, on May 29th, "Oak Apple Day," 1783. Her eldest surviving "child" is 80 years of age, and she had a great-grandson of twenty-five. She could see without

glasses, her "second sight" having come to her about eighteen years back. During the late harvest, she



MRS. ANN LANCHESTER, AGED 107 YEARS.

actually took part in the gleaning. She could not "abide doctors," and had travelled by train only three times in her life.

Mr. John George Donkin, eldest son of the late Dr. A. S. Donkin, of Newcastle, and grandson of the late Mr. Samuel Donkin, the celebrated North-Country auctioneer, came to a painful and melancholy end at Alnwick on the 4th of January. The deceased, who was a man of talent, was educated for the medical profession; but, being of a roving disposition, he could not be advised to settle down to work. Many years ago he went out to Spain, and saw a considerable amount of service in the Carlist war. Returning to England, he was not long in leaving the old country for Manitoba. Joining the North-West Mounted Police Force, he frequently contributed accounts of his experiences to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. When he returned home a few months ago, he wrote an interesting volume entitled "Trooper and Redskin in the Far North-West." The deceased was 37 years of age.

On the 4th of January, Mr. John George Wild, chief viewer of the East Hedleyhope Collieries, near Tow Law, died at that place.

Dr. Arthur Wood, of Kirbymoorside, who for the past thirteen years had been coroner for North Yorkshire, died on the 5th of January, at the age of 75 years.

Mr. J. F. Leather, of Middleton Hall, Northumberland, died there on the 7th of January. The deceased gentleman was a magistrate for the county, and succeeded to the Middleton estate on the death of his father, Mr. J. Towlerton Leather, in 1885. In 1886, Mr. Leather personally superintended the placing of a peal of three bells in Belford Church, which were dedicated to the memory of his late father.

On the 7th of January, the interment took place at Arno's Vale Cemetery, Bristol, of Mr. William Mack, who had died at Limpley Stoke, near Bath. The deceased was formerly a reporter on the *Newcastle Guardian*,

but left the North of England about forty years ago, entering upon business as a bookseller and publisher at Bristol. Mr. Mack was the originator and first publisher of the "Birthday Scripture Text Book."

On the 5th of January, Mr. T. M. Richardson, eldest son of the late Mr. T. M. Richardson ("Old T. M."), whose ability as a painter is familiar to all Novocastrians and to many lovers of art throughout the country, died at his residence, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, London. The younger Richardson, who was also well known as an artist, was closely approaching 80 years of age. He was a native of Newcastle, but had resided for a great number of years in London.

The death of Mr. Thomas Watson, many years chief manager of the Upper Teesdale mines at Langdon Beck, and a recognised authority on mining enterprise, was announced on the 9th of January. The deceased was a member of an old Wesleyan family in Weardale.

On the 8th of January, Mr. John Heskett, who for many years occupied a leading position among agriculturists in the North of England, died at Plumpton Hall, Penrith, at the age of 40 years.

Mr. John Hetherington, for many years master of the National Schools at Seaham Harbour, but afterwards a successful shipowner, also died on the 8th of January. Mr. Hetherington was about 74 years of age.

On the 9th of January, Mr. J. G. Brown, assistant surveyor under the Sunderland Corporation, died at his residence, in Peel Street, Bishopwearmouth. The deceased, who had been for many months incapacitated from following his occupation, owing to a painful malady, was a man of cultured tastes and literary ability, many of his contributions appearing regularly in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. He was best known for his biographies of local characters and descriptions of well-known North-Country scenes. Mr. Brown was born in Newcastle, but had been a resident in the neighbouring borough of



MR. J. G. BROWN.

Sunderland for nearly forty years.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1889.

11.—It was announced that the authorities of Durham University had resolved to establish a Chair of Agriculture in Newcastle College of Science.

—Foundation stones were laid of Salvation Army Barracks in Bath Lane, Newcastle, "General" Booth, the head of the organisation, conducting the proceedings.

12.—The sale of the Marquis of Londonderry's fat stock at Wynyard realised £4,293.

13.—Some sensation was caused by the discovery of a woman's hand on board the barque Picton Castle, at Middlesbrough, but on further investigation it was concluded that the incident was devoid of any criminal association.

15.—St. Aidan's Church, Elswick, Newcastle, was opened by Bishop Willerforce.

—Under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, Dr. Andrew Wilson lectured on "How and Why we Eat our Dinner."

16.—The Rev. John McNeill, of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, and generally known as the "Scottish Spurgeon," preached in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, and on the following evening in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A meeting in Mill Lane Board School, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Sunday Music League, decided in favour of Sunday band performances in the public parks and recreation grounds.

—The Earl of Durham's fat stock sale at Bowes House, near Fence Houses, produced £4,947 9s.

17.—Colonel H. S. Olcott, president of the Theosophical Society, lectured in Bath Lane Hall, Newcastle, on "Theosophy."

—At a meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, Dr. Bruce read an interesting paper as to the results of some recent archaeological discoveries on the estate of Mr. John Clayton, at the Chesters (Cilurnum), among the objects found having been a quantity of millstones, spearheads, and iron daggers.

19.—The Rev. John W. Oman, M.A., was ordained and inducted as colleague and successor to the Rev. W. Limont in the pastorate of Clayport Presbyterian Church, Alnwick.

—From the publication of the shipbuilding returns, it appeared that the Tyne, standing second to the Clyde, had produced 281,710 tons, or an increase of 68,000 tons over 1888. The Wear was third on the list, with 217,336 tons, or an increase of 74,000 tons.

20.—The annual general meeting of the Newcastle Art Union was held in the Bewick Club Rooms, Pilgrim Street, in that city. The report showed that the total amount subscribed had been £222, as against £181 in the previous year.

—Sir C. M. Palmer, M.P., presided at the annual dinner of the North of England Commercial Travellers' Association, in the Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. He advocated the establishment of a high court, with working men and employers as assessors, for the settlement of labour disputes.

—The second Exhibition of Toys contributed and collected by the members of the Dicky Bird Society, conducted by Uncle Toby in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, for distribution among poor and sick children, was opened in the Academy of Arts, Blackett Street, Newcastle. The total number of articles received was 13,500, or nearly double the quantity of last year. Mr. Davison again kindly granted the use of his rooms free of charge for the exhibition, and the shelves on which the toys were displayed extended over a length of 1,250 feet, or nearly a quarter of a mile. The inaugural address was given by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Bell), and speeches were also delivered by his Honour Judge Seymour, Q.C., LL.D. (first honorary captain of the

Dicky Bird Society), the Mayor of Gateshead (Mr. Alderman Lucas), Mr. W. D. Stephens, Mr. Alderman Youll, the Rev. Dr. Rutherford, Colonel Coulson, and the Rev. Canon Franklin. During the two days of the exhibition, constant streams of visitors passed in and out of the place. So great was the crowd on Saturday (the second day of the show) that large numbers had to go away disappointed. Altogether it was estimated that 30,000 persons visited the exhibition. The closing addresses were delivered on the evening of Saturday, the 21st, by Mr. W. D. Stephens and Mr. Alderman Barkas. The proceedings concluded with loud cheers for Uncle Toby.

21.—The Christmas pantomime of "Bluebeard" was publicly produced for the first time in the Theatre Royal, and that of "Babes in the Wood" in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

—The completion was announced of a series of mosaic decorations in the chancel of St. George's Church, Osborne Road, Newcastle, the cost having been defrayed by Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, the munificent founder of the edifice.

23.—It was announced that the Merrybent and Darlington Railway had been purchased by the North-Eastern Railway Company.

—Much damage was done by a fire which broke out at Mr. John Marshall's brass foundry, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.

24.—An official intimation was received of the acceptance by the Northumberland miners of an advance of 10 per cent. in wages offered by the masters, with a continuance of existing working arrangements.

—Considerable sensation was created by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Mr. James Anderson, one of the inspectors of the Tynemouth police force. His cap and walking-stick were found on the lower part of the New Quay, North Shields; and it was feared that he had been the victim of foul play.

25.—Fine and clear weather, without the slightest appearance of snow, prevailed on Christmas Day, and the holiday was observed in the customary manner.

—A miner named William Newton was shot through the eye by Michael McDermott, a companion, at Marley Hill. The injured man was removed to the Infirmary at Newcastle, where he died the same afternoon. The fire-arm was believed to have gone off accidentally, but McDermott gave himself up to the police. On being subsequently brought before the magistrates, however, he was discharged.

—At an early hour in the morning, the dead body of a woman named Elizabeth Taylor, about 50 years of age, was discovered in the back yard of a house in Hodgkin Street, Sunderland. The head was split open, and the brains were protruding, death having, in the opinion of the medical man who was summoned to the spot, been the result of considerable violence. No clue was found to the perpetrator of the outrage, and the coroner's jury eventually returned an open verdict.

26.—A summary was published of the will of M. Edward F. Boyd, of Moorhouse, Leamside, Durham, who died on the 31st of August, 1889, the personal estate being sworn at £42,883 2s. 7d.

27.—It was announced that within the past few days a new local institution had been opened in Newcastle in the form of a Soldiers' Home, in Ancrum Street, Spital Tongues.

—The corpse of Thomas Birkett, 65 years of age, and a pensioner of the North-Eastern Railway Company, was discovered in a single-roomed tenement at Carlisle, part of the face having been torn away and eaten by rats.

28.—The eight hours system of working was inaugurated at the Redheugh and Elswick works of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company.

29.—An eloquent funeral sermon on the late Bishop of Durham was preached by Dr. Lake, Dean of Durham, in Durham Cathedral.

30.—There were 39 prisoners for trial at Durham Sessions.

—It was reported that during the removal of the walls of the old Natural History Museum, in Westgate Road, Newcastle, there had been discovered the memorial-tablet which was affixed to the foundation stone. It was made of earthenware, and contained a description of the proceedings, with a list of the officers of the society. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. John Brandling), on the 5th of August, 1833. The interesting relic was presented by Mr. C. A. Harrison, C.E., to the Natural History Society.

31.—Mr. Raylton Dixon, J.P., D.L., of Gunnergate Hall, Middlesbrough, and ex-Mayor of that town, received a communication from the Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury, informing him that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon him. Sir Raylton Dixon is a native of Newcastle, where he was born in 1838. For portrait, &c., see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, pp. 110-112. Mr. Joseph Hickson, manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, another of the gentlemen on whom the honour of knighthood was conferred at the same time, is a native of Otterburn, in the county of Northumberland.

—An abstract was published of the will of the late Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. It stated that the library of his lordship was to be divided between the Selwyn Divinity School, Cambridge, and the library of the University of Durham. The proportion in which the distribution was to take place was left entirely in the hands of the executors, the Ven. Archdeacon Watkins, the Rev. G. R. Eden, and the Rev. J. R. Harmer. The bishop left all his public works and his MSS. to trustees for the benefit of the diocese, the profits therefrom to be used in such way as might seem best to them, the said trustees being the bishop for the time being of the diocese, the archdeacons for the time being, and others to be nominated by them, the first of these being the Rev. G. R. Eden and the Rev. J. R. Harmer.

JANUARY, 1890.

1.—The advent of the New Year was characterised by the usual demonstrations and interchange of good wishes. A feature of the watch-night services was a united meeting of members of the Jesmond Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and Baptist Churches, held in the last-named place of worship. The weather was remarkably open and mild.

—The large new wing added to the Sunderland Infirmary in memory of the late Mr. James Hartley, at one time member for the borough, was formally opened by Mr. Alderman Preston. The cost of the structure was between £14,000 and £15,000, the whole of which had been raised by voluntary subscriptions.

—Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P., presided at an Eis-

teddfod singing competition in the Town Hall, Middlesbrough, in aid of the funds of the Welsh Presbyterian Church.

—The annual show under the auspices of the Newcastle Terrier and Collie Club was held in the Corn Exchange, Newcastle, 368 dogs having been entered for competition.

3.—It was announced that the old established carpet factory of Messrs. Henderson and Co., Durham, had been purchased by a newly formed carpet syndicate.

—An advance of a penny per hour in their wages was conceded to the Quayside labourers in Newcastle.

—A good deal of damage was done by a fire which broke out on the premises of Messrs. A. S. Holmes and Co., Northern Counties Supply Stores, opposite the Town Hall, High Street, Stockton.

—Through the instrumentality of Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder, about 2,000 poor children were entertained to a substantial breakfast in the Bath Lane Hall, kindly granted by Dr. Rutherford.

—A circular was issued to the officials and workmen employed at the Tyne Dock Works of the Jarrow Chemical Company, intimating that the directors had, with much regret, come to the resolution to close the works at South Shields when they had completed their existing engagements and worked up their stocks in process of manufacture.

—A miner, named Albert Hendy, 25 years of age, was committed for trial by the Houghton-le-Spring magistrates on a charge of shooting Margaret Carr with a revolver, on the 2nd of December, 1889.

—A woman named Lilly McLarence Wilson, between 25 and 30 years of age, was found dead, with her throat cut, in a house, 4, Pine Street, Newcastle; and William Row, shoemaker, with whom she cohabited there, and with whom she had recently come from Manchester, shortly afterwards gave himself into custody on the charge of having perpetrated the deed. The coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Row, who is about 40 years of age, and the magistrates committed him for trial on the same charge.

4.—The Cleveland ironmasters' returns showed the total make of pig iron in the Cleveland district for the past year to have been 2,771,000 tons, which is the largest production on record.

5.—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., LL.D., Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, lectured on "The Conditions of Modern Warfare."

6.—At a meeting of the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, at Stockton, permission was given to the War Office authorities, through Colonel Stockley, R.E., to proceed with the erection of a battery of quick-firing guns on the South Gare Breakwater, for the defence of the Tees.

—A strike took place among the shipyard platers at Middlesbrough, but they subsequently accepted an advance of 1s. 4d. per week in their wages, and work was resumed next day.

—New Board Schools were opened in Westoe Road, South Shields. On the same day, new Board Schools were opened in Oxford Street, West Hartlepool.

—Mr. Gainford Bruce, Q.C., M.P., Chancellor of the County of Durham, commenced the sittings of the Durham Chancery Courts.

7.—It was reported that several cases of an epidemic disease, known as "Russian influenza," from the fact of

its having first appeared in Russia, had occurred in Newcastle and district. The disease subsequently spread almost all over the Northern Counties.

—Official declaration was made of the result of the triennial election of the Wallsend School Board, the poll being headed by the Rev. Girard Van Kippersluis, Roman Catholic. Of the nine members returned, only three had been connected with the old Board.

—James Thompson, aged 32, forge-roller, met with a shocking death, being accidentally crushed between the rollers at the rolling mills of Palmer & Co., Jarrow.

—Information was received which left little doubt that the steamship *Blagdon*, belonging to Messrs. Robert Bell & Co., Newcastle, and having a crew of 25 hands all told, had been lost on her passage between Reval and London.

8.—A new vessel, the *Wild Flower*, built for the petroleum trade, which was lying in the river Wear at Sunderland, took fire in consequence of a piece of red-hot iron falling into a mass of paraffin oil, which had escaped into the river. The *Wild Flower*, the *Deronda*, the *Douglas*, and a tug boat lying in close proximity were damaged by the flames, which covered a large part of the Wear. One of the crew of the *Wild Flower*, a man named John Thompson, was drowned, but two who plunged into the river succeeded in gaining the shore.

—It was discovered that a man named John Ridley, of North Road, Darlington, who had been poisoned by laudanum on the previous day, and who had been pronounced to be dead, was still alive. The coroner had actually been apprised of the death; but the man survived a few hours later.

—An advance of 5 per cent. on piece prices, and a proportionate increase on time work, took place in the wages of platers and riveters in shipyards on the Tyne and Wear.

—The brickworks of Mr. W. Hudspith, Haltwhistle, were destroyed by fire.

—At 9:30 p.m., a beautiful, bright-coloured, and clearly defined lunar rainbow was seen at the village of Lanchester.

9.—The body of Sophia Kohen (German governess in the household of Professor Garnett, principal of the College of Physical Science, Newcastle) whose mysterious disappearance about six weeks previously caused much sensation, was found in the river Tyne near the Elswick Works. The deceased lady was a native of Stuttgart, and was 23 years of age.

10.—It was announced that there had been brought to light in the course of the excavations being carried out at Holy Island Priory, an old well, 17 feet deep, and another curious pit of an oval shape, 2 feet 6 inches in depth.

—The old inn, known as the Jolly Beggars, at Warkworth, had recently been pulled down. While it was in course of demolition, an ancient parchment, relating to a sale of property in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, and bearing date 30th October, in the 25th year of the reign of Elizabeth, was discovered.

10.—The first installation of the public electric lighting was made in Newcastle by the Newcastle and District Electric Lighting Company. Several shops and other business establishments in Grainger Street and neighbourhood were illuminated by the new medium.

General Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1889.

10.—Mr. John Cameron Macdonald, manager of *The Times*, died at his residence, Waddon, Croydon, aged 67.

—A panic occurred at the Opera House, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., by a false alarm of fire being raised. Fifteen lives were lost, while a great many persons were severely injured.

12.—The employees of the South Metropolitan Gas Company went out on strike—in all, about 2,000.

13.—Information was received of a slaughter of exiles at Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, by Russian police and soldiers.

16.—The jury in the Cronin trial at Chicago, U.S., returned a verdict of guilty against Coughlin, Burke, and O'Sullivan, who were sentenced to imprisonment for life.

20.—A great fire occurred at Pesh, the German theatre in that city being completely destroyed.

23.—Brutal and disgraceful scenes took place at a prize fight between two pugilists named Slavin and Smith, at Bruges, Belgium.

24.—Dr. Charles Mackay, poet and journalist, died at his residence, Longridge Road, Earl's Court, London, in the 77th year of his age.

28.—The ex-Empress of Brazil died at Oporto.

29.—The steamship *Ovington*, belonging to the Tyne, came into collision with the steamer *Queen Victoria*, in the Clyde, and was sunk. Six lives were lost.

31.—A terrible fire took place at the West Ham Industrial School, London, where 26 children were suffocated.

During the latter part of this month the influenza epidemic which had been raging in Russia made its appearance in England. Many fatal cases occurred in London and various parts of the country.

JANUARY, 1890.

1.—The royal castle of Laeken, Belgium, was entirely destroyed by fire. One life was lost, and the art treasures were all consumed.

4.—A disastrous avalanche of snow fell at Sierra City, California, causing the loss of many lives.

7.—A waterspout occurred near Nanking, China, and drowned over a hundred people.

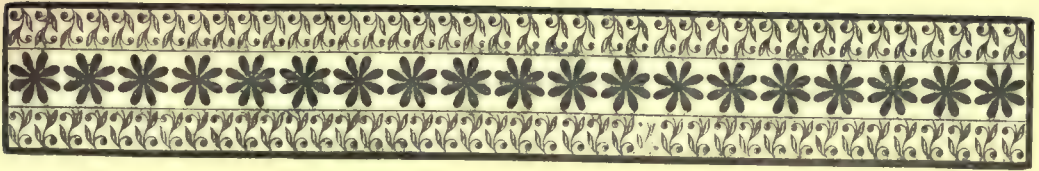
—The Dowager Empress Augusta of Germany died at Berlin, aged 79.

10.—News was published at Berlin that Lieutenant Von Gravenreuth, Major Wissmann's second in command, and two other German officers had been taken prisoners by Bwana Heri, an Arab chief who had lately been defeated by the Germans in East Africa.

—Fourteen men were drowned in a huge caisson while laying the foundations of a new bridge over the Ohio river, United States.

—Dr. John Joseph Ignatius Dollinger, historian and divine, died at Munich, aged 91.

—In reply to an ultimatum from England demanding the withdrawal of all Portuguese military or civilians, from territories declared to be under British protection in Central Africa, the Portuguese Government signified its intention to comply with the demand.



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The Derwentwater Insurrection.

Part III.—The Execution.



AMONG the captives taken at Preston were Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Nairn, and Charles Murray, as well as members of the ancient Northern families of Collingwood, Thornton, Shafto, Charlton, Riddell, Clavering, and Swinburne. The number of prisoners taken, of all kinds, was about 1,600.

On laying down their arms, the unhappy prisoners were confined in one of the churches. Here many of them were so much in want of decent clothing that they stripped the pews of their baize-linings to protect themselves from the severity of the weather. Six of their number were condemned to be shot by martial law, as holding commissions under the Government against which they had borne arms. A great number of the private rebels were banished to the plantations of America, the very fate the dread of which made the Highlanders so unwilling to enter England.

The Earl of Derwentwater, with upwards of two hundred other prisoners, was escorted to London, which was reached on the 9th of December. On the way, it is reported that Derwentwater inquired how he and his brother prisoners were likely to be disposed of. On being told, he rejoined that there was one house which would hold them all, and they had the best title to it of any people in Europe—that was the Bedlam Hospital! At Highgate, the cavalcade was met by a detachment of guards, commanded by Major-General Tatton. Upon entering the town, the arms of each prisoner were pinioned, and his horse was led by a foot soldier with

fixed bayonet. The captive lords and gentlemen rode two abreast, in four divisions, each of which was preceded by a party of horse with drawn swords, and the drums of the escort beat a triumphal march. At the head of the fourth division rode the Earl of Derwentwater and the other English noblemen, with a priest, accompanied by Mr. Forster and Patten, his chaplain. At the head of another division rode the Scottish lords and the chief of Mackintosh. A company of dragoons brought up the rear. Past St. Giles's Pound and St. Giles's Church, at that time still in the Fields, through Holborn to Newgate, and through the chief streets of the city to the more distant Tower, the cavalcade advanced, attended by crowds of persons, some mounted, others in coaches, but the bulk on foot, "so that the road," says a writer who describes this strange spectacle, "was scarcely passable, and the windows and balconies were filled by people." Lord Derwentwater, with the other noblemen, was conducted to the Tower; Charles Radcliffe, Forster, Mackintosh, and about seventy other prisoners were conveyed to Newgate; the rest were located in the Marshalsea and the Fleet.

When Parliament opened on January 9, 1716, Mr. Lechmere, an influential member of the House of Commons, after a long and vehement speech, in which he descanted upon the guilt of the insurgents, and the "many miraculous providences" which had baffled their designs, moved to impeach Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, and Nairn of high treason. No opposition was offered, and the impeachment was carried up to the Lords on the same day.

On February 9th, the noble prisoners were arraigned at Westminster. Lord Derwentwater pleaded guilty, acknowledged his guilt, and threw himself upon the king's mercy. He pleaded his youth and inexperience and various other palliating circumstances with which his case was attended—affirmed that his temper and inclination disposed him to live peaceably under his Majesty's Government, that he had never had any previous connection with any designs to subvert the reigning family, and that he took the first opportunity of submitting to the King's mercy; and concluded with a hope that their lordships would use their mediation for mercy on his behalf, which would lay him under the highest obligations of duty and affection to his Majesty, and perpetual gratitude to both Houses of Parliament. In spite of this appeal, however, he was condemned to suffer death as a traitor, according to its ancient barbarous form. The sentence was:—"You must be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead, for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out and burned before your face; then your head must be severed from your body, and your body divided into four quarters, and these must be at the king's disposal." Orders, however, were afterwards issued that he should be merely beheaded, and his body given up to his friends.

Great interest was exerted with the Court and both Houses of Parliament in behalf of the earl. Lady Derwentwater, accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton and other ladies of the first rank, was introduced into the king's bedchamber, where she humbly implored his clemency for her unfortunate husband. Appeals were made to the cupidity, as well as to the compassion, of his Majesty's ministers; and Sir Robert Walpole declared in the House of Commons that £60,000 had been offered to him if he would obtain the pardon of the earl. Several of the staunchest Whigs in the House of Commons, amongst others Sir Richard Steele, were inclined to mercy; but Walpole, though usually distinguished by personal lenity and forbearance, took the lead in urging measures of severity, and declared that he was "moved with indignation to see that there should be such unworthy members of this great body who can without blushing open their mouths in favour of rebels and paricides." The minister moved the adjournment of the House till the 1st of March, it being understood that the condemned noblemen would be executed in the interval; but he carried his motion only by a majority of seven.

In the Upper House, a still more effectual stand was made on the side of mercy. The Duke of Richmond, a near relative of Lord Derwentwater's, consented to present a petition in his favour, though he voted against it. But the Earl of Nottingham, President of the Council, who in former times had been a supporter of Tory principles, suddenly gave his support to the petition. This unexpected defection from the Ministerial ranks made the resistance of the Government unavailing, and an ad-

dress to the King for a reprieve for such of the condemned lords as should deserve his mercy was carried by a majority of five. This result astonished and alarmed the Ministers, who met in Council the same evening, and drew up the King's answer to the address, merely stating "that on this and all other occasions he would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown and the safety of his people." It was determined to comply with the opinion and feeling of the House of Lords so far as to respite the Earl of Carnwath and Lord Widdrington; but, to prevent any other interference, the three remaining peers were ordered for execution next morning. The same evening, however, Lord Nithsdale escaped out of the Tower; and thus the number of noble victims was finally reduced to two—Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure.

During the night preceding his execution the earl wrote a number of letters which, as his last work on earth, and his farewell to friends, may be fittingly reproduced here. The first is a letter to Lady Derwentwater:—

My Dearest Worldly Treasure,—I have sent you the enclosed, in which is contained all I know, but God knows I have as yet found little advantage by being a plain dealer, but, on the contrary, have always suffered for it, except by my sincerity to you, my dear, for which you made me as happy as this world can afford; and now I offer up the loss I am likely to have of you as a means to procure me eternal happiness, where I pray God we may meet after you have some years exercised your virtues, to the edification of all that know you. I have corrected a few faults in Croft's accounts, but I leave it to you to order everything as you please, for I am morally sure, with the grace of God, you will keep your promise. Somebody must take care of my poor brother Charles, to save him if possible. I will recommend him, however, by a few circular lines to my acquaintance. Lord Nithsdale has made his escape, upon which our unreasonable governor locked up the gates, and would not let me send the enclosed to you, and immediately locked us all up, though it was not eight of the clock, and could not be my fault, though it may prove my misfortune, by his management. If you do not think the enclosed signifies, make what use you will of it. Adieu, my dear, dear comfort!

The next is a letter addressed to Sir John Webb and his wife. It is as follows:—

The night before execution.
My dear Father and Mother,—By giving me your charming daughter you made me the happiest of men. For she loves me tenderly and constantly; she is honour itself, and has had my honour for this world very much at heart, but my happiness in the next is what has made her very vigilant to support all her misfortunes and mine. This morning we parted—my heart and hers were ready to break; but, thank God, we gave one another the best advice we could, and so in parting I offered up the loss of the greatest worldly treasure. I beg your pardon for having been the occasion of her unhappiness, but as you are both very good, I am persuaded you will think her dear soul in a good safe way; in short, she is virtue itself, and I all frailty who am, dear father and mother, your dutiful and loving son,
DERWENTWATER.

Execution day at 5 o'clock in the morning.
February 23rd [24th].

I wish your family, and all under your care, may do well, and that my poor little ones—being under my dear wife's management, and then if she fails, to Sir John—may follow the like good example, and be comfort to my dear, dear wife's friends.

There is another letter to Lady Derwentwater, apparently unfinished :—

My Dearest Worldly Treasure,—Take courage, and call upon God Almighty. Do not let any melancholy thought get the better of your virtues and your courage, which have been such an example to me. I deliver up my soul to God Almighty, and thus, through the merits of my dear Saviour's passion, I hope to obtain everlasting happiness. Tell Lord Scarborough, and Lord Lumley, and shew them this, by which as a man dying, I desire them to be true to their trust, by assisting you, my dear wife, or Sir John Webb, against anything that may happen to disturb the bringing up of my children in my religion, and after the way you or Sir John shall think fit. This service is in their power, and I do not doubt of their being true to their trust.

To his mother, who had then married Mr. James Rooke, her third husband, the earl wrote as follows :—

Dear Mother,—Within five hours of the time of execution I write these lines to ask your blessing ; to assure you that though I have not been brought up with you, I have all the natural love and duty that is owing to a mother, who has shown her tenderness particularly in my last misfortune, and it is in necessity that one should find one's friends. I thank God, I forgive my greatest enemies, recommending my soul to Almighty God. I hope, if you are inclined to think my religion the best, that you will consider one must not trifle with our Saviour, for fear of a surprise ; in short, I wish you as well as myself, and remain, dear, dear Mother, your dutiful son to the last moment.

JAMES DERWENTWATER.

I wish Mr. Rooke very well ; he is a man of great honour, and I hope you will bear with one another, as married people must make each other happy.

On the morning of the 24th February the victims were brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill. Lord Derwentwater was first conducted to the fatal spot. He was observed to turn very pale as he ascended the steps ; but his voice was firm, and his demeanour steady and composed. Having passed some time in prayer, he requested permission to read a paper which he had drawn up. This request being readily granted, he went to the rails of the scaffold, and read the following statement :—

Being in a few minutes to appear before the tribunal of God, where, though most unworthy, I hope to find mercy, which I have not found from men now in power, I have endeavoured to make my peace with his Divine Majesty, by most humbly begging pardon for all the sins of my life ; and I doubt not of a merciful forgiveness through the merits of the passion and death of my Saviour, Jesus Christ, for which end I earnestly desire the prayers of all good Christians. After this, I am to ask pardon of those whom I might have scandalised by pleading guilty at my trial. Such as were permitted to come to me told me that, having been undeniably in arms, pleading guilty was but the consequence of having submitted to mercy ; and many arguments were used to prove there was nothing of moment in so doing. But I am sensible that in this I have made bold with my loyalty, having never any other but King James the Third for my rightful and lawful sovereign. Him I had an inclination to serve from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I had to his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy. And though he had been of a different religion from mine, I should have done for him all that lay in my power, as my ancestors have done for his predecessors, being thereunto bound by the laws of God and man. Wherefore, if in this affair I have acted rashly, it ought not to affect the innocent. I intended to wrong nobody, but to serve my King and country, and that without self-interest, hoping by the example I gave, to have induced others to do their duty ; and God, who sees the secrets of my heart knows I speak truth. Some means have been proposed to me for

saving my life, which I looked upon as inconsistent with honour and conscience, and therefore I rejected them ; for with God's assistance I shall prefer any death to the doing a base unworthy action. I only wish now that the laying down my life might contribute to the service of my King and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of these kingdoms, without which no lasting peace or true happiness can attend them. Then I should indeed part with life even with pleasure. As it is, I can only pray that these blessings may be bestowed upon my dear country ; and since I can do no more, I beseech God to accept of my life as a small sacrifice towards it. I die a Roman Catholic, I am in perfect charity with all the world—I thank God for it—even with those of the present Government who are most instrumental in my death. I freely forgive such as ungenerously reported false things of me ; and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hand I commend my soul.

JAMES DERWENTWATER.

P.S.—If that Prince who now governs had given me my life, I should have thought myself obliged never more to have taken up arms against him.

After reading this paper, he turned to the block, and viewed it closely. Finding in it a rough place that might hurt his neck, he desired the executioner to chip it off. This being done, he prepared himself for the blow by taking off his coat and waistcoat ; and, fitting his head to the block, he told the executioner that, upon his repeating for the third time the sentence, “Dear Jesus, be merciful to me !” he was to perform his office. At these words, accordingly, the executioner raised his axe and severed the head from the body at one blow.

Thus died, in his twenty-eighth year, the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. In a few minutes afterwards, the equally unfortunate Earl of Kenmure submitted to the same violent death.

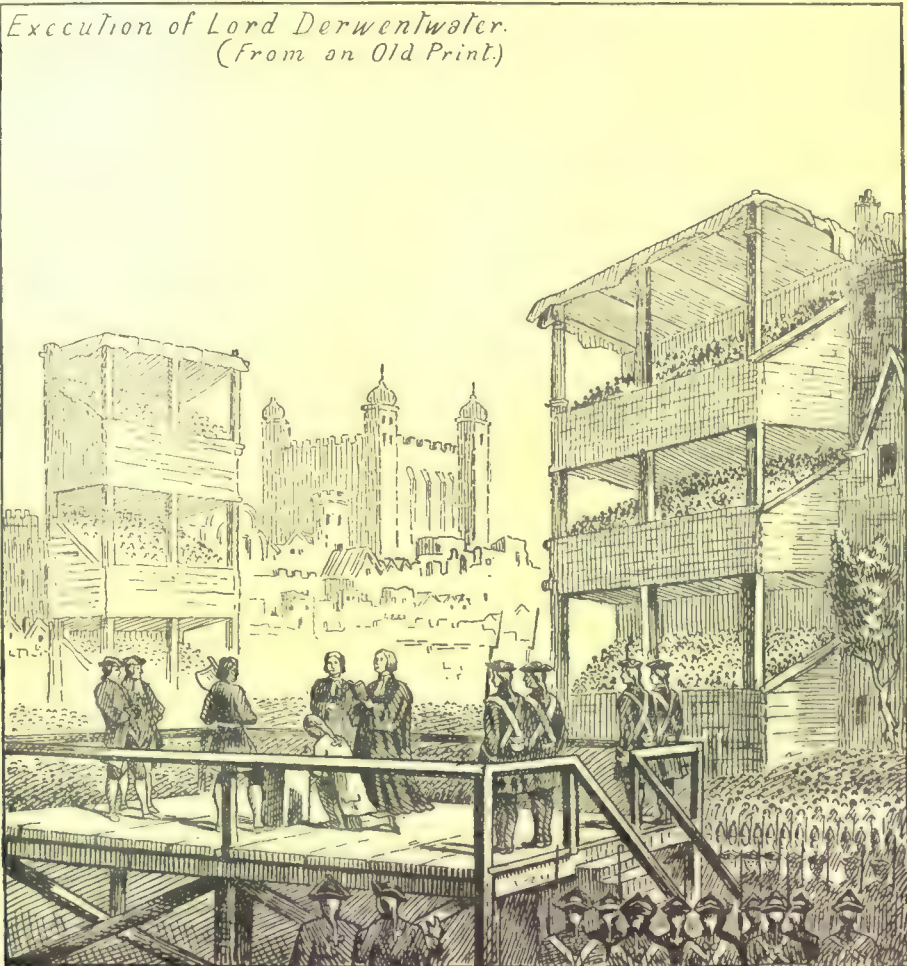
It was reported that, the evening before his execution, the Earl of Derwentwater sent for Mr. Roome, an undertaker, to give him directions regarding his funeral, and desired that a silver plate might be put upon his coffin, with an inscription importing that he died a sacrifice for his lawful sovereign ; but Mr. Roome hesitating to comply with the request, he was dismissed. This was the reason no hearse was provided at his execution. The earl's head was taken up by one of his servants, and put into a clean handkerchief, while the body was wrapped in black cloth, both being conveyed to the Tower. The name of this servant was Francis Wilson, who shortly afterwards came to reside at Nafferton, about five miles eastward from Dilston, on the opposite side of the Tyne, where he lived until about 1773. Wilson treasured with great care the handkerchief in which he wrapped the head of the earl and a pair of silver buckles which he wore. The remains were said to have been subsequently buried in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. It is not known whether a mock-funeral only took place, or the body was afterwards disinterred, but it is certain that it was carried into Northumberland, and deposited in the family vault at Dilston, where it was seen, in 1805, by a deputation from the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners. According to tradition, the remains were secretly conveyed to his

native county, the procession moving only by night, and resting by day in chapels dedicated to the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, where the funeral services of that church were performed, until the approach of night permitted the procession to resume its progress northward. The first place out of London at which the body rested was Dagenham Park, near Romford, in Essex, which Lady Derwentwater rented during her lord's imprisonment. At Ingatestone there was, many years ago, in an almshouse founded by Lord Petre's family, an old woman who had frequently heard from her mother that she assisted in sewing on the earl's head. Another servant of the earl, named Dunn, who drove the carriage with the remains from London to Dilston, afterwards resided and died at the Burnt House near Netherton. At Thorndon (Lord Petre's seat), there is an oaken chest with an inscription in brass, engraved by Lady Derwentwater's orders, containing Lord Derwentwater's dress which he wore on the scaffold—coat,

waistcoat, and small-clothes of black velvet; stockings that rolled over the knee; a wig of very fair hair, that fell down on each side of the breast; a part of his shirt, the neck having been cut away; the black serge that covered the scaffold; and also a piece which covered the block, stiff with blood, and with the marks of the axe in it.

The fate of the young nobleman excited very general commiseration, especially in the North of England, where he had been deservedly beloved for his amiable qualities. The large number of sympathetic ballads in existence shows that popular feeling was enlisted on his behalf. In his "Visits to Remarkable Places," William Howitt thus summarises the state of matters in Northumberland:—"The apparent cruelty of the Earl's execution led to his being esteemed in the light of a martyr; handkerchiefs steeped in his blood were preserved as sacred relics; and when the mansion-house was demolished, amid the regrets of the neighbourhood,

*Execution of Lord Derwentwater.
(From an Old Print.)*



there was great difficulty in obtaining hands to assist in a work of destruction which was considered almost sacrilegious. The ignorant peasantry, too, were not slow to receive the superstitious stories that were propagated; and often has the wandering rustic, beside the winter's hearth, listened to the fearful tale of how the spouts of Dilston Hall ran blood, and the very corn which was in the act of being ground came from the mill tinged with a sanguine hue on the day the earl was beheaded. The aurora borealis was observed to flash with unwonted brilliancy on that fatal night—an omen, it was said, of heaven's wrath; and to this day many of the country people know that meteor only by the name of 'Lord Derwentwater's Lights.'"

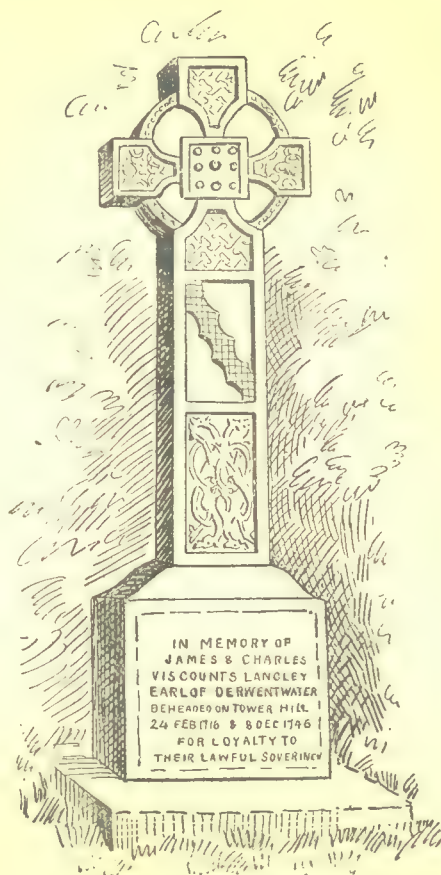
The body was interred at Dilston, after having been embalmed. The embalming process rendered it necessary to remove the heart, which, according to popular report, was placed in a casket and conveyed to Angers, in France. Here it was in the care of a body of English nuns. It afterwards was removed to the chapel of the Augustine nuns at Paris, where it remained until, during the turmoil of the French Revolution, it was taken from the niche in the wall in which it rested, and was buried in a neighbouring cemetery.

Lord Derwentwater left two children—a son and daughter. The latter, born in 1716, after her father's death, married, in 1732, Lord Petre. The son died in France at the age of nineteen, in consequence, it is said, of a fall from his horse. Lady Derwentwater died at the age of thirty, and was buried at Louvain.

Some time after the execution of Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure, several of the less distinguished leaders of the rebellion perished at Tyburn; amongst these, however, were not numbered Forster, Mackintosh, and Charles Radcliffe, who, as well as some other persons, effected their escape from Newgate. Charles Radcliffe, however, escaped only for a time the death to which he was condemned (May 8, 1716). He found an asylum in France, where he lived in a state of great indigence, and where, in 1724, he married Lady Charlotte Mary Livingstone, Countess of Newbrough in her own right. In 1733, and again in 1735, he paid a visit to England, and made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a pardon. At last, in 1745, his ardent spirit was roused to action by the attempt of Prince Charles Stuart to regain the throne of his ancestors. Accompanied by his son and several Scotch and Irish officers, he embarked on board a French ship-of-war, bound for the coast of Scotland, and fell into the hands of the Hanoverians. After lying a year in confinement, Charles Radcliffe was brought to the bar of the King's Bench, when the sentence which had been passed upon him thirty years before was again read to him. Radcliffe pleaded that he was a subject of France, and that he held a commission from the French king; but the court overruled the plea, and he was condemned to die. He perished on a scaffold on Tower Hill, on

the 8th of December, 1746, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

The estates of the Radcliffes were confiscated by the Government, and handed over to the authorities of Greenwich Hospital. Most of them have since been sold to private owners. Langley Castle and the land



around it were purchased by Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates, who erected near the castle a few years ago the memorial cross of which we give an engraving.

Turnip Husbandry.

By the late W. A. Alcalands Robson.

IF the tale of agricultural improvement could be told in any two syllables, it would be those which spell turnips. To ask a farmer now-a-days to farm without turnips, would be like asking the Israelites of old to make bricks without straw; and yet there was a time, and not so far back

in the history of this country, when turnips were as great a novelty as guano was in our own day. There were no turnips at no very remote period. Turnip husbandry is later than our first turnpike road. Let us learn from Macaulay what our fathers had to do and to do without in the days when there were no turnips:—

The rotation of crops was very imperfectly understood. It was known, indeed, that some vegetables lately introduced into our island, particularly the turnip, afforded excellent nutriment in winter to sheep and oxen; but it was not yet the practice to feed cattle in this manner. It was therefore by no means easy to keep them alive during the season when the grass is scanty. They were killed and salted in great numbers at the beginning of the cold weather; and, during several months, even the gentry tasted scarcely any fresh animal food, except game and river fish, which were consequently much more important articles in housekeeping than at present. It appears from the Northumberland Household Book that in the reign of Henry the Seventh fresh meat was never eaten even by the gentlemen attendant on a great Earl, except during the short interval between Midsummer and Michaelmas. But in the course of two centuries an improvement had taken place; and under Charles the Second it was not till the beginning of November that families laid in their stock of salt provisions, then called Martinmas beef.

What would we say if for only three instead of nine months of the year we had to go without fresh meat, nay, what if for only one single month? We cannot conceive the possibility of not being able to procure fresh beef and mutton either for love or money. The thing seems preposterous, and the idea incredible. But if in aught history is to be believed, this was the case in the reign of the Second Charles and for long afterwards. How long afterwards is more than I can say, and I am not disposed to hazard a conjecture. I have no wish to discredit my authority, and I am ready to admit that by the reign of Charles the Second the turnip had been introduced into this country. So had the potato in the reign of Elizabeth or that of James the First. But neither had become generally known. Sir Walter Scott tells us that in Scotland, so late as in 1745, the now all but universally grown potato was then all but totally unknown, and that the only esculent of the cottar was the kail or colewort which grew luxuriantly amidst nettles and national thistles. If the potato was so long in making its way, how long might not have been the turnip? It is one thing for a root or a plant to be known as a botanical curiosity, or even as being grown in gardens, and quite another to have it as the subject of cultivation as common husbandry. The fact is that the turnip as a root to be raised in the fields was unknown in this country until after the accession of the House of Hanover in 1714. The Marquis of Townshend was made Secretary of State at the accession of George I. in 1714, continued in office until the close of 1716, and resumed office again in 1721. Now George I., much to the dissatisfaction and disgust of the English people, was continually visiting and sojourning at the petty place from which he came. As far as might depend upon the king personally, Britain for half the year round was

ruled from Hanover. While at Herenhausen, the king had, as a matter of course, to be attended by an English Minister, and the Marquis of Townshend was the one who went oftenest abroad. It was in Hanover where the Marquis of Townshend first saw turnips growing in the fields, and from whence he introduced their cultivation into his own county of Norfolk. According to John Grey, of Dilston, no turnips grew on a Northumberland field until between the years 1760 and 1770, although they had been sown and reared in gardens for several years before.

When turnips were first introduced, there was a prejudice against them on account of their coming from Hanover. But I venture to say that the turnip was cheap to this country at the cost of all the wars which ever we were driven or drawn in to wage for German objects and German interests. What, indeed, has not turnip husbandry done for England? Why, practically, it has doubled our acreage and doubled the duration of our summer. Turnips are the raw material of beef and mutton. Turnips have made us for a very great part of the year independent of grass, and have enabled us to go on feeding the whole year round. How could the present population be found with animal food except by means of turnips? If that man is a benefactor to his species who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, what must the Marquis of Townshend have been to have found food for nations and generations? And yet the Marquis of Townshend is hardly so much as noticed in history for the introduction of turnips. What signify Ministerial intrigues and Parliamentary squabbles at this day? Half a line of Pope has made Townshend immortal—"All Townshend's turnips and all Grosvenor's mines."

We are apt to regard Christmas beef as something coeval with creation. There could not be any such thing as Christmas beef in the first quarter of the last century. We talk fondly of roast beef being true old English fare. We might rather have termed it rare old English fare, for our fathers only knew it from Midsummer to Martinmas.

But the good of turnip husbandry is not by any means confined to the production of beef and mutton. Turnips make manure, and manure makes corn. Turnips really and truly mean everything. Get but turnips, and all other things are added, or rather implied. The great value of guano and other portable manures is in enabling turnips to be grown. No man can tell how much turnip husbandry has not augmented our annual product of corn. Neither can any man measure how much turnip husbandry has increased, is increasing, and will increase our national wealth. If Grosvenor's mines had been as rich as those of Peru, they could not have done so much for England and the English people as Townshend's turnips.

Julia St. George.

BROAD CHARE, a thoroughfare running between the Quayside and the Cowgate, Newcastle, now almost entirely given over to commercial purposes, has the honour of being the birthplace of Julia St. George, a famous actress of the past generation. There is some romance about Julia's family history. Her father had been a lieutenant in the English army; but, becoming enamoured of the stage, he sold his commission, and, much against the wishes of his wife, became an actor. He was a native of Switzerland, having been born in Berne, whilst his father, who held a commission in the German Legion, was a Frenchman by birth, and his mother was a German lady. The mother of Miss St. George was born at Alnmouth, in Northumberland. When Julia was but seven months old her father died; and shortly afterwards her mother removed with her little family to No. 47, Blackett Street, where they resided for several years. Then they quitted that house for a picturesque old cottage near the Oatmeal Mill in Pandon Dene. The old cottage is depicted in the accompanying sketch. "Those were happy days," says Miss St. George in a letter to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1883; "for I had a sweet little garden within the palings that are shown in the picture." Julia received her education at the academy kept by Mr. Hay, at the corner of St. Mary's Place and Northumberland Street. Mr. Hay, who was one of the kindest of human beings, called upon the mother of the future actress and offered to educate her little girl free of charge.

The professional career of Miss St. George commenced when she was a mere child, and her first appearance before the public was at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, when the house was under the management of Mr. Penley. She represented a child's part in the lyrical drama of the "Soldier's Daughter," and the celebrated Mrs. Nesbit appeared in the piece. She next appeared on the same stage as Albert in "William Tell," with Mr. Sheridan Knowles. These data are important as entirely upsetting an old and romantic story that Miss St. George's talents were accidentally discovered by Mr. Ternan, another lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, who, it was said, whilst walking through the shady paths of Pandon Dene, heard her singing in her mother's cottage. Miss St. George's third appearance before the public was at the evening concerts of the Polytechnic Exhibition held in Newcastle in 1840. Two concerts, given under the auspices of the local Philharmonic Society, next brought the juvenile vocalist before the public, and it may be mentioned that Miss Clara Novello and Miss Birch were amongst the artistes who appeared at these entertainments. Afterwards came the

Saturday Night Concerts in the Lecture Room. The child would be about ten years old at this time, and no doubt she was small enough in stature to give some colour to the statement so often made that she was placed upon a chair in order that she might be seen whilst singing. The songs which brought her into greatest favour with the public at these entertainments were "The Banks of Allan Water" and "My Mother bids me Bind my Hair." An engagement with Mr. Ternan, at the Theatre Royal, was then procured for her and she appeared as the Duke of York in "Richard III.," and (with great success) as Prince Arthur in "King John." The wonderful talents as a vocalist which the little actress possessed were utilised for singing popular



Miss Julia St. George.

airs, such as "Meet me in the Willow Glen," &c., between the play and the after-piece. Under the kindly care of Mrs. Ternan, Miss St. George accompanied the company to Carlisle and Doncaster, and at the conclusion of short seasons in the two towns returned again to Newcastle.

Thoroughly launched, by this time, on a professional career, the young girl filled successful engagements in Liverpool, Dublin, and Edinburgh. In the last-named city she appeared at the Theatre Royal, then under the management of Mr. Murray, and by her splendid rendering of operatic and other ballads took the place by storm. So great was her success in this series of performances, that it procured her the offer of a London engagement at an unusually early period; and from Edinburgh she went to the metropolis, where she joined the company under the management of Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells Theatre. At first she appeared in the *soubrette* parts of the lighter pieces produced at that home of the legitimate drama; but Mr. Phelps quickly formed a high estimate of her talents, and, in allusion to her smallness of stature,

he was wont to say: "If I thought you would grow two inches taller, I'd come and sprinkle you with a watering-pot every morning." When "The Tempest" was brought out at "the Wells," the young actress was cast for the part of Ariel. The performance was Miss St. George's first real success in London. The critics were unanimous in its praise, and *The Times* and the *Athenæum* were especially emphatic in their commendations. From this time forward the Newcastle actress was an established favourite in the metropolis, and she made her home by the banks of the Thames. Her engagement with Mr. Phelps lasted for three seasons, and she only quitted the Sadler's Wells company to join that enlisted under the banner of Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris at the Lyceum, the fashionable theatre of the day.

The principal parts in burlesques, extravaganzas, operettas, and burlettas were allotted to her at this house, and under the fostering care of Madame Vestris she attained the zenith of her powers. For eight seasons this engagement lasted, and during the summer vacation of each year she regularly visited the provinces. She appeared in Newcastle in the course of one of her brief provincial tours, and the enthusiasm with which she was received during the performance has been described as something marvellous. Thoroughly mistress of her business as an actress, she imparted a charm and a brightness to her impersonations in operetta or extravaganza which the audiences found to be well-nigh irre-

sistible. One of the airs in which she made the strongest impression was Balfe's "We may be Happy yet."

At the close of her engagement at the Lyceum, Miss St. George joined the Olympic Company, which was under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan. Here she was associated with the memorable burlesque triumphs in which the great Robson figured so conspicuously, and in the "King of the Gold Mines," "The First Night," and "The Discreet Princess," she sustained the fame which she had won at the Lyceum. After an engagement extending over three years, Miss St. George closed her connection with Mr. Wigan's company, her intention being to undertake a tour as a public entertainer—a line of business in which Miss Priscilla Horton, Miss Emma Stanley, and others had earned much more money than could be obtained in theatrical companies. A musical and dramatic entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics"—written by Miss A. B. Edwards, the music by J. F. Duggan—brought her before the public in a new character, and she was again most successful. This was in 1856, and the enterprise was continued for about a couple of years.

But the fair entertainer found that the task of incessant travelling from town to town, combined with that of commanding the approval of her audiences single-handed, was more than her physical powers would bear, and so she relinquished the adventure. For nearly twenty years afterwards Miss St. George retained a high



Home of Julia St. George,
Pendon Deno Newcastle.

position in London and the provinces as a vocalist, actress, and elocutionist. Since her retirement from the stage, the accomplished actress whose name and fame are associated with Pandon Dene has lived tranquilly and quietly in London.

Cauldron Snout.

SOME ten miles from its source the river Tees expands into a kind of lake called the Weel, or Wield, whence it rushes over a rocky bed, and forms innumerable cascades. About a mile below the Weel is the cascade known as Cauldron Snout. Such is the force of the water there that it is asserted by some authorities a tremulous motion is communicated to the adjacent rocks. This is as wild and eerie a spot as is to be found in the county of Durham. Situate about a dozen miles from Middleton-in-Teesdale, and about the same distance from Appleby in Westmoreland, it is quite out of the beaten track of the tourist; indeed, few but ardent naturalists ever visit the spot, and then only for the rare entomological and botanical specimens that may be found in the district. The geologist will view with interest the Falcon Clints, a huge mass of greenstone on the left bank of the Tees, extending for some distance from the vicinity of Cauldron Snout. The only signs of human life near are some lead mines; all else is bleak moorland. Our sketch of the scenery around Cauldron Snout is copied from Allom's Views.

Charles and Eugene d'Albert.

EUGENE D'ALBERT (or, to give his full name, Eugene Francois Charles d'Albert), who was born in Glasgow, on Sunday, April 10, 1864, is the younger son of the late Charles Louis Napoleon d'Albert. The certificate of the birth and baptism of Eugene's father (which I have read myself) proves, beyond doubt, that Charles d'Albert was born at Nienstädt—a village near the Elbe, on the road between Hamburg and Blankenese—on February 25, 1809, and was baptised in the Roman Catholic Church there on June 20, 1810. From the same certificate we learn also that Charles d'Albert's father was a cavalry captain in the French Army, and that his mother, Chretienne Sophie Henriette, née Schultz, was a native of Hamburg. I have seen, too, a peculiar kind of coin, or medal, which bears on one side the head of Louis XV. of France, and on the other a prelate blessing a man and woman. Round the edge of the coin is engraved the names of Charles d'Albert's parents, married August 16, 1805.

Several years after this marriage, the mother and son migrated to England, where Madame d'Albert, by her accomplishments, gained a livelihood and educated her child. Although it is not known for certain at what time they settled in England, I have authority for stating that they arrived in this country before Charles was 19 years of age. The mother was a good musician, and the



Cauldron Snout.
Teesdale. Durham.

boy's first musical education in Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven was imparted by her. Whilst they were living in London, Charles d'Albert received lessons on the piano from Kalkbrenner, and several years after he became a pupil of Dr. Wesley in composition. He also learnt dancing at the King's Theatre, London, and at the Conservatoire in Paris. On his return to England from Paris, he became ballet master at the King's Theatre and



at Covent Garden. He soon relinquished these posts, and devoted himself to teaching dancing and composing dance music. He ultimately settled in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, in 1835, he published a work on "Ball-Room Etiquette." In 1863, he married Miss Annie Rowell—a lady who kept a school in North Street, Queen Square, Newcastle.

Mr. Charles d'Albert, who enjoyed great fame both as an excellent dancing master and as a composer of popular and graceful dance music, taught generation after generation of the bonnie lasses of the "canny toon" the Art of Terpsichore. His teaching connection was so large that he also went every year to Scotland to give lessons; and it was during one of his professional visits there with his wife that Eugene was born in Glasgow.

Mr. Chappel, the well-known London music publisher, stood godfather to Eugene. The boy, who lived with his parents in Leazes Terrace, Newcastle, at a very early age manifested a marvellous talent and love for music. One day—when Eugene was only a few years old—a lady friend called upon his parents, and sang to them some Christmas carols. After she had finished, the boy, to the great astonishment of those present, went straight to the pianoforte and played the same carols quite correctly, though he had heard them only once.

Eugene never cared for presents of toys or to play with other children, but was always to be found at the piano, or writing music on every scrap of paper he could lay hands upon. One day, when his mother said to him, "Eugene, I cannot give you any more money, because you spend it all on music and paper," the boy answered: "Mother, to me music is the same as bread; I cannot live without it."

Many years ago, his mother's cousin, Miss Mary Sopwith, of Tynemouth, showed me an overture in manuscript remarkably well written for a boy of eight years of age. Miss Sopwith told me that this was the first of the boy's innumerable "scribblings" which his father thought worth while to keep, and when he gave it to Miss Sopwith, he said:—"Take care of it. One day, when my son is a famed musician, it may be of interest to possess it." The overture, which is composed in E flat, and neatly written in pencil, bears the following inscription:—"Overture, composed and dedicated to Miss Mary Sopwith by her little cousin Eugy d'Albert (when eight years of age), April 3rd, 1873." That his father was not wrong in foreseeing the coming greatness of his little son we know now, when Eugene is "the central figure in the musical world," at the age of 26 years.

Eugene was never sent to school, but received his general education from his mother, who was also his first music teacher. Afterwards he had lessons from his father, who was a performer on the pianoforte and the violin, and from Mr. Marshall Bell, a much respected Newcastle musician, at present residing in London. He had also some lessons, whilst visiting London with his parents, from the well-known pianist and composer, Mr. Geo. H. Osborne, who, after having heard the boy play for the first time, informed Eugene's father that his son "would never be anything else but a musician."

In 1876, the National Training School for Music, the pioneer of the Royal College of Music, was opened. Among the pupils who commenced their career there was the young genius, Eugene d'Albert. He was then twelve years of age, and had gained, at the age of eleven years, a free scholarship in a public competition held in the Mechanics' Institute, Newcastle—one of three scholarships that had been founded by local subscriptions for residents in the county of Northumberland. Miss Louisa East, daughter of the late Rev. Rowland B. East, vicar of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, was also on the same occasion one of the successful competitors for a scholarship in singing.

Eugene commenced his studies under the following musicians:—Sir (then Mr.) Arthur Sullivan, the principal of the new school, for composition and instrumentation; Sir (then Dr.) John Stainer, for harmony and counterpoint; Mr. Ernst Pauer for pianoforte; and, later on, Mr. Ebenezer Prout for orchestration. The boy was most assiduous in his studies—once he wrote and scored a complete mass as a holiday task. His progress was so

satisfactory that, after a competitive examination among the pupils, he was elected to the Queen's Scholarship founded by her Majesty. He enjoyed the advantages of this until he left the school in 1881. He was then, on the recommendation of Sir Arthur Sullivan, nominated to the Mendelssohn's Scholarship. This, the most valuable prize in the United Kingdom, was founded in London in the year 1848, by way of commemorating the great musician whose death the world of music was then lamenting. Its object is to enable native musicians who have shown decided talents to continue their musical studies either in England or abroad, forwarding to the trustees, from time to time, fresh compositions. There is a stipend of about £90 per annum paid to the scholar. However, on account of non-compliance with the regulations, and at the request of young d'Albert himself, the trustees removed him at the end of the first year.

During the five years he was a scholar at the Training School in London, he was commanded twice to play before the Queen. He appeared for the first time in public as a composer at the Students' Concert, June 23, 1879, given before the Prince and Princess of Wales, in St. James's Hall, an overture by the youth for full orchestra being performed. The following year, whilst he was still a scholar at the Training School, he made his *debut* as a pianist, at the Monday Popular Concert in St. James's Hall, on Nov. 22, 1880, when he played "with taste and technical skill" Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and, together with Piatti, Beethoven's Sonata in A major, for piano and violoncello. His next public appearance in London as a pianist took place at the Crystal Palace Concert, on Saturday, February 5, 1881, when a most remarkable performance of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A excited the greatest enthusiasm. On March the 10th, the same year, he played again Schumann's Concerto at the Philharmonic Society's Concert; and, lastly, at the Monday Popular Concert, given on March 23, in St. James's Hall, he played Mozart's pianoforte trio in E major, in company with Joachim and Piatti.

When the great Vienna conductor, Hans Richter, was in London in the autumn of 1881, he was told by the late Dr. Francis Hueffer, the musical critic of *The Times*, that a young Englishman, Eugene d'Albert, unknown to fame as a composer, had written a pianoforte concerto. Richter expressed a wish to see the score. This was produced, and he quickly recognised its merits. No time was lost in turning theoretic admiration into practical assistance. The pianoforte composition in A minor, which was written when the composer was only sixteen years of age, was played by d'Albert, and received the place of honour in Richter's first concert of the season, October 24, 1881. D'Albert was loudly applauded after each movement, and three times recalled at the close.

After Mr. Charles d'Albert had made arrangements for his son to go to Vienna, Richter took the composer

and his work with him, to prepare for another triumph in the city of Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven. In Richter's home, where young d'Albert was treated as a son by the conductor and his wife, he spent the winter, and, early in the spring of 1882, he made his *debut* as a composer and pianist at a concert in Vienna. Shortly afterwards he returned under Richter's auspices to London, and played Rubenstein's Pianoforte Concerto, op. 70, in D minor, at Richter's Concert in St. James's Hall, May 3, 1882. Since that time d'Albert has never appeared in England, although he has been concert-touring in most European countries.

In the autumn of 1882, Eugene commenced his musical studies in Weimar under Liszt's directions, and soon became a favourite pupil of the abbé. During the time he was with Liszt, Eugene was often concert-touring, and entirely maintained himself. Strange to say, Eugene d'Albert bears a most striking facial resemblance to the great pianist Tausig, and this, combined with the youth's extraordinary technical skill, induced Liszt to call him "the young Tausig," or "the little Tausig." However, such freaks of nature are by no means uncommon in the musical world. Does not Rubenstein bear a great resemblance to Beethoven, and the great pianist Friedrich to Abbé Liszt?

The following is an extract from a sketch called "Some Pupils of Liszt," written by Mr. Albert Morris Bagby, an American, who studied with Liszt (1884) in Weimar:—

One sultry noonday in July, 1885, a small group of musical celebrities from Berlin stood hatless—having converted their head covering into temporary fans—in



the shade of a low, uneven row of ancient houses in the city of Weimar, and expectantly watched the nearest turn in the street. Just as the heat was pronounced insupportable, two well-known figures sauntered arm-in-arm around the corner—one the venerable form of Franz Liszt, his flowing white locks surmounted by an old-fashioned till hat, his shirt collar thrown open, revealing

a throat which rivalled in colour the high flush of his visage; and the other Eugen d'Albert, a short youth with a round face and small black eyes, whose heavy shock of dark brown hair fell about his face à la Liszt, and was topped by an artist's wide-brimmed slouch hat, the crown of which just brushed the master's shoulders. It was not the odd contrasting couple which so forcibly impressed all beholders alike; it was the two great men of genius walking side by side—a tottering old man with one foot already in his grave, and his pupil the younger by half a century and in the very spring-time of life; one, the greatest piano-virtuoso of any time, behind whom lay an unprecedentedly brilliant career for more than three score years; the other, though scarcely more than a lad, the most famous musical artist of his generation, with a future of unlimited possibilities just opening up for him. Little d'Albert had only three years ago severed his leading strings, and now, with half Europe at his feet, the central figure in the musical world that his genius had conquered, he had returned to the guide and counsellor of his student days at Weimar. The two exchanged greetings with the gentlemen who had come—with d'Albert—on a twenty-four hours' visit to the city, and then they crossed the stony way in a body to the cooler shade of Chenelius's restaurant garden to partake of a dinner in Liszt's honour.

Several circumstances had occurred which I have no authority to publish here—but which, if known, would at least explain young d'Albert's change of feeling towards the country which gave him birth—and, also why he was indiscreet enough, whilst in Munich, to publish the following letter in the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* of Cologne on March 15, 1884:—

Much honoured Mr. Editor,—A short time ago I received a copy of your excellent paper containing a sketch of my life. Permit me to correct a few errors I find therein. Above all things, I scorn the title of "English pianist." Unfortunately, I studied for a considerable period in that land of fogs, but during that time I learnt absolutely nothing; indeed, had I remained there much longer, I should have gone to utter ruin. You are consequently wrong in stating in your article that the Englishmen mentioned were my "teachers." From them I learnt nothing, and, indeed, no one could learn anything properly from them. I have to thank my father, Hans Richter, and Franz Liszt for everything. It is my decided opinion, moreover, that the system of general musical instruction in England is such that any talent following its rules must become fruitless. Only since I left that barbarous land have I begun to live. And I live now for the unique, true, glorious German art.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

This letter created quite a storm among English musicians, and many articles on the subject appeared in different papers. When, therefore, on June 5, 1885, Hans Richter introduced, for the first time in England, an overture, "Hölderlin's Hyperon," composed by Eugene d'Albert, the overture was received in such a manner as could only be expected when the composer had distinguished himself in so unhappy a manner; and there is not much hope of its revival in this country.

However, nothing daunted, Richter introduced in the following year, at his concert on May 24, 1885, another of d'Albert's compositions, a symphony, in four parts, op. 4, in F major. Although the symphony was far too long (for it lasted 50 minutes), and the English critics found the composer "more German than even the Germans," so remarkable was the work—"remarkable for earnestness of purpose, skill in treatment of subjects, but especially

for clearness, effectiveness, and often entire originality of orchestration" (vide *Musical Standard*, May 29, 1886)—that even d'Albert's antagonists were compelled to acknowledge that it was a work of a most highly-gifted musician. At the close, Richter, the staunch friend of d'Albert, was recalled several times. Alas! two days after the young composer's triumph—Eugene was not in England at that time—death robbed him of his father, of whom he was passionately fond.

Of Eugene's capacity as a pianist, Von Bulow has said:—"There are but three great pianists in the world—Rubenstein, myself, and d'Albert; but the last is yet young, and bids fair to surpass us all."

In 1884, at the age of twenty, Eugene d'Albert married at Heligoland, Fraulein Louise Salingré, an actress of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Weimar. Owing entirely to his successful concert-tourings, d'Albert lives now in affluent circumstances at the small picturesque town of Eisenach, in his own magnificent house, Villa d'Albert. The house commands a charming view of the Castle of Warburg—an edifice abounding in interesting reminiscences. It was here the Minnesänger (the minstrels of Germany) assembled in 1207 to test their skill—the famous "Sängerkrieg"; here also resided St. Elizabeth, who died in 1231; and it was here that Martin Luther lived from May 4, 1521, to March 6, 1522, disguised as a young nobleman—Junker George—whilst he was devoting himself to his translation of the Bible.

Eugene d'Albert, who has become a vegetarian, is now on a tour in the United States, along with the Spanish violinist, Pablo Sarasate.

There is in Mrs. Charles d'Albert's possession a letter dated Versailles, Dec. 6th, 1849, written by J. V. Voisin, a cousin of her husband's, in which the writer says:—"I love to recall to my memory the little Charles, when he was six years of age, because he was so well brought up, and showed such excellent heart." The writer also rejoices to see that the musical talents Charles showed as a child had borne fruit, and that his compositions were well received. It is evident that Eugene has inherited his musical talents from his father's side, for even Charles d'Albert's mother was an accomplished musician.

It was in 1845 that Mr. Chappel commenced to publish in London Charles d'Albert's dance music, and he continued to do so until the composer's death. Space forbids me here to give a list of the innumerable dances written by the elder d'Albert. Perhaps the most popular of them was the "Sultan Polka," which carried his fame all over Europe. When M. d'Albert first settled in Newcastle, he used to give every year a splendid ball in the Assembly Rooms, which was attended by most of the fashionable people of Newcastle and neighbourhood. Later on, these balls changed into matinées, where only his pupils used to dance.

After having lived in Newcastle for more than forty

years, Charles d'Albert settled in London in 1876, in order to be near his son during his musical studies. There he died after a long and painful illness, on May 26th, 1886, in the 78th year of his age, and was interred in Kensal Green Cemetery on May 31st. His widow, to whom I am greatly indebted for much information contained in this sketch of her husband and son, lives in London, when she is not visiting her illustrious son Eugene in Germany; her stepson, Charles d'Albert, who is married and settled in France; or her relatives on the "coally Tyne."

HILDEGARD WERNER.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BLOW THE WINDS, I-HO.

THIS Northumbrian ballad is of great antiquity, and bears a considerable resemblance to "The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy," inserted in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." It was first printed in Robert Bell's "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," from a broadside, where the title and chorus are given "Blow the Winds, I-O," a form common to many ballads and songs, but only to those of great antiquity. Chappell, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," has an example as old as 1698:—

Here's a health to jolly Bacchus,
I-ho, I-ho, I-ho!

And in another well-known catch, still current in the North of England the same form appears:—

A pye sat on a pear-tree,
I-ho, I-ho, I-ho!

"I-o," or, as we give it in these lyrics, "I-ho," was an ancient form of exclamation or triumph on joyful occasions and anniversaries, and a common part of the chorus of old ballads and songs. For instance, "Tally, I-o," and "Canady, I-o." And we find it with slight variations in different languages. In the Gothic, for example, *Iola* signifies to make merry. It has been supposed by some etymologists that the word "Yule" is a corruption of "I-o."

The copy of the tune given here is from the collection of the late James Telfer, schoolmaster, poet, and antiquary, of Saughtree, Liddesdale, now in the archives of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle.

Sixty or seventy years ago the song was current in North Northumberland, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire, and a writer on "Local Songs and Song-Writers," in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, states that he has heard it sung repeatedly by a retired Merse farmer, the late Mr. John Waldie, of Gordon, with great gusto. Mr. Waldie,

however, had adopted a different chorus, which ran thus:—

Sing fal de dawdie, fal de day!
Fal de dawdie, fal de day!
Fal de dawdie, fal de day!
Hey, umptie dowdy!

This, the writer says, had a good effect, being sung with an increasing volume of voice, each succeeding line, till the last—that is, three lines "crescendo," and last diminuendo.



There was a shep-herd's son, He kept



sheep on yon-der hill; He laid his pipe and his



crook a-side, and there he slept his fill.



And blow the winds, I-ho! I-ho! Sing



blow the winds I-ho! Clear a-way the



morn-ing dew, and blow the winds, I-ho!

He looked east, he looked west,
He took another look;
And there he spied a lady gay,
Was dipping in a brook.

She said, "Sir, don't touch my mantle,
Come let my clothes alone;
I will give you as much money
As you can carry home."

"I will not touch your mantle,
I'll let your clothes alone,
I'll take you out the water clear,
My dear, to be my own."

He did not touch her mantle,
He let her clothes alone;
But he took her from the clear water,
And all to be his own.

He set her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another;
And there they rode along the road,
Like sister and like brother.

And when they came to her father's gate,
She pulled at a ring;
And ready was the proud portèr
For to let the lady in.

And when the gates were opened,
This lady jumped in;
She says, "You are a fool without,
And I'm a maid within."

"Good morrow to you, modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
If you had been what you should have been,
I would not have left you there."

"There's a horse in my father's stable,
He stands behind the thorn;
He shakes his head above the trough,
But dares not pric the corn.

"There's a bird in my father's flock,
A double comb he wears;
He flaps his wing and crows full loud,
But a capon's crest he bears.

"There is a flower in my father's garden,
They call it Marygold;
The fool that will not when he may,
He shall not when he wold."

Said the shepherd's son, as he doft his shoon,
"My feet they shall run bare;
But if ever I meet another maid,
I rede that maid beware."

Cuckoo Jack.

DURING the last generation, Newcastle, and the waterside district in particular, was wonderfully prolific in "characters." Most of these were well known by popular nicknames, while, in many cases, the actual names given them by their godfathers and godmothers were not easy to trace. Some of these individuals were merely "eccentrics," with peculiar and, generally, harmless characteristics, that caused them to be well known and sometimes notorious. Others, again, displayed special powers of mind or body, along with certain distinguishing whimsicalities, by which they gradually attained a popularity more or less remarkable and worthy of admiration.

Such a "character" was John Wilson, well and widely known as "Cuckoo Jack," and still well remembered for his peculiar powers upon the Tyne. His father was a clock cleaner and mender, and occasionally repaired "cuckoo clocks," then a great novelty; and from this the son bore the nickname "Cuckoo" pretty well during the whole of his life, although it had absolutely no manner of reference to the incidents by which he attained a considerable notoriety. He was born in the year 1792, and died on the 2nd of December, 1860, at the age of 68. He lived during the whole of his life, and died, on Sandgate Shore, in Petrie's Entry, closely adjoining the well-known Jack Tar public-house. Both house and entry have been improved out of existence now for a considerable period, but they were situated about midway between the Milk Market and the Swirle, and between Sandgate and the Folly.* (See page 112.)

Jack was a thoroughgoing Tyne waterman, native and to the manner born, and accustomed to the use of boats all his life. In the exercise of his vocation, and by dint of industry, care, and personal observation, he by degrees acquired the most intimate and unrivalled knowledge of

the river—the ebb and flow of its tides, its currents, bends, shoals, holes, sandbanks, and other peculiarities, so that he was enabled to calculate all these effects, one upon the other, with the greatest nicety and correctness. In consequence, he became a most expert hand at hooking up any and every kind of article that had found its way to the bed of the Tyne; but, in a special way, he was thus enabled to pick up the bodies of the dead or drowning under almost any circumstances with the most wonderful skill and dexterity. This, of course, was prior to the commencement of dredging operations, by which the Tyne at Newcastle, at all times of the tide, has now deep water, accommodating large craft, from quay to quay. Half a century ago, however, the river was a shallow stream, excepting at high water, with sandbanks all the way from Newcastle to Shields; and men now only past middle age can remember walking, at low water, half-way across the bed of the stream, opposite the Jack Tar, on Sandgate Shore; where Cuckoo Jack kept his boats, letting them out for hire at 6d. an hour. Jack's wonderful knowledge of the river, under these conditions, had no equal among the numerous pilots and other watermen, so that his services were in great request, at all times, to find the bodies of the drowned, along the whole of its tidal course from Newcastle to the Narrows; and it is not stated that he was ever known to fail when he was told where the person had fallen in and when, so that he could ascertain the particular circumstances of place and tide.

Jack's wife was named Bella or Isabella. The pair had four children, three sons and one daughter—James, Ralph, Margaret, and William—all of whom were born in the old house. James died about the year 1848, when somewhere near thirty years of age. It was he who, when only a boy, and in the boat with his father on a bright moonlight night, looking in the water, asked, "What's that, daddy?" Being told it was the "meun," and knowing his father's skill, he at once said, "Heuk the meun, daddy!" a remark long quoted on the water side, with sundry unnecessary additions. Jimmy, as a young man, was also well known among the juvenile scamps on the quay as "Young Cuckoo Jack," and is mentioned in one of Ned Corvan's songs:—

Bowld Sandy Bowes—young Cuckoo Jack,
They shout as suen's ye torn yor back,
"How! where are ye gawn o' Sunday?"

It is to Ralph we are indebted for being able to present the reader with the portrait of his father, from a photograph taken many years ago, which is described to be "the spittin' image" of the redoubtable Jack.

Ralph, who is still a hard-working man on the Quay, states, distinctly, that the fee regularly paid by the Corporation for recovering a dead body from the river was ten shillings above Bill Point, and fifteen shillings between the point and the bar. This payment ceased on the part of the Corporation many years ago, but he had the pleasure of receiving the last fee—for

* For the view of the Jack Tar we are much indebted to the artist of "Vestiges of Old Newcastle and Gateshead" (Mr. W. H. Knowles), who has obligingly loaned us the engraving.

picking up the body of a captain of a Yarmouth vessel at Pelaw Main. It would appear there was never any ground for the statements that a less fee was paid for finding a body above bridge, and more when picked up below that structure; and especially was there no truth in the oft-repeated story that more was paid for recovering a dead body than for saving a drowning person from a watery grave. And here it is only bare justice to the memory of Cuckoo Jack to at once give a direct contradiction to the well-garnished tales, told with great gusto and apparent correctness of detail, that Jack not only preferred to find the dead rather than save the living, but also, that he was guilty of absolutely allowing a person, struggling in the water, to drown, in order that he might be able to pick up the corpse. It is, therefore, fair to say there is no proof or confirmation of the story that on one occasion, while Jack was sitting in a tavern on the Quayside, with his grappling irons beside him, having just knocked off work, a man rushed in shouting, "Jack, there's a man overboard! Ho'way wi' yor irons." "Hoots man," Jack is reported to have coolly remarked, "let him droon; aa git mair for a deddie nor aa de for a livie!" Men still living, who knew Jack well, declare this is a pure invention.

One who knew Jack well, and had lived "within twenty yards of him," relates the following:—"Between thirty and forty years ago, a friend and I were grappling for the body of a man who had been drowned beside Messrs. L. C. Johnston and Co.'s cement works. Whilst we were busy Jack appeared upon the scene. After asking when and where the man had been drowned, he said: 'Thoo'll nivvor find him thor.' He then made for the Mushroom Quay, which is some distance from the cement works (and on the other side of the river), and in a short while he came back with the body of the drowned man in his boat."

Another story to the same effect, showing Jack's wonderfully exact knowledge of the river and all its influencing agencies, is told by another writer:—"A sailor had fallen overboard from his ship, and was drowned. His friends came to Jack to see if he could recover the body for them, the captain of the ship promising to reward him with £5. After asking the time of the accident, Jack pulled down the river to where some ships were lying moored to a buoy. Here he asked the sailors on board to haul in their cables as tightly as possible, as he expected to find a dead body among them. Sure enough, when that was done, the body was found entangled amongst the ropes."

Jack generally worked alone, or with the sole assistance of one of his own sons, so that there was no possible partnership in any contingent profits. This latter would be his motive, probably, in the following story:—A case of drowning had taken place at the Quayside, and four or five young men were in a boat with Jack, who was using his grappling irons. After a little while he said, "Noo

get oot, aall on ye; aa want nowt wi ye!" A minute afterwards he raised the body to the surface, and hauled it into the boat himself.

It is stated that a considerable sum of money was to be paid to Jack when he had recovered two hundred bodies from the river. Jack's son Ralph says he understood this to be a fact, but who the generous donor was to be he never knew. His father did not score that number, however, although he appeared to have always kept a careful account; but what figure he actually reached Ralph cannot say. Ned Corvan, he thinks, appears to come pretty near the mark in his song on "The Deeth o' Cuckoo Jack," when he says:—

Pull away, lads; pull away, lads, aa've hewed him;
This chep myeks a hundred and seventy-nine
Deed bodies aa've fund i' the Coally Tyne.

Apart from his well-known and unrivalled skill in picking up the living and the dead, John Wilson was a most industrious man—at all times busy among his boats or on the river. Now, and since the Tyne Improvement Commission assumed jurisdiction over the river, in 1850, it has been illegal to appropriate any floating article, or anything found in the bed of the river. According to clause 99 of the code of the Commissioners' bye-laws, "Every person finding any timber or other article in the river shall immediately report the fact, with full particulars, at the nearest river police station," under a penalty of £5. But during Jack's time no such rule was in operation, and for many years he undoubtedly made a very good living out of the thousand and one miscellaneous articles he "heuked" up, or found floating ownerless, from a bucket to a boat. He had a small yard for storage purposes, and almost daily additions were made, of the most miscellaneous character, to his stock.

Mr. Richard Jessop and Jack's son, Ralph, have each described to me the ingenious tools designed and made for the work by Jack, in addition to the large grappling irons used for recovering bodies. He had hooks of all kinds, and two and three or more pronged forks, curved, with fine netting between, so that the smallest articles, and coins even, were picked up with the greatest certainty, and from any depth. Screws, also, were attached to the end of long poles, and once even a pig of lead was neatly drawn to the surface, and hauled into the boat. Ralph says that his father once recovered a whole cargo of iron articles that had been sunk in the Narrows, near the mouth of the river.

Next in interest to stories of Jack's skill in picking up the dead and drowning, are perhaps the many well known accounts of the neatness and precision with which articles of considerable value, that had been accidentally lost, were recovered by the use of his ingenious tools, added to his wonderful knowledge of the river already described. Ralph says they "got a lot of watches, first and last." Of the several versions of the French captain's watch, lost overboard,

that reported in the *Weekly Chronicle*, a short time ago, from the pen of Mr. Fred. Walker, appears to come as near the truth as possible. Ralph treats it contemptuously, as "like eneuf," but not "worth botherin' about!" Mr. Walker says:—"Jack was sought by a French captain to grapple for a valuable watch that had just been dropped overboard. Jack struck a bargain by which he was to receive a sovereign if successful. Having been informed of the spot where the watch was lost, he threw his irons over, and speedily drew it up. The delighted captain stretched out his hand for his property, but Cuckoo shook his head, and refused to part with it till

and then asked to look at the watch, to be sure that it had not been damaged. He then dropped it into the river again, and gave the money back to the captain, saying, "here's a half-sovereign for ye to get it oot again yorsel." He is then said to have left the ship, and would not on any account go back again. But Jack was not a likely man to unnecessarily part with money, and neglect the chance of a job when it was held out to him; unless it were that the bright idea had struck him that he might go and pick up the watch for himself when its late owner had sailed.

Here is another story of Jack's deftness:—Two appren-



tices on board the *Cicero*, a well-known trader between Newcastle and London, belonging to Messrs. Clarke and Dunn, wharfingers, having just been paid their wages, quarrelled

the 'brass' was handed over. The captain offered him a half-sovereign. Jack swore. 'But,' said the Frenchman, 'you haf had no trooble whatever. One half-sovereign is quite enough, sar.' 'What!' roared Jack, 'then owerbord she gans again. Noo,' he added, as he flung the watch back into the stream, 'find hor yorsel.' Monsieur expostulated and fumed, but to no purpose, and at last promised Jack the sovereign to recover the watch. But he put on the *coup* by demanding two pounds this time, to which the greedy captain had to agree. Jack cleverly hauled up the watch again, received the reward, and went away chuckling at the exasperated Frenchman." Another version of the same incident is to the effect that Jack took the half-sovereign,

over the division, and the whole amount, £1 4s., dropped into the river. The coins were a sovereign and four separate shillings. Jack was sent for, and picked up every coin directly. On being asked to confirm this incident, Ralph replied, "Aye, sartinlees, we had tools of aall kinds."

Ralph himself modestly tells the following:—A foreign captain, whose ship was lying in the tiers, alongside the quay, was going ashore with a biggish bag in his hand, tied with a piece of string, and containing £40 in silver, which he was taking to the bank. He stumbled and lost the bag overboard, and was naturally much agitated. A custom-house officer, who was standing by, went for Jack, and £2 was offered if he recovered the treasure. "We

heuked it up clivvorly, at the fowerth try, by the string," said Ralph. "And what about the two pounds this time?" "Oh! he paid it wivoot a grudge. But we didn't knaa till effor that there was se much money in the bag."

Although generally good at driving a bargain under most circumstances, Jack was not specially bright when figures or amounts got a little advanced, or mixed, and fun was made occasionally at his expense. Mr. Michael Hayhurst, of Sunderland, writing to the *Weekly Chronicle*, describes a personal incident of this kind. He says:—"When I was a young man, Cuckoo Jack lent boats out at sixpence per hour. He had one boat that I and four other young fellows used to engage on Saturday afternoons, and sometimes on Sundays. The five of us saved up as much money as Jack asked for it, which was fifty shillings. One Saturday afternoon one of our party had to go to Jack and ask him if he would take any less. He refused. Afterwards, we went to him and said: 'We've made up our minds to give you the £2 10s.' Thereupon Jack replied, 'Aa winnet tyek a farden less than fifty shillings.' And it would probably have taken more time to explain the mystery than Jack would spend at another time in picking up a drowning man from the depths of coally Tyne."

Droll stories are also told with reference to Jack's appetite, which appeared to have been a very convenient one. Mr. F. Walker lately told the following in the *Weekly Chronicle*:—"One day Jack secured a job which he had to be at by four o'clock the next morning, on account of the tide. While getting his supper the night before he asked his spouse—"Noo, Bella, will as hev time to get ma brekfust i' th' mornin'?" "No Jack; aa's sure ye winnet," she replied. "Then let's hev it noo!" he exclaimed, and though he had just finished his supper, he sat down again and commenced his breakfast. On the same matter, another correspondent puts on record:—"One night Jack's wife was busy putting up his 'bait' for the next day, when Jack suddenly took the provisions from her, ejaculating as he ate them, 'Aa'd better eat it the neet; it'll save us the trouble o' carryin' it the morn.'"

There are also three very racy "goose" stories, all of which may, perhaps, pass muster in this section of Jack's records. On one occasion there was a goose for dinner. "What's this, Bella?" said Jack. "Wey, a gyuse, to be sure." "It's hollow," said the head of the family; "aa like nyen o' yor hollow meat; aa like to be yebble te cut and come agyen!" The other two are "stuffing" incidents, and each appears to be very definitely authenticated. Some three years ago, Mr. J. M. Oubridge contributed to the *Weekly Chronicle* the following:—"About 60 years ago when a boy, I was on one occasion attending to my father's market gardener's cart, which stood every Saturday in front of the old watchhouse door in the old Green Market (to the west of the foot of Grey Street), in which

house, as many will recollect, 'Slush Tom Carr,' the captain of the watch, also lived. Upon the occasion to which I refer, Cuckoo Jack came along, with his wife and son. The wife had her great round market basket hanging upon her arm, and it was heavily laden with the evening's purchases, amongst other things being a goose, whose head and neck dangled over the edge. Jack's wife stopped at our cart and addressed her husband:—"Give us tuppence te buy a half beatment iv onions te stuff the gyuse wiv." Jack turned round in a surly manner, using a word more forcible than polite, and said, 'Here's a penny for a Scotch cabbish; stuff't wi' that!'" And the "cabbish" was accordingly purchased. Jack must have been in a very much more amiable mood on the next occasion when "stuffing" was also the question. There was again to be a goose for dinner. "What'll aa stuff't wi'?" quietly asked Bella. "Aa wey," Jack replied, "stuff't wi' fegs an' raisins—the mair gud things the better!"



As a distinct proof of Jack's respectability as a waterman, it may be stated that during the latter portion of his life he was appointed to the responsible post of assistant to the well-known harbour master and quay master, Simon Danson—his co-assistant being also well known as "Jack Dean." This position was held first under the Corporation, and then, after 1850, under the Tyne Improvement Commission, whose jurisdiction, in river matters, commenced at that date. In this situation—not a very highly paid one—his duties were certainly important, though probably not onerous, both on the quay, in connexion with loading and discharging cargo, and on the water, in the arrangement of the hosts of wooden craft which at that period lined the quay, in tiers, sometimes extending half-way across the river. Of course he could not, after he had undertaken his new duties, carry on his

old work, with which his name is so intimately connected, though his skill and knowledge of the river were always available in cases of necessity or emergency.

But time tries all men, and though not much over sixty years of age, John Wilson's powers, great though they had been, began to fail him, and he finally retired upon a small (very small) pension awarded to him by the Corporation. He did not need it long, however. Probably his long life of exposure, by night and day, upon the river that he had studied so thoroughly and knew so well, finally told its tale upon even an iron constitution like that of Cuckoo Jack; and at the well-known old house, near the Jack Tar Inn, the time came, as Ned Corvan puts it, when he was compelled to say :—

Fareweel tiv a' me cronies, Keeside and Sandgate Jonies,
For aikin ivery bone is, i' this aad skin o' mine.
Deed bodies fra the river aa've often teun oot clivvor,
Ma equal thor wes nivvor for grapplin Coally Tyne.

Aa mun rest wi' the rest that aa fand for my fee,
And' aa hope that aad Nick winnet grapple for me;
Let ma appytaff be—"Here lies, on his back,
The chep that fand the deed men, canny Cuckoo Jack."

As already stated, Cuckoo Jack died on the 2nd of December, 1860, at the age of 68. He will be long remembered on his native river, chiefly for the wonderful skill and ability with which, as Ned Corvan again describes it, "he saved mony a muthor's bairn frae bevin' a wettery grave," and for finding the remains when the saving of life was out of the question. This was the duty that fell to John Wilson, and, like a brave, able, simple-hearted, and industrious man, "he did it with all his might." And though he is classed among the "characters" of his native river, Tynesiders, the world over, will not object to remember him also as one of its worthies.

JOS. I. NICHOLSON.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir William Creagh,

MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE BY MANDAMUS.



OWARDS the close of Charles the Second's reign, a goodly number of the people of Newcastle, seeing the course which the king was pursuing, entertained doubts respecting the advantages of the Restoration. Even the authorities, or, at least, some of them, were not so courtly and complaisant in 1684 as they had been in 1661. Indeed, fed by the continual infusion of Puritan blood from beyond the Border, the town was becoming refractory. Charles and his advisers found it necessary to strengthen the power of the Crown in some direction or other, and

they hit upon the expedient of remodelling the Royal Charters. Thereupon the surrender of the charter of Newcastle was demanded and given, and just before the king died a new charter was prepared, in which acceptable aldermen were appointed, and power was reserved to the Crown to displace the Mayor, Sheriff, Recorder, Town Clerk, and even the Common Council at its pleasure. Upon the accession of James II. (Feb. 6th, 1684-5) the amended charter was formally sent down to the town. The new monarch was not slow to avail himself of its provisions. Within a year of his coronation he had removed the whole of the Common Council, and made a beginning with other alarming interferences with the liberties of the townspeople. The medium through which he sent his mandates was Sir William Creagh, an ardent loyalist, and a devoted member of the Church of Rome.

Local historians have not favoured us with much personal detail about this royal emissary. It is assumed that he was sent down to Newcastle for the special purpose of carrying out the king's behests, and that he was a stranger. John Bell, in a paper contributed to the "Archæologia Æliana" in 1826, labours to prove that he came hither for the express purpose of securing the erection of a statue of James II. upon the Sandhill, "and was followed by sign manual letters to introduce him still further into the company of the leading families, the more closely to watch over the political interests of his Majesty." But Sir William Creagh was not such a stranger to Tyneside as Mr. Bell imagined. He was in the neighbourhood for three or four years before Charles II. died, and must have been already acquainted with some at least of the "leading families," for in a MS. relating to the estate of the Riddells of Gateshead, under date March 24th, 1681-82, is a copy of an indenture by which the mansion house of the family and the colliery belonging to them were let to Sir William Creagh, who covenanted that for seven years he would work the colliery, sell the coals, and after deducting the expense of management, interest for his money, and 2s. 6d. per tenn for his trouble, hand over the balance to the trustees of the Riddell property.

The first Royal message to Newcastle with which Sir William Creagh's name is associated bears date March, 1685-86. It was addressed to the Merchants' and the Hostmen's Companies, and commanded both these worshipful fraternities to admit Sir William into their ranks as a free brother. A similar mandate to the Corporation, dated May 31, 1687, ordered his admission to the freedom of the town. All three of these imperious orders were dutifully obeyed, in the letter if not in the spirit. With the mere letter of his freedom, however, Sir William Creagh was not satisfied. From the books of the Merchants' Company we find that on the 19th July, 1687 :—

Sir Wm. Creagh, Knt., presented a letter from the king, directed and signed and undersigned nearly as the former dated 31 May, 1687, reciting the letter of the

17th March, 1685-86, and, also, that he had been admitted, but not in so ample manner as his Majesty intended; therefore, requiring his freedoms to be recorded by order of the Common Council, and the Company of Hostmen and Merchants, so as he and his posterity may be enabled to take apprentices, and enjoy all other franchises which any Freeman of the Corporation enjoys, either by descent or servitude.

While these mandates were flying about, the king suddenly proclaimed liberty of conscience to all his subjects, suspended and dispensed with the penal laws and tests, and even with the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. The biographer of Ambrose Barnes makes it appear that this change in the king's tactics was largely due to the influence of Mr. Barnes. Howsoever that may have been, the Corporation of Newcastle were sadly perplexed by the king's rapid change of front. They were an intensely loyal body, devotedly attached to the Established Church, and sympathised as little with the views of Ambrose Barnes as they did with those of Sir William Creagh. At Michaelmas, 1687, they elected men of their own party to be Mayor and Sheriff, Deputy-Recorder, and Aldermen. With this arrangement the king and Ambrose Barnes were not satisfied. At Christmas there came down from London another Royal mandate, displacing the Mayor, Sheriff, Deputy-Recorder, six Aldermen, and fifteen of the Common Council, and commanding the electors to appoint in their places Sir William Creagh (Catholic), Mayor; Samuel Gill (Dissenter), Sheriff; Edward Widdrington and John Errington (Catholics), Ambrose Barnes, William Johnson, William Hutchinson, and Thomas Partis (Dissenters) Aldermen, and Joseph Barnes (son of Ambrose), Recorder, leaving four Aldermen and nine of the Common Council to represent the Church party. The electors refused to obey this imperious demand; they declined, loyal as they were, to surrender their rights and privileges; they stood aside, and allowed the Royal nominees to take possession of place and power upon the strength of the Royal order.

A deed of the period shows us the autographs of four of the principal men in this mixed assembly—Sir William Creagh (the Mayor), Ambrose Barnes, William Hutchinson (Barnes's brother-in-law), and Samuel Gill (the Sheriff):—

Wm Creagh Mayor
Amb Barnes
William Hutchinson
Samuel Gill Sec

But widely separated as were the members of this heterogeneous Corporation in thought and feeling, they appear to have hung together fairly well. Sir William Creagh and Ambrose Barnes, the two leaders, managed to sink their religious differences while engaged in municipal work. Ambrose Barnes attended his own place of worship in freedom, while Sir William Creagh went to mass without hindrance, and on the day of thanksgiving for the Queen's conception, January 29, he listened to a sermon "at the Catholic Chappel, by Phil. Metcalfe, P. of the Society of Jesus," which was afterwards published. Thus these two men, each working for his own hand, managed to carry on the government of the town. On the 10th of February a *quo warranto* against their charter was served upon the Corporation; in return a similar process was taken out against the electors for refusing to appoint Creagh and his colleagues. And while both matters were being considered (the charter was sent up to London on the 8th March) the equestrian statue of the king, to which reference is made in a preceding paragraph—a noble effigy of brass bestriding a rearing charger of the same metal, as may be seen in vol. ii. of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 162—was set upon its marble pedestal in front of the Town's Chamber on the Sandhill.

The charter, altered for the second time in less than five years, was ready for delivery a few days after the statue had been erected. Sir William Creagh went to London to receive it, and his return was celebrated, according to the *London Gazette* of the 13th August, with much ceremony.

Sir William Creagh and his friends began now to prepare for the ensuing Michaelmas mayor choosing. It was their intention to elect two men of their own party for Mayor and Sheriff, but Ambrose Barnes and his friends were on the alert, and when the day arrived (Monday, the 1st of October), they rose early in the morning, and elected two dissenters—William Hutchinson, Mayor, and Matthias Partis, Sheriff. Within a fortnight it was discovered that Royal interference with borough charters was a mistake. On the day (October 17) when it became known that William Prince of Orange was preparing to invade England, a Royal Proclamation was issued ordering corporations whose deeds of surrender had not been recorded or enrolled, to be restored "into the same state and condition they were in our late dear brother's reign." Newcastle was one of the towns in which the surrender had not been enrolled; all, therefore, that Sir William Creagh had done was illegal; the election of the 1st October was void. On the 5th of November the Prince of Orange landed in England; on that day William Hutchinson and Matthias Partis were put out of office; Nicholas Ridley was elected Mayor and Matthew White Sheriff; and all the displaced aldermen resumed their gowns. A month after the coronation of William and Mary, on Saturday, May 11, 1689, the statue of James II. was torn down and thrown into the river Tyne.

With the Revolution Sir William Creagh's municipal career came to an end. His freedom of the Corporation was declared void, and, excepting entries of the baptism of two daughters at St. John's in 1689 and 1690, no further mention of him occurs for some time in Newcastle history. We know, from a letter contributed by Mr. Horatio A. Adamson to the "Proceedings of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries," that he received, from the first Earl of Derwentwater, a share in "Old Brigleburne" mine, and we learn from the MS. previously quoted that he continued to be a lessee of Gateshead Colliery down to the year 1700. The Register of Burials at St. Nicholas' Church supplies the rest:—

1696-7, January 30. Lady Margaret Creagh.
1702, December 27. Sir William Creagh, Knight,
bur. at All Saints.

Matthew and George Culley,

AGRICULTURAL REFORMERS.

Tarry woo', tarry woo' !
Tarry woo' is ill to spin ;
Card it weel, card it weel,
Card it weel ere ye begin.

Sing the bonnie, harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep ;
Bleating sweetly as they go
Through the winter's frost and snow.

Hart, and hind, and fallow-deer,
Not by half so useful are.
Fra kings to him that hauds the plow
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo'.

—*Old Border Song.*

Agriculture, the oldest, the largest, and still, in many respects, the most important industry of the world, owes some of its most successful developments to the labours of three North-Countrymen—John Bailey and the brothers Culley. It is a noteworthy circumstance that all three of these eminent men had their origin in the neighbourhood of the river Tees, and that all three of them worked out the experiments with which their names are associated in the same valley of North Northumberland.

In the parish of Houghton-le-Skerne, beside Darlington, is a township called Whessoe and Beaumont Hill. Beaumont Hill was the residence of a family of Culleys from the reign of James I. till the early part of the eighteenth century, when Matthew, son of John Culley of that place, acquired a messuage and two hundred acres of land in the chapelry of Denton—a straggling village, abutting on the Staindrop road, about six miles from Darlington. Matthew Culley, of Denton, married a daughter of Edward Surtees, of Mainsforth, and had, among other children, two sons, Matthew and George. These lads were sent to Dishley, in Leicestershire, to be trained by Robert Bakewell, a country gentleman known far and wide as an improver of the various breeds of sheep and cattle. Profiting by Mr. Bakewell's teaching, they imbibed the principles of their master, and returned to the North with enlarged

ideas of farming and stock-raising, which they soon began to put into practice. In Glendale, under the shadow of the Cheviots, they found land suitable for their experiments, and upon the farms of Fenton in that fertile valley, and of Wark, a little further north, they settled. They introduced the long-woolled Dishley sheep into Northumberland, and thus produced the Border-Leicesters; they imported the Tees-water short-horns, and by judicious crossing raised cattle that possessed the merit of becoming fat at an early age, and yielding the thickest and heaviest beef at the lowest possible expenditure. At the same time they practised the most approved systems of high farming, believing that, next to a careful selection of stock, a spirited cultivation of the soil was the chief element of success in agriculture. The result justified their anticipations. "From every county of the kingdom, and from every civilised part of Europe and the New World, pupils and strangers crowded to view the scenes of their active and successful labours." Their sheep were especially famous—"known, even to the farthest Thule, by the popular name of the Culley Breed."

A few years after the Messrs. Culley settled in Glendale, John Bailey went to Chillingham and entered upon that remarkable career of enterprise in cultivation which we have already described. Culley's stock, and Bailey's improvements, became the subject of discussion at every market in the North Country, and before the century ran out the valley of the Glen had been transformed into a school for farmers, and, as the late Samuel Donkin would have said, "the Mecca of agricultural pilgrimage" from all parts of the kingdom. When the "Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement" projected, in 1793, its survey of the English counties, it was to John Bailey and George Culley that they looked for the reports of Northumberland and Cumberland. Admirable reports they were, too; well written, well arranged, and illustrated by Mr. Bailey's own engravings, with tail pieces by Thomas Bewick. The title pages read thus:—

A General View of the Agriculture of the County of Northumberland, with Observations on the Means of its Improvement, Drawn up for the Consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement. By J. Bailey and G. Culley. Newcastle: S. Hodgson. 1800.

A General View of the Agriculture of the County of Cumberland; with Observations, &c. [as above, and one illustration.]

Previous to undertaking the joint-authorship of these reports, George Culley had published a book on his own account, the later editions of which were illustrated by two pictures from Mr. Bailey's graver—"A Bull of the Shorthorn Breed," and "A Ram of the Dishley Breed, new shorn." It was entitled—

Observations on Live Stock, containing Hints for Choosing and Improving the Best Breeds of the most useful kinds of Domestic Animals. By George Culley, Farmer, Northumberland. 1786.

In this volume the author describes the different breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, explains the names

of animals at different ages in a manner that would gratify the painstaking elucidator of "Northumberland Words," in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, draws distinctions between essentials and non-essentials in stock-raising, and discusses obstacles to improvements.

Acting upon the principles laid down in this book, the brothers Culley accumulated considerable wealth. Matthew, the elder, married a member of an ancient Northumberland family—Elizabeth, daughter of Ralph Bates, of Milburn House, near Ponteland, and, in 1806, purchased from the Ogles, Coupland Castle, on the north bank of the Glen, where, a few years later, he died. George, the younger brother, was united to Jane, daughter of Walter Atkinson, and bought from Sir Francis Blake the mansion and estate of Fowberry Tower, near Belford, at which place he died in 1813, aged 79, retaining to the last "that even gaiety of temper and simplicity of manners which characterised him through life." Each of the brothers was succeeded by a son named Matthew. Matthew, son of George, died unmarried in 1849, "the last of the celebrated Northumberland agriculturists," and the Fowberry estate passed to his nephew, George Darling. Matthew, son of Matthew, was a politician, and canvassed the Northern division of Northumberland in 1832 as a Reformer, but did not go to the poll. From him descended the late representative, in the direct line, of the two famous brothers—Matthew Tewart Culley, J.P., of Coupland Castle, High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1868-69, who died in March last.

Durham Cathedral.

DURHAM—cathedral, castle, and city—owes its foundation, if the story told by our early historians may be trusted, to the miraculous interposition of St. Cuthbert. When the monks who guarded his shrine were driven by the invading Danes from their island home at Lindisfarne, they wandered hither and thither with his body, till, in the year 883, they settled at Chester-le-Street. Here they remained till 995, when another invasion again drove them from their home. Taking with them once more the saint's body, they fled to Ripon. Peace was restored in a few months, and the monks set out on their return. On their way, says Symeon of Durham, "they reached a spot near Durham called Wrdelaw, on the eastern side of the city," a place which we can have no hesitation in identifying with Warden Law, near Houghton-le-Spring. Here "the vehicle on which the shrine containing the holy body was deposited could not be induced to advance any further. They who attempted to move it were assisted by others, but their efforts, though vigorous, were equally ineffective; nor did the additional

attempts of the crowd which now came up produce any result in moving it; for the shrine containing the uncorrupted body continued where it was as if it were a mountain." Such an unmistakable indication of the saint's unwillingness to be carried further in the intended direction could not be ignored, and a fast of three days' duration, spent in watching and prayer, was adopted as a means of discovering the great Cuthbert's wishes. At the end of this period came a revelation to one of the monks, named Eadmer, that Dunholm should be their destination and final resting place. The shrine was now found to be easily moveable, and towards Durham the pilgrims bent their steps. How they found their way thither we are told in a legend preserved in the "Ancient Rites of Durham." "Being distressed because they were ignorant where Dunholme was, see their goode fortune! As they were goinge, a woman that lacked her cowe did call aloude to hir companion to know if shée did not see hir, who answered with a loud voice that hir cowe was in Dunholme—a happye and heavenly eccho to the distressed monkes, who by that meanes were at the end of theire journey, where they should finde a restinge place for the body of theire honoured saint." To this tradition must be ascribed, I think, the sculptured representation of the milkmaid and the cow on the turret at the north end of the Chapel of the Nine Altars. The present sculptures date only from last century, but they occupy the place of others which were certainly as old as this part of the church.

Such, then, according to the old chronicles, was the origin of Durham. No sooner had the monks reached their new home than they "with all speed made a little church of boughs of trees," and placed therein the shrine of their saint. Symeon tell us that their new abode, "though naturally strong, was not easily habitable," for, except a small space in the centre, the whole of the plateau on which the castle and the cathedral are built was covered with a very dense wood. The bishop, assisted by the people of the district, cut down the whole of the timber, and a residence was assigned by lot to each monk. In the meantime, another edifice, called the White Church, had taken the place of the one made of boughs. Now, however, the bishop "commenced to build a fine church upon a large scale," which we are elsewhere told was "moderately large" and was built of stone. Three years were devoted to its completion. It was dedicated on the 4th September, 998. The bishop under whose directions all these things had been done was Aldbune, the first of St. Cuthbert's successors who held the see of Durham. He died in 1019, and was succeeded by Eadmund, Egelric, and Egelwin, who bring us down to the time of the Norman Conquest. The last of these, the Saxon bishops of Durham, died in prison in 1071, and in the following year the king appointed Walcher, a Norman, to the episcopate. At this time the colony of the monks who had settled here led a

very unmonastic life. They were, in fact, married men, and had families. This must have been the condition of things amongst them for a considerable time, for Aldhune himself was a married man, and had a queer daughter, who appears to have given him and her successive husbands a great deal of trouble. It was no wonder that the lives of these monks did not meet with the approval of the new bishop. He proposed to build a much nobler and grander church than that raised by Aldhune, and, when it should be completed, to introduce into it monks of the order of St. Benedict. Walcher's tragic death in Gateshead Church, in 1080, put an end to his efforts; but his plans were adopted by his successor, William de St. Carileph, who, like Walcher, owed his appointment to the Conqueror.

About the year 1072, three southern monks, one of whom was Aldwin, the prior of Winchelcomb, had journeyed into the North, attracted by the fame of its ancient monastic institutions. They first came to Newcastle, then known as Monkchester. Bishop Walcher heard of them, and, having summoned them into his presence, and convinced himself of the sincerity and purity of their intentions, gave them the deserted and ruined monastery of Jarrow for an abode, and its ancient possessions for their maintenance. A similar grant of Monkwearmouth and its dependencies followed after a time. Their numbers rapidly increased, and, under the fostering care of Walcher and his successor, their houses prospered abundantly. Carileph seems to have been even more distressed than Walcher by what he regarded as the disorderly life of the monks of Durham. He inquired into the rule of those who lived about St. Cuthbert in the island of Lindisfarne, and, finding how different it was from that which prevailed amongst their successors in his day, he determined, if possible, to restore the ancient usages. He sought the council of the king and queen, and of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and finally he journeyed to Rome to lay his plans before the Pope. All approved of his project, and on his return he brought the monks of Jarrow and Wearmouth to Durham. Their translation occurred on the 26th May, 1083. "Two days afterwards — on Whit-Sunday — they were introduced into the Church of St. Cuthbert, and there the command of the apostolic Pope was exhibited

to the assembled multitudes, who were also informed that it had the approbation of the most excellent King William." "As for those individuals," says Symeon, "who had hitherto resided therein (canons by name, but men who in no one respect followed the canonical rule), then he commanded henceforth to lead a monastic life along with the monks, if they had any wish to continue their residence within the church. All of them preferred abandoning the church to retaining it upon such a condition, except one of their number, the dean, whose son, a monk, had difficulty in persuading him to follow his own example."

At this time Aldhune's church was still standing. It seems probable that, from the first, Carileph had set his heart upon a new and grander structure; but it was not until after his return, in 1091, from an exile of three years, into which he had been driven for taking part in a rebellion against William Rufus, that he actually commenced the work. The foundations were laid on the 11th August, 1093. The work went forward with great rapidity, so rapidly, indeed, that, when Carileph died, on the 2nd January, 1096, the church had been completed from the east end, where the work commenced, as far as the first bay of the nave, and including the arches on which the central tower rests. Besides this, Carileph, no doubt, built the outer wall of the church from end to end, at least as high as the blank arcade which runs round the whole edifice, and of which the architectural features are the same in every part, except, of course, the later Chapel of the Nine Altars.

After Carileph's death, the see was vacant for three



DURHAM CATHEDRAL, FROM THE CASTLE.

years, at the end of which Ralph Flambard was elected bishop. Flambard was a man of whose character varying accounts are given, but who, on the whole, seems to have been not very scrupulous in many of his proceedings. He carried forward the erection of the church, and, says Symeon's continuator, "he carried up the walls of the nave of the church as far as the roof." There can be no doubt that the western towers, to the height of the nave walls, are also to be ascribed to him. He died on the 5th September, 1128.

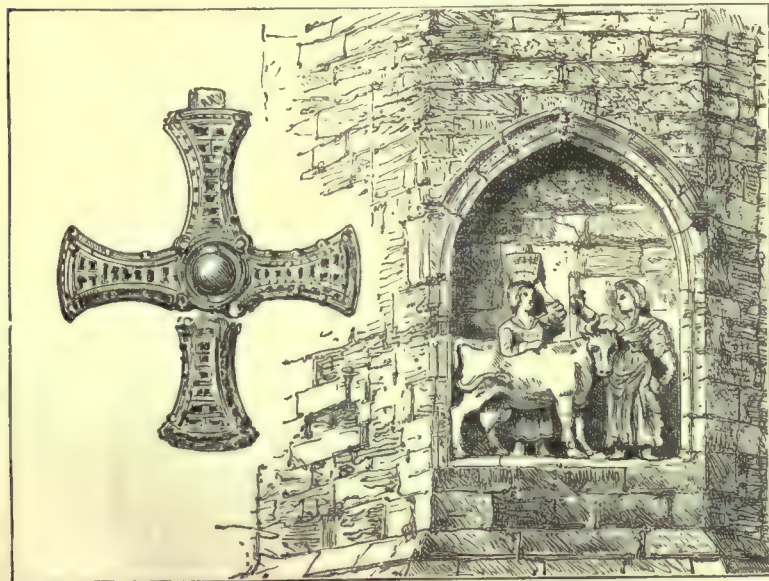
We must now return, for a moment, to the death of Carileph. The bishop had made an agreement with the monks that he himself would build the church, and they should erect the domestic buildings. This covenant was brought to an end by his death, "and the monks," says the continuator of Symeon, "neglecting the building of the offices, devoted themselves to the works of the church," so that, when Carileph's successor arrived, he found its erection advanced "as far as the nave." To the monks we may ascribe the west walls of both the north and the south transepts, and also the vaulting of the former; and the extremely plain character of this work is accounted for by the limited monetary resources of the monastics as compared with those of the bishop.

After Flambard's death, an interval of five years elapsed before a successor was appointed. During this period, to quote once more from Symeon's continuator, "the monks devoted themselves to the building of the nave of the church of Durham, and it was completed."

All that they can have done was to complete the vaulting, for Flambard had previously carried up the nave walls to their full height. Flambard's successor was Galfrid Rufus, who held the see till 1140: "In his time the chapter house of the monks was completed," but it must have been commenced before, for part of the detail is of earlier date. To Rufus also must be ascribed the north and south doorways of the nave; but the great west doorway, now covered by the Galilee, is doubtless the work of Flambard.

Rufus was succeeded, after a period of three years, by William de St. Barabara, the one bishop of Durham whose entrance into his see was emphatically stormy. During his time no work of an important character seems to have been carried out. He was followed by one of the most powerful and splendid of all the prince-bishops of Durham, Hugh Pudsey, to whom we are indebted for some of the grandest and noblest architectural achievements which remain at this day in the North of England. He held the see for the long period of forty-four years. He was the builder of the Galilee. He intended at first to build this lady chapel at the east end of the church; but St. Cuthbert's dislike to the proximity of women defeated his intention. At least, such is the story. The writer of the "Ancient Rites of Durham" tells us that "Hugo, bishop of Durham, . . . considering the deligence of his predecessors in buylding the Cathedrall Church, which was finished but a fewe yeres before his tyme, no Chapell being then erected to the blessed Virgin Marie, whereunto it should be lawfull for women to have

accesse, began to erect a newe peice of woorke at the east end of the said Cathedrall Church, for which worke there weare sundry pillars of marble stone brought from beyonde the seas. But this worke, being brought to a small height, began, throwge great rifts apperinge in the same, to fall downe, whereupon it many festlye appeared that that worke was not acceptable to God and holy Saint Cuthbert, especially by reason of the accesse which women weare to have so neare his Ferreter. In consideration wherof the worke was left of, and anewe begun and finished at the west angle of the said Church, whereunto yt was lawfull for women to enter, having no holie place before where they mighte have lawfull accesse unto for



ST. CUTHBERT'S CROSS AND THE DUN COW, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

there cumforthe and consolation." The cause of the shrinking of Pudsey's first erections may be easily explained without having recourse to miraculous agency. To borrow the words of Canon Greenwell, "The foundation of the Cathedral at the west end is close to the rock, whilst at the east end the soil is deep, and in places of a peaty nature. The old builders often cared little about the foundations, and appear sometime to have been wanting in engineering skill. Indeed, they

frequently planted the walls merely upon the surface, and thus, when the soil was of a compressible nature, shrinking of the walls was apt to take place." The "sundry pillars of marble stone" which Pudsey is recorded to have brought from beyond the sea still exist in the Galilee. They are of Purbeck marble, and the words "beyond the sea" merely mean that they were brought by sea from Dorsetshire to some northern port, probably Newcastle or Hartlepool.



CHAPEL OF THE NINE ALTARS, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

The Galilee was built about the year 1175. Its position at the west end of the church, in connection with St. Cuthbert's supposed dislike to the presence of women, reminds us of the line of Frosterly marble slabs in the pavement of the floor of the nave, which stretches from side to side just west of the north and south doors. This cross, or line of demarcation, was laid down "in token that all women that came to here devine service should not be suffered to come above the said cross; and if it

chaunced that any woman to come above it, within the body of the church, thene, straichte wayes, she was taiken awaie and punished for certaine daies, because ther was never women came where the holie man Sainte Cuthbert was, for the reverence thei had to his sacred bodie." But the whole subject of St. Cuthbert's shrine—a subject too large to be even lightly touched upon here—I hope before long to write about in the pages of this magazine.



THE NAVE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Besides the Galilee, Pudsey built the exterior of the doorway which opens into the cloisters at the east end of the nave, of which the work is enriched and beautiful.

The two bishops who succeeded Pudsey were Philip de Pictavia and Richard de Marisco, the former of whom held the see from 1197 to 1208, and the latter from 1217 to 1226. In 1228, Richard Poore was elected bishop, and to him it has been customary to ascribe what might almost be called the crowning glory of the church of Durham—the Chapel of the Nine Altars. It is certain that he purposed some such erection as this, and it is possible even that the plans for it were drawn out in his time; but it is equally certain that no part of the work was carried out by him. He had been Bishop of Salisbury before he came to Durham, and in the former place he had been a great and distinguished builder, and probably to his taste and conception of the possibilities of architectural art we are indebted for the present magnificent east end of the Cathedral of Durham. He died in 1237, and the Chapel of the Nine Altars was commenced five years afterwards by Prior Thomas de Melsanby. The character of the original eastern termination of the church is a much discussed and still undecided question. That it was in some way apsidal there can be little doubt. I am inclined to think that the choir terminated in a great central apse, and that the aisles terminated in smaller apses. After "the new work," as it is frequently called in contemporary documents, was completed, the Norman vaulting of the chancel was taken down and the present vault erected. The reason for this was two-fold. The original vault, in common with the east end of the choir, had become shattered on account of the insufficiency of the foundations. But an additional reason arose from the necessity of the vault of the choir being made to harmonize with that of the Chapel of the Nine Altars.

Other and later parts of the church must be mentioned briefly. The higher stages of the western towers are believed to have been built about the year 1220, during the episcopacy of Richard de Marisco. In the time of Bishop Hatfield, who held the see from 1345 to 1381, some of the finest windows in the church were inserted. In his day, too, the magnificent altar screen was erected, and he himself built his own splendid tomb and the episcopal throne above it. Cardinal Langley, who was bishop from 1406 to 1437, made considerable alterations, especially in the Galilee, and to him the lower gallery of the lantern tower must be attributed. The arcade above the gallery was built during the episcopate of Lawrence Booth (1457-1476), whilst the belfry, or highest stage of the tower, was erected in the time of John Sherwood (1483-1494).

One episode in the later history of Durham Cathedral must not be passed over. Less than a hundred years ago the Chapter House was almost entirely destroyed. A meeting of the Chapter, held on the 20th November,

1795, determined on its demolition. Till that time a more magnificent Chapter House no cathedral in England possessed. What happened shall be told in the words of Dr. Raine. "It had been resolved that the room was cold and comfortless, and out of repair, and inconvenient for the transaction of Chapter business; and to a member of the body possessing, unfortunately, no taste in matters of this nature, was deputed the task of making the Chapter House a comfortable place for the purposes to which it was appropriated, and then began the work of destruction. A man was suspended from machinery by a cord tied around his waist, to knock out the key-stones of the groinings, and the whole roof was permitted to fall upon the gravestones in its pavement [the gravestones of the bishops of Durham from Aldhune to Kellaw], and break them into pieces, we know not how small." Then followed the removal of the eastern half of the building, and the reduction to the aspect of a snug and trim schoolroom of what was left. The Galilee had also been doomed to destruction, and was only saved by urgent representations made to the Society of Antiquaries of London by John Carter, an antiquarian draughtsman.

Such, as briefly as I can tell it, is the history of Durham Cathedral—the most complete, the noblest, and the most impressive of the Norman churches of England. It is an edifice the study whereof is itself an education. It cannot be seen in an hour, or in a day, or in a week. In one visit, no matter how prolonged, the mind cannot grasp either its proportions or its details. Familiarity with its long vistas and its grand perspectives only increases and intensifies the sense of its splendour, and of its subduing and humbling effect. The attributes of which it seems to me to be pre-eminently the embodiment and expression are repose and permanence. The gigantic piers of its arcades seem to have been built, not for a thousand years, but for all time.

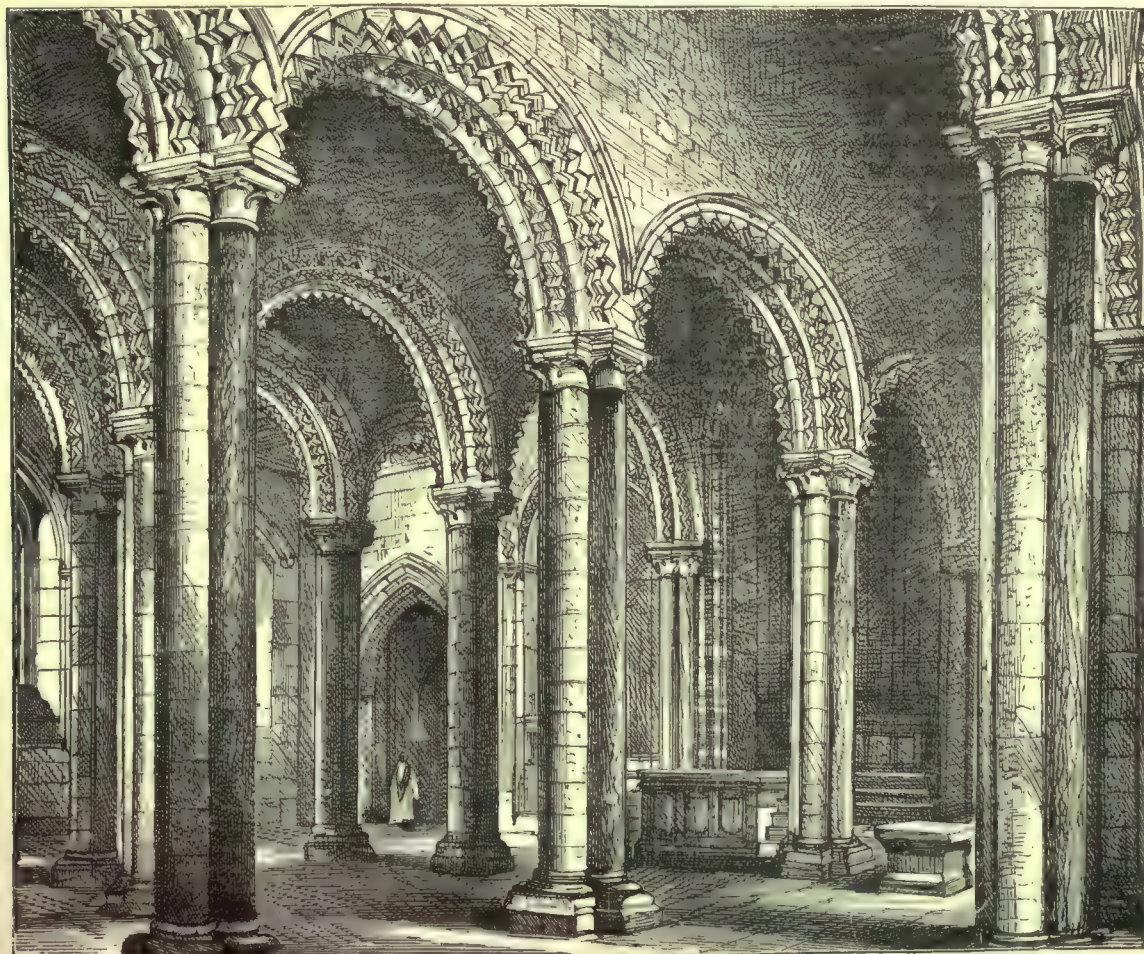
The curiosity seeker, the visitor who only wants to be amused, finds something at Durham to interest him. He sees the ponderous knocker on the north door, and hears the story of the refuge these walls once afforded to the guilty one who fled from the avenger. He is shown the sculptured milkmaid and her cow, and is told how the monks of old found their way to Durham. He is taken into the Galilee to the tomb of the Venerable Bede, and learns how the inscribing monk's Latinity was helped out by the chisel of an angel. In the south transept he looks up at the pillar which leans now this way, now that, as he may chance to stand right or left of it. Behind the altar screen a stone is pointed out to him worn hollow by the knees of the pilgrims who, in ancient days, knelt at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, and enriched the treasury of the monks by their offerings.

I find no fault with one whose interest centres in the curiosities of a church; but I say there are greater things which deserve our attention. The visitor to

Durham Cathedral will do well, first of all, to gain some acquaintance with its external aspects, and to study carefully some of the more distant views of it. Its west front is especially grand and striking from almost every point from which it can be seen. The hill behind the railway station, Framwellgate Bridge, and the Prebend's Bridge are favourite spots from which to see it, and the heights of the opposite banks of the Wear must not be overlooked. Nearer views are scarcely so desirable. For these the Palace Green undoubtedly affords the best vantage ground, but the paring and dressing and "restoration," which the exterior has undergone, detract, it must be confessed, in a very marked degree, from the character which, under wiser custodianship, it might have yet retained.

To describe the interior I am altogether incompetent, and, perhaps in this respect I am not much different from

other people. It would be the easiest thing imaginable to give a technical description of the architecture, but architecture like that of Durham Cathedral appeals much more to our emotions than to our intellects. One of our illustrations is a view in the nave looking eastward. In the immediate foreground we see the dark cross in the floor over which women of any age and of every rank may now pass fearlessly, for St. Cuthbert has been appeased. To the right we see massive piers and heavy arches, and above these the triforium and the clerestory and the vault which spans the nave. In this part of the church we notice the prevalence of the zigzag moulding, of which we shall find not a trace in the earlier work of the choir. Before us we see the rose-window at the east end of the church, and, nearer, the vault of the choir, whilst between choir and nave we gain a glimpse of the lantern and of its lower gallery.



THE GALILEE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE TOMB OF BEDE.

Another of our illustrations is a view in Pudsey's Galilee, with Bede's plain, modern tomb on our right. Here again we have zigzag mouldings on the arches, but how light and graceful are those arches! How slender the columns on which they rest! Each column consists of four clustered shafts, two of which are of Purbeck marble and the two others of sandstone. It is noticeable, too, that the marble shafts carry the arches, whilst the sandstone shafts carry nothing. It is sometimes said that the marble shafts were erected by Pudsey's architect, whilst those of sandstone were added in the time of Langley. This can scarcely have been the case. It is more probable that Pudsey's architect, seeing the *apparent* insufficiency of the two marble columns to carry the superincumbent weight, added the sandstone shafts after the building was otherwise complete, and then solely for the purpose of supplying what is needed in all good architecture, namely, the satisfaction to the eye that every part of a structure is sufficient for the position it occupies.

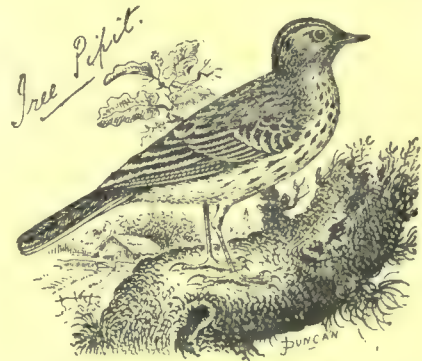
A third illustration shows the Chapel of the Nine Altars, with the inserted later north window. Here we reach a further stage in the progress of architectural art towards lightness of proportion and gracefulness of form. We have indeed reached the work of a period when, in some respects, architecture had attained the greatest degree of perfection which has yet been achieved. In this chapel we have an illustration of what I mean. Every detail in this part of the church is extremely beautiful; but the capitals of the shafts from which the vaulting springs, though perhaps not equal to work of the same period to be found at York and Lincoln, present such exquisite examples of conventional foliage in stone, carved with inconceivable tenderness and in almost infinite variety, as to justify one in saying that the golden age of architectural capitals was the age wherein the Chapel of the Nine Altars was built.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Pipits.

PERHAPS the handsomest member of the Pipit family is the Tree Pipit (*Anthus arboreus*), which is tolerably plentiful in the two Northern Counties. It is known as the pipit lark, field titling, field lark, lesser field lark, tree lark, grasshopper lark, lesser crested lark, short-heeled field lark, and meadow lark. Arriving in this country in April or early May, it departs, after nidification, for warmer countries in September. Like most of our spring visitors, the males arrive a week or ten days before the females. The chief food of the bird consists of flies,

caterpillars, grasshoppers, worms, and small seeds. "The song of the tree pipit," says the Rev. J. G. Wood, "is generally given in a very curious manner. Taking advantage of some convenient tree, it hops from branch to branch, chirping merrily with each hop, and after reaching the summit of the tree, perches for a few moments, and then launches itself into the air for the purpose of continuing its ascent. Having accomplished this feat, the bird bursts into a triumphant strain of music, and, fluttering downwards as it sings, alights upon the same tree from which it had started,



and by successive leaps again reaches the ground." The nest is almost invariably placed on the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of woods and thickets, and is mostly well concealed amid the grass. It is composed of dry roots and grass, and sometimes lined with a few hairs. Two broods are usually reared in the season.

The Meadow Pipit or Titlark (*Anthus pratensis*) is nearly as well known to Northern school boys as the hedge sparrow or the robin. Its scientific name literally



means "small bird of the meadow," though it will be found plentifully on moors, mosses, and waste places, where, from its well-known cry, or cheep, it is often called the moss cheeper. It is also called the titling, meadow titling, ling bird, grey cheeper, and meadow lark.

Though of sober plumage above, it is prettily speckled on the light-coloured breast and lower part of the body with dark brown spots. The length of the male is about six and a half inches. The nest of the meadow pipit may be found in various localities—in rich, low-lying meadows, and high upon the wildest moors. In the fields, but especially on moors, the humble but not unpleasant song of the bird can be frequently heard during summer. Sometimes it sings from a hillock, a stone wall, or a rail; but it is best heard when it launches into the air and wheels round in short circles, which are gradually decreased as the bird nears the ground, when it closes its wings and drops suddenly down, something like the skylark. The ordinary cry of the bird is a somewhat mournful “peep, peep,” and, when alarmed, a sibilant “trit, trit.”

The Rock Pipit (*Anthus aquaticus*) is familiar to most people who reside near the coast. Mr. Hancock remarks, in his “Catalogue of the Birds of Northumberland and Durham,” that it is “a resident, breeding plentifully on our rocky sea shores, and remaining with us the whole year.” It has a variety of common names, connecting it with the lark family and the sea shore. In addition to its proper name it is called the rock lark, sea lark, field lark, dusky lark, shore lark, shore pipit, and sea titling; while its scientific name (*aquaticus*) denotes that it frequents watery places. It is found along all our sea coasts, but more especially where there are plenty of rocks. It breeds plentifully among the sand hills to the north of Hartlepool, up to the mouth of Castle Eden Dene. It is common about Marsden Rock, and in summer and winter



numbers may be seen feeding among the seaweed cast up by the tide. It is common also in the neighbourhood of St. Mary's Island. The male bird is from six to seven inches in length, and the general hue of the back plumage is of a deep olive green. The breast is of a dull greenish white, with brown spots and streaks, and olive brown

on the sides. The nest is usually placed in holes of the rock or on ledges, often far up the face of the rock overhanging the sea.

The Towneley Family.

MISS MABEL ANNE TOWNELEY, whose marriage to Lord Clifford took place at the Oratory, Brompton, on January 23, 1890, is a member of an ancient, highly-distinguished, and much esteemed county family.

The Towneleys can trace their direct descent from Spartlingus, first Dean of Whalley, who lived about the year 896, during the reign of King Alfred. From that early date to the present, the family has been intimately identified with the political, military, literary, antiquarian, and artistic history of the country. Members of it have been repeatedly high sheriffs of Lancashire, occupied seats in Parliament, and held places of trust and confidence in Court and Government. They played a distinguished part throughout the Wars of the Roses, usually identifying themselves with the Lancastrians. Richard de Towneley had close personal and family relations with John of Gaunt. Richard's grandson was knighted on the battle field of Hutton in 1481; another Towneley was knighted for the part he took in the siege of Leith; and Charles Towneley fell fighting for the king at Marston Moor. During the troubled period of English history beginning with the accession of the Stuarts and ending with the accession of the Hanoverians, the Towneleys, fathers and sons, uncles and nephews, were always active, devoted, and chivalrous partisans of the Royalist cause. Several of them were slain in battle, and more than one suffered torture and death for their devotion to their king and church. They were “out” in the insurrection of 1715, and again in 1745. Through their chequered and adventurous career, the Towneleys have always been true to their motto, “*Tenez le Vray*”—they stuck to the cause of the Stuarts and the cause of the Catholics, when the former was lost, and when the adherents of the latter were subjected to persecution and proscription. Collateral members of the family were ennobled, but the head of the house never was, although on more than one occasion he could have been if he had desired. Their achievements have not been exclusively confined to the arenas of politics and war. Richard Towneley, the head of the family in the latter part of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries, attained to great distinction as a philosopher and mathematician; John Towneley was the tutor of the “Young Chevalier,” and translated Hudibras into French; and Charles Towneley, the twentieth direct descendant from Spartlingus, known as “The Lord of Towneley,” was

distinguished by his great taste in fine arts, and formed the celebrated collection of the Towneley marbles now in the British Museum. A Miss Towneley was the wife of Alleen, the great actor, dramatist, and philanthropist, who purchased the manor of Dulwich in 1606, and built and endowed the famous college there.

The Towneley family possesses more than 23,000 acres of land in Lancashire, 18,000 acres in Yorkshire, and about 5,000 acres in Durham. Some 3,600 acres of the last-mentioned property are situated in the parishes of Winlaton and Ryton, and about 1,400 acres at Stanley, near Tanfield. The Towneleys came into the possession of the Durham property by marriage. The Stella estate originally belonged to the nuns of St. Bartholomew. They held it uninterruptedly from before the Conquest until the dissolution of the monasteries. After that the Stella estate was bought by the Tempests of Newcastle, a mercantile branch of the Tempests of Holmside, who took part in the rebellion of the earls of 1570, and lost in consequence their inheritance. The Tempests lived at Stella for upwards of 200 years, and, like the Towneleys, were ever true to the cause of the Stuarts and the Catholic Church. The daughter of the last male representative of the family married Lord Widdrington, who, along with Lord Derwentwater, was sentenced to death for his participation in the rising of 1715. Lord Widdrington was pardoned, and although his paternal estates were confiscated, his Stella and Stanley properties were restored to him, as he had obtained them through his wife. The property descended from him to his son, and then in succession to his daughters, one of whom was married to a Towneley. Peregrine Edward Towneley, who came into possession of the estates upwards of a hundred years ago, had two sons, Charles and John. Charles, the elder, had no son, but he had three daughters. John, who was for some time member for Beverley, had one son and four daughters. Both John Towneley and Charles Towneley, as well as John Towneley's son, Richard, are now dead, and the estate has been divided between the two families. The Lancashire property has gone to the daughters of the late Charles Towneley, and the Yorkshire and Durham properties have gone to the daughters of the late John Towneley. This settlement was effected by a private Act of Parliament passed a few years ago. Miss Mabel Anne Towneley, now Lady Clifford, is the youngest daughter of the late John Towneley.

Rejoicings in connection with the marriage took place on the Stella, Blaydon, Stanley, and other estates of the family in the county of Durham.

The Sad Story of Amy Fawcitt.



FOR the Easter week of 1868, Mr. E. D. Davis, who was then lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, advertised in the local papers that there would be "an unparalleled attraction and an extraordinary combination of talent." A new drama, entitled "Lost in London," was presented that evening (April 13) for the first time, supported by Mr. Tom Glenney, a very excellent actor, and a native of Newcastle; Mr. Alfred Davis, his wife, &c. The play was followed by a burlesque—"The Fair One with the Golden Locks"—in which Miss Marion Taylor played the principal part. On the following day the critic of the *Daily Chronicle* spoke rather disparagingly of the burlesque, but gave unstinted praise to the actors engaged in the drama—Messrs. Glenney and Alfred Davis especially. A young actress, however, who played the part of a Lancashire Lass (Tiddy Draggleshorpe) received great commendation, her acting being pronounced "fresh, vigorous, and consistent throughout." The name of this young actress was Amy Fawcitt, who first joined the Theatre Royal company at the beginning of the season of 1867-68.

"Lost in London" was a great success, and was played to good houses for twelve nights. The writer of this



Miss Amy Fawcitt. 1870.

narrative was present on its first representation, and well remembers the remarkably fine and natural acting of Miss Fawcitt, and the hearty applause which it evoked from a crowded house. The most thrilling scene in the piece was Tiddy's descent down a coal shaft to tell Job Armroyd of his wife's elopement. The grief, sorrow, and womanly sympathy she displayed when conveying to Job

the terrible tidings were very touching and pathetic, and drew tears from the major part of the audience. If the writer is not mistaken, Amy Fawsitt played for two successive seasons at the Theatre Royal, and then succeeded in obtaining an engagement at one of the first theatres in London, where she speedily became a great favourite.

We might here mention that the late Mr. Davis brought out upon the Newcastle boards a number of young actresses who afterwards achieved high rank in their profession. Amongst these were Miss Emily Cross, Miss Clifford, and Miss Enson; and we might also name Fanny Terman, who, although she frequently appeared on the stage as a child actress or "infant phenomenon," had retired from the theatre for years before she made her *debut* (a young lady of 18) on the Newcastle boards in 1853. Old playgoers will also remember several lady members of Mr. Davis's companies who, on leaving Newcastle, achieved London and provincial reputations, notably Miss Johnstone, Miss Lavine, Miss Agnes Markham, Miss Ada Dyas, Miss Fanny Addison, &c.

To return to Miss Fawsitt. We believe that her first essay in London was at the Vaudeville Theatre. Here she made a decided hit. Two or three Newcastle gentlemen, who had previously seen her at the "Royal," and who afterwards saw her in London, have told the writer that the improvement in her acting in so short a time was surprising, and that her admirable impersonation of Lady Teazle in Sheridan's matchless comedy was the talk of the town.

After an actor or actress has gained a London reputation, offers of lucrative engagements are generally sent from America in shoals, and Miss Fawsitt was no exception to the rule. In August, 1876, Mr. Fiske, lessee of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, telegraphed to the young actress offering her an engagement to play in Daly's comedy of "Life." The offer was at once accepted, and Miss Fawsitt left England eight days after the receipt of the telegram. She entered upon her engagement on the 16th September, 1876, her salary being at the rate of 165 dollars a week. She became a great favourite with the New Yorkers immediately, and a brilliant career seemed to be open to her; but on the 21st of October Miss Fawsitt threw up her engagement, having played exactly five weeks. Early in October, she had left the hotel where she had stayed since her arrival in America, and took private apartments, alleging as her reason for so doing that a large hotel offered great temptations in the way of drink and gay company. Miss Dollman, who had come out from England with Miss Fawsitt as her maid, accompanied her to lodgings, but left her service after a few weeks. Then the poor girl fell into the clutches of as cruel and wicked a wretch as ever disgraced the earth. The story of her sufferings at the hands of this infamous scoundrel is heartrending even to read. We will narrate the circum-

stances, however, as they were told in the New York papers some months after Miss Fawsitt had succumbed to her ill-treatment.

Of course, a sensational event like the tragical death of a favourite actress was not likely to be neglected by the American newspapers, and accordingly a smart reporter was sent by the *New York Herald* to obtain what information he could. After diligent inquiry, the reporter found that the actress had long been under the ascendancy of a villain whom she had at first engaged as a servant; that, owing doubtless to the feeling of degradation which this *lison* entailed, she was almost constantly under the influence of liquor; that the villain pawned her dresses, jewellery, and theatrical wardrobe; that she was nearly always kept under lock and key; and that she was abused and beaten by the drunken brute from whose thralldom she seemed unable to escape. The *Herald* reporter obtained the following astounding details from a lady lodger who lived in the same boarding-house as Miss Fawsitt:—

The heartless wretch who had obtained such a baleful influence over his paramour was named "Billy," or "Booby," as Miss Fawsitt always called him. Mr. Montague, an actor at the Avenue Theatre, who had urged the young lady to leave the hotel and take private apartments, was a frequent visitor, but could not always obtain admission, as the poor girl was rigidly guarded. Sometimes, however, Billy was so stupidly drunk that he forgot to lock her up; and on one occasion when he went out he had left the door open, and poor Miss Fawsitt ran downstairs to the rooms below, and implored the assistance of a gentleman who lived there. Moved to compassion, he promised to help her and to get her out of the house, and in the meantime allowed her to remain in his rooms. When her tyrant returned, he was frantic with rage to find that his prisoner had escaped, and went storming about the house like a madman. At last, on looking through the glass panel of the door of the room where she was hidden, he discovered her, and, smashing in the door, he seized his hapless victim, who was screaming for help, and dashed her over the balustrade down to the floor below. There she lay motionless as a corpse, when Billy, still cursing, and in a towering rage, ran down and picked her up, and carried her back to her room, beating her all the way. When he got her there, he dashed her on the floor, when, her head striking the surbase, she received an ugly scalp wound from which the blood flowed freely. The wretch then took the poor senseless woman and threw her on the bed with such brutal violence as to break it. Her cries and moans could be heard for two hours afterwards; but, as the doors were securely bolted, no one could go to her assistance. This occurred three days before Christmas. Her friend, Miss Lennox, a member of the Avenue Theatre company, had invited her to dine on the Christmas Day, but Billy refused to allow her to go. The morning after Christmas, Mrs. King, the boarding-house keeper, told a Mrs. Greene that Amy Fawsitt was dead, she having succumbed to her injuries three days after being thrown over the balustrade. An hour or two after she died, the infamous wretch who had killed her was looking out her best dresses to pawn for drink.

One thing is plain in this shameful story, the man Billy was screened by the lodging-house keeper, Mrs. King, as the foregoing details only came out by degrees and after the lapse of several months. We cannot find that the fellow was arrested, or that any effort was ever made to bring him to justice. That he should have

escaped scot-free is not the least astonishing part of the awful tragedy.

The sketch on page 126 shows Miss Fawsitt as Espada in the pantomime of the "Queen of the Frogs," which was produced at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, Christmas, 1867. The photograph from which it is taken was kindly lent by Mr. Ogilvie, Hartington Street, Newcastle.

W. W. W.

Craster House, Northumberland.

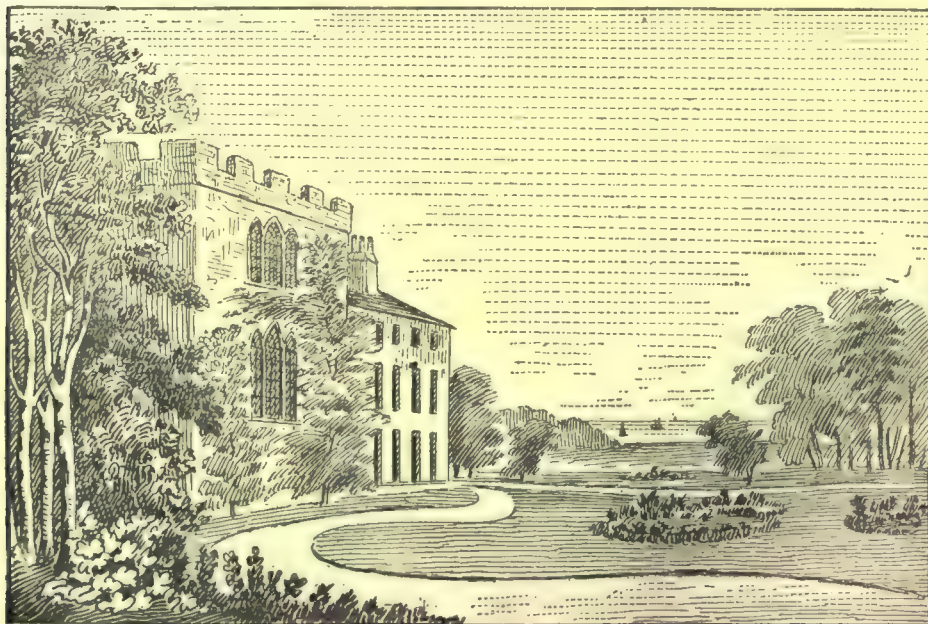
CRASTER HOUSE, or Tower, is situated on the coast of Northumberland, about ten miles from Alnwick. It is an adaptation of a small Border fortress as a modern dwelling-house. An ancient vaulted kitchen is retained as a cellar. The house commands fine sea views through the chasms of a bold chain of broken rocks that run between it and the shore. The family of Craster dates from before the Conquest. William de Craucesti held Craucesti in 1272. Shafto Craster, said to be the last male descendant of this ancient family, died on May 7, 1837, in his eighty-third year. He was a man of unbounded charity. Not satisfied with his own individual efforts, he appointed persons in many places to dispense relief on his behalf.

His remains were deposited in the family vault in the northern aisle of Embleton Church on May 30, 1837, the funeral being attended by many hundreds of the inhabitants of the district. Craster House is now owned by John Craster, eldest son of the late Thomas Wood, who assumed the surname and arms of Craster by virtue of the will of a former member of the old family. Mr. John Craster was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1879.

Hollinside Manor.

THE ruins of the manor of Hollinside are situated in the Derwent Valley, within a comparatively easy distance of Swalwell, Winlaton Mill, and Axwell Park, though it must be at the same time confessed that the road thither is none of the easiest. "Marry, 'tis a hard road to hit," as old Gobbo says. But the ruins are worth a visit all the same, especially when the weather is fine, and the beauty of the scenery can be observed to the best advantage.

Arrived at the old building, the visitor's attention is probably first drawn to the kitchen of the manor house. Here he notices the chimney-piece, still in excellent preservation. It is a solid block of masonry, some ten or ten-and-a-half feet in length. Nothing further remains



CRASTER HOUSE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

here to delay the inquisitive visitor. Leaving this room, he will come next upon the principal entrance, still strong even in its decay. Here he will note the two side passages, suggestive of preparations for defence in the troubled times of the past; and the third narrow passage, at right angles to the main entrance, which a few resolute men might easily have defended against hundreds of assailants when the building was in its integrity. Here, too, cattle might have been driven within the manor house in times of threatening and danger, if there seemed reason for such a step. Looking behind, the visitor will see traces of mason-work, suggesting that much of the ancient pile has yielded slowly to the destroying touch of time; looking upward, he cannot fail to note the gruesome square hole, and consider what may have been its original purpose. Was it to enable the inmates of the manor house, if hard pressed by foes, to pour down on their devoted heads boiling lead? If the visitor walk round now to the other side, he will be struck by the impregnability of the situation, as it must have been in the olden time.

The local traditions connected with Hollinside are scant; but this one we may quote. Under date March 13, 1318, the historian records:—"Thomas Hollinside conveys his manor of Hollinside, near Axwell, to William Bointon, of Newcastle, and Isolda, his wife, with all his demesne lands, and free service of his tenants, a watermill called Clokinthenns [this name still lives in the neighbourhood, but in a slightly corrupted form], situate

upon the New Dene Burn, and his fishery in the Derwent. This property afterwards came into the hands of the Hardings, descendants of Sampson Harding, Mayor and M.P. for Newcastle towards the close of this [the fourteenth] century." (Welford's "History of Newcastle and Gateshead.") Sampson Harding was, in fact, Mayor for four consecutive years, namely, from 1396 to 1399, inclusive.

The Hardings, who hailed from Beadnell, in Northumberland, do not seem to have prospered, although they were at one time engaged in the coal trade, having mines on their Hollinside estates. Their property became mortgaged to their neighbour, George Bowes, Esq., of Gibside, who became the owner of it about the year 1730. Some interest appears to have been retained in the land for a time, as in the cash books of the Gibside estate entries are found of several payments of sums of money to the Harding family. Mr. J. F. Robinson has in his possession an original bill from George Bowes to Richard Harding for corn, grassing of cows, and coals, in 1742-43, amounting to £3 6s. 0d., which was paid on June 14, 1743. There is a curious bill from Richard Harding to George Bowes for shooting birds of prey in 1742, viz., for shooting 30 crows at 2d. each, 5s.; 11 magpies at 2d. each, 1s. 10d.; 5 buzzards at —. But the bill here leaves off without informing us how much it cost to shoot a buzzard. The Harding family is not extinct, or was not a few years ago. Many descendants were employed in Crowley's factory at Winlaton Mill.



HOLLINSIDE MANOR.

Curious Customs of the Lake District.

THE natives of "canny auld Cumberland" are, as a rule, very proud of the customs and ceremonies peculiar to the "playground of England." The progress of the iron and coal trades and other industries, the annually increasing influx of visitors from other parts of the kingdom, and the spread of education, have each had a considerable effect in giving a death blow to some of the quaintest observances. The inhabitants of Cumberland and Westmorland are rather conservative in regard to their customs, and to this cause, doubtless, may be due the fact that old-time usages yet linger in some places. These ceremonies, even, are rapidly becoming rare, the rising generation not following them with the same gusto and pleasure as was the wont of their forefathers.

As may be imagined, the three greatest events which can occur in the human life—birth, marriage, and death—come in for a large share of notice, and it may be asserted that each of these epochs is marked in a manner which obtains nowhere else. There is still one custom which has a wide following, and it promises to live the longest of all. The poorest make an effort to procure a goodly supply of "rum-butter" whenever a birth is about to take place in a family. The ingredients are easily obtainable, and, moreover, are cheap. A pound or two of moist sugar—the quantity entirely depending on the weight of sweet-butter wanted—has enough rum poured upon it to suit the particular taste of the maker, and then an equal weight of fresh melted butter is mixed in the bowl with it. After being vigorously stirred the mixture is poured into the "sweet-butter basin." This article is to be found in almost every family which has existed in the Lake District for any considerable number of years, the piece of china being looked upon in many cases as an heirloom. As soon as the "interesting event" is safely over, the rum-butter is brought out, the medical man as a rule being the first person invited to partake of the contents of the bowl, thickly spread on a piece of wheat or oat cake. The latter article of food, unfortunately, is rapidly going out of fashion, and a good, thick "butter-shag" is deemed more serviceable, though the elder folk still cling to the "haver-breed."

At present, at any rate, there does not seem much likelihood of this usage falling out of practice, the rum-butter to some tastes being very pleasant. Other customs are known only in name, having been handed down by writers who long ago flourished in the district. At Christmas time there are still what are known as "little do's," and one, which the writer has particularly in mind, has existed in Keswick, in connection with one of the leading hotels, for about a century. The "little do" is fast becoming

simply a tea and dance, but at the origin it was a very different affair. The custom seems to have arisen from what were termed "old wife do's," which were always held at the end of a month from the time of a birth. Nearly every married woman in the village—or, if in a town, every "old wife" within a prescribed limit—was invited as a matter of etiquette to join with the mother in her rejoicing that she was again in good health. The congratulations were backed up by the gift of a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, or a shilling from each person invited; the central item in the festival being the drinking of tea and emptying the rum-butter dish, card playing and other diversions occasionally following when the "men-folk" joined their spouses.

A custom which is now never practised used to be observed at every "old wife do," this being termed "stealing the sweet-butter." In describing the mode of operation, an old author states that a number of young men in the neighbourhood assembled in the evening near the house where the festivities were to take place. Having waited outside the house until the table was spread, and the women all seated round it, two or three of the boldest youths rushed in and seized the basin, or attempted to seize it, and carry it off to their companions. As many of the guests were prepared to make a desperate fight for the dish, it was frequently no easy matter to secure the prize and get out again. Indeed, it was no uncommon thing to see some of the invaders denuded of their coat-tails, or perhaps some more important part of their habiliments. When they succeeded in getting the basin of sweet-butter, a basket of oat bread was handed out to them, and they went to some neighbour's house to eat it, after which each put a few coppers into the empty basin, and returned the dish to the owners. One other custom which has fallen out of use should be noticed before leaving the "old wife do's." This was known as "jumping the can," and it would certainly be impossible for many ladies of the present day to perform the little feat when wearing the garments which fashion prescribes. A large milking pail was placed in the middle of the floor, and in it was stuck a birch broom without the handle. Over this each woman was expected to jump. It was no great height, and those who were young and active went over easily enough, but there were others who did not succeed so well, and that constituted the fun of the thing.

The wedding customs peculiar to the district might be reckoned by the dozen, but few special ones now survive. In the olden days, before the advent of railways, ten or twelve couples of young people often went to church at once on a matrimonial mission, and as the distance was sometimes several miles, they had to go on horseback. At that time the roads were unsuitable for light carriages, and travelling, even on horseback, was far from safe. The horses were put up at the public-house nearest the church; and, after

the marriage knot had been securely tied, the party returned to the public-house to drink the healths of the bride and bridegroom. This usually took some time, and it was not unfrequently the case that the males got slightly elevated by the quantity of home-brewed ale and whisky which they imbibed. The horses having been again mounted, a signal was given, and all raced home, the bride giving a ribbon to the winner. The majority of the animals were rough and heavy farm horses, with a gait the reverse of pleasant, and, as most of them carried two persons, "spills" were very common. The feasting, drinking, dancing, and merrymaking was resumed, and then came the last act of the wedding observances. The bride having retired, all the young women entered the room, and stood at the foot of the bed. The bride sat up with her back towards them, and threw her left stocking over her shoulder, and the girl who chanced to be hit by it was supposed to be the next whose turn it would be to get married.

Funeral customs are much more numerous than either of the other kinds. There is one which, while known in other parts of England, is steadfastly believed in in the North-West. From time immemorial it has been the rule in the country districts to have "corpse roads" from every hamlet to the parish church. So strict were the people about keeping to these roads that in time of flood a funeral party has been known to wade knee deep through the water, rather than deviate a few yards to the right or left. On the afternoon before a funeral, all the married women within the prescribed limit already mentioned—which is locally known as a "Laating"—were invited to go to what was termed the "winding," which meant the placing of the body in the coffin. This, of course, could easily be done in a few minutes by two or three person, but it served as a pretext for a tea drinking and gossip. The parties on the funeral days were usually very large, two persons being invited from each family in the "Laating," besides the relatives of the family. The visitors were all expected to partake of dinner, the viands usually being more substantial than elegant. Besides the eatables there was a full supply of ale and spirits, with tobacco for those who wished to smoke. About three o'clock, which was the usual time for "lifting" the corpse, the coffin was taken outside the door and placed on the bier. The mourners stood near, and four verses of the sixteenth Psalm were sung. The way in which this was done rendered it a somewhat slow and monotonous proceeding. A line at once was given out, in a peculiar sing-song tone, by the clerk or sexton, and was then sung by a few of those present. The next step was termed "lifting" the corpse, and four men raised the bier shoulder high. Hearses were at that time unknown, and the men walked away towards the church, followed by the mourners and others who had been invited. As the distance was often two or three miles, the bearers were relieved by fresh

relays of men at certain places on the route. The ceremony over, and the body left in its last resting-place, as many of the attendants as chose went back to the house, where each was presented with a small loaf of bread to take home. This was called "arvel" bread, and was originally given only to the poor, but afterwards came to be offered to all alike.

There are hamlets in the Lake District a good ten miles from the nearest graveyard, and in those sparsely populated and healthy places a funeral is a rare occurrence. Not long ago the writer had occasion to attend the obsequies of a well-known dalesman. From the hillside farms for miles around came the Herdwick breeders, and many of them waited at the nearest public-house (two miles away) for the coming of the hearse and its followers, and then in their market carts went after the more fashionable vehicles. The hill out of Buttermere was taken at a smart walk, but as soon as the last of the houses was left behind whip was given to the horses in the hearse. Off they went, at the top of their speed, and every animal in the long procession had to follow suit. Rein was scarcely drawn for a moment till Lorton was reached, the half-dozen miles from Buttermere being covered in about three-quarters of an hour, and that along a road the roughness of which can only be appreciated by those who have been unfortunate enough to be driven over it, in a heavy, springless cart, at a quick trot. The burial concluded, everybody adjourned to a public-house close to the church gates, and quickly the scene was changed from mourning to feasting. Open house was kept for the time being, all being welcome to eat and drink to the top of their bent. After an hour and a half had been thus spent, the party separated, the dales-folk to canter back over the same rough road to their secluded homes, there to have a fire-side "crack" over the "Royal" and other showyard victories achieved by the old agriculturist, who had won sufficient prize cards to completely cover the walls and ceilings of his best sitting-room, and as many articles of silver as would have sufficed to stock a shop in a very respectable manner.

P.P.

The Tyne Conservancy Contest



IT was not until the Municipal Corporations Act had passed that the bed of the Tyne was attacked by a dredger; nor was it until the Tyne Improvement Act had been added to the statute-book that any great impression was made on the depth of water. From the year 1838, when dredging began, to the close of the year 1850, in which the conservancy of the river was transferred by the Legislature from the exclusive care of the Corporation of Newcastle to the hands of a board representing all the

municipal corporations on the Tyne, not quite half-a-million tons of matter were removed by dredgers from the channel of the river; whereas from 1850, to the close of 1866, the quantity dredged exceeded twenty-one millions of tons.

In the month of February, 1848, three days before the French Revolution broke out, Messrs. Thomas Hudson, chemist, South Shields, and Thomas Carr Lietch, solicitor, North Shields, were in London, endeavouring to procure an Act of Parliament to enable a company to ferry passengers across the Tyne, from the New Quay, North Shields, to Kirton's Quay, South Shields, and from Whitehill Point to the Penny Pies Stairs, South Shields, also from Howdon to Jarrow. When they were leaving the office of the Parliamentary Agent, near the House of Commons, after having completed the business they came upon, that gentleman carelessly said to them, "By-the-by, the Newcastle people are coming up next year seeking to consolidate their river powers," little thinking he was addressing two of the most active advocates for local rights to be found on the banks of the Tyne. But on this hint they lost no time in acting, though keeping their plans as profound a secret as possible, until the last day allowed them by the standing orders for giving notice of their intention to apply to Parliament, in the ensuing session, for leave to bring in a bill substantially to put an end to the river monopoly, for so many centuries enjoyed by Newcastle.

On the 5th November, 1848, Messrs. Hudson and Lietch met at tea in a house in Sydney Street, North Shields, to write out Parliamentary notices for the construction of a new quay, to extend down as far as the Low Lights. After tea, Mr. Hudson called in to join them in the consideration of river reform matters Dr. John Owen, Dr. J. P. Dodd, Mr. Robert Poppelwell, and Mr. Thomas Fenwick, afterwards Borough Surveyor of North Shields, and now practising as a civil engineer in Leeds. The party, thus consisting of six, did not separate till two o'clock next morning, having, during their confabulation, resolved upon the line to be pursued in the forthcoming agitation against the monopoly of Newcastle. On being made acquainted with what this spirited party had resolved on initiating, Captain Linskill, of Tynemouth Lodge, the most prominent man in the borough, immediately went to consult Mr. Hugh Taylor, the Duke of Northumberland's head agent, at Earsdon; and we have been told that that gentleman "blushed like a woman at the notion of Shields going to war with his old friends at Newcastle."

The Conservancy scheme was to take from the ancient town of Newcastle the sole right of its Town Council and Trinity House to manage the whole of the river business from the Sparr Hawk to Hedwin Streams, that is, from the entrance into the river to the head of the navigation, and to give the twin sea-side boroughs of Tynemouth and South Shields, the borough of Gateshead, and also the

people above Tyne Bridge, an aliquot share in the management. Mr. George Kewney, solicitor, Mr. Lietch's partner, was entrusted with the legal notices for the county of Northumberland and the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and they appeared in the *Newcastle Journal* in the second week of November; while Mr. Hudson took charge of the notices for the county of Durham, which appeared simultaneously in the *Gateshead Observer*. The notices were kept back till the last hour, 4 p.m., and when they appeared on the Saturday morning, they produced a great commotion on Newcastle Quay. So Quixotic did the scheme appear that, in the following year, when Captain Washington was holding his preliminary inquiry at North Shields, the Newcastle gentlemen smiled at the scheme as one fit only to be promulgated by the knight of the rueful countenance. The Town Clerk of Newcastle, the venerable John Clayton, in championing the cause of the constituency he represented (and a better champion it could not have had), characterised the proposed bill, in his opening speech, as "one of a very romantic nature indeed," laying a strong stress on these words. An analysis of it, however, was sufficient to show that it was not in the least correct so to characterise it. The River Tyne Conservancy Bill, indeed, contemplated the establishment of a Board of Conservancy, the transfer to it of all existing powers of conservatorship, the settlement of the disputed question as to whether all or what portion of the dues levied on shipping and goods were applicable to river purposes, and the transfer of such funds to the proposed board.

That such a measure was imperatively wanted admitted of easy proof. We need only quote the figures attested by Captain Calver, R.N., who was employed by the Admiralty to survey the river thoroughly. That gentleman reported that, having made an exact comparison of the state of the river between Newcastle Bridge and the sea in 1849 with what it was in 1813, as shown on Rennie's plan, he found that the volume of water in the channel at high water had diminished since the latter period from 940,883,000 to 898,116,000 cubic feet, being a loss of 42,767,000 cubic feet, whilst the capacity of the channel at low water had diminished from 214,262,000 to 205,756,000 cubic feet, being a loss of 8,506,000 cubic feet, thus making a total diminution in the quantity of tidal water no less than 34,261,000 cubic feet at each tide. This loss was corroborated by the reduction of a quarter part in the sectional capacity of the bar, a decay in the rate of the flood, and a decrease in the width of the Narrows, which last might be termed the gauge of the quantity of tidal water admitted into the river. He found that there had been an encroachment of ninety-five acres, or one-sixteenth of the whole, upon the high water surface, that the extent of the principal shoals only had increased from a hundred to one hundred and four acres, and that the deep water channel was decidedly in-

ferior for all navigation purposes to what it had been thirty-six years before. For more than one part of the channel, as on Hebburn Shoal and the Cockrow Sand, there was only three feet at low water; in other parts there were deep pools where vessels could lie afloat at all times of the tide. Immediately below Tyne Bridge there was deep water, whilst immediately above it there was shoal water. The tide flowed only ten miles above bridge, and was then impeded by a bed of gravel, which alone prevented it flowing much higher.

In short, the Tyne somewhat resembled those Australian rivers which at certain times are little better than chains of stagnant pools, connected by tiny streams of running water. Messrs. Rennie, Richardson, Macgregor, Cubitt, Murray, and others had from time to time recommended various works, which would have greatly improved the navigation of the river, and benefited materially the industries on its banks; but nothing had been done to carry these recommendations out, the Corporation contending that their charters involved no obligation to improve the river, but only obliged them to keep the channel open. In this view they were implicitly backed by that sturdy anti-reformer Mr. William Richmond, of North Shields, who gave it as his oracular dictum that "the Tyne would do very well if it were let alone; but it was dying of the doctor." The river at that time yielded a revenue of not much less than £20,000 a year, but the bulk of the money was spent for purely Corporation purposes. Large tracts of land had been "filched" from the river, excluding tidal water; and the Corporation deemed that it had done enough, though benefiting largely by these encroachments, when it merely removed wrecks out of the channel. No tidal observations were kept, nor was there any self-regulating gauge maintained, to show whether the river was or was not deteriorating; in short, the river was left almost entirely, except for the above-mentioned encroachments, to the action of the contending land floods and tides. At the same time, Mr. W. A. Brooks, the Corporation's own engineer, when asked by the Admiralty Commissioner whether it had been found that the improvements, which Rennie and others had so pointedly recommended, could not be carried out on account of insuperable difficulties in the way, replied:—"There would be no difficulty whatever; it is simply a matter of expense."

The Committee of the House of Commons, to whom the Conservancy Bill was referred, met for the first time on the 13th of May. The members were Mr. Philip Miles, Bristol, chairman; the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Arundel; the Hon. E. H. Stanley, Lynn Regis; Mr. G. Greenall, Warrington; Mr. W. H. Stanton, Stroud; Mr. William Ord, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. T. E. Headlam, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. R. W. Grey, Tynemouth; and Mr. John Twizell Wawn, South Shields. At their last sitting, on the 16th of June, the preamble of the bill was declared to be proved; and on being reported to the

House it soon after passed through its remaining stages. On the 16th July, the second reading was carried in the House of Lords, after a long debate, in which Lord Brougham spoke bitterly against the bill, by a majority of 42 to 30; and on the 24th, a Select Committee of their lordships, consisting of the Earl of Devon (chairman) and Lords Wynford, Cowper, Canning, and Lyttleton, sat for the first time; but, after sitting two days, the views of their lordships were so clearly hostile to the progress of the bill, that it was withdrawn by the promoters. In 1850, the Tyne Conservancy Bill was again brought forward, while the Corporation of Newcastle introduced a Tyne Navigation Bill, in order to remedy some of the evils which the Shields people the year before had sought by their bill to remedy. The Select Committee of the House of Commons, to whom was referred the consideration of these two competing bills, met for the first time on the 18th of March, and adjourned to the 11th of April, after which they sat regularly until the 10th May, when they declared the preamble of the Corporation bill proved. The opposing parties had in the meantime arrived at a friendly understanding, by which the river reformers obtained substantially what they had demanded. Thus materially amended, the Tyne Navigation Bill received the royal assent on the 15th July, 1850—a day ever memorable in the annals of the Tyne.

The struggle had been an arduous one, and high honour was due to those talented and determined individuals through whose instrumentality and perseverance, under no common difficulties, a successful termination had been secured. The public spirit shown by the leading inhabitants of North and South Shields, Gateshead, Blaydon, and other places situated on the Tyne estuary was very great; and the ability and energy of the then Town Clerk of Tynemouth, Mr. T. C. Lietch, who led the van of the river reformers, showed him to be no ordinary man. The names of the more prominent gentlemen who stood at his back were Captain Linskill, Dr. Mackinlay, Dr. Fenwick, Dr. Owen, and Messrs. Robert Forth, R. Pow, Thomas Coxon, Emanuel Young, Peter Dale, George Johnson, George Shotton, John Dale, John Dryden, Robert Peart, Thomas Barker, Solomon Mease, Joseph Straker, John Rennison, T. S. Dobinson, James Lesslie, Matthew H. Atkinson, Matthew Poppelwell, John Wright, G. S. Tyzack, William Wingrave, William Harrison, John Twizell, George Avery, James Donkin, Robt. Cleugh, George Metcalfe, Dennis Hill, E. R. Arthur, George Hall, Alexander Scott, and Henry Brightman, the indefatigable hon. secretary, all of North Shields. Then for the southern borough there were Messrs. Thomas Hudson, Robert Anderson, James Young, John Robinson, John Clay, James C. Stevenson, James Mather, Charles N. Wawn, Sheppard Skee, Thos. Stainton, Ralph Hart, E. D. Thompson, Henry Briggs, John Ness, Solomon Sutherland, Terrot Glover, Samuel

Couper, Matthew Aisbitt, and Messrs. J. W. Lamb, and Hugh M'Coll, secretaries (the latter gentleman being the life of the committee), with the Town Clerk, Mr. Thomas Salmon. Mr. William Kell, the Town Clerk of Gateshead, likewise took an active part, as did Messrs. W. H. Brockett, George Hawks, John Abbot, and James Clephan, the editor of the *Gateshead Observer*, who, with his able leading articles, was a powerful ally of the river reformers, and rendered them essential service through demonstrating that whatever improved the river must benefit the trade and commerce on its banks, and consequently Newcastle, the metropolis of the district. The subject was ably handled, too, in a series of letters by Dr. D. R. Lietch, of Keswick, brother of the Town Clerk of Tynemouth, who took the title of "A Faithful Son of Father Tyne." The above-bridge reformers could not possibly have had a better leader than Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Cowen, who had at his back Messrs. Hawdon, Hall, Johnson, Scott, and others. The foremost defenders of the Newcastle monopoly were Mr. William Armstrong, the town treasurer, Alderman Dunn, Mr. Ralph Park Philipson, Mr. Stephen Lowrey, Mr. John Rayne, Mr. W. A. Brooks, and, of course, Mr. Clayton.

The promoters of the Conservancy Bill had to pay somewhat dearly for it, as it cost about £5,000, while the Newcastle party had the river funds to fight with.

The River Tyne Improvement Commissioners have certainly made good their title; while the opponents of the change, and the prophets of evil consequences, have long ago seen how mistaken were their dark forebodings. Capacious docks have been constructed, piers are being completed, the river has been deepened throughout, and the bar may be said to have altogether vanished. Ships may now enter the Tyne as readily at low water as formerly at high; and the many millions of capital which have been laid out since 1851, from the bar to Blaydon, in shipbuilding yards, engine and ordnance works, locomotive works, foundries, chemical works, glassworks, soaperies, breweries, potteries, tanneries, chain and anchor works, roperies, sailcloth manufactories, fire-brick manufactories, steel works, &c., &c., show that the movement which, when it originated in Shields, was laughed at as a monstrous myth has turned out a glorious reality. All the old obstructions have been removed—including the Insand, the Middle Ground, the Nine Feet Bar, the Dortwick Sands, Jarrow Sand, Hebburn Sand, Hayhole Point, Willington Shoal, Bill Point, Friar's Goose Point, and Tyne Bridge (now replaced by the Swing Bridge, through which lately passed the finest ship in her Majesty's navy, constructed at the works established by Lord Armstrong at Elswick). The removal of Tyne Bridge having rendered practicable the straightening and deepening of the channel as far up as Stella and Ryton, the banks of the Tyne, for a stretch of

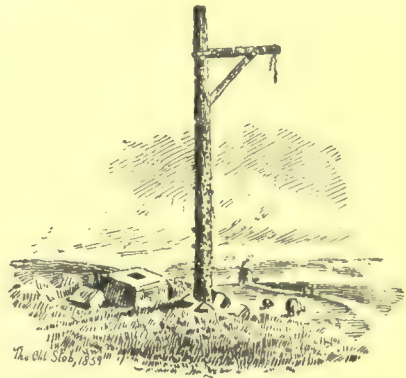
fourteen or fifteen miles, have been converted into one vast hive of industry, to which there is no parallel in the world.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

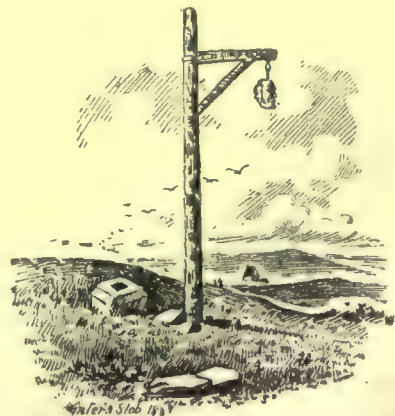
Winter's Stob, Elsdon.



FULL account of the Elsdon Tragedy and of the gibbeting of William Winter at Sting Cross, Harwood Head, appeared in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*. Reference is there made to the various changes which the



gibbet, or "stob," as it is termed by the inhabitants of Elsdon and the neighbourhood, underwent in the course of years. The accompanying drawings show the appearance of this well-known object in 1859 and 1889.



The stone to the left has occupied the same position for the last quarter of a century. To the right may be seen a

shepherd's hut; it is now in ruins. In 1859 the upright pole was covered with large spike nails, which, it is supposed, had been inserted to prevent the removal of the stob by Winter's friends; and only a couple of pieces of chain hung from the cross-beam. When the drawing was made in November, 1889, the stob had evidently been renewed. There were no nails in the upright pole, and from the cross-beam was suspended a wooden head, the remains of a representation of the human figure. We are indebted to Mr. Robert Wood, Newcastle, for the accompanying sketches.

Camilla Colville.

THE romantic story of Camilla Colville—"Camilla of the White House," the lovely lady who in the last century became Countess of Tankerville—has been told in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 274. A portrait of Camilla is still in the



Camilla Colville.

possession of Mr. J. S. Forster, whose father purchased the White House in 1856. It is from this portrait that our sketch has, by Mr. Forster's kind permission, been copied.

Mr. Valentine Smith.

AS Mr. Valentine Smith has lately been conducting an operatic season in Newcastle, perhaps a sketch of his career may prove acceptable to our readers. Mr. Smith has a special claim upon the North of England, inasmuch as he is a native of Barnard Castle, where his father carried on a large business, being the inventor, patentee, and manufacturer of street-sweeping machines.

Young Smith evinced a taste for music at an early age. When a boy of six he used to sing in choirs; at the age of eight he was often asked to assist at harvest festivals in the neighbourhood of his native place, his sweet alto voice being highly appreciated. Soon afterwards he joined the Barnard Castle Sacred Harmonic Society. When about fifteen years of age, he took the management of the choir at St. Mary's, Barnard Castle. It is a curious fact that young Smith's voice, which ranged from the lower E below the stave to C sharp or D—nearly two octaves—never changed at the usual period, and Mr. Smith retains the same notes, with the difference that his voice is now a tenor of robust quality. It was thought expedient that he should have a rest, and for a space of fifteen months he hardly sang a note. The result was that when he resumed singing his voice was a perfect tenor. Passionately fond of music, he sang at numerous concerts with marked success. But he had but local fame, and it was not until a London physician, Dr. Mitchell, heard him sing that he thought of becoming a public vocalist. That gentleman was struck with the rare quality and compass of the youth's voice, and urged his father to have him trained under the best masters.

After due consideration, the parental consent was obtained. Young Smith left for London at the age of eighteen, and for some months studied under the best metropolitan masters. Deciding upon acquiring the Italian style in its perfection, he visited Milan, and for a period of six months had the advantage of the experience of San Giovanni, a well-known *maestro*, who prepared him for the stage. Mr. Smith made his *début* at Valencia, Piemonte, in the opera "*Il Furioso*" with gratifying success. Engagements followed in rapid succession, and he sang in many other large towns of Italy. Then he went to Constantinople, where he sang before the Sultan and other Turkish notables. Here he stayed for a period of three months.

Returning to England, he did not rest upon his oars very long. Happening to be in Sunderland upon a visit, he was suddenly called upon by Mr. J. H. Mapleson, the celebrated *entrepreneur*, who wished him to supply the place of his tenor, Tessamen (a Yorkshireman), who had fallen ill. Mr. Mapleson was on a concert tour

with a bevy of star vocalists, including Titiens, Marimon, and Agnesi, the *basso cantante*. He decided upon hearing Smith's voice before the engagement was concluded, and a meeting was arranged to take place in Mr. Vincent's shop, in Sunderland. Mapleson, Agnesi, and Tito Mattei, the pianist, were present. Mr. Smith sang in his best style. Mr. Mapleson and his friends were delighted, one and all asserting that Mario had come back again. Mr. Smith sang at the concert in the evening, and was a distinct success. The next day, the company came to Newcastle, where Mr. Smith was equally well received. It may be mentioned that he was then known as Signor Fabrini. He remained with Mapleson until the close of the tour, the engagement having been profitable in more senses than one.



Contact with some of the best vocalists of the day had revealed to him many shortcomings, and he determined upon undergoing another course of hard study. Accordingly he went to Italy again, and studied for a period of twelve months under Francesco Lamperti, the world-renowned teacher of singing. Amongst vocalists who have since become distinguished, and who were receiving the instructions of the same *maestro* at that time, were Stolz, soprano, Waldmann, contralto, Companini and William Shakespeare, tenors, Galassi, baritone.

A telegram from Mapleson, offering an engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, recalled him to England. He made his *début* before a Newcastle audience at the Tyne Theatre as Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni," making a

decided hit. The cast included Titiens, Sinico, Trebelli-Bettini, Marie Roze, Giulio Perkins, Borella, and Sterbini. At the close of the season, he secured many lucrative engagements, singing at the Albert Hall and other places with very satisfactory results. Soon afterwards he left for the United States, where he stayed for fully four years, visiting every town in that country having a population of over 10,000 souls.

A family bereavement was the cause of his somewhat hurried return to England. Here he quickly secured an engagement with the late Mr. Carl Rosa, with whom he remained for several seasons. On leaving Rosa, Mr. Smith commenced an opera company of his own, opening at the Alexandra Palace, London. After a season with Mr. Augustus Harris's Royal Italian Opera Company, Mr. Smith began another venture on his own account at the Olympic Theatre, London, the engagement being for four weeks. His company has since appeared in many of the large towns in England, and it may be conjectured that he has secured the goodwill of his hearers, inasmuch as he has booked return visits to all the places.

Whether it be due to the climate or the defects of our language cannot be discussed here; but operatic records do not give the name of any other North-Countryman who has attained to the same eminence as Mr. Valentine Smith.

Mr. Justice Manisty.

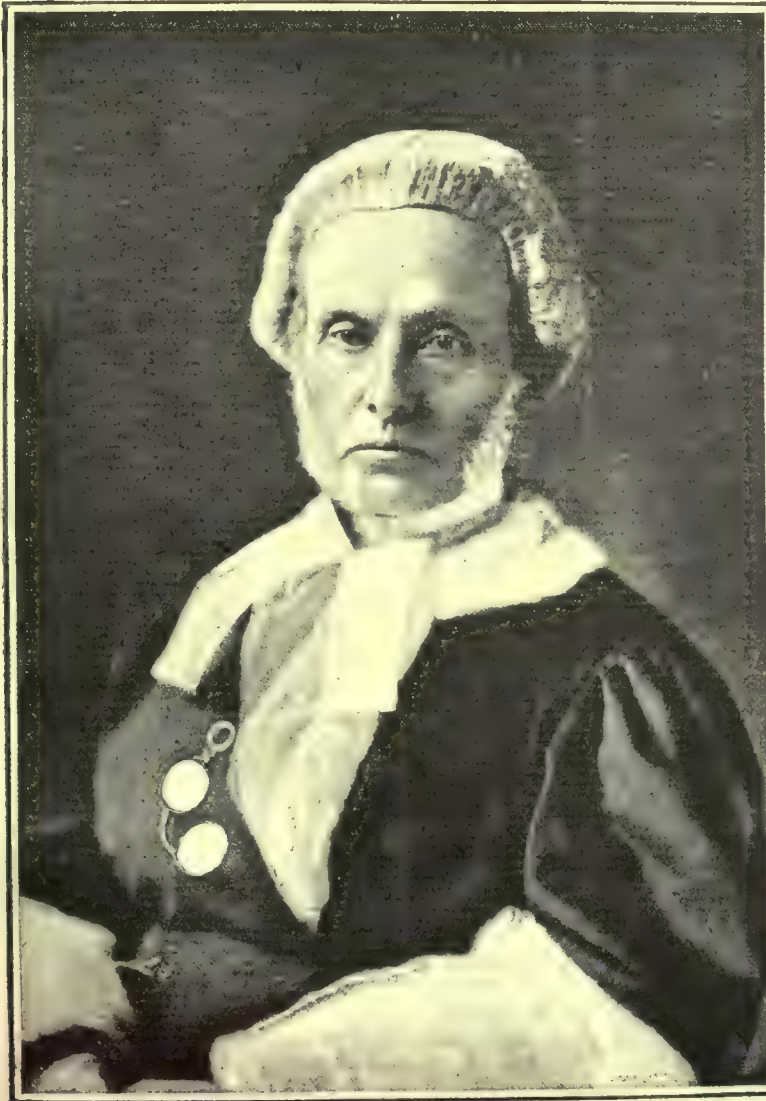
WHILE engaged in the performance of his judicial functions at the Royal Courts of Justice, London, Sir Henry Manisty, one of the judges of the Queen's Bench Division, fell suddenly ill on Friday, Jan. 24, 1890. It was found, on the arrival of medical assistance, that his lordship was suffering from a paralytic stroke. Never recovering from the attack, the learned judge expired on January 31.

Sir Henry Manisty was the second son of the Rev. James Manisty, B.D., Vicar of Edlingham, near Alnwick, Northumberland. He was born at Edlingham Vicarage on December 13th, 1808, and was thus a little over eighty-two years of age. His mother was Elinor, only daughter of Mr. Francis Forster, of Seaton Burn Hall, Northumberland, an alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mayor of the town in 1769 and 1779. Designed in the beginning for the law, Mr. Manisty was articled, after leaving school, to Messrs. Thorp and Dickson, solicitors, in Alnwick, and afterwards became a partner in the London firm of Meggison, Pringle, and Manisty. His practice in this branch of the profession extended from 1830 until 1842, and during these years he acquired a wide knowledge of legal matters generally, and displayed conspicuous ability in everything he undertook. But,

like many another successful solicitor, his ambition sought a wider sphere for the display of his legal talents, and he relinquished the practice of a solicitor for that of a barrister. He was called to the bar in 1845, and subsequently became a bencher of Gray's Inn. Mr. Manisty was best known, perhaps, in cases affecting manorial rights and the rights of fishing, and in cases involving points of ecclesiastical law. In 1857, he was made a Queen's Counsel, and was a leader of the Northern Circuit for many years. He was very successful, and an extensive practice came to him almost immediately after he was "called," his proved ability as a solicitor gaining

for him many briefs in the very beginning of his career at the bar. Mr. Manisty was appointed a judge of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice in November, 1876, and received the honour of knighthood. He was verging upon three score and ten years when he was elevated, but he maintained his physical and mental faculties to an unwonted age. He was a most painstaking judge, and, whether in criminal or civil cases, spared neither time nor trouble to arrive at a right apprehension of truth and justice in a cause. He was a copious and careful note-taker, and his summing-up was always a model of accuracy and comprehensiveness.

The deceased judge frequently came upon the North-Eastern Circuit, and the case in which he is best known locally was that of the burglary at Edlingham Vicarage, where he himself was born. The history of that *cause célèbre*, and of the release of the two men convicted before Mr. Justice Manisty, and the subsequent conviction of the two other men who confessed themselves guilty of the crime, must be fresh in the memories of most people. In civil cases, Sir Henry Manisty displayed in his arguments keen appreciation of the strength of any point that was advanced, and was always willing to assist counsel, but, whenever opportunity offered, he sought to bring about an amicable settlement between disputants without the intervention of the law. Curiously enough, notwithstanding his long absence from these parts, Sir Henry Manisty preserved distinctly in his speech a tinge of the Northumbrian language, with which he was familiar in his boyhood. This was particularly noticeable in his sustained pronunciation of the vowels *a* and *o*; and it was all the more noticeable because his speech was always deliberate, and somewhat monotonous. His early recollections helped him wonderfully in the examination of wit-



MR. JUSTICE MANISTY.

nesses from the pit villages of Northumberland and Durham, whose unfamiliar expressions have many a time perplexed both judge and counsel at an assize trial.

Mr. Justice Manisty was twice married, first to Constantia, daughter of Mr. Patrick Dickson, of Berwick-on-Tweed, and secondly to Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Robert Stevenson, of the same place.

The portrait of the learned judge is copied from a photograph by G. Jerrard, Clandel Studio, Regent Street, London.

Notes and Commentaries.

PUDDING CHARE.

The following, from a Latin indenture of date given, while supporting the contention that a family called Pudding existed in Northumberland, which probably gave its name to the old chare in Newcastle, will be of service to antiquarian readers in another respect:—"Seton, 9 Feb., 1420. Margareta de furth, of Seton, in parish of Wodhorn, grants to William Bates, junior, of Bedlington, and Agnes his wife, land in Newbyggyng, in said parish, lying between lands of Thomas Rydland and land of William Johnson, burgess of Newcastle, and extending from land of Nicholas Pudyng to the sea."

CUTHBERT H. TRASLAW, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

THE PREACHER AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Nearly sixty years ago there travelled in one of the immediate Northern preaching circuits of the Primitive Methodists a bright, smart, able preacher, whose name was William Towler. He was small of stature, but self-possessed, and as brave as a lion. Returning one night somewhat late from an appointment, his way being through one of the most lonely parts of his district, he was suddenly set upon by a man who sprang from an adjoining copse. "Your purse, sir—quick!" "Purse, my good man, I'm far too poor to carry a purse; my waistcoat pocket is my purse. But stop—hold a moment. In all unusual circumstances and moments of difficulty it is my invariable practice to bring the matter before 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' and if I cannot help you much, I am sure He can." Saying which, Mr. Towler quietly took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and, spreading it on the dusty road, closed his eyes, and—well, the end of it was that when he rose from his knees and looked around, he found that the would-be robber had fled! Mr. Towler had a splendid tenor voice, and altering slightly the words of one of his favourite hymns, he made the solitude ring with—

I've had a tedious journey,
And dangerous, it is true—
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought me through!

The little man was too many, by far, for the stalwart

footpad, and there the incident seemed ended. Not quite. By and bye the preacher began to be greatly impressed with the fact of the almost constant presence of a fine, tall, powerful-looking man at his various meetings. Wherever Mr. Towler went—on this, or on the other side of his circuit—there was his keen and, evidently, deeply interested listener. One night Mr. Towler determined to speak to the man; but it was soon evident that both were of the same mind, for at the close of the meeting the stranger nervously approached him, begging for a short interview. The end is, of course, rightly anticipated. The erstwhile highwayman was fully in the hands of the preacher, to whom he made a clean breast of all his evil doings. His remorse and sorrow were eminently genuine, and he lived many years to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

B., Wylam.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE NUMBER OF THE HOUSE.

The other day two pitmen were conversing together, not fifty miles from South Benwell, when one observed: "Ye nivvor come to see us, Jack?" "Wey, aa divvent knaa yor hoose, Geordy. Whaat's the number?" "Wey, aa can easily tell ye wor number," answered Geordy; "it's the last door but yen!"

A STARTLING QUERY.

In a village not a hundred miles from Durham, one of the rising generation was taken to church for the first time on condition that he behaved himself. All went well till, just as the strains of the organ were dying away, he surprised the minister and congregation by shouting—"Ma, whor's the monkey?"

THE INFLUENZA.

A group of men were talking in one of Armstrong's workshops, Elswick, when the conversation drifted on to the subject of influenza. One man remarked that "the influenza hed come te the Tyne." Thereupon a fellow-workman asked: "Whaat is this influenza? Aa've hard a lot about it. Is't a big man-of-war ship?"

"YEAST."

A Gateshead tradesman sent his servant girl to a book-seller's shop with a note asking for "C. Kingsley's 'Yeast'—sixpenny edition." The maiden read the note, and, thinking that a mistake had been made, bought what she thought was the article required. She returned, saying:—"Heor, sor; they had ne Kingsley's, se aa just browt the Jarman yeast!"

THE PIANO.

A town councillor, not a hundred miles from Gateshead, was telling a friend what a splendid bargain he had got in a piano. His friend asked him if it was a Broadwood. "Broadwood, be hanged!" replied the T.C., "it's solid mahogany!"

North-Country Obituaries.

It should have been stated that the portrait of Mrs. Lanchester, which appears on page 93 of this volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, was copied from a photograph by Mr. F. Redmayne, M.A.

On the 13th of January, Mr. Christian Allhusen, a successful merchant and manufacturer on Tyneside, died at his residence, Stoke Court, Buckinghamshire, at the advanced age of 84 years. A native of Kiel, in



Christian Allhusen.

Germany, the deceased gentleman came to Newcastle in 1825, and commenced business as a corn merchant, being joined by Mr. H. W. F. Bolckow, who afterwards became one of the founders of Middlesbrough. Mr. Allhusen had also acquired a considerable connection as ship and insurance broker; but from both these industries he subsequently retired, and established the Newcastle Chemical Works, on the basis of the business previously carried on by Mr. Charles Attwood. Among other undertakings with which the deceased gentleman was connected was the Whittle Dene Water Company, of which he was one of the original projectors. From the year 1849 to the 1st of November, 1858, he was a member of the Gateshead Town Council; and a recognised authority on all trade matters, he was for many years president of the Newcastle and Gateshead Chamber of Commerce. He was the owner and occupier of Elswick Hall and grounds, which were eventually purchased by the Corporation of Newcastle for the purposes of a public park. Mr. Allhusen married Miss Shield, of Newcastle, and had a numerous family.

On the same day, at the Towers, Didsbury, near Manchester, died Mr. Daniel Adamson, a native of Shildon, in the county of Durham, and chief partner in the firm of Messrs. D. Adamson and Co., engineers and boiler

makers, Hyde Junction. Mr. Adamson, who was one of the principal promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal, gained his early engineering experience upon the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and he was general manager of the Shildon Engine Works until 1850, when he entered upon business on his own account. The deceased gentleman was 71 years of age.

The death was announced, on the 15th of January, of Mr. George Peel, fish curer, Spital, Berwick. The proprietor of fishing stations at Spital, Amble, Holy Island, and Yarmouth, he amassed money during the prosperous period of the herring trade. The deceased, who was formerly a member of the Berwick Town Council, was 70 years old.

At the age of 79, Mr. William Dodd, an old and much-esteemed tradesman, died on the 15th of January, at his residence in Eldon Street, Newcastle. He succeeded



to the bookselling business long carried on by the well-known Charnleys, first at the end of the Old Tyne Bridge, and afterwards in premises in the centre of the town, now removed to make way for modern street improvements. About the year 1870 he transferred his business to premises in New Bridge Street; but, a few years ago, he retired from the active duties of commercial life. He still, however, continued to take an active interest in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was treasurer, and also in the care of little ones at the Children's Hospital. For some years he officiated as librarian at the Newcastle Infirmary, but failing health compelled him to resign that position. Mr. Dodd was a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

Mr. John Dobson, another venerable tradesman of Newcastle, and an alderman of the City Council, died on the 16th of January. Born in Newcastle on the 6th



Alderman John Dobson.

of July, 1818, he served his time with Mr. Charles Rutherford Hensell, surgeon, of Percy Street; but, on the completion of his indentures, he entered the employment of Mr. Joseph Garnett, apothecary and chemist, to whose business he eventually succeeded. Mr. Dobson entered the Town Council on Nov. 3, 1871, and was elected an alderman on May 25, 1887.

Mr. Thomas Robson, of Lumley Thicks, manager of the Earl of Durham's extensive collieries at Lumley and Harraton, died on the 18th of January. Last year he was returned to the Durham County Council for the Chester-le-Street Division, and he was also chairman of the Chester-le-Street Board of Guardians and of the Rural Sanitary Authority. Mr. Robson was about 55 years of age.

Dr. W. H. Dixon, a medical practitioner at Sunderland, died at his residence in Frederick Street, in that town, on the 18th of January, at the age of sixty.

Mr. John Lawrence Hall, who, for upwards of half a century, had carried on the business of ironmonger in South Shields, died at his residence in that town on the 19th of January. When the town was incorporated in 1850, he was elected one of the first members of the Council, on which, however, he served only two years.

Dr. Henry Welsh, a medical gentleman in practice at Hebburn, died there on the 20th of January.

On the 21st of January, died Mr. Robert Cooper, of Framlington Place, who succeeded his father in the direction of one of the best established brush manufacturing businesses in Newcastle.

On the 21st of January, intelligence reached Sunderland of the death, which had taken place in London on the previous day, of Dr. Thomas Thompson Pyle, son-in-law of Sir George Elliot, M.P.

Lady Northbourne, mother of the Hon. W. H. James, M.P. for Gateshead, died at the family residence at Betteshanger, near Sandwich, in the county of Kent, on the 21st of January. Her ladyship was a daughter of the late Mr. Cuthbert Ellison, of Hebburn Hall, to whose extensive property and estates in that neighbourhood, as well as at Gateshead and Jarrow, she succeeded as heiress. In 1841, she was married to Sir Walter Charles James, who was raised to the peerage as Baron Northbourne in 1884. Her ladyship was 78 years of age. Towards works of a benevolent and philanthropic character in the localities in which their interests were situated, Lady Northbourne and her husband were liberal and systematic contributors.

Mr. William Brignal, who was recognised as the oldest lawyer in the city of Durham, died at Gosforth, after a brief illness, on the 23rd of January. The deceased gentleman was in his 80th year.

On the 24th of January, Mr. Griffiths Roberts, of the firm of Hugh Roberts and Son, shipowners, and the owners of a fleet of steamships sailing from the Tyne, died at his residence, Brandling Park, Newcastle, at the age of 36 years.

Also, on the 24th of January, died the Rev. Edward L. Bowman, for many years vicar of Alston. The deceased clergyman, who was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, served as chaplain on board H.M. ship Tribune during the Crimean war. He was also in similar service in the Indian Mutiny, and in several other naval campaigns till 1875, when he was placed upon the retired list. The Lords of the Admiralty then presented him with the living of Alston.

The death was announced, as having occurred in the United States, on the 25th of January, of Mr. Horatio Allen, a friend and contemporary of George Stephenson, and the introducer of the first railway locomotive into America in 1828.

On the 28th of January, the death was announced, in his 58th year, of Dr. J. E. Macdonald, of Byker, Newcastle, and formerly colliery doctor to the Haswell and Shotton Colliery Company.

The remains of Mr. John Briggs were brought from the Isle of Wight, where he had died, and were interred in Wooler churchyard on the 29th of January. The deceased, was 34 years of age.

The death was announced, on the 30th of January, of the Rev. F. W. Ruxton, Rector of Willington (Durham). The deceased clergyman, who was formerly a lieutenant in the 16th Regiment, was in the 63rd year of his age. He had been 34 years at Willington.

News was received on the same day, of the death at Johannesburg, South Africa, on the 2nd of January, of Mr. Joseph G. Patterson, who was well known in Newcastle, having been for many years traveller to Messrs. Harvey and Davey, tobacco manufacturers. Mr. Patterson was 59 years of age.

On the 30th of January, the death was announced, as having taken place in Tasmania, of Mr. John Woodcock Graves, author of the famous hunting song "D'ye Ken John Peel!" Mr. Graves had reached the advanced age of 95 years. (See vol. i., page 182.)

On the same day, Dr. David Hope Watson, F.R.C.P., Edinburgh, died at Stockton, at the age of 54 years.

The remains of Mrs. Mary Elgey, of Copland Terrace, Newcastle, who had died a few days before, were

interred in All Saints' Cemetery on January 31. Previous to (and, indeed, some time after) the introduction of cabs, the Elgey family were enterprising providers of the once well-known Sedan chairs. The venerable lady claimed that she was the last person in Newcastle who used to let those vehicles out on hire.

On the 31st January, also, the death was announced from Cambridge, of Mr. Martin Burn, a native of Newcastle, who, as a civil engineer, had had a distinguished career in India.

On the 3rd of February, the death was announced, as having taken place at Eastbourne, England, of the Hon. W. F. Walker, who, emigrating from Morpeth as a young man, settled in Melbourne, Australia, where he attained to the position of Commissioner of Customs, and also became a member of the Victorian Parliament.

Mr. William Marley, who for several years occupied the post of county inspector under the West Hartlepool Improvement Commissioners and the more recently formed Corporation, died on the 4th of February.

On the same day, at the age of 33, died Charles Green, M.D., former Medical Officer of Health, Gateshead, and afterwards Medical Officer of Health for the east district of the parish of Gateshead. The deceased was a prominent Freemason, and was surgeon to the Newcastle Artillery Volunteers.

On the 5th of February, the death was announced, as having taken place at Leeds, whither he had gone to undergo an operation, of Mr. Thomas L. Ainsley, long well known, first as a teacher of navigation, and afterwards as a nautical instrument maker and publisher of works on navigation and kindred subjects, in North Shields. Mr. Ainsley was between 60 and 70 years of age.

Mr. Alderman Affleck, of Gateshead, died on the 7th of February, in his 76th year. The deceased gentleman, who was at one time an extensive and successful builder, but had latterly retired from active business, was a Justice of the Peace, and had been Mayor of Gateshead two years in succession.

On the 10th of February, a telegram was received from Norwich, U.S., announcing the death of Mr. T. S. Hudson (late of the Hudson Steamship Company), formerly chairman of the West Hartlepool School Board. He was only 43 years of age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JANUARY.

11.—Sir Edward Grey, M.P., presided at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Farmers' Club. Sir Jacob Wilson was elected president for the ensuing year.

12.—Mr. W. E. Church was the lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, in connection with the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, his subject being "Punch: Its History, Influence, and Most Notable Contributors."

—By a fire which broke out at a grain elevator at Baltimore, the Tyne steamer *Sacrobosco* was burned, and three of her crew were supposed to have been drowned.

13.—A young man named Allen, residing in the Milk

Market, died suddenly in the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, while acting as a supernumerary in one of the parts in the Christmas pantomime.

—The Rev. Canon Talbot, M.A., lecturer in Church history and doctrine in the dioceses of Durham, Ripon, and Newcastle, delivered the first of a series of lectures on "The Bible," in the Central Hall, Newcastle. The Bishop of Newcastle presided, and there was a crowded audience.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone and Emin Pasha, dined with Sir George Elliot, Bart., M.P., at Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo.

14.—A destructive fire occurred on the premises of Messrs. Langdale Brothers, manure manufacturers, St. Lawrence Road, Newcastle.

—During the prevalence of a strong westerly gale, the movements of shipping were much impeded in the river Tyne, and a new garden wall, 600 feet in length and 30 feet high, was blown down at Bythorn, Corbridge.

—On the occasion of the death, from Russian influenza, of Earl Cairns, his brother, the Hon. Herbert John Cairns, the successor to the title, was resident in Newcastle, holding a responsible position at the Elswick Factory of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. The new earl, owing to illness from a similar cause, was unable to attend his brother's funeral in London.

15.—Mr. W. H. Patterson, one of the agents of the Durham miners, was elected a representative of the North Ward in the Durham Town Council.

—The Rev. Frank Walters, of the Church of Divine Unity, delivered the first of a course of lectures on the English poets in the new Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. The subject was "Shakspeare," and the Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) presided over a large audience.

—The marriage of Miss Helen Blanche Pease, third surviving daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Pease, of Hutton Hall, near Guisborough, with Mr. Edward Lloyd Pease, second son of the late Mr. Henry Pease, of Darlington, took place at the Friends' Meeting House at Guisborough.

—The platers' helpers and anglesmiths' strikers employed in the Wear shipyards agreed to accept an advance of a shilling per week in their wages.

—Considerable damage was done by a fire which broke out in an oil warehouse, used by Mr. R. H. N. Cook, in Sandgate, Newcastle.

—It was agreed to increase by a shilling per week the wages of scavengers, road men, and charge men in the employment of the Newcastle Corporation.

—Mr. Johnson Hedley presided at the annual social gathering of the Newcastle Sketching Club.

—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. William Bewicke, of Threepwood, Northumberland, had been proved, the personal estate being valued at £11,223 17s. 10d.

16.—The members of the Mickley Lodge of the Northumberland Miners' Union met in the schoolroom, Mickley Square, to make presentations to Mr. Richardson and Mr. Scorer, old officials of the union, Mr. Scorer receiving a purse of gold, a marble timepiece being given to Mr. Richardson, who was for several years president of the lodge. Mr. John Bell presided, and the presentations were made by Mr. T. Burt, M.P.

—It was decided to dissolve the Newcastle Literary Club.

17.—An alarming explosion of gas occurred at 10, Ellison Terrace, Newcastle, and the front of the house was completely wrecked. An old man and his wife and



Effects of Explosion in Ellison Terrace.

three young children were buried in the rubbish, but were rescued by the passers-by.

—A summary was published of the will of Mr. George Routledge, J.P., of London, and Croft House and Hardhurst, Cumberland, the gross value of the personal estate being £94,774 9s. The testator left several bequests to his widow, Mary Grace, a daughter of the late Alderman Bell, of Newcastle.

18.—During a violent storm of wind and rain, Mr. Robert Paton, the contractor for the conveyance of the mails between Morpeth and Rothbury, was proceeding towards the latter place, when the horse and gig were upset by the force of the hurricane. The unfortunate man was afterwards found by one of his sons and a party of searchers on the road near Longhorsley Moor, with his head under the edge of the vehicle, life being quite extinct. Mr. Paton, who was 56 years of age, was well known in the district, in which he had travelled for many years; and on the occasion of the great snowstorm in March, 1886, he rode into Morpeth at midnight, "sheeted in ice from head to foot, and encrusted in frozen snow." The gale continued with great fury on the following day (Sunday), and such was the alarming sensation to which it gave rise, that the service which was being held in the Presbyterian Church, Morpeth, in the evening had to be abandoned.

—It was reported that a death from the influenza epidemic had been registered at Gateshead. In the course of the month, several deaths from the same disease took place at Sunderland. The Schools at Greenhead, near Haltwhistle, had to be temporarily closed on account of the epidemic.

—The Northumberland coalowners offered, and the deputies accepted, an advance of 6d. per day in their

wages; the mechanics at the same time receiving an advance of a little over 4d.

19.—A fire, which proved to be very destructive, broke out in the quartermasters' stores and pay office at Carlisle Castle, used as the dépôt of the Border Regiment.

—The lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, was Miss E. Orme, LL.B., who addressed a large audience on "Modern Idols."

20.—In pursuance of a local tree-planting movement, a number of lime trees were planted at the base of Bondgate Hill, Alnwick. The first tree was planted by County Alderman Adam Robertson.

21.—In response to an application for an increase of 15 per cent. in the wages of the men, the Durham Coalowners' Association intimated their inability to make any further advance, unless or until a much higher invoice price of coal was realised than had yet been obtained.

22.—As the result of a public meeting held at Durham, under the presidency of the Earl of Durham, a committee was appointed to consider the best means of perpetuating the memory of the late Dr. Lightfoot, bishop of the diocese.

—The iron and steel works at Walker, and the premises known as the Elswick

Forge, Elswick, Newcastle, were put up for sale by auction, but in neither case was a sale effected.

23.—Under the presidency of the Bishop of Newcastle, a breakfast, followed by a meeting, was held in the County Hotel, Newcastle, for the purpose of hearing addresses from several gentlemen interested in the abolition of the Indian opium trade with China.

—A communication was forwarded to the Northumberland Coalowners' Association, from the representatives of the miners, applying for an advance of 20 per cent. in wages.

24.—Another oil fire occurred at Sunderland, but was not attended with any serious consequences.

—Mr. Mordaunt Cohen, aged 26, coal merchant, residing at 39, Osborne Road, Newcastle, was found dead in bed, with a bullet wound in his head. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst in a despondent state of mind."

25.—The body of James Anderson, the missing North Shields police inspector, was found near the Scarp landing at North Shields. The coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased was drowned on the 24th December last, but that there was no evidence to show how he got into the water. (See *ante*, page 94.)

—The members of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club dined together at the County Hotel, Newcastle, in celebration of the 131st anniversary of the poet's birth, the chair being occupied by Mr. Adam Carse, and the vice-chair by Dr. Adam Wilson. The Rev. Frank Walters gave the toast of the evening.

—Mr. Nicholas Gregory, manager of Loughirst Colliery, Northumberland, was accidentally killed by a fall of stone in the mine at that place.

—Heavy floods took place in the Tees and in Swale.

dale. In the latter case, Mother Shipton's prophecy that Brompton would be washed away was nearly fulfilled, the river carrying away a portion of the road and embankment railings.

—Several persons were injured by a collision which took place between the slow train leaving Berwick-on-Tweed for the North at 5.30 p.m. and a goods train at Burnmouth. Some of the sufferers subsequently died.

—A building, purchased and adapted as a gymnasium and church institute for St. James's parish, Gateshead, was opened in Back Peareth Street, in that town.

26.—Damage to the extent of between £2,000 and £3,000 was caused by a fire which broke out on the premises known as Hepple's Slipway, in Dotwick Street, North Shields.

—Mr. E. J. C. Morton lectured in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "Mazzini." Mr. C. Fenwick, M.P., presided.

27.—The wages of puddlers in the manufactured iron trade of the North of England were advanced, under the sliding scale, 3d. per ton, and those of all other forge and mill workmen $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

—Mr. Valentine Smith, the well-known tenor vocalist, opened a fortnight's season of English opera in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The temporary stage on which the performances were given was erected at the gallery, or northern end of the building. (See page 135.)

28.—The electric light was successfully installed on the Quayside, Newcastle, by the Northumberland and District Electric Lighting Company.

—Owing to the difficulty of stopping them, three horses attached to a furniture van belonging to Messrs. Bainbridge and Company were suddenly projected into the area in front of the house, 27, Westmoreland Terrace, Newcastle; but although a good deal of damage was done to property, no one, happily, was hurt.

—A meeting in honour of the Marquis of Londonderry was held in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, under the presidency of the Duke of Abercorn.

29.—Mr. Alderman Gray, J.P., laid the foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel on the corner side of Tower and Archer Streets, West Hartlepool.

—Mr. William Dickinson, merchant, was elected an alderman of Newcastle.

—The seventy-second annual meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries was held under the presidency of the Earl of Ravensworth.

—The members of the North of Scotland Society held their first annual supper and ball in Newcastle.

30.—Major John R. Carr-Ellison was married to Miss Edith Maude Mary Fenwick-Clennell, at Harbottle.

—The marriage of Mr. Henry Gladstone, third son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., to Miss Maude Rendel, second daughter of Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P., took place in St. Margaret's Church, London. The gifts to the bride included a costly pearl and pink topaz necklace from Lord Armstrong, Mr. Rendel being one of the largest shareholders in the great Elswick firm.

—Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., delivered his annual address to his constituents at South Shields.

Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "The Value of a Line." Mr. Ralph Hedley presided.

—Mr. William Cowans, a young man belonging to London, was found dead in a field at Middlesbrough, a revolver lying by his side. The deceased had been paying his addresses to an actress in the latter town. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane."

3.—Handsome and spacious new premises, erected as a post-office, were opened in Saville Street, North Shields.

4.—The Cleveland mineowners declined to grant an advance of 15 per cent. in wages.

—A credit balance of £129 18s. 3d. was reported at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society.

—An advance of a shilling per week was granted to the men employed in the marine engineering trade of Mid-Tyne, Shields, and Sunderland.

—An addition of 10 per cent. in wages was conceded to the trimmers of steam coal in the Tyne.

—A destructive fire took place on the drapery premises of Messrs. R. Taylor and Son, of Northumberland House, Waterloo, Blyth.

5.—An advance of wages, to the extent of a shilling a week was offered to, and accepted by, the labourers in the marine engineering trade on the Tyne.

—A resolution in favour of a working day of twelve hours, six days a-week, and the abolition of fines, was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the employees of the Newcastle Tramways Company, held at midnight, and presided over by Mr. T. Burt, M.P.

—While a miner named Malone was melting some dynamite cartridges at Burradon Colliery, near Newcastle, they exploded, wrecking his and two adjoining houses, and injuring several persons.

—The new gunboat Persian, intended for service with the Australian squadron, was launched by Lady Berry, wife of Sir Graham Berry, agent-general for Victoria, from the shipbuilding yard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle.

—All the drapers of Sunderland closed their premises at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday for the first time.

—Mr. Thomas Donnison, secretary to the Onward Building Society, Darlington, was found shot, though not dead, upon the premises of the society; and the directors deemed it necessary, pending an investigation into the accounts of the society, to suspend payment.

6.—The annual dinner of the Bewick Club was held under the presidency of Mr. H. H. Emmerson; and on the following evening, when Mr. Adam Carse occupied the chair, the Mayor of Newcastle opened the exhibition of works of art, the usual *conversazione* following.

—Earl Percy was elected vice-chairman of the Northumberland County Council.

—A local branch of the Theosophical Society was opened under the title of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge.

—It was intimated that the Right Rev. T. W. Wilkinson, D.D., had received from his Holiness the Pope his brief of translation to the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

7.—A dividend of $8\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. was declared at the annual meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company at York.

FEBRUARY.

2.—Mr. Henry Blackburn, editor of "Academy Notes," delivered an interesting lecture in the Tyne Theatre,

—Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., delivered his annual address to his constituents at Morpeth.

—After undergoing extensions and alterations, the Northern Conservative Club, in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, was re-opened by Earl Percy, and in the evening a dinner was held on the premises, under the presidency of his lordship.

—Mr. Augustus Whitehorn, solicitor, was elected an alderman of North Shields Town Council.

8.—Sir E. W. Watkin, M.P., lectured in Sunderland on the Channel Tunnel, and on the following evening he



Sir Edward Watkin.

discoursed in the Tyne Theatre on the same subject, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society.

—The Marquis of Londonderry was elected president of the Durham County Agricultural Society.

—In reply to an application for a further advance of 15 per cent. in the wages of the Northumberland miners, the coalowners intimated that they were unable to give any advance of wages at present, but were willing to reconsider the question when the next ascertainment of prices was taken for the months of December, January, and February.

9.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Tramway employees, it was resolved to form a branch of the National Labour Union.

10.—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Philip Stephenson, of Park Road, Southport, railway contractor, who was born at Eighton Banks, near Gateshead, and who was a relative of George Stephenson, had been proved, the value of the personal estate being £27,906 11s. 5d.

—A meeting representing Northumberland, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Berwick, called by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Duke of Northumberland, was held at

Newcastle, to consider the position of the Volunteer forces of the county. The Duke of Northumberland presided, and amongst those present were Earl Percy, the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. T. Bell), and Sir W. Crossman.

—In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his business connection with Newcastle Quayside, Mr. Thomas Harper (Thomas Harper and Sons, King Street, Quayside), entertained a large company to dinner in the Douglas Hotel, Newcastle.

—Although no official report was issued upon the subject, it was stated that a ballot of the Durham miners was largely in favour of a strike, the owners having refused the advance of wages sought for.

General Occurrences.

JANUARY.

10.—Dr. Döllinger, the well-known German theologian, died, at the age of 90, from influenza.

14.—Lord Napier of Magdala, Constable of the Tower of London, died from an attack of influenza, at the age of 80.

—Earl Cairns died in his 29th year. Death was due to influenza.

16.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone was awarded £1,000 damages in an action for libel which he had instituted against Colonel G. B. Malleon.

—Mr. Ernest Parke, proprietor and editor of the *North London Press*, was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to twelve months' imprisonment for publishing a defamatory libel about Lord Euston.

17.—Death of Mr. Christopher Talbot, M.P., at the age of 87. He was known as the "Father of the House of Commons," having sat for Glamorganshire uninterruptedly since 1830.

18.—Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, and only brother of the King of Italy, died at Turin, in his 45th year.

24.—The first passenger train ran over the Forth Bridge.

25.—Richard Davies, a tailor and draper, was brutally murdered near Crewe, his head being smashed with a hatchet. His two sons were afterwards arrested, and charged with the crime.

29.—Sir William Gull, an eminent physician, died at his residence, 74, Brook Street, London, at the age of 74.

—A report from Major Wissmann, the German explorer in East Africa, was received, announcing the capture and hanging of the Arab chief Bushiri,

FEBRUARY.

3.—*The Times* libel case, in which Mr. Parnell claimed £100,000 damages, was settled without going to trial, Mr. Parnell accepting a verdict for £5,000.

4.—The Duc de Montpensier, son of the late King Louis Philippe, died suddenly at San Lucar, Andalusia, at the age of 66.

6.—An appalling mine explosion occurred at the Llanerch Pits, Abersychan, Monmouth, by which 171 lives were lost.



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The Invention of the Lucifer Match.

By the late James Clephan.

NATURE acquaints man with her great fact of fire, forcing it upon his gaze in storm and volcano; and what he sees in the lightning-flash, and in belching flame and molten lava, he has learnt to evoke for himself and subdue to his use.

Captain Cook, discovering the eastern coast of Australia in 1770, saw the smoke that rose up from the homes of the inhabitants, and witnessed with admiration how they gained possession of fire and diffused it in increasing volume:—"They produce it with great facility, and spread it in a wonderful manner. They take two pieces of dry soft wood: one is a stick about eight or nine inches long, the other piece is flat. The stick they shape into an obtuse point at one end; and, pressing it upon the other, turn it nimbly by holding it between both their hands as we do a chocolate mill, often shifting their hands up, and then moving them down upon it, to increase the pressure as much as possible. By this method they get fire in less than two minutes; and from the smallest spark they increase it with great speed and dexterity. We have often seen one of them run along the shore, to all appearance with nothing in his hand, who, stooping down for a moment, at the distance of every fifty or a hundred yards, left fire behind him, as we could see first by the smoke and then by the flame, among the drift-wood and other litter which was scattered along the place. We had the curiosity to examine one of these planters of fire when he set off, and we saw him wrap up a small spark in dry grass, which, when he had run a little way, having been fanned

by the air that his motion produced, began to blaze. He then laid it down in a place convenient for his purpose, enclosing a spark of it in another quantity of grass; and so continued his course."

From Australia let us now follow Captain Cook to "Oonalaska's shore," where we find the natives producing fire both "by collision and attrition: the former, by striking two stones one against another, on one of which a good deal of brimstone is first rubbed. The latter method is with two pieces of wood, one of which is a stick of about eighteen inches in length, and the other a flat piece. The pointed end of the stick they press upon the other, whirling it nimbly round as a drill, thus producing fire in a few minutes. This method is common in many parts of the world. It is practised by the Kamtschadales, by these people [the natives of Oonalaska], by the Greenlanders, by the Brazilians, by the Otaheitans, by the New Hollanders, and probably by many other nations."

Meanwhile, Cook's countrymen at home were using flint and steel, with match and tinder; as "the Fuegians have for centuries" done, "striking sparks with a flint from a piece of iron pyrites." (Tyler's "Researches into the Early History of Mankind.") But in these later days men have gone ahead of the old courses. The trees of the forests are sliced by machinery into thousands of shreds; and millions of matches, dipped in imprisoned fire, are ready, at a moment's notice, to escape at a touch into flame. Orators have been wont to glow and perorate about that encircling drum which all the earth round proclaims the presence of England and her empire. But

the crack of the lucifer is a still more universal sound, the sharp explosion dating from the decade of the present century in which the world's first passenger railroad entered upon its career.

How to procure fire at will is to be numbered among the many inventions of man through the ages. The heating and ignition of wood by friction was practised by the Romans. In the Reports by the Juries of the Exhibition of 1851, to which we now turn, Pliny's account of the process is quoted, "first discovered in camps, and by shepherds, when a fire was wanted and a fitting stone was not at hand; for they rubbed together wood upon wood, by which attrition sparks were engendered; and then collecting any dry matter of leaves or fungi, they easily took fire." "Virgil notices the 'hidden fire in the veins of flints,' as being one of the benefits anciently bestowed on man at the commencement of the reign of Jupiter; and pyrites are described by Pliny as being well known and esteemed for producing sparks."

Ancient is the process of fire-making. Long was the reign of stone and steel and tinder. "It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the discovery of phosphorus indicated a quicker or more certain means of procuring light or fire. In 1677, Dr. Hooke, in one of his Cutler Lectures, described the effects of phosphorus, as they had been recently exhibited in England to the Hon. Robert Boyle and several other Fellows of the Royal Society by Daniel Krafft, 'a famous German chemist.' Even after all the earliest experiments, however, the new matter appeared to be regarded only as a curiosity, which Boyle entitled the *Noctiluca*, and 'a factitious self-shining substance,' procured but in small quantities, and with great labour and time, the principal value of which was to supply a light in the night or in dark places, when exhibited in glass vessels. It can scarcely be doubted but that some trial was made as to whether an ordinary match could be inflamed by the substance; but Boyle's recorded experiments refer only to the strength, the diffusion, and the continuance of the light."

The Jurors' Reports proceed to glance at the history of chemical matches, scarcely any other method of producing fire being employed] before 1820 "than that of the well-known trio," flint and steel and tinder, "with which the ordinary sulphur match was inseparably associated."

It was soon afterwards that "Doebereiner made the remarkable discovery that finely-divided platinum (*spongy platinum*) is capable of inflaming a mixture of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air; and he founded on this property of platinum the invention of the Instantaneous Light Apparatus, first known by the name of Doebereiner's Hydrogen Lamp." Another method of producing ignition, proposed about the same period, but never generally adopted, "depends upon the property which certain compounds of phosphorus

and sulphur possess of inflaming when slightly rubbed, in contact with the atmosphere." "The first important and permanent improvement in the means of obtaining light consisted in covering the sulphurized end of a match with a mixture of sugar and chlorate of potash; which, being deflagrated by immersion into concentrated sulphuric acid, communicated the inflammation to the underlying coating of sulphur." "These matches were in all probability invented in France, whence at least they were certainly first introduced into England; but prior to their introduction Captain Manby had been accustomed to employ a similar mixture for firing a small piece of ordnance for the purpose of conveying a rope to a stranded vessel; and, indeed, the composition was also described by Parkes, in his 'Chemical Catechism,' amongst the experiments illustrative of combustion and detonation at the close of the volume."

"Exactly the same principle was involved in the preparation of the matches invented by Mr. Jones, of the Strand, and used for some time in England under the name of Prometheans." These matches were compressed "with a pair of pliers, sold for the purpose, or between two hard substances (between the teeth, for example)," and thus ignited, "forming, as it were, the stepping-stone to the production of the friction match."

Thus do we approach the period of the friction lucifer; and now the Exhibition volume of 1852 (to which we have been so greatly indebted) has this paragraph:—"The first true friction matches, or congreves, made their appearance about the year 1832. They had a coating of a mixture of two parts of sulphide of antimony and one part of chlorate of potash, made into a paste with gum water, over their sulphurized ends, and were ignited by drawing them rapidly between the two surfaces of a piece of folded sand-paper, which was compressed by the finger and thumb."

There is here, by inadvertence, a missing link, which was supplied in the month of August, 1852, by the Editor of the *Gateshead Observer*, who wrote a short article on "The Origin of the Friction Lucifer." "The Jurors' Reports, just printed, treat," said he, "of everything, great and small, that found a place in the Exhibition of Industry, from the Kohinoor or Mountain of Light to a Lucifer Match. On the latter luminous subject the reporters are in the dark, and, in another column, we have briefly enlightened them. We may here, at some greater length, present a short report supplementary to those of the jurors, that the origin of the friction match may be placed on record, before the evidences pass beyond the reach of the world, and are irrecoverably lost. A quarter of a century ago, Mr. John Walker, of Stockton-upon-Tees, then carrying on the business of a chemist and druggist in that town, was preparing some lighting mixture for his own use. By the accidental friction on the hearth of a match

dipped in the mixture, a light was obtained. The hint was not thrown away. Mr. Walker commenced the sale of friction matches. This was in April, 1827. 'Young England,' who has come into being since that day, now buys a pocketful of lucifers for a penny. Mr. Walker, for a box of fifty, with a piece of doubled sand-paper for friction, got a shilling! 'Prometheans' and other competitors beat him down to sixpence. And then, unwilling to be beaten down still further, he renounced the sale, Old Harrison Burn, an inmate of the Stockton almshouse, was Mr. Walker's match-maker; and John Ellis, book-binder, made the paper-boxes at three halfpence each. Mr. John Hixon, solicitor, was Mr. Walker's first customer. Production has been cheapened in all directions, but few commodities have 'fallen like lucifers.' Paper-boxes, gorged with matches, are now sold wholesale at 1s. 6d. to 1s. 10d. per gross; and wood-turned boxes, containing double the number of matches, at half-a-crown! And yet the makers do not burn their fingers."

The first rail of the world's first passenger railroad had been laid at Stockton in the spring of 1822; and there, in the spring of 1827, the first friction match burst into flame; the rail and the match alike going ahead, and circumflaming the globe. Thomas Wilson, author of "The Pitman's Pay," in the course of an address, partly autobiographical, written for a social gathering held in the Public Rooms, Gateshead Low Fell, March 15, 1854, referred to the extraordinary improvements and discoveries that had taken place in the land during the previous thirty years, and remarked:—"How much all these have contributed to the comforts and conveniences of society, I need not point out: you are all able to see their value. I need not point out to you the plague and trouble that are spared by the lucifer match, particularly to those of you who have frequently required a light during the night for the infant. Instead of knapping for half-an-hour with flint and steel upon half-burnt tinder, as we of the olden time had often to do, you have a light instantly, without scarcely rising from your pillow. Don Quixote's friend, Sancho, blessed the man who invented sleep; but if you knew the trouble attending flint and steel operations, you would doubly bless the man who produced the lucifer match."

"That man," repeated the *Observer* (in a foot-note to the address), "was Mr. John Walker, of Stockton." And having set forth anew the incidents of 1827, the Editor added:—"The Jurors' Reports (Exhibition of 1851) refer the appearance of the *friction matches* to the year 1832. On the publication of these reports, we drew the attention of Dr. Warren De La Rue, one of the authors, to the facts now stated, and he courteously expressed his regret that he was not earlier acquainted with them."

It may be as well to add, while we are on the subject,

that Mr. Walker's friction lucifers adhered to the old form of the flat brimstone-match, with two pointed ends.

The question of the origin of the friction lucifer has frequently since been brought under public notice. The paper of Dr. Foss, on "The Tinder Box, and its Practical Successor," which appeared in 1876 in the *Archæologia Eliana* (vii., 217, N.S.), should be read by every one who takes an interest in the subject. Not longer ago than the month of August, 1880, an answer of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* to an inquiry from one of its correspondents gave rise to a letter from Mr. William Hardcastle, of "the Medical Hall," Stockton, who, being in possession of Mr. John Walker's books, did the good service of committing to print the evidence which they had to give on this subject. We thus learn that the first entry bears date April 7, 1827, when Box No. 30 was put down to Mr. Hixon. At that time, therefore, 30 boxes had been sold before the close of the first week in the month of April. The box sold to Mr. Hixon is described as containing 84 "sulphurated hyperoxygenated" matches; and the price was a shilling. On the 26th of July, No. 36 occurs as entered to Mrs. Faber, Rectory, Longnewton, who had the like number of "oxygenated matches" at the same price. Afterwards come two boxes sold to Mrs. Maude, of Selaby Park; and then Colonel Maddison, Norton, has nineteen boxes for distribution among his friends. Slow was the sale at the outset, but "during 1828 it increased rapidly," and the inventor, who took out no patent, "lived to see the introduction of cheap matches," the result of his discovery, in all directions.

Very interesting it is to have the early sale of the friction lucifer thus traced out for us, in its birthplace, in the valuable communication of Mr. Hardcastle. Mr. Walker, who had been brought up to the medical profession under Mr. Watson Alcock, an eminent surgeon in Stockton, but never entered into practice, was studious and well-read. His information was large and extensive, and his conversation instructive. He was one of the order of men known as "walking encyclopædias," while modestly avoiding all pretence of superior knowledge. Establishing himself in business as a chemist and druggist, he was ever inquiring and experimental; and it was while making a detonating or deflagrating mixture, and dashing off against the hearth-stone some portion of it, taken from a crucible for examination, that his first match may be said to have seen the light. Many an elderly ear was startled, from time to time, on "The Flags" of the High Street, by the explosion of John Walker's "pea-crackers," the delight of Young Stockton.

In the time of the tinder box, every match, with its two brimstone tips, discharged a double debt, first one end being used and afterwards the other. When sparks were struck from flint and steel, and the tinder was

also entertained the visitors hospitably. Mr. Charnley mentioned that he had been engaged to teach Latin to the lovely boy whom Sir Thomas Lawrence painted lolling on a bank with one arm thrown under his handsome curly head—a well-known picture exhibited as “A Portrait of Young Lambton,” son of Lord Durham. “The lad was delicate,” writes Mrs. Clarke, “and I remember Mr. Charnley telling us that he often used to think, while he was giving Latin lessons, ‘Ah, my dear little fellow, you would be much better out in the open air on your pony than shut up in this study.’ And I believe the young life did not last long.”

With Mr. Charnley was his sister, Mrs. Jackson, who joined with her brother in making the evening even more agreeable. Mrs. Clarke informs us that Mrs. Jackson sang (to a quaint old crooning tune) an antiquated ballad of as many as twenty-two stanzas, wherein figured a certain “Lord Thomas,” enamoured of a certain “fair Elleanor,” but doomed by his mother to wed a certain “brown girl,” recounting the tragical end of all three; the “brown girl” possessing “a little penknife both sharp and keen,” wherewith, “between the long rib and the short, she stickit fair Elleanor in,” and Lord Thomas having a sword by his side, “wherewith he clickit the brown girl’s head from her body,” and then “put the point into his breast and the hilt into the ground,” calling upon his mother for “a grave, long, wide, and deep,” wherein he desires that “fair Elleanor” shall be laid by his side and the “brown girl” at his feet. “This old-world hearing was wound up,” says Mrs. Clarke, “by a charmingly old-world sight—an antique brocade dress of primrose silk, embossed with bunches of flowers in their natural colours—a dress that had been the wedding dress of the host’s mother; a dress that might have been, for its delicate beauty, a companion to Clarissa Harlowe’s celebrated one, described so admirably by Lovelace, when Clarissa meets him outside the garden gate:—‘Her gown was a pale primrose-coloured paduasoy; the cuffs and robings curiously embroidered by the fingers of this ever-charming Arachne, in a running pattern of violets and their leaves; the light in the flowers silver; gold in the leaves.’”

Newcastle audiences always particularly delighted Mr. Clarke—“they were so staid, so quiet, so absorbedly attentive, yet so earnestly enthusiastic.” Many treated him almost like a personal friend, and listened to him with evidently pleased ears and looks. Mrs. Clarke chanced to be near to two young ladies on one occasion as they were quitting the lecture-room, and she heard one of them say to the other: “Doesn’t he give the exact tone and manner of each character?” and the reply was: “Yes, dear; he was brought up an actor.” Just as if she had known his career from boyhood. How startled she would have been had Mrs. Clarke told

her the truth, and said, “Oh no; he was brought up an usher in his father’s school.”

Mr. Clarke lectured six different seasons at Newcastle: in 1843 he gave his eight first lectures on Shakspeare; in 1844, his lectures on Ballads, on Chaucer, on Milton, on Spenser, and on the Poets of the Guelphic Era; in 1846, his eight later lectures on Shakspeare; in 1848, his four lectures on the Comic Writers of England; in March, 1855, his lecture on Thomas Hood; and, in October and November of the same year, four lectures on the European Novelists.

One of the great treats Mr. and Mrs. Clarke enjoyed was the organ playing in the Church of St. Nicholas. “Mr. Ions,” Mrs. Clarke writes, “was then the organist, and one day he enchanted us by giving Mendelssohn’s tender strain, ‘See what love hath the Father,’ in true musical style.” Their rambles in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, especially along the rural path through Jesmond Dene into the open country, were enjoyed by the visitors. Mrs. Clarke again writes:—“Yes, for its sake and his, the thought of Newcastle-on-Tyne will ever be dear to me.”

The strong impression Newcastle produced on Mrs. Clarke’s mind is evidenced by her laying the opening scene of her admirable novel, “The Iron Cousin,” in its streets and neighbourhood. We select the following striking descriptions:—

The wind moaned by in piercing, sudden gusts from the river, forming little sharp eddies in the thoroughfare that led up from the bridge. A fierce current of air drew round the thinly-clad woman and her burden, as she stood shivering and defenceless in the open way—one of those steep, hilly streets that abound in the good old town of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Heavy-laden carts staggered up the ascent, the horses straining and tugging and labouring with stretched harness and quivering shafts, as they tacked sideways along, their iron-shod hoofs slipping and striking sparks from beneath their shaggy fetlocks each time they vainly strove to plant a firm step; great wains tottered top heavy, swaying to an’ fro, as they made their perilous descent, creaking and groaning, marking the safely-impending reluctance of the dropped drag; foot-passengers bent forward, breasting the cold wind and the toil of the up-hill progress, ever and anon stopping to wisk round and avoid the clouds of dust that whirled in their faces, peppering their clothes, dredging against cheeks and foreheads, and sifting into their eyes. The heavy sails of the colliers and other craft lying moored in the river flapped with unwieldy abruptness, while the little pennons that floated from the mast heads, seemed giddy with careless, rapid motion. Straws were whirled into open entries, and shop-doors banged to with startling suddenness. There was a black, sullen look in the air, partly the effect of the keen, savage-cutting wind, partly the effect of the dense coal-smoke atmosphere, perpetually hovering in a murky cloud, indispensable even by such a blast as then blew straight from the north-east. All was chill and gloomy; even the grocers’ and confectionery shops, with which the place abounds—tea and sugar plums seem to form the chief nutriment of miners, to judge by the large japan canisters, and the piles of coloured chalk and sugar, by courtesy called sweetmeats, that lie wedged and heaped in almost every other shop window in Newcastle—could not enliven the general dreariness of the aspect of the spot on that harsh, cheerless day.

The nurse led on for a little way from the spot

where they had stood, and then turned into a narrow passage, that opened from the street in which they were. It ascended by steps, and wound up through the houses on either side, a sort of out-of-door stair-case. Almost every step was thickly occupied with boots and shoes, of all dimensions, ranged side by side, evidently for sale; for the houses which flanked the steps had low-browed, dingy shops, in the windows of which heaped more of the same articles were just discernable through the dusty, darkened atmosphere. These boots and shoes presented every diversity of cobbled, patched, and pieced decrepitude, every varied make of hob-nailed, iron-heeled, list, leather, and wooden; there was the child's ankle-strapped shoe, the boy's tongued and thick-soled school-boot, with its lace of leather, and its leathern binding; the youth's clouted brogue; the ploughman's stout high low; the townsman's "new footed calf Wellington," women's clogs and pattens, and wooden shoes innumerable, such as are rife in French fishing towns, clumsy, rough hewn things—some entirely of wood, some with upper-leathers nearly as inflexible as wood, and fastenings of rude metal clasps. These wooden shoes were of all sizes; from such as seemed fit only for the stunted dimensions of a Chinese lady's foot, but were in reality intended for the soft, small, plump foot of babyhood, up to the full-grown waggoner's or miner's wear, looking like moderate-sized hip or slipper baths. Making his way through all this myriad cordwainery, though little heeding its precise nature, the Squire, as he followed the nurse on her upward way, was yet conscious of the suffocating atmosphere generated by all these agglomerated boots and shoes, and he felt the close-pent, over hanging aspect of the place, in oppressive keeping with the effect upon his senses. As he instinctively looked up towards the sky, for a glimpse of space, and a breath of fresh air, he saw the massive stone walls of the castle, or jail, frowning and beetling above the summit of the steep winding chare; and it seemed only a crowning circumstance in the images of confined, breathless, hopeless imprisonment, that surrounded him on all sides.

On reaching the neighbourhood of the great Coal City, he had been induced, by its name, to try first the Ouse Burn, knowing his sister's predilection for rural quiet, and fancying the title of this suburb indicated the kind of spot she would probably choose for her lodging. But he had hardly entered its precincts before he felt that the promise of its name was utterly misleading. This was the only remnant of whatever former beauty the place might have possessed.

The sole trace now existing of the burn or brook which had originally streamed through it was a dirty mud ditch, foul and noisome, trickling its sluggish ooze between rows of straggling, low houses or huts. The way was strewn with refuse of all sorts; iron hoops, tub-staves, broken palings, cinders, old shoes with gaping sides, the upper leathers wrenched apart, and the soles curled up; a bit of a thin and ragged petticoat; a rusty pot lid, bent nearly double; a few yards further on, the saucapan itself, full of holes, and a piece of a cracked yellow delf-plate, with a crinkly edge. Quitting this region of squalor, he had proceeded as far, in the same direction, as the pretty, secluded, green dell of Jesmond Dean. Here he had succeeded in gaining something like an indication of the object of his pursuit. He found that a young lady calling herself Mrs. Ireton, dressed in widows' weeds, and accompanied by a middle-aged woman, had tenanted a couple of apartments in one of the neat cottages skirting the embowered cleft. . . .

After this, the Squire wandered on, day after day, now on the Great North Road, now on the Western Road, now on the old London Road, inquiring at all cottages, and asking at all the poorest houses, that seemed in any way likely to have accommodated lodgers. Frequently he heard the bell of the old church of St. Nicholas chime a late evening hour, as he returned, toil-worn of body, and far more weary of spirit, to his sleeping quarters at an inn in the town.

Mrs. Clarke lives in Villa Novello, Genoa, where the latter part of her married life was spent. Since Mr. Clarke's death she has published some small volumes of remarkable sonnets, commemorating her continued remembrance of her husband—evidencing that the "married lovers," as they were called, though separated in body, are spiritually present unto each other.

LAUNCELOT CROSS.

Mitford Church.



DELIGHTFUL walk from Morpeth along a road which, nearly the whole way, follows the course of the Wansbeck, and leads past open glades and wooded slopes, brings the traveller to the secluded village of Mitford. First, he reaches a group of cottages and an inn, and presently he turns into a shaded lane on the left, which soon brings him in sight of the castle and the church. The two structures are almost inseparably associated with each other. But how different their fates! The one is an abandoned and neglected ruin. The other has been "restored," and is now evidently preserved with every care. The castle is no longer needed, but the crumbling ruin reminds us of the time when churches and villages sought the shelter of a great baron's stronghold, and when he, too, considered it a bounden duty to provide not only for the safety of his own family, but for that of his humbler dependents, whose cottages were clustered beneath the shadow of his walls.

Castle and church at Mitford seem to have been of nearly contemporary foundation. The old work of the nave must be ascribed to the first half of the twelfth century. That it was founded by one of the Bertrams, ancient lords of Mitford, is certain. The builder of the church was doubtless also the builder of the castle. He may have been the William Bertram, who married a daughter of Sir William Merlay, of Morpeth, and whose father is said to have acquired Mitford by marrying Sybil, the only daughter of one John, lord of Mitford, a personage who probably never existed except in pedigrees, and who is said to have held Mitford in the time of Edward the Confessor.

The church built by this ancient Bertram, whether Richard or William, was from the first a noble structure, worthy of the baronial dignity of its founder. It was never a large church, but its grandeur in no way depended on its size. Its nave had north and south aisles, with arcades of round arches, which rested upon cushioned capitals and massive round pillars. It thus possessed the most impressive features of a Norman church. Of the church

built at that time considerable remains still exist. The greatest part of the north wall of the chancel, with its row of five curious corbels on the outside, is of the period to which I refer, as is also the priest's door, with its rude zig-zag mouldings, in the south wall. The three eastern arches of the south arcade, with the pillars on which they rest, are of the same date, but here the hand of the restorer is very evident. Of the ancient north arcade, only one bay remains. This opens into a north transept, now used as a vestry. Outside the nave, the wall over the south aisle is decorated with a string course, which bears a zig-zag moulding in low relief. One or two of the stones of this string course, at its east end, are original.

The church built by Bertram, which consisted of chancel and nave, the latter with aisles, retained its original splendour less than a hundred years. In the year 1215, the lord of Mitford, Roger Bertram, was in rebellion, among other Northern barons, against King John; and the incensed monarch, during his march through Northumberland, on the 28th December, in the year just named, burnt the towns of Morpeth and Mitford to the ground. Probably the castle of Mitford suffered at the same time, but not so seriously as to prevent its being speedily repaired, for, eighteen months later, its garrison successfully resisted a siege laid to it for seven days by Alexander, King of Scotland. The church seems to have fared far worse. Many of the stones in the north wall of the chancel, as well as others which have been used up in the rebuilding of later parts, have been reddened by the action of fire.

One or two decades passed away before any effort was made to repair the ruined edifice, and when at last the work was undertaken there was no attempt to restore it to its former grandeur. The walls of both aisles appear to have been taken down. The nave was reduced in length. The arches on the south side were filled with masonry. Those on the north side, except the eastern one, were taken down. The east wall of the chancel was entirely rebuilt, as was also the south one, except the priest's door. The new work of the chancel is of very pleasing character. The east window of three lights, with banded shafts between them, the sedilia, and the row of lancet windows in the south wall, are all alike excellent, though plain, both in design and execution.

Before the church underwent any further structural alteration one or two important events occurred in its history. About the year 1250 the third Roger Bertram founded a chantry, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, in Mitford Church. Its chaplain was required to pray for the souls of Roger's ancestors and successors, and for the soul of Adam de Northampton, then rector of Mitford. The endowment consisted of land bounded by Stanton on one side and by the river Pont on the other. In the certificate of chantries in the county of Northumberland, drawn up in 1548, it is reported that there was no incum-

bent of the chantry in Mitford Church, and that the yearly income of its lands, which amounted to 17 shillings, was spent by the churchwardens on the repair of the church. This same Roger Bertram was a zealous adherent of Simon de Montfort. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Northampton in 1264, and, to raise the sum needed for his ransom, such of his estates as had not already been absorbed by the expenses of the rebellion were either sold or deeply mortgaged. To Adam of Gesemuth (Jesmond) Bertram granted one messuage and one acre of land in Mitford, with the advowson of the church in that place.

From Adam de Gesemuth or his heirs the advowson passed to the crown, and, in 1317, it was granted by Edward I., with the appropriation of it as well, to the priory of Lanercost. The document by which this grant was made sets forth that, "the priory of Lanercost, in the diocese of Carlisle, situated near the confines of our land of Scotland, in consequence of the burning of the houses and the plundering of the said priory, inhumanly perpetrated by certain Scots our enemies and rebels hostily invading the limits of our kingdom a while ago, remains for the most part impoverished and wasted." For this reason the grants just referred to were made. Four years later the Archbishop of York ordained that the vicar of Mitford should be paid by the prior of Lanercost, as a salary, 25 marks a year; that is, £16 13s. 4d. In addition to this he was to have that house in the town of Mitford which was built on the east side of the church for his residence, and 12 acres of land in Aldworth and all the meadow land in Harestane which was in the parish of his church, together with the churchyard.

From these documentary evidences we must turn once more to the edifice itself to learn its history. When the next important change in its structure was effected, the Bertrams were no longer lords of Mitford. The manor had passed through the hands of the Valences, the Strathbolgies, and the Percies, and was now in the hands of the Mitfords, a family who claimed descent from a brother of that lord of Mitford whose daughter is supposed to have married the sire of the Bertrams. It was by some member of the Mitford family that the transepts were built; probably near the end of the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth century. Over the window of the south transept, on the outside, he placed the arms of his family, which a herald would describe as *a fesse between three moles*.

In 1501 it was reported that the greater part of the roof of the nave had fallen into ruin, and the parishioners were enjoined to repair it, under a penalty of 10s. In 1548, there were of "howesling people" in the parish, that is, persons who partook of the sacrament of the eucharist with greater or less regularity, 380. Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, writing in 1832, says the nave "is in bad repair." Sixteen years ago (1874) the whole church was "restored," at the sole

cost of Colonel John Philip Osbaldiston Mitford. The most important work then effected was the rebuilding of the chancel arch, the opening out of the south arcade, the erection of a new south aisle, the prolongation of the nave westward, and the construction of a tower and spire.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

St. Oswald's Church, Durham.



T. OSWALD'S is the parish church of the ancient borough of Elvet, the most interesting, perhaps, of the suburbs of Durham. The town and its church are first mentioned in what are now known as the forged charters of Bishop William de St. Carileph. Therein it is set forth that in the year 1082 he granted to the prior and monks of

Durham the vill of Elvet, with forty houses of merchants there, as well as the church in that place. These charters are held, on very good evidence, to have been forged during the first quarter of the twelfth century, and may therefore be accepted as proof that at that period Elvet and its church had been, for a considerable time, in the possession of the monks of Durham. The next mention of St. Oswald's Church occurs in a charter of Henry II., which must be dated between 1154 and 1167, wherein he confirms to God and St. Cuthbert and to the prior and monks serving God in the church of Durham, "Elvet, with the church of the same town." Hugh Pudsey, the great building bishop, was elected to the see of Durham in 1154, and held it for the long period of forty-four years. Galfred of Coldingham tells us that he made both the bridge and the borough of Elvet. Pudsey's bridge still remains, though it has been widened in recent times; and St. Oswald's Church possesses architectural features which belong to his day, although their construction cannot possibly be ascribed to him.



Amongst the objects of interest preserved in the church, the chief place must be given to the fine old oak stall-work in the chancel. The carving is of a bold and very effective character. It may be ascribed to the first half of the fifteenth century. In the north aisle there is an old oak vestment chest. It is seven feet long, is strongly banded with iron, and is secured by two locks. Over the south door is a beautiful niche which the restorer has fortunately left untouched.

The tower is in many respects the most remarkable part of the church. The way in which the first floor is reached is very unusual. Instead of a newell staircase or a ladder, we have a stone stairway which ascends in the thickness of the walls. Commencing at the south-east corner, it goes up to the south-west corner, and from here to the north-west corner, where it reaches the floor above the vault. The cover of the stairway is entirely formed of mediæval gravestones. The builders in ancient times were just as regardless of ancient monuments as we are at the present time. Not fewer than twenty-four grave-covers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were used in the construction of this staircase. On many of them the symbols which indicate the sex, condition, or occupation of the persons whose graves they originally covered may be distinctly seen. The sword occurs on at least six of the stones and the shears on two. Associated with these symbols are others. A horn suspended from a cord on one stone indicates that the deceased was a forester. A mattock on another represents a husbandman. A hatchet on a third symbolizes a woodcutter. Another bears a book and the letters RICAR—the beginning, doubtless, of the name Ricardus. Still another bears a belt with a buckle.

Besides these, in the churchyard there are several grave-stones of the same kind, some of which were taken from the tower during a restoration in 1863, and others from the east wall of the chancel at a later date. There are seven on the north side of the tower. One of these bears the shears and the following inscription:—

HIO IACET IOH[ANN]A
VNOR EIVS.

—(Here lies Johanna, his wife.) Another is cut into the shape of a house roof, and worked over with a representation of tiles—a suggestion of man's last home. Eleven other grave-covers lie along the south side of the church, between the buttresses. One bears nothing but a chalice—the symbol of a priest. The shears, sword, and key occur on others.

The tower of St. Oswald's has yielded other stones, however, of greater interest than any I have yet mentioned. These are two fragments of a Saxon cross. They, like the grave-covers, were employed as building material when the tower was erected. Fortunately they are adjoining parts, and have been fixed together. They are now preserved in the Dean and Chapter Library. The sides and back of the cross are covered with the interlacing knot work which is so common a feature not only of Saxon sculpture, but of all early Saxon works of art. The front is divided into three panels. The upper and lower panels are filled with knot work, but the centre one bears a design of two animals, whose limbs and tails are interlaced in a very extraordinary way. How this cross came to Durham is a mystery which will probably never be solved. It belongs to a period long antecedent to the coming hither of Aldhune and the monks with the

body of St. Cuthbert, near the end of the tenth century. The cross itself is now labelled as having probably been brought from Lindisfarne or Chester-le-Street. There can be little doubt that it came from one of these places. Symeon, of Durham, tells us that a cross of stone "of curious workmanship," which Ethelwold, Bishop of Lindisfarne, caused to be made and inscribed with his own name, after being broken by the Danes, was fastened together with lead and carried about by the monks wherever they wandered with the body of St. Cuthbert, until they arrived at Durham. "And at the present day," says Symeon, "it stands erect in the graveyard of this church (the cathedral), and exhibits to all who look upon it a memorial of those two bishops, Cuthbert and Ethelwold." Ethelwold's cross, erected at Lindisfarne in the seventh century, and seen at Durham by Symeon in the twelfth century, still existed in the reign of Henry



St. Oswald's Church, Durham.

VIII., when it was seen by John Leland, the antiquary, who describes it as "a cross of a seven foot long, that hath an inscription of diverse rowes in it, but the scripture cannot be read." He adds, "Some say that this cross was brought out of the Holy Churchyard of Lindisfarne Isle." This cross has disappeared since Leland's time, but its singular history offers a suggestion which may help us to understand the discovery of the fragments found in the tower of St. Oswald's.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Men of Mark Twiſt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Thomas Lord Dacre,

"LORD DACRE OF THE NORTH."

IN the reign of Henry VII., Thomas, ninth Baron Dacre, was one of the keepers of the peace upon the Marches, and a trusted servant of the king in various treaties and truces with Scotland, as his father, Humphrey, Lord Dacre, had been before him. "He imitated the chivalrous example which his ancestor, Ralph, had set him a hundred and seventy years before," writes Jefferson ("Antiquities of Leath Ward"), "in carrying off in the night-time from Brougham Castle, Elizabeth, of Greystoke, the heiress of his superior lord, and who, as the king's ward, was then in the custody of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who probably himself intended to marry her." We meet with him first in Border history as Sir Thomas Dacre, deputy-warden of the West Marches under his father, in 1494. Next he appeared in the protracted negotiations for securing perpetual peace between England and Scotland by a marriage between Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and the Scottish king, James IV. When these were completed he was one of the commissioners appointed to take delivery of the lordships and manors assigned for securing the princess's jointure. As such he played his part in the gorgeous pageant which, in the summer of 1503, accompanied her journey to the wedding. While she stayed in Newcastle "cam the lord Dacre of the North, accompanyd of many gentylmen honestly apoynted, and hys folks arayd in his liveray," who joined the procession and went with it through Morpeth, Alnwick, and Berwick to Lamberton, where James, with a gay and numerous court, was ready to receive her.

After the accession of Henry VIII., in immediate

prospect of an outbreak between England and France, Lord Dacre and another were sent as ambassadors to Scotland to secure the neutrality of King James. They did not succeed. The Scottish Monarch had many grievances and many complaints to make of the conduct of his brother-in-law, and no sooner had the latter passed over to Calais than he fitted out a fleet to aid the French, and made preparations to invade England. The Earl of Surrey was despatched to the North with 26,000 men to repel his advance, and, arriving in Newcastle on the 30th of August, 1513, was joined by Lord Dacre and other local men of rank with their tenants and retainers. Then came the battle of Flodden, and in that terrible encounter Lord Dacre acted with great bravery and achieved a great success. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 560.) He commanded a body of reserve, consisting of 1,500 horse, "the bowmen of Kendal, wearing milk-white coates and red crosses, and the men of Keswick, Stainmore, Alston Moor, and Gilsland, chiefly bearing large bills," with whom, at a critical moment in the fight, he charged the division commanded by King James in the rear, and turned the fortunes of the day. It was he also who, next morning, discovered the body of James among the slain. Writing to the Privy Council after the battle, he states that the Scots loved him "worse than any man in England," because he found their king slain in the field, "and thereof advertised my lord of Norfolk by my writing, and therefore brought the corpse to Berwick and delivered it to my said lord." He adds that he had burned and destroyed, from the beginning of the war, six times more than the Scots; in the East Marches land for 550 ploughs, and upwards of 42 miles, all laid waste and no corn sown, while in the West Marches he had destroyed thirty-four townships.

Lord Dacre, at this time, resided chiefly in Northumberland, occupying, as occasion served, his castles of Morpeth and Harbottle, and keeping a watchful eye upon events across the Border. While so employed, he was able to be of service to the widowed Queen of Scotland, whose position in the sister kingdom had become critical and perilous. In less than a year after her husband's death she had secretly married the Earl of Angus, and, being deprived of sovereign power upon the discovery thereof, she prepared to fly to her brother the king of England for protection. Lord Dacre received her in September, 1515, at his castle of Harbottle, where, within a few days after her hasty arrival, she was prematurely delivered of a child. From thence, as soon as her condition permitted, she was removed to Morpeth Castle, which Dacre had "grandly decked" for her reception, and there remained till the beginning of April, when, accompanied by her host, she set forward on her journey to the English Court.

For the next three or four years Scotland was divided into two or more factions, each striving hard for the

mastery, and disturbing the peace of the country by fierce quarrels and lawless deeds of violence. In 1520, the truce then expiring had almost reached its term before the Government had taken steps to obtain its renewal. Thereupon, Ridpath tells us, the youthful King of Scotland wrote to Lord Dacre, "warden of all the English Marches," residing at Harbottle Castle, informing him that the great domestic affairs of the nation made it impracticable to send ambassadors to England, and entreating him to obtain a truce for a year, promising meanwhile to send an embassy to treat for a peace more enduring. Four years of intermittent truce and truculence followed, and it was not until the autumn of 1525 that Dacre and five other English commissioners were able to conclude a definite treaty of peace.

Among the State papers of the period are interesting letters, written by Lord Dacre of the North, to King Henry and the Privy Council, intermingled with favourable reports from others of his bravery in the field and his skill in conference. Extracts from his ledgers and correspondence, while residing at Morpeth Castle, are printed in Hodgson's "History of Northumberland," and in Hearne's "Chronicles of Otterbourne and Whethamstede." From them we obtain valuable information of the state and manners of the country, of the perpetual worry and disquiet in which Scottish troubles kept the whole of the Borderland, from Tweedmouth to Solway Frith, and of the part which he sustained in its improvement and pacification.

Lord Dacre died in 1525, and was buried beside his wife (she died in 1516) under a rich altar tomb in the south aisle of the Choir of Lanercost. His eldest son, William—known in History as William Lord Dacre, of Gilsland and Greystoke—married Elizabeth, daughter of the fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, and took a leading part in the military and political movements of his time. Several of his letters upon Border life and warfare are printed in Nicolson and Burn's "History of Westmoreland and Cumberland," and others are summarised in the Calendars of State Papers.

Rev. W. A. Darnell, B.D.,

RECTOR OF STANHOPE.

West Sheele, or West Broomshields, in the parish of Lanchester, was for many generations the inheritance of the family of Darnell. William Darnell occurs as of "Wester Broomshieles" in 1567, and it is probable that the family were in possession of the estate much earlier, for Surtees, in his "History of Durham," describes them as being "indigenous as the Greenwells."

A pedigree of the family, recorded at the College of Arms in 1832, commences with William Darnell of West Sheele, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Shuttleworth, of Elvet, in the city of Durham, and died in 1779, aged 86. Two of the sons of this marriage came

to Newcastle and entered into business—George, who died unmarried in 1758, and William, who rose to a good position in the town as a merchant. The latter married, in 1763, Frances, daughter of Michael Dawson, of Newcastle, and relict of William Cook, of the same place. Their only son, William Nicholas Darnell, born March 14, 1776, is the subject of this sketch.

W. N. Darnell received his early education in the Grammar School of his native town. The Rev. Edward Hussey Adamson, whose admirable notices of eminent men educated in that famous school are an invaluable storehouse of information to the local biographer, tells us that, at the end of his course in Newcastle, young Mr. Darnell was elected to the Durham Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and in due time became fellow and tutor, graduating B.A. in 1796, M.A. in 1800, and B.D. in 1808, and that among his pupils at college was the Rev. John Keble, author of the "Christian Year," who, in later life, paid him the compliment of dedicating to him a volume of sermons, "in ever grateful memory of helps and warnings received from him in early youth." In 1809, Archdeacon Thorp presented him to the Rectory of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the City of Durham; the following year he was appointed one of the preachers at Whitehall, and about the same time the Duke of Northumberland appointed him his chaplain.

Mr. Darnell's father, the Newcastle merchant, died April 13, 1813, and was buried in his parish church of St. Andrew. Near the entrance of the chancel of that venerable edifice, visitors read upon a mural monument the following tribute of filial affection:—

In the burial-place of this chapelry lie the remains of William Darnell, merchant-adventurer, a man whose strict integrity, sound understanding, and extensive information on commercial subjects, joined to a warm and benevolent heart, secured to him through life the confidence and esteem of numerous friends. Likewise of Frances, his wife, of whom it is not too much to say that she was a pattern of Christian graces to all around her. They lived for more than forty years in bonds of the most tender affection. Their good deeds speak for them on earth; their trust was that, through the merits of their Redeemer, they should not live in vain.

Some time before his decease the elder Darnell had alienated the estate of West Broomshields to the Greenwells, but he died wealthy; and by his will, after making provision for two surviving daughters, he left the bulk of his property to his son. The latter remained in charge of St. Mary-le-Bow till 1815, when he obtained from Bishop Barrington the living of Stockton-on-Tees. Then, resigning the Durham rectory, and his fellowship of Corpus Christi, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. William Bowe, headmaster of Seorton School, and took up his residence in the Tees-side town. From this period his rise in the Church was rapid, and his preferences were substantial. The year following his marriage Bishop Barrington presented him to the ninth stall in Durham Cathedral. In 1820, the Dean and Chapter gave him the living of St. Margaret's, Durham, which

Mr. Phillpotts, his friend and predecessor, had resigned for that of Stanhope; the following year the bishop promoted him to the sixth stall, and in 1827 he obtained from the Dean and Chapter the vicarage of Norham-on-Tweed. Nor was this all. By the marriage of his sister Lucy to the Rev. William Munton, son of the Rev. Anthony Munton, curate of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, and his wife Dorothy Stephenson (first cousin to the mother of Lady Eldon), a friendly relationship was established among the Stephensons, Surteeses, and Scotts, which tended to his advantage. It brought him under the notice of the all powerful Lord Chancellor, who, appreciating his merits, bestowed upon him the Crown living of Lastingham, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. He had resigned Stockton upon receiving the appointment to St. Margaret's, but this Yorkshire living he permitted himself to hold along with his Durham preferences.

Between Mr. Darnell and the Rev. Henry Phillpotts an intimate friendship had existed from early youth. They were boys together at Corpus Christi College, and there was a family tie that helped to tighten their bonds, for Mr. Phillpotts had married a niece of Lord Eldon. In 1830, Lord Eldon raised Mr. Phillpotts from the rectory of Stanhope to the bishopric of Exeter; and this high promotion enabled him to assist his friend Mr. Darnell. Mr. Darnell resigned into his hands the sixth stall at Durham, and received in lieu of it the coveted living of Stanhope—one of the richest in the kingdom. To that classic retreat, hallowed by the memories of illustrious predecessors—Bishops Tunstall and Butler, Keene and Thurlow—he removed his family, and there he passed the remainder of his days. A trusteeship of Bishop Crewe's charity, bestowed upon him in 1826, enabled him to exchange occasionally the leafy shades of Stanhope for the bracing breezes of Bamborough Castle, and thus his life was prolonged beyond the usual span. When he was eighty-eight years old, he lost his aged partner, and a twelvemonth later, on the 19th June, 1865, he also expired. He had been more than half a century a beneficed clergyman in the diocese of Durham; for thirty-five years rector of its richest living, and for some time a canon of the Cathedral. It was, therefore, fitting and proper that his remains should rest in the Cathedral yard besides those of Archdeacon Basire, Dean Waddington, the Rev. James Raine, and other dignitaries whose lives and works have helped to make and adorn the history of the sacred pile which overshadows their tombs. An inscribed grave cover preserves his memory at Durham; a street name perpetuates it in Newcastle.

"Mr. Darnell," writes Mr. Adamson, in the little book before quoted, "was an accomplished scholar, a sound Churchman, and able divine, whose judgment and opinion, from his long experience, carried great weight in the diocese; a gentleman of refined taste and feeling, a patron of the fine arts, and himself, indeed, no mean

artist." The late Lord Ravensworth, publishing in 1858 a translation of "The Odes of Horace," names him as one of three friends from whose critical acumen he had derived advantage and received encouragement. His own contributions to literature were chiefly theological. He published, in 1816, a volume containing eighteen sermons; edited, in 1818, an abridgment of Jeremy Taylor's "Life of Christ"; and issued at various times sermons preached on special occasions; "Aurea Verba," an arrangement of the greater part of the Book of Proverbs, under general heads; the "Wisdom of Solomon," with preface and notes; and a classified edition of the Psalter for private devotion. But the book by which he is best known is "The Correspondence of Isaac Basire, D.D., Archdeacon of Northumberland, and Prebendary of Durham, in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., with a Memoir of his Life" (for an epitome of which see the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 193). A ballad of 212 lines from his pen, entitled "The King of the Picts and St. Cuthbert," illustrates Dr. Raine's sketch of the saint in his "History of North Durham"; a charming little song written by him at Tynemouth in 1810, entitled "On the Loss of a Vessel called the Northern Star," and commencing

The Northern Star
Sail'd over the bar,
Bound to the Baltic Sea,

enjoyed a singular popularity; while "Lines Suggested by the Death of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, by W. N. Darnell," were reprinted by John Adamson in 1842, as one of the Newcastle Typographical Society's tracts. He was a fellow of the London Society of Antiquaries, and one of the originators of the Newcastle society. To him and two others were entrusted the funds raised by public subscription for the purpose of illustrating Surtees's "History of Durham." Lastly, he gave the site, and contributed liberally to the funds for erecting a church at Thornley, in the parish of Wolsingham, and founded the "Darnell School Prize Fund," for promoting the study of the Book of Common Prayer in parochial schools.

Robert Davell,

A CHURCH DIGNITARY AT THE REFORMATION.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century a family of Davills or Davells came into prominence in Newcastle. Their name occurs in local history so early as 1355, when Alice Davill was elected prioress of the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew, in this town; and it may have been, though there is no evidence either way, that this lady was of the same ancestry. Actively engaged in commercial life, they were persons of wealth and position. William Davell, the head of the family, served the office of Sheriff of the town in the municipal year 1497-98, his son George was Sheriff for the year 1521-22, and Mayor in 1545-46; his daughter, named, like the old abbess,

Alice, was the wife of Alderman Edward Baxter, four times Mayor, and, later on, owner of the manor of Hebburn; his son Robert was the Church dignitary whose name heads this chapter.

According to Anthony Wood, Robert Davell was educated at Oxford, where, on the last day of October, 1525, he was admitted Bachelor of Canon Law. In the same year, Thomas Horsley, Mayor, provided by his will for the endowment of a free grammar school in Newcastle, and his municipal brethren, adding a rent charge of four hundred marks per annum to assist the stipend of the master, made "Robert Davell, clerk," one of the trustees of their bounty. Mr. Davell was now on the high road to preferment. He had been appointed one of the eight prebends of the collegiate church of Norton, near Stockton, and in 1527 he obtained from the Convent of Durham the vicarage of Bedlington. In 1531 he exchanged with Roland Swinburne, M.A., the stall at Norton for the mastership of the Virgin Mary Hospital in Newcastle. Anthony Wood states that in the same year he was Archdeacon of Northumberland—"being then or soon after LL.D." Thus in the short space of four years he had been promoted to a vicarage, a mastership, and an archdeaconry.

But perilous times for the Church and churchmen were approaching. Deeper and deeper went the quarrel between Henry VIII. and the Pope, until, in 1534, the King proclaimed his independence of papal authority and assumed the office of supreme head of the Church. Archdeacon Davell accepted the situation and ordered himself accordingly. The rebellion known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace" broke out, and set the North-Country on fire. Dr. Davell still held his own. He evidently did not believe that any great change could be effected by the capricious monarch to whose ecclesiastical headship he transferred his spiritual allegiance. For in October, 1537, when the lesser monasteries of the kingdom were being suppressed, and their revenues confiscated, he signed an indenture which was to last for ever! By this document Roland Harding, prior of the Black Friars in Newcastle, covenanted with him that for the sum of £6 18s. the Friars every day "from the date hereof for evermore" should pray for the souls of William Davell, John Brigham, and others. In little over a year from the date at which the prior signed that deed the house was dissolved, the brethren dispersed, and their property seized to the use of the King.

The Reformation made no alteration in the ecclesiastical status of Dr. Davell. Adapting himself to the changes of ritual, he pursued his course—upward and onward. Retaining his vicarage of Bedlington, the mastership of the Virgin Mary Hospital, Newcastle, and the Archdeaconry of Northumberland, he was appointed, on the 29th of May, 1541, prebendary of Holm, in York Cathedral; his name occurs, also, about the same time, as a canon of Exeter, and prebend of the collegiate

church of Lanchester. With all these preferments in hand, it is not to be supposed that he could properly discharge the duties appertaining to them. A Royal Commission appointed in February, 1546, to inquire into the condition of colleges, chantries, &c., in Northumberland and Durham, found that the Virgin Mary Hospital was entirely neglected by its well-endowed master.

John Leland, the antiquary, travelling through Durham and Northumberland on his "Laboryeuse Journey and Serche for Englandes Antiquities," received from Dr. Davell certain information respecting the neighbourhood of Newcastle, the Picts Wall, and the families of Delaval and Davell. The cautious old traveller could not accept all that his informant communicated, and although he wrote it down carefully in his elaborate manuscripts, he took care to qualify it by the neutralising statement—"As Mr. Dr. Davelle sayith, but sufficiently provid not."

Dr. Davell died in the early part of the year 1558. He had lived through many changes, and held the chief of his preferments to the end. Of him it might be said as of Simon Alleyn, the vicar of Bray—"In the reign of Henry VIII. he was Catholic till the Reformation; in the reign of Edward VI. he was Calvinist; in the reign of Mary he was Papist." If Dr. Davell had not died in the same year as Queen Mary, even the end of the quotation might have been applicable to him—"in the reign of Elizabeth he was Protestant." No matter who governed the realm, or who ruled the Church, he was determined to live and die Archdeacon of Northumberland and Vicar of Bedlington.

Sir Alexander Davison,

AN OCTOGENARIAN HERO.

High up on the wall in the north aisle of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, near the north entrance, is a dingy monument, bearing a long Latin inscription, which may be translated thus:—

In memory of Alexander Davison, knight, and Ann, daughter of Ralph Cock, his dearest wife, by whom he had five sons—Thomas Davison, knight; Ralph Davison, of Thornley; Samuel Davison, of Wingate Grange; Joseph, a wise captain (in the defence of this town against the Scotch rebels he fought stoutly, even unto death, and is buried hard by); Edward, a merchant, who died unmarried; also two daughters—Barbara, married first to Ralph Calverley, and then to Thomas Riddell of Fenham, in the county of Northumberland, knight; and Margaret, married to Henry Lambton, knight. This Alexander, at the time when that most treacherous rebellion was in progress, ever faithful to the good king and the royal cause, suffered the loss of his property with great fortitude; and at last, during the siege of this town of Newcastle, while fighting courageously the attacking army of the Scotch rebels (almost eighty years of age) he bravely breathed his last. On the eleventh day of the month of November, in the year from the Incarnation of Our Lord 1644, his eldest son, Thomas Davison, knight, erected this monument.

The history of the Scottish invasion of Northumberland in 1640, and of the siege of Newcastle in 1644, has been told in these pages so often in connection with Vicar Alvey, Robert Bewicke, John Blakiston, the Carrs, the Coles, and others, that, in dealing with Alexander Davison, another hero of the period, it seems desirable to vary somewhat the style and method of treatment, and to adopt a form which shall omit the repetitions of historical illustration and avoid the prolixity of biographical narrative.

Alexander Davison, born in Newcastle in 1565, came of a family of respectable skimmers and glovers who had long been domiciled in the parish of St. John. Nothing certain is known of his early days, except that, in 1592, his name appears in the Register of St. John's as a surety at the baptism of Jean, daughter of Thomas Davison, skinner and glover, and again, in 1603, at the christening of a son of the same parents, named, after himself, Alexander. On the 28th of August, 1597, he was married at St. Nicholas' Church to Ann, daughter of Ralph Cock, merchant—sister of the better known Ralph Cock who became sheriff, alderman, and mayor of Newcastle, and the father of four handsome and well-dowered daughters. Thenceforward his career, chronologically arranged, ran as follows :—

1611. At Michaelmas, Sir George Selby "the king's host," was elected Mayor of Newcastle for the third time, and Alexander Davison was appointed Sheriff. The decay of the local hospitals had been under consideration in the early part of the year, and Mr. Davison was one of seven members of the Corporate body appointed to negotiate for letters patent with the object of reorganising these useful institutions upon a wider basis.

1621. In a subsidy roll of this year, Mr. Davison is taxed for goods in the parish of St. Nicholas at the same rate as his brother-in-law, William Hall, Henry Chapman (the Mayor), and Alderman Warmouth—indicating that he was a merchant of good position.

1622. A special Court of the Hostmen's Company of Newcastle appointed Mr. Davison one of a committee of seven to regulate the production and sale of coal on the Tyne, and to prevent abuses in the loading of colliers.

1626. In the summer of this year piratical Dunkirkers, hovering about the North-East coast, brought the traffic of the Tyne to a standstill. Letters of marque were granted to Mr. Davison, and three others, under authority of which they fitted out the "Alexander," of 240 tons, to act as a convoy for the Newcastle coal fleet, and protect it from foreign rovers. Still further to prevent depredations at sea, the king prepared to fit out ships of war, expressing a belief that "owners of coal pits, the hostmen of Newcastle, owners of ships, and merchants, buyers and sellers of Newcastle coal," would be willing to contribute and pay so much a chaldron towards the cost of adequate protection. Of

this "freewill offering" (6d. a chaldron) he appointed Mr. Davison collector. At the same time a special contribution was demanded from the seaports and maritime counties to provide means of strengthening the navy. It fell to the lot of Mr. Davison (who had been elected Mayor of Newcastle, and appointed an alderman), to inform his Majesty that the proportion which the town was called upon to bear—viz., £5,000—could not be raised. The loan money assessed on Newcastle (£263 10s.) had been paid to the collector "at once, no one refusing," but the other sum it was out of their power to contribute.

1629. A house in the Close, at the foot of Tuthill Stairs, occupied by the Rev. Yeldard Alvey, and soon to be vacated by him for the Vicarage of Newcastle, passed into Mr. Davison's hands. He had already purchased the manor of Blakiston, near Stockton, The Gore, at Thornley, and lands, &c., at Wingate Grange, in the county palatine.

1638. Alderman Davison was elected Mayor for a second term. By this time the North-Country was agitated and the whole kingdom excited by the threatening demeanour of the Scots. Guns and stores were sent to Newcastle, and the authorities were ordered to put the town into a state of defence. On the 15th November, the Mayor and his brethren wrote to Sir Thomas Riddell, the Recorder, then in London, stating that they had been already at excessive charges in repairing walls, &c., and the town was so much in debt, and the revenues were so greatly reduced by the small trade of ships, that, if they were put to any further charges, "neither the common purse, nor our particulars, are able to support it."

1639. In April, the king came to Newcastle with a considerable army. Anticipating his arrival, the Mayor issued this curious proclamation :—

Whereas his Majesty intends shortly, God willing, to be at this town, and it is very fitting and necessary that the streets should be clean and sweet; it is therefore ordered by the Mayor, Aldermen, Mr. Sheriff, and the rest of the Common Council, that every inhabitant shall make the front of his house and shop clean presently, and so from time to time keep the same; and if any shall be negligent herein, he or she forfeit for every such default 6s. 8d., to be levied by distress of the offender's goods, rendering to the parties the overplus, if any be.

(Signed)

Alexander Davison

While his Majesty was in Newcastle, "magnificently entertained," he conferred the honour of knighthood upon the Mayor and Town Clerk. After his departure, there was copious letter-writing from Sir Alexander to the Privy Council about Puritans and Covenanters, their

coming and going, their meetings and sayings—all tending to show that he was a most energetic and devoted Royalist.

1640. Battle of Newburn, and peaceful entry of the Covenanters into Newcastle. Puritan John Fenwick, in that rambling tract of his, entitled "*Christ Ruling in the Midst of His Enemies*," insinuates that when the Scots entered the town Sir Alexander Davison, Sir John Marley, and others took to their heels:—

Then there was flying indeed to purpose; the swiftest flight was the greatest honour to the Newcastle new-dubd knights; a good Boat, a paire of Oares, a good horse (especially that would carry two men) was more worth than the valour or honour of new knighthood. . . . His Excellency Generall Lesley, accompanied with the Lords and divers Gentlemen, rode into Newcastle about noon, where they were met upon the bridge by the Mayor and some few Aldermen who were not so nimble at flight as Sir Marloe, Sir Daveson, and Sir Ridles, and others that were conscious of their guilt of their good service against the Scots, for which they got the honour of Knighthood.

1642. Sir Alexander Davison and Sir John Marley ruled with a high hand, and made themselves exceedingly obnoxious to Fenwick and the Puritan party. In a paper of charges preferred this year against them and their Royalist colleagues, it is alleged that they compelled divers inhabitants of the town to enter into bonds for great sums of money to answer at the Council Table for going to hear sermons; cast some into prison for doing the same; threatened to root all the Puritans out of the place; countenanced and allowed Papists in the town and commended them as good subjects, better to be trusted than Puritans; compelled divers to "worke and muster upon the Soboth daies to fill upp trenches neere the towne, conceaveing that to bee the best waie to discover Puritans"; enjoined the ministers in the town to preach against the Scots, and to defame their undertaking as rebellious, &c., &c. These charges had the desired effect. Parliament, on the 20th September, passed resolutions ordering Sir Alexander and four other leading Royalists to be sent for as delinquents.

1644. Siege of Newcastle. In the tedious negotiations that preceded the final assault and storming of the town Sir Alexander Davison took a prominent part. His name is attached to the famous letter in which the Royalists declared that they held Newcastle for the king, and his son Thomas was one of the hostages sent into the Scottish camp as security for the safety of commissioners deputed by Lesley to make what proved to be fruitless efforts for a peaceful surrender. In the final struggle on the 19th October, he and another of his sons, Captain Joseph Davison, were mortally wounded. The captain was buried in St. Nicholas' Church on the 25th of October; the brave old knight his father was laid beside him four days later. Apparently ignorant of his death, the House of Commons, on the 19th November following, included his name in a list of twenty-seven leading men of Newcastle who were ordered to be sent up to London in safe custody; and later, his three surviving

sons, like other Royalist gentry, were obliged to compound for the estates bequeathed to them. The eldest, Sir Thomas, who had married a daughter of Sir William Lambton, inherited Blakiston; Ralph, united to Timothea Belasise, received the Thornley property; while Samuel, who married, as third husband, a daughter of Bishop Cosin, obtained the manor of Wingate Grange. For many generations, the Davisons of Blakiston ranked among the leading gentry of the county palatine; in the fine old parish church of Norton, their beginnings and endings and the good deeds they did are commemorated upon monumental stone, and in enduring brass.

The Village of Elsdon.



LOOKING at Elsdon from the ridge above Raylees, near Knightside, we are agreeably impressed by the situation and aspect of the village. The more so if we have travelled over Ottercaps Hill and grown weary of gazing at the moorland landscape. We see before us a quiet pastoral valley which, in its "green felicity," contrasts very strongly with the dun-coloured heights around it, some of which are from a thousand to thirteen hundred feet above the sea-level. On the northern slope of this valley lies the village of Elsdon. A moorland burn from the north, after passing Dunshield, makes a bend to the south-east, sweeping round to the south, and then to the west, half enclosing the village. We can trace its course by the pine trees which rear their dark green heads above its peat-stained waters.

Our gaze is insensibly drawn in the first place to the fortified rectory-house—Elsdon Castle, as it is called, a stronghold of the ancient lords of Redesdale. It stands at the head of the village overlooking the little ravine which protects it on the north and east. These dark-grey walls cast the spell of antiquity over the whole scene. Somewhat sombre is their influence, though nature has endeavoured to mitigate it by covering the south front with ivy. Three at least of the reverend tenants of the tower were persons of some note:—The Rev. C. Dodgson, afterwards Bishop of Ossory; Archdeacon Singleton, grandson of the celebrated antiquary, Captain Grose; and the Rev. Louis Dutens (or Duchillon), A.M., F.R.S., historiographer to the king, and honorary member of the French Academy of Belles Lettres, author of "*Discoveries of the Ancients attributed to the Moderns*," and "*Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement*."

Beyond the tower, on the opposite side of the burn, are the mote-hills, their huge earthen ramparts distinctly visible. With what interest we regard these diluvial mounds which have been shaped so laboriously by the early inhabitants of the district into their present form! Imagination conjures up to our gaze the assembled

chieftains deliberating on matters of importance, administering justice, and promulgating their rude laws. Imagination, however, may be wrong, as in so many other instances where it acts as a substitute for definite knowledge. In these mounds, with their earthworks, we have probably but a stronghold or camp of prehistoric times.

A little lower down the slope than the pele tower is the church of St. Cuthbert, of which we can see the west wall, the bell turret, and the slated roof of the nave. It was founded in Norman times about the year 1100, and still retains in its west gable two responds of that period. The main part of the present building, however, dates from about 1400. Some years ago a large number of skeletons were discovered beneath the foundations of the north wall of the nave and in the churchyard adjoining, packed in the smallest possible space, the skulls of one row resting within the thigh-bones of another. As the bodies had evidently been buried at the same time, shortly before the rebuilding of the church, it is believed that these skeletons are the remains of warriors who were slain at Otterburn in 1388.

From the green churchyard, with its crowded headstones, we direct our gaze to the village itself, which has manifestly been very much larger at one time than it is at present. It consists, roughly speaking, of a double line of buildings separated by a large shelving green several acres in extent. Conspicuous on the east side is the Crown Temperance Hotel, with its long, low, plastered front. It bears carved on its doorhead the name of its former proprietor, "John Gallon," and the date of its erection

1729. To this Elsdon family belonged John Gallon, a famous otter hunter in his day, who was drowned in the river Lugar, South Ayrshire, on the 16th of July, 1873, and is interred in the churchyard here. Continuous with this old house are some of the better class houses of the village, in the midst of them being a Methodist Chapel. At the extreme south corner of the green is the ancient pinfold for confining stray cattle. On the west side of the green, the eye rests on the blue-slated roofs and gables of the other line of cottages, and on the pastures behind them, dotted with cattle and sheep. Lower down are some old thatched cottages in a dilapidated condition. A few stunted thorns by the roadside carry the eye down to the burn which is crossed by a little stone bridge of a single arch. Away to the west the valley opens out towards Overacres and Otterburn.

The charm of the village is its seclusion. Here at any rate you may feel yourself safe from the whistle of the steam engine. In this valley one may hear many an old-fashioned saying and quaint turn of speech, and take part in the observance of time-honoured customs which are only remembered in these out-of-the-way places. It is not many years since the midsummer bonfires through which cattle were driven to protect them from disease were to be seen burning on Elsdon Green. It is difficult to believe that the humorous strictures of Mr. Chatt on the village folk in his poem "At Elsdon" have any foundation in fact. Hospitality is one of the last of the old-world virtues to leave a remote village like this. Suspicion of strangers,



if indeed that is really a characteristic of the Elsdon folk, may easily be explained as a habit inherited from their ancestors, who were liable to be called on at any time to defend their homes from unwelcome visitors. A poet who arrives at a village after dark, hungry and tired, and wet through to the skin, is hardly in a proper frame of mind to appreciate the charms of the place. A verse like the following is a very likely outcome of such subjective conditions :—

Hae ye ivver been at Elsdon?—
The world's unfinished neuk ;
It stands amang the hungry hills,
An' wears a frozen leuk.
The Elsdon folk, like diuin' stegs,
At every stranger stare,
An' hather broth an' curlew eggs
Ye'll get for supper there.

For many months in the year, Elsdon can scarcely be a desirable place to live in. One has only to read the experience of the Rev. C. Dodgson, who was rector here from 1762 to 1765, to learn what discomforts and hardships are endured by the inhabitants of the village and district in winter. In summer, however, when the heath is in bloom on the hills, or in autumn, when the rime which has fallen through the night is yet white on the bracken, Elsdon may justly be described as a picturesque village.

The accompanying engraving is reproduced from a water-colour drawing by Mr. Robert Wood.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

The Wooden Dolly, North Shields.

DOLLY has stood in the Low Street, North Shields, through all the changes and vicissitudes incidental to the development and decay of an old seaport town over the past seventy or eighty years. And who is there, far and wide, that does not know her majestic form from personal observation? or, not knowing her, has not heard of her attractive charms by popular repute? So widespread and universal is her fair fame that old friendships have been renewed and cemented, mingled associations of pleasure and pain revived, and mutual introduction and intercourse effected, by the mere mention of the magic cognomen of the Wooden Dolly in almost every portion of the world into which the hardy Shields sailor has introduced his Tyneside dialect. Some there are who will be ready to dispute the fact that the Wooden Dolly has "braved the battle and the breeze" all through those long years. True, she has been patched, cleaned up, painted, renovated, re-fixed, and re-modelled. In fact, so near had her venerable form approached utter demolition at one time by a species of "Dolly worship" that seized hold upon our superstitious sons of Neptune and induced



The Wooden Dolly, the Low Street, North Shields.

them to chip off pieces of the figure to carry over the main with them as a sort of charm against the perils to which their calling exposed them, that many believe that she was, some score years or so back, rejuvenated and reimbued with all her stately disposition of drapery and other feminine adornments from a "break-up yard."

It is sufficient to state that there has been a Wooden Dolly standing in the position of the present one, uninterrupted, over very many years, with the exception, so far as can be learned, of an hour or so upon an occasion when some carousing shipwrights and naval reserve men carried

her away, "lock, stock, and barrel," and placed her at the foot of the Wooden Bridge Bank, at a time when there was but a very narrow roadway there, doubtless as a protest against the passage of vehicular traffic along the narrow and circuitous thoroughfares branching off on either hand. Dolly's origin, and the purpose which she was intended to serve when she was placed there, have always been debatable points. The most natural theory is that long ago, when



the Custom House Quay—more popularly known as the Wooden Dolly Quay—was formed, the Dolly was placed at its entrance to preserve the right of way, and to prevent the introduction of vehicular traffic.* Everything round about seems to have incorporated itself with the personality of the Dolly. Custom House Quay has become Wooden Dolly Quay; Custom House Steps have become Wooden Dolly Steps; and the Prince of Wales Hotel, within reach of Dolly's right arm, if she were able to utilise it for the purpose of slaking her thirst, has lost its royal identity in the course of the popular homage, and is now much better known as the Wooden Dolly "public-house."

Dolly has always been a sort of landmark by which to direct the inquiring stranger to his destination. She was at one time, too, turned to practical account by being ruthlessly subjected to the indignity of having a warp turned round her ankles for the purpose of drawing heavy spars and baulks of timber up the quay. Her career has

been in a great measure made noteworthy by the affection and endearments that have been lavished upon her by the seafaring population. Sailors coming home after long voyages, after having got "half-seas over," have frequently been known to hug and kiss her as fervently as they would an ancient female relative. Others who have succeeded in getting into a really "heavy sea," and, staggering along under all canvas, have rolled up against her, have been known to "sheer off" with an oath; but immediately afterwards, on discovering their mistake, have pulled up with a lurch and a "Hollo, old gal, ish't you aa's broached? Well, hoo ye gettin' on, eh? Come an' hev a drink, old gal!" Dolly proving obdurate to the allurements of gallant Jack, occasions have been known where he, with characteristic determination to "do the amiable," has entered the house at the corner, and, returning with a glass of steaming spirits, has poured its contents over her upturned face. Others in a like predicament, who have not been favoured with her personal acquaintance, have frequently ordered her to "shiver her timbers." And so the fun has gone on over a longer time than the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" can remember.

Although young children have always regarded Dolly with a certain amount of awe, and their parents have held her in respect and veneration, the "hobbledehoy" has frequently had to be taken to task for exercising his natural propensity for slashing and carving at everything with his pocket-knife; and so often was her aquiline nose shaved off flat with her face that it was found necessary to impose a fine on a youth who had despoiled her. After this salutary lesson, Dolly underwent a somewhat rough and unsurgical operation that resulted in her appearing the following morning with a metal nose, which was screwed into its place, and has to this day defeated the efforts of her implacable enemy, the boy with a knife.

Public attention was attracted towards Dolly to an unusual degree awhile ago. It arose from the fact that mine host of the adjoining hostelry had taken practical steps to have her placed in a state of becoming repair, and to that end had engaged workmen to fill in the decayed and mutilated portions of her figure with cement, during which unnatural process she was made to accept the prevailing fashion as to the arrangement of her drapery by the addition of an "improver." Her new dress of emerald green gave unqualified satisfaction to the greater portion of the residents in the neighbourhood, who evinced the liveliest interest in the proceedings. Dolly, if left alone, is now in condition to last for many a year to come.

* A correspondent of the *Weekly Chronicle* (William Street, North Shields) confirms this theory, adding one or two other items of interest. "I am," he says, "unable to give the exact date, but, about the year 1814, Mr. Alexander Bartleman owned an old collier brig that was being put into dock for repairs, and while here the figure-head was taken off and placed where the present Dolly stands. The purpose for which it was placed there was to prevent vehicles backing down the quay and causing inconvenience to business people at that place. There were previously posts, or a bar, across the quay. At the time the figure was first placed in position there was a small garden plot on the Custom House Quay, and also trees growing upon it—not trees that grow in a flower pot, but trees nearly as high as the house tops."

"The Duke of Baubleshire."

AMONGST the Durham notables of the last century not the least remarkable was Thomas French, better known as the "Duke of Baubleshire," who died on the 16th of May, 1796, in Durham Workhouse, at the ripe age of 85. The Duke of Baubleshire was such an "institution" in the city of St. Cuthbert that his portrait was lithographed and published long before he died. His grace assumed the title



The Duke of Baubleshire.

of his own accord, and without any bogus patent, as was the case with his townsman, Baron Brown, whose history has been given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, page 433. When he assumed the title, he mounted a coloured paper star on the breast of his coat—though that garment was known as a spencer when his grace was in the flesh. As a further mark of his quality, he wore a cockade in his hat, while a liberal display of brass curtain rings on his fingers completed his outfit.

It is difficult to conjecture, at this distance of time, the origin of Thomas French's title. No doubt he assumed it with the decline of his understanding, until which time he was said to have been an industrious working man, supporting himself by honest labour. French, in right of his imaginary dukedom, publicly asserted his claims to immense possessions. It was his usual custom to stop and accost every one he knew, or could introduce himself to, on points of business connected with the vast Baubleshire estates. Though at no time master of a shilling, he incessantly complained of having been defrauded of large amounts in cash and bank bills. He rarely saw a valuable horse, or a handsome carriage, without claiming it, and insisted on his fancied rights so peremptorily and per-

tinaciously as to be often exceedingly annoying to the possessors of the property in dispute. His grace, however, was a "chartered libertine" in matters relating to property, and his extraordinary conduct was generally tolerated with good humour. He accordingly made charges of misappropriation against individuals of all ranks and conditions. Nor did he make any secret of his intimate and frequent correspondence with the king, "Farmer George," on the subject of raising men to carry on the war, and other important affairs of State.

His grace has been immortalised by the pen of the poet as well as the pencil of the artist. The following, no doubt by one of the "Durham Wags" (see page 301), may do duty for his epitaph:—

Among the peers without compeer,
A noble lord of Parliament,
Upon his "country's good" intent,
Through Durham daily took his walk,
And talk'd, "Ye gods, how he did talk."
His private riches, how immense!
His public virtue, how intense!
Pre-eminent of all the great,
His mighty wisdom ruled the State!
His claims to high consideration
Brought deeper into debt the nation.
Was he not, then, a Statesman? What
Else could he be? for I know not.

The Brown Linnet and the Lesser Redpole.

THE Brown Linnet (*Fringilla cannabina*, Bewick) is a common and well-known resident in the Northern Counties, as it is, indeed, over the whole kingdom. It is a favourite cage bird, and has quite a number of common names, most of which are derived from its changes of plumage and nesting places. The three species of linnets which are residents in Northumberland and Durham are the brown linnet, mountain linnet, and lesser redpole.

The brown or grey linnet, as Mr. Hancock points out, has the breast sometimes red, sometimes grey. "When the brown linnet is kept in confinement, it loses the red on the breast on the first moult, and never afterwards regains it, but continues in the plumage of the grey linnet. The fact is that the males, from shedding the nest feathers, get a red breast, which they retain only during the first season; they then assume the garb of the female, which is retained for the rest of their lives, as in the case of the crossbill. This does not seem to be generally understood by ornithologists, though the bird fancier is quite familiar with the fact. It is stated by Yarrell that the male assumes the red breast in the breeding season. This is not quite correct, for quite as many are found breeding without the red breast as with it." Thus we find that only the young birds have the red breast.

The favourite haunts of the linnet are hilly or unculti-

vated tracks, where whin and broom grow plentifully; but the birds also frequent cultivated districts, and may likewise be found nesting in hawthorn hedges and bushes bounding fields of grass or corn, though they are usually most plentiful in upland countries.

The flight of the brown linnet is light, rapid, and hovering, not unlike that of the titlark, but swifter. When about to descend, the birds wheel round in circles, and often almost touch the earth when on the wing, then rise again into the air, and continue their flight some distance before settling. They hop nimbly on the ground, and when singing in trees are usually perched upon the topmost branch, or on a projecting twig. The old birds are in song from March to August, and the young sing from the time of their moulting in autumn all through



the bright winter days of November and December. The young males easily learn to imitate the notes of other birds, but forget them after a few repetitions. The food of the linnet consists of the seeds of various plants, such as the dandelion, thistle, rape, &c.

The linnet nests early, and the first brood, of which there are generally two, are usually on the wing by the end of May. The nest, a neat structure, is found in various situations, such as whin bushes, heath, grass, in small and scrubby bushes, and sometimes in thick hawthorn hedges, as the birds accommodate themselves to their surroundings. The nest is deftly constructed of withered stalks of grass, slender twigs, intermixed with moss and wool, and lined with hair and feathers. The eggs are from four to six in number.

The male is rather larger than the female—about five inches and three-quarters long. But as the brown linnet is so well known, and is so faithfully depicted in Mr. Duncan's illustration, a detailed description of the plumage of the bird is superfluous.

The Lesser Redpole (*Fringilla linaria*, Bewick; *Linota linaria*, Yarrell) is a resident in the Northern Counties,

- as in many other localities, breeding in tall hawthorn hedges, woods, &c.

The peculiar rosy-red tints of the breast and rump of the lesser redpole, as Mr. John Hancock points out, reminds one of the similar tints of the crossbill. The



colour does not appear to be retained for any length of time, because many birds are found breeding without it; and it is a notorious fact that in cage specimens the rosy hues never return after the birds have moulted, as has already been noticed with respect to the linnet.

The lesser redpole, known also as the lesser redpole linnet, or lesser flax bird, is an essentially northern species, though its range over Europe extends from Denmark to Italy. It is a resident throughout the year in the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland; but it is only an occasional winter visitor in the South of England, where it is frequently seen in very large flocks around woods and coppices. The food consists of the seeds of the turnip, thistle, poppy, dandelion, mosses, and other plants, as well as the seeds of trees and shrubs.

The bird breeds sparingly in Yorkshire and Lancashire, but it is seldom found nesting south of Derbyshire, though nests have been found in Warwickshire, and even in the Isle of Wight. The nest is composed of moss and dry stalks of grass, intermixed and lined with down from the catkin of the willow, and the eggs are from four to five in number.

The male redpole is rather under five inches in length. The forehead, which is dull red in winter, crimson in summer, is edged by a blackish band, the tips of the feathers being yellowish grey, and the rest black; crown a mixture of dark and light brown, the centre of each feather being the darkest; neck in front, pale brown, with dark streaks; on the sides the same; chin with a patch of black; throat in front blackish, the tips of the feathers being yellowish grey in winter, and the rest black; on the sides it is a pale brown with dark streaks; in the summer, fine red above, and on the sides,

fainter downwards, pale brownish white in winter, the sides the most streaked. Back, yellowish brown, streaked with blackish brown, darkest in summer, over the tail dull red. The wings extend to the width of three inches and three-quarters. The female is smaller than her mate, and her plumage less marked.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BOWLD AIRCHY DROON'D.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON is described by Robert Gilchrist, the author of this song, as "a man of great stature and immense muscular power; but, though his appearance was to many a terrific object, he was very inoffensive in his manners." Henderson was a keelman, and in early life had been impressed into his Majesty's service, and had fought in some of the naval engagements in the wars against France and Spain. There were many excellent traits in his character, among the rest attachment to his mother being worthy of record. Archy, although noted for his good humour, entered with prompt spirit into



Bold Archy

the partisan quarrels of his day; and, fierce as these might be, the voice of his mother charmed him in one moment into meekness. She was a little woman; but it was no uncommon sight to behold her leading Archy out

of any wrangle he might be engaged in, and he would follow her with the docility of a child.

Archy was never married. He once confessed himself a little enamoured of a pretty servant girl who resided on the Quayside: the highest compliment Archy paid her was by observing that "she was almost as canny a woman as his mother." He died on the 14th May, 1828, in his 87th year.

Our portrait is taken from the celebrated painting of a group of fourteen "Newcastle Eccentrics," all living in 1819, painted by H. P. Parker, and engraved by Armstrong.

Bold Archy is immortalized in several other songs written by Gilchrist, William Oliver, and other local poets.

The song we now print is written to the melody of "The Bowld Dragoon," which enjoyed universal popularity in the early years of this century, and to which several of the best Tyneside songs have been written.

An account of Mr. Robert Gilchrist's life and works, together with a portrait, appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for May, 1888, page 234.

A - while for me yor lugs keep clear, Maw
spoke aw'll brief - ly bray. Aw've
been se blind wi' blair - in' that Aw
scairce ken what to say. A
mot - ley crew aw late - ly met, Maw
feel - ins fine they sair - ly wound - ed By
ax - in' if aw'd heerd the news Or
if aw'd seen Bowld Airc - y drownd - ed.
Whack row de dow dow, Fal lal lal de da-dee,
Whack row de dow dow, Fal de dal de dav.

Awhile for me yor lugs keep clear,
 Maw spoke aw'll briefly bray;
 Aw've been se blind wi' blairin'* that
 Aw scairse ken what te say.
 A motley crew aw lately met;
 Maw feelin's fine they sairly wounded,
 By axin' if aw'd heer'd the news,
 Or if aw'd seen Bowld Airchy drowned.
 The tyel like wild-fire through the toon
 Suin cut a dowly† track.
 An' seemed te wander up an' doon
 Wi' Sangate on its back;
 Bullrug was there—Golightly's Will—
 Te croon the whole, awd Nelly Mairchy,‡
 Whe. as they roon'd the Deed Hoose thrang'd,
 Whing'd oot in praise of honest Airchy.
 Whack, row de dow, &c.

Waes! Airchy lang was hale and rank,
 The king o' laddies braw;
 His wrist was like an anchor shank,
 His fist was like the claw.
 His yellow waistcoat, flowered se fine,
 Myed tyelors lang for cabbage cuttin's;
 It myed the bairns te glower amain,
 An' cry, "Ni, ni, what bonny buttons!"

His breeches and his jacket clad
 A body rasher-stright;||
 A bunch o' ribbons on his knees,
 His shoes and buckles bright,
 His dashin' stockin's true sky-blue;
 His gud shag hat, although a bairn',
 When cockt upon his bonny heed,
 Luiked like a pea upon a middin',

The last was he te myek a row,
 Yet foremost i' the fight;
 The first was he te reet the wrang'd,
 The last te wrang the right.
 They said sic deeds, where'er he'd gyen,
 Cud not but meet a noble station;
 Cull Billy¶ fear'd that a' sic hopes
 Were built upon a bad foundation.

For Captain Starkey word was sent
 Te come without delay;
 But the Captain begg'd te be excused,
 An' come another day.
 When spirits strong and nappy beer,
 Wi' brede an' cheese, might myek 'm able
 Te bear up sic a' load o' grief,
 An' do the honours o' the table.

Another group was then sent off,
 An' brought Blind Willie doon,
 Whe started up a symphony
 Wi' fiddle oot o' tune:—
 "Here Airchy lies, his country's pride,
 Oh! San'gate, thou will sairly miss him,

Stiff, drowned i' the ragin' tide,
 Powl'd** off at last! E-ho! Odd bless him."
 While thus they mourned, byeth wives an' bairns,
 Young cheps and awd men grey,
 Whe shud there cum but Airchy's sel',
 Te see about the fray—
 Aw gov a shriek, for weel ye ken
 A seet like this wad be a shocker—
 "Od smash! here's Airchy back agyen,
 Slipped oot, by gòx, frae Davy's Locker."
 About him they all thrang'd an' axed
 What news frae underground?
 Each tell'd about their blairin'
 When they kenn'd that he was droon'd.
 "Hoots!" Airchy mouned,†† "it's nowt but lees!
 Te the Barley Mow let's e'en be joggin',
 Aw'll tyek me oath it wasn't me,
 For aw hear it's Airchy Logan."
 Te see Bold Airchy thus restored,
 They giv sic lood hurrahs,
 As myed the very skies te split,
 An' deaved a flight o' craws;
 Te the Barley Mow for swipes o' yell
 They yen an' a' went gaily joggin',
 Rejoiced te hear the droondit man
 Was oney little Airchy Logan.

Durham Castle.

DURHAM was first peopled by the monks of St. Cuthbert in the year 995. In some way the city was fortified very soon afterwards.

Amongst the historical literature of a very early date which has come down to our time, is a very curious tract, which has been ascribed, though doubtless incorrectly, to Symeon of Durham. It is entitled "Concerning the Siege of Durham and the Valour of Earl Uchtred." It tells us that, near the close of the tenth century, Malcolm, King of Scotland, having wasted Northumberland with fire and sword, laid siege to Durham. Aldhune, the bishop, had a son-in-law named Uchtred, the son of Cospatric, "a youth of great energy, and well skilled in military affairs." He, learning that the land was devastated by the enemy, "and that Durham was in a state of blockade and siege, collected together into one body a considerable number of the men of Northumbria and Yorkshire, and cut to pieces nearly the entire multitude of the Scots; the king himself, and a few others, escaping with difficulty. He caused to be carried to Durham the best looking heads of the slain, ornamented (as the fashion of the time was) with braided locks, and after they had been washed by four women—to each of whom he gave a cow for her trouble—he caused these heads to be fixed upon stakes, and placed round the walls."

It would be vain to speculate as to the extent of the fortifications of Durham at the period of Malcolm's siege.

* * Powl'd, pushed off the shore into deep water, launched like a keel, with a long pole.

†† Mounge, moonj, moonge, to grumble lowly, to whine.—Brockett.

* To blair is to cry vehemently, or to roar loud like a peevish child when touched or contradicted—a man or woman sympathetically drunk and giving full vent to his or her outraged feelings in a maudlin outburst; or a calf bleating for its mother's milk. It is one of the many North-Country words borrowed from the Dutch, in which *blaer* has the same meaning.

† Dowlly means lonely, dismal, melancholy, sorrowful, doleful. It is from the Celtic *duille*, darkness, obscurity, stupidity. It is, perhaps, also cognate with the Danish *doilge*, conceal, hide, keep in the dark.

‡ All characters once notorious, now difficult if not impossible to identify.

|| As straight as a rush.

¶ Cull Billy, properly William Scott, of whom Sykes gives a long account under date July 31st, 1831. He also was one of the fourteen Newcastle eccentrics immortalised by Parker and Armstrong. Captain Starkey was a still more famous character, whose autobiography, with a portrait and fac-simile of his handwriting, was published by William Hall, Groat Market, Newcastle. 1818. 12mo. 14 p.p. His portrait and memoir were also given in "Hone's Every Day Book," and formed the subject of one of the most quaint and pathetic essays of Charles Lamb (Elia).

The city of that day was no doubt chiefly defended by its strong natural position, and the walls whereon the heads of the vanquished Scots were mounted were in every probability only pallisades of stakes, enclosing the inhabited plateau round the cathedral.

After a few years, Durham was once more besieged, and this time also by the Scots. In or about the year 1040 Duncan, King of Scotland, invaded England. He was attended by a countless multitude of troops. "He laid siege to Durham, and made strenuous but ineffective efforts to capture it. A large proportion of his cavalry was slain by the besieged, and he was put to disorderly flight, in which he lost all his foot-soldiers, whose heads were collected in the market place and hung up on posts." Such is the brief narrative given by Symeon of Durham. Unfortunately it is not supplemented by other historians. Still, it affords evidence that the defences of Durham were uninterruptedly maintained and were of an efficient character.

Soon after the Norman conquest Durham was once more the scene of bloodshed. In 1069 the Conqueror appointed Robert Cumin to the earldom of Northumberland. "When the Northumbrians heard of this man's arrival, they all abandoned their houses and made immediate preparation for flight," but a sudden snow-storm and a frost of unusual severity kept them at home. They resolved, however, either to slay the earl or to die themselves. He, on coming northwards, was warned by the bishop of his probable fate, but he spurned all counsel, and proceeded on his way. "So the earl entered Durham with seven hundred men, and they treated the householders as if they had been enemies." This was not to be meekly borne, and "very early in the morning, the Northumbrians, having collected themselves together, broke in through all the gates, and, running through the city, hither and thither, they slew the earl's followers. So great, at the last, was the multitude of the slain, that every street was covered with blood, and filled with dead bodies. But there still survived a considerable number, who defended the door of the house in which the earl was, and securely held it against the inroads of the assailants. They, on their part, endeavoured to throw fire into the house, so as to burn it and its inmates; and the flaming sparks, flying upwards, caught the western tower [of the cathedral built by Aldhune], which was in immediate proximity, and it appeared to be on the very verge of destruction"; but, according to the chronicler, it was miraculously saved, in answer to the prayers of the people. "The house, however, which had caught fire, continued to blaze; and of those persons who were within it some were burnt, and some were slaughtered as soon as they crossed its thresholds; and thus the earl was put to death along with all of his followers, save one, who escaped wounded."

From these narratives we learn all that we can know of the earliest defences of Durham. The castle of Durham,

as we know it, is the work of many men and of many centuries. It was founded by William the Conqueror, when returning from Scotland in the year 1072. The statement that he was the founder has been more than once called in question, but, I think, without just reason. The continuation of Symeon's "History of the Kings" says—"When the king had returned from Scotland, he built a castle in Durham, where the bishop might keep himself and his people safe from the attacks of assailants." Of the work of William's day nothing remains beyond the very remarkable chapel, with its tall cylindrical shafts, grotesque capitals, and vaulted roofs—altogether one of the most interesting portions of the whole fortress, or, indeed, of any English castle. There can be little doubt that the present keep, which, so far as anything visible is concerned, is entirely modern—the work of the present century—stands on the site of a keep built by the Conqueror. The mound whereon the keep is raised is pronounced, by consensus of opinion, to be artificial. If this be so, we may safely associate it with the earliest fortifications of Durham, of which doubtless it formed the principal feature.

The See of Durham was held from 1099 to 1128 by Bishop Flambard, by whom the defences of Durham were strengthened and extended. "He strengthened the city of Durham with a stronger and loftier wall, although, indeed, nature herself had fortified it," says the continuator of Symeon's "History of the Church of Durham"; and, adds the same authority, "he built a wall which extended from the choir of the church [*i.e.*, the cathedral] to the keep of the castle." It is not improbable that parts of Flambard's walls still exist in fragments of ancient masonry, which may be seen in the gardens of some of the houses in the North and South Baileys. Another of Flambard's works deserves to be mentioned in this connection. To him we owe the large open space between the cathedral and the castle, known as Place or Palace Green. "He levelled the space between the church and the castle, which had hitherto been occupied by numerous poor houses, and made it as plane as a field, in order that the church should neither be endangered by fire nor polluted by filth."

To Bishop Pudsey the castle of Durham owes much. Some of the most interesting and beautiful parts of the whole fortress must be ascribed to him. Unfortunately the information afforded by the historians as to the works he accomplished is disappointingly meagre. Galfrid of Coldingham tells us that "in the castle of Durham the buildings, which, in the earliest periods of his episcopacy, were destroyed by fire, he rebuilt." He built the great hall on the north side of the courtyard, or, I ought rather to say, the two great halls, the upper and the lower. A much later gallery which runs along the whole south front of these halls hides the principal entrance, a magnificent and greatly enriched doorway, one of the most splendid specimens of late Norman work to be

found anywhere in this kingdom. It is needless to say that this doorway was originally reached by a flight of stairs leading up from the courtyard. The lower hall presents none of its original features except this doorway, for the whole of its interior is divided into modern apartments. The upper hall is entered through a plain doorway. It is, or rather was, surrounded by a beautiful arcade, much of which is hidden by plaster and students' rooms, but on the south side it is fortunately accessible and visible, and fairly well preserved.

It is remarkable that, so far at least as I know, none of the chroniclers mentions Bishop Anthony Bek as the builder of any part of the castle. He held the see from 1283 to 1311, and to him we can have no hesitancy in ascribing the great hall on the west side of the courtyard, and which is usually associated with the name of Bishop Hatfield. This hall must have replaced a Norman struc-

ture, possibly of as early date as the chapel, but almost certainly not later than the time of Flambard. Indeed, a crypt or cellar, beneath the hall, is throughout of Norman workmanship, and possesses features which appear to belong to an early period of that style. Bek's hall (now used as the dining hall of Durham University) has been much altered and restored, both in early and in recent times, and the distinctive features of its original character which still remain are slight. But the inner doorway, and a window a little way north of the fireplace, are comparatively unaltered, and enable the student of architecture to establish the date of this part of the castle.

We now come to the important episcopate of Bishop Hatfield, whose period extended from 1345 to 1382. William de Chambre, another of the Durham chroniclers, tells us that Hatfield "renewed the buildings in the castle



EXTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL, DURHAM CASTLE.

which by antiquity or age had been destroyed or become dilapidated; and he constructed anew both the episcopal hall and the hall of the constable, as well as other edifices in the same castle." The phrase, "he constructed anew," must be understood with considerable latitude. The "episcopal hall" is undoubtedly the hall built by Bek, whilst the "constable's hall" is most probably the upper hall of Pudsey. Hatfield rebuilt neither of these; but that he made considerable alterations in both is certain, and, in addition to this, he no doubt put both halls into a

state of thorough repair. But *Chambre* proceeds to say that Hatfield "rendered the city of Durham, which was already sufficiently fortified by nature and a wall, still stronger by means of a tower, constructed at his expense, within the limits of the castle." That tower was the keep. The walls built by Hatfield remained till within living memory, and the present keep is raised on their foundations. But Hatfield was clearly rebuilding an earlier structure, which we have already attributed to the time of William the Conqueror.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL, DURHAM CASTLE.

The later structural history of the castle I must record as briefly as possible. Cardinal Langley, who was bishop of Durham from 1406 to 1437, is stated to have built the entire gaol of Durham, and to have constructed the gates of that gaol with most costly stones, in the place of gates of earlier date which had fallen into ruin. This gaol and gateway, which stood at the foot of the North Bailey—a most picturesque and interesting structure—was taken down in 1818 or 1819. Bishop Fox, who occupied the see from 1494 to 1502, made great alterations in Bek's hall. Whereas, prior to his time, there were two royal seats in the hall, one at the upper end and one at the lower, he only allowed the upper one to remain, and in place of the lower seat he made a larder with pantries, and over these he erected two galleries for trumpeters or other musicians in the time of meals. He also erected a steward's room, a large kitchen, and other apartments at the south end of the hall, and in this way reduced its original length fully one-third. He had other works in progress when his translation to Winchester put an end to his plans. Cuthbert Tunstall, bishop of Durham from 1530 to 1560, partly rebuilt the inner gateway, and also erected the present chapel; besides which he raised the gallery which hides the front of Pudsey's halls. Bishop Neile still further reduced the dimensions of Bek's great hall. Cosin, the first bishop after the restoration of Charles II., built the portico which is now the principal entrance to the castle, and to him also we owe the magnificent oak staircase. Minor alterations have been carried out by later prelates, but to these it is not necessary to refer.

The castle of Durham has witnessed many scenes of pomp and splendour. Monarchs and nobles of the land have been royally entertained within its walls by the great and powerful prince-bishops of the palatinate. Here, in 1333, Bishop Bury entertained Edward III. and his Queen, the Queen-Dowager of England, the King of Scotland, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, five other bishops, seven earls with their countesses, all the nobility north of Trent, and a vast concourse of knights, esquires, and other persons of distinction, amongst whom were many abbots, priors, and other religious men. In 1424 Durham was crowded with the nobility of England and Scotland on the occasion of the liberation of the Scottish king and his marriage with Jane Seymour. The royal pair arrived in Durham attended by a numerous retinue, and remained here a considerable time. In 1503 the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh, on her way to Scotland to become the bride of King James, arrived at Durham. "At the entering of the said town, and within, in the streets and at the windows, was so innumerable people, that it was a fair thing for to see. . . . The 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of the said month [of July] she sojourned in the said place of Durham, when she was well cherished, and her costs borne by the said bishop, who, on the 23rd

day, held whole hall, and double dinner and double supper to all comers worthy to be there. And in the said hall was set all the noblesse, as well spirituals as temporals, great and small, the which was welcome." In 1633 Charles I. was for several days the guest of Bishop Morton, who entertained the king with a degree of splendour which cost him £1,500 a day. Six years later the king was again entertained by Morton, but with much less magnificence, for the shadow, which darkened day by day, even to the end, had then already fallen across the unhappy monarch's path. The last great scene of festivity witnessed within these ancient walls was enacted in 1827, when the Duke of Wellington, then on a visit to Wynyard, together with many of his old companions in arms, and the nobility and gentry of the county, was entertained by Van Mildert, the last of the prince-bishops of Durham. Sir Walter Scott was amongst the guests, and in his diary gives a picturesque description of the scene in the great hall, and speaks in warmly eulogistic terms of the dignified bearing and princely hospitality of the host.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Grand Allies.

DURING the palmy days of the Coal Trade, when prices could be kept up to an unnaturally high figure by a junta of monopolists agreeing together to "limit the vend," or, as we would now say, to "limit the output,"* a few great territorial magnates in the Northern Counties, popularly called "The Grand Allies," were long the leading spirits. The association consisted of the Russells of Brancepeth, now represented by Lord Boyne, the Brandlings of Gosforth and the Felling, Lords Ravensworth, Strathmore, and Wharnccliffe, Matthew Bell of Woolsington, and some others. They were owners of the most noted collieries in the North, the produce of which had always brought the highest price in the London market; and this enabled them virtually to dictate terms to all the rest.

Wallsend Colliery, which had been sunk by the Chap-

* The compact styled the "Limitation of the Vend" has been thus explained:—The plan was to apportion among the different collieries the quantity which was to be raised and sold, with reference to the probable immediate market demand. The several interests of the Tyne and Wear were watched over by their several representatives. The principal proprietors fixed the minimum price at which they would sell their coals, and the remaining owners acceded to their conditions. A committee met at Newcastle twice a month, and there issued its mandates, which all were bound to obey. The probable demand for each succeeding fortnight was calculated on the average price in the London market during the fortnight previous. If this had been higher than the price fixed by the coalowners, permission was given to each member of the association to raise a larger quantity of coal, or *vice versa*, according to a pre-determined scale.

mans about 1777, bore the bell for two generations. The area to which it gave its name, cut off from the rest of the Northumberland Coal Field by the Ninety Fathom Dyke, was the birthplace and nursery of Northern coal mining. Its sole output was household coal—the only description of much value before the general introduction of steam. The Wallsend estate comprised nearly twelve hundred acres, and the coal raised from it was admittedly the finest in the world. It was purchased in 1781 by William Russell, an enterprising timber merchant in Sunderland. This gentleman, who was the second son of the Squire of Rowenlands, in Cumberland, had commenced life with £20,000—an immense sum at that time. His first investment in land was at Newbottle, near the centre of the North Durham Coal Field; his next, we believe, was at Wallsend. Under his spirited management, "Russell's Wallsend" became a familiar commodity at the uttermost ends of the earth, and brought its owner vast wealth, making him one of the richest commoners in England. He subsequently bought the estate of Brancepeth, also rich in coal and other minerals. William's son Matthew rebuilt Brancepeth Castle. Another William, grandson of the first William, represented the county of Durham in three successive Parliaments. When he died without male issue in 1850, the estates passed to Viscount Boyne, Gustavus Frederick John James Hamilton (the husband of his only sister, Emma Maria), who assumed, by Royal license, the name of Russell, after that of his Scoto-Irish ancestors, and the arms of Russell, quarterly. The Brancepeth, Boyne, Brandon, and neighbouring collieries, leased from Lord Boyne by Messrs. Straker and Love, Messrs. Pease and Partners, and others, produce that excellent description of coal which used formerly to be known as "Brancepeth Wallsend." Other sorts identified by the family name are Russell's High Main, Russell's Hetton Wallsend, Russell's Lyons Wallsend, Russell's Harraton, &c.

The viewers and managers of Wallsend were the Buddles, father and son, both men of great administrative ability, and the latter so skilful and originative as a mining engineer as to have merited the title of the George Stephenson of colliery work. It is not too much to affirm that the subsequent prosperity of the place, which has given a name to all the household coals of the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees, was in a great measure owing to the intelligent and indefatigable exertions of the elder Buddle, who was the son of a schoolmaster at Kyo, near Tanfield. When he died, in 1806, his son, who had for some years been his assistant, succeeded him, and, it must be confessed, fairly outdid him, being, like the famous Cooper of Fogo, "his father's better." Before his time, little more than half the coal in any mine had been worked, the remainder being left in "pillars" to support the roof and so ventilate the pit. But Mr. Buddle conceived and carried out the idea of

dividing the whole area into minor districts, defended from each other by thick barriers of coal, and ventilated by distinct currents of air, so that, in the event of a "creep" happening in one district, it was effectually prevented from spreading beyond its fixed boundary. The advantages of this system were the getting out of nearly all the coal, uninjured by crush or creep, and a great saving of expense, by curtailing the quantity of waste or dead mine, otherwise needing to be aired and travelled. It was brought into successful operation at Wallsend about the year 1811.

The manors of North Gosforth and Felling came into the possession of Sir Robert Brandling, five times Mayor of Newcastle, in 1509, through his marriage with Ann, co-heir of the ancient family of Surtees, who had held them for upwards of four centuries. Charles Brandling, one of his descendants, won Felling Colliery in 1779. Charles's eldest son and heir, Charles John Brandling, who, like his father, represented Northumberland in Parliament for many years, was, upon the whole, the most dashing of the Grand Allies. He commenced sinking Gosforth Colliery in 1825, and the coal was won on the last day of January, 1829. Great expense was incurred in the undertaking, from the intersection of the great Ninety Fathom Dyke. The quality of the coal was so deteriorated by the proximity of the dyke that it became necessary to sink the shaft perpendicularly to a depth of 181 fathoms, in order to come at the level of the lower range of the seam. In this work many of the succeeding seams were passed through, and all were found to be more or less shattered, and singularly placed at a higher level than the High Main, which, geologically, they underlie. On reaching the requisite depth, a horizontal drift, 700 yards long, was worked in the solid rock, through the face of the dyke to the seam of coal that was sought a little above its junction with the disturbing medium. So remarkable a winning deserved a remarkable celebration of its attainment. Mr. Brandling and his partners gave a grand subterranean ball!

The ball-room was situated at a depth of nearly 1,100 feet below the earth's surface, and was in the shape of the letter L, the width being fifteen feet, the base twenty-two feet, and the perpendicular height forty-eight feet. Seats were placed round the sides of the ball-room, the floor was dried and flagged, and the whole place brilliantly illuminated with candles and lamps. The company began to assemble and descend in appropriate dresses about half-past nine in the morning, and continued to arrive till one in the afternoon. The men engaged in the work, their wives and daughters and sweethearts, several neighbours with their wives, the proprietors and agents with their wives, and sundry friends of both sexes who had courage to avail themselves of the privilege; all these gradually found their way to the bottom of the shaft. Immediately on their arrival there they proceeded to the extremity of the drift, to the face of the coal, where each person hewed a piece of coal as a memento of the visit, and then returned to the ball-room. As soon as a sufficient number of guests had assembled dancing commenced, and was continued without intermission till three o'clock in the afternoon. No distinction was made among the guests, and born and bred ladies joined in a general dance with born and bred pitmen's daughters. All now returned

in safety, and in nice, clean, and well-lined baskets, to the upper regions, delighted with the manner in which they had spent the day. It was estimated that between two and three hundred persons were present, and nearly one-half of them were females.

A younger brother of Mr. Brandling's, William Robert Brandling, of Low Gosforth, barrister-at-law, was the projector of the Brandling Junction Railway. In the Parliamentary session of 1835, an Act was obtained for "enabling John Brandling [another brother] and Robert William Brandling to purchase or lease lands for the formation of a railway from Gateshead to South Shields and Monkwearmouth"; and a company, with a capital of £110,000, in £50 shares, was formed for the purpose of carrying the scheme into effect. The first turf was cut at the Felling, in the presence of Mr. R. W. Brandling and a number of friends, on the 3rd August, 1836; and the first cargo of coals, from Andrew's House Colliery, was carried along the line, and shipped at South Shields, on the 20th of July, 1840. On this occasion a party of the directors and their friends returned to Newcastle in seventy waggons and carriages, being the largest train that had ever been seen in the North. The Monkwearmouth branch had been opened in the previous year, when the trip from Gateshead, with passengers and goods, was performed in forty-six minutes, which was thought a wonderful feat.

"The last of the long roll of Brandlings of Gosforth"—the Rev. Ralph Henry Brandling, vicar of Rothwell, county of York, and perpetual curate of Castle Eden, Durham—succeeded his brother Charles John in the family estates. But there seems to have been imperative reasons why the estates should be dispersed; and they were accordingly sold by auction, at the Queen's Head Inn, Newcastle, by order of the Court of Chancery, in October, 1852: Mr. Alderman Fairbrother, of London, acting as auctioneer. Amongst the principal lots were:—

The manor of North and South Gosforth, 790 acres in extent, comprising the mansion of Gosforth House and its extensive pleasure-grounds, which was bought by Mr. T. Smith for £25,200; Low Gosforth estate, 287 acres, with the mansion, &c., was purchased by Mr. Joseph Laycock for £20,100; Seaton Burn House, Six-Mile Bridge Farm, and Coxlodge Farm, 510 acres, were sold to Mr. Riddell Robson for £24,800; High and Low Weetslade, Wideopen, and Brunton Farms, 1,313 acres, were knocked down to Mr. Smith for £46,150; South Gosforth Farm, 281 acres, was bought by Mr. William Dunn for £19,300. Gosforth and Coxlodge Collieries and royalties, and a few other lots, were withdrawn; but the total proceeds of the sale fetched £155,620, exclusive of the timber. The biddings for the property reserved amounted to £106,920.

The Coxlodge, Fawdon, Denton, and Dinnington royalties were subsequently purchased by Mr. Joshua Bower, of Leeds; and in 1873 the whole of them were sold by Mr. Bower to Messrs. Lambert and Co. Gosforth Colliery, again, was bought by Charles Mark Palmer, now Sir C. M. Palmer, on behalf of the firm of Messrs. John Bowes and Co. The Rev. R. H. Brand-

ling died in Newcastle in his eighty-second year, in July, 1853; and his only son, Colonel John Brandling, died at Middleton, near Leeds, aged 58, in June, 1856—thus closing the genealogical roll.

The next great territorial magnate among the Grand Allies was the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, Baron Ravensworth. He entered into partnership with the Brandlings and Russells, Lords Wharnccliffe and Strathmore, Matthew Bell, of Woolsington, and others, as aforesaid, and superintended for many years the extensive and lucrative business in the coal trade which was carried on by them in virtual partnership. Lord Ravensworth (then Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, Bart., his elevation to the peerage not having taken place till 1821) was singularly privileged with regard to the chief persons in his employment. One of these was that distinguished colliery viewer and mining engineer Nicholas Wood, whose long and active life was almost all devoted to the discovery and carrying out of practical improvements in connection with mining operations. Born in a farm-house on the banks of Stanley Burn, near Bradley Hall, and educated at Winlaton, he came, while yet only a lad, under Sir Thomas Henry's notice, that gentleman, who was his father's landlord and friend, discovering the uncommon abilities he was endowed with. In April, 1811, when he was about seventeen years of age, his appreciative patron sent him to Killingworth Colliery, of which he was part owner, to learn the business of a viewer. The afterwards still more celebrated George Stephenson, whose birthplace was within a mile of his, on the other side of the Tyne, was at this time brakesman at the neighbouring colliery of West Moor, where he had already attracted notice by his ingenious mechanical contrivances; and almost immediately after young Wood had entered upon his apprenticeship, Stephenson became directing engineer of the Killingworth High Pit, to which he was promoted in consequence of the skill he had displayed in rendering the pumping engine of the pit effective, when several other engineers had failed. The intelligent youngster was irresistibly attracted to Stephenson, of whom he soon became the intimate friend and confidant. His name will ever occupy a prominent place on the honourable role of eminent men to whom mankind generally, but the people of the great North-Eastern Coal Field in especial, are indebted for countless blessings.

Sir Henry Thomas Liddell married, in 1796, Maria Susannah, daughter of John Simpson, of Bradley, and granddaughter maternally of Thomas, eighth Earl of Strathmore, whose wife was Jane Nicholson, daughter and heiress of James Nicholson, of West Rainton. The Ravensworth and Strathmore interests were thus in a manner conjoined. Other family alliances favoured the formation of the Grand Alliance. Thus, in the year 1767, John, ninth Earl of Strathmore, married Mary

Eleanor, only child of George Bowes, of Streatlam Castle and Gidside, and assumed thereupon, by Act of Parliament, the surname of Bowes. He came into possession, in right of his wife, of her father's vast property in the North, Miss Bowes being, as the "Annual Register" informs us, "the richest heiress in Europe, her fortune being one million and forty thousand pounds, besides a great jointure on the death of her mother, and a large estate on the demise of an uncle." The eldest son of this wealthy pair, John Bowes, who succeeded his father as tenth Earl of Strathmore in 1776, and was enrolled among the peers of the United Kingdom in 1815 by the title of Baron Bowes, of Streatlam Castle, became one of the chief magnates of the great coal ring. He married, in 1820, Miss Mary Milner, of Staindrop, but died two days after his nuptials, and with him the English barony expired, and the Scottish estates passed, with the Scotch title of Earl, to his younger brother Thomas. But the whole of the Durham property was bequeathed by him, in his last will, to his nephew, John Bowes, who continued firm to the alliance. Mr. Bowes sat as member for the Southern Division of his native county in four successive Parliaments, and spent upwards of thirty thousand pounds in two of the elections, which were very hotly contested. The mining property of himself and partners comprised the Marley Hill, Andrew's House, Byermoor, Burnopfield, Pontop, Kibblesworth, Springwell, and other collieries. Some of the workings date as far back as the year 1600, but several of the pits are comparatively modern, dating from about 1826, when the adoption of the locomotive principle of traction on railways led to the opening out of the lower seams, the value of which began to be fully known only about 1840. The four collieries of Killingworth, Gosforth, Seaton Burn, and Dinnington Winning, form another section of the mineral property of John Bowes, C. M. Palmer, and Co., the area belonging to or leased by the firm, under this section, being 8,242 acres.

Another of the conspicuous Grand Allies was James Archibald Stuart Wortley Mackenzie, second son of the second son of John, third Earl of Bute, who married Mary, only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, of Wortley Hall, near Sheffield, afterwards created a peeress, as Baroness Mountstuart, and vested, as her father's sole heir, in great estates in both Yorkshire and Cornwall. Her grandson, above named, but commonly known as Stuart Wortley, represented the county of York for several years in the House of Commons, and was raised to the peerage in 1826, as Baron Wharnccliffe. He had shares in the Killingworth and other collieries along with Lords Ravensworth and Strathmore, and other partners, and took an active steering hand in the management of their joint concerns. It is perhaps worth noting, that his family seat, Wortley Hall, on the banks of the river Don, near the old turnpike road between Sheffield and Halifax, was an occasional residence of the celebrated Lady Mary

Wortley Montagu, and is also identified as the scene of the well-known mock antique ballad of "The Dragon of Wantley."

Matthew Bell, of Woolsington, brother-in-law of Mr. C. J. Brandling, of Gosforth House, whose sister, Sarah Frances, he married in 1792, comes next on our list. He was owner, in whole or in part, of a number of collieries, some of them only worked for landsale, others for export, and several now exhausted. One of the most valuable was at Coxlodge. His son and heir, likewise named Matthew, married the only child and heiress of Henry Utrick Reay, of Killingworth, and thereby came into possession of some more mining property. He represented, first, the county of Northumberland, and, after the Reform era, the southern division, from 1826, when he succeeded Mr. Brandling, down till 1852. He was virtually launched into public life when but eighteen years old, on his father's death in 1811; and during the whole of his long career (he died in 1871 in his 79th year), he was one of the most popular as well as one the most prominent country gentlemen in the North.

The Messrs. Grace and partners, owners of Walker Colliery, were members, we believe, of the Grand Alliance; and so, if we mistake not, was Mr. Bigge, of Little Benton, father of the late Rev. J. F. Bigge, vicar of Stamfordham. Another once famous colliery of the system was Percy Main, near North Shields. Many of these Tyne-side pits were eventually filled with water, or "drowned out"; and to empty them by means of pumping, so as to recover the valuable coal which is still left in them, has taxed the ingenuity of our best engineers and lightened the purses of some of our wealthiest citizens, being an undertaking almost rivalling in magnitude and importance the drying up, by a similar process, of the Dutch polders.

The monopoly was brought to an end in 1845, railway competition being the chief compelling cause. There have been, since that time, several abortive attempts to regulate the vend, and a number of companies have been formed, with more or less success, on the model of the Grand Allies; but, while some of these, such as the North of England Coal Mining Company, expended the whole of their large capital, and nearly as much more, in unlucky adventures, and others, like the South Hetton Coal Company, encountered the most provoking engineering difficulties before they at length won success, none of them ever exceeded the profits, or equalled the fame, of the Grand Allies.

Deodands.

DEODAND is a term given to a personal chattel which was the immediate cause of the death of a rational creature, and which therefore was forfeited to the Crown or lord of the manor, though the chattel was generally released on payment of a fine. I have copied two local instances from the Castle Eden Registers :—

"Mem. On Tuesday, the 20th day of August, A.D. 1776, a bay mare, belonging to George Atkinson, of North Leazes Farm, in this manor and parish, having in a certain field, called the High Severals, in this manour, by a kick or stroke given to John Horden, occasioned his death, the said mare was this day seized by Rowland Burdon, Esquire, lord of the manor of Castle Eden, as a deodand, and the said George Atkinson having petitioned the said Rowland Burdon to restore him his said mare, he, the said Rowland Burdon, did graciously consent thereto on payment of one shilling, which was paid in our presence, and the said mare was thereupon restored. As witness our hands, August 28, 1776.

"JOHN TODD, Minister.

"WILLIAM HARDING, Churchwarden."

"Be it remembered that on the 25th day of October, 1836, Pickering Craggs, landlord of the Railway Tavern in Castle Eden, was, in consequence of slipping his foot and falling, run over by a wheel of the Thornley locomotive engine, then passing along the Hartlepool Railway, near to the said tavern, which injured him so much that he died the same evening. That on the 27th day of the same month the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and fixed a deodand of one shilling upon the said wheel, which was claimed by and given to the poor by Rowland Burdon as Lord of the Manor."

R. B.

A Laird of the North Countree.

LAIRD is a well-known title all over the Borders and in the South of Scotland for a landowner, and answers pretty nearly to the word squire as formerly used in England. The term, of frequent occurrence in Scottish literature, is well known to readers of Scott and Burns. Then there is the old rhyme :—

A knight of Calais (Calais),
A squire of Wales,
A laird of the North Countree :
A yeoman of Kent
With his yearly rent
Would buy them out all three.

Mr. Thomas Robson, the last Laird of Falstone of that name, who died at a mature age some forty years ago, was a worthy man of the old school, well known all over North Tyne by his territorial designation. He was a bachelor; and his sister, Miss Robson, was the mistress of his household, where an old-fashioned hospitality prevailed. Miss Robson, whose name was Mary, was generally known as "Mally o' Fäästean." A brother named John also lived with them, and acted as steward or overlooker of the estate, which the laird farmed himself. The property lay on both sides of the Tyne, extending to the moorlands on the north and south. On

the south side, where the laird "marched" with Smale, there were frequent disputes between the shepherds of the two farms, because of the trespassing of their flocks beyond the boundary line, which was not fenced. This trespassing, sometimes wilful, led to quarrels, and sometimes to blows. "Johnny o' Fäästean," in one of these encounters, was so severely mauled by the enemy, and his head was so much swollen, that he was compelled to trudge home with his hat in his hand.

The house at Falstone where the laird lived had formerly been one of the Border peel towers, with its thick walls and arches over the lower storey. There is a large kitchen, in which the laird used to sit ready to receive and chat with all comers. And the wandering beggars always had a night's lodging in an outhouse, with a supper and breakfast of "crowdie," at Falstone.

At Mr. Robson's death the estate descended to his nephew, Thomas Ridley, whose mother, a widow, kept the Falstone inn, the Black Cock. He was a bachelor, and acted as parish clerk. In his uncle's lifetime he assisted in the work of the farm. A man of delicate health, he did not live long to enjoy his property. He was succeeded by his brother John, also a bachelor, and past middle age when he came to the estate. He, however, married when he was old, and at his death left a widow and an infant daughter, who, I believe, now owns the Falstone property, but does not live upon it.

The farm has for some time past been occupied by Mr. Fergus Robson, who came of a worthy Tynedale stock. His father, Adam Robson, of Emmethaugh, was a highly respectable man, a rigid Presbyterian, an elder of the kirk, and for that reason was generally known as "Yeddie the Elder."

Before coming to Falstone Mr. Fergus Robson lived long at Aikenshaw, or Oakenshaw, Burn, amidst the moorland solitudes between North Tyne and Liddesdale. Yet this place, scarcely known to any but shepherds and grouse shooters, has recently been made famous by one of the sweetest singers of the Victorian era—A. C. Swinburne, whose grandfather, Sir John Swinburne, owned a wide area of land in the district. In the recently published "Poems and Ballads," Third Series, by A. C. Swinburne, by far the best piece in the collection is "A Jacobite's Exile, 1746." In that poem these lines occur :—

O, lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
And loud the dark Durance;
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
Than a' the fields of France;
And the waves of Till that speak sae still
Gleam goodlier where they glance.

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,
The burn rins blithe and faim;
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie
To look thereon again.

On Kielder side the wind blows wide :
There sounds nae hunting horn
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat
Round banks where Tyne is born.

How few people even in Northumberland who read this beautiful poem will know where to find Aikenshaw Burn. It is one of the affluents of the Lewis Burn, which joins North Tyne nearly opposite Plashetts Station. In a letter written in 1536 by Lord Eure to Cardinal Wolsey respecting the Tynedale freebooters, Lewis Burn is described as "a marvellous stronge grounde of woodes and waters." The freebooters are gone, and the woods also. But the waters still flow on and the burn still runs "blithe and fain" as Swinburne saw it in his youth.

T. D. R.

Derwentwater, Keswick, and Grange.

KESWICK may be regarded as the metropolis of the English Lake District. The cheerful little town consists of two or three considerable streets, the houses being of stone and generally well built. In the outskirts there are numerous villas and hotels, many of which occupy delightful situations.



GRETA HALL.

The place is best known for its black lead pencils, which are made in large quantities, although the supply of the celebrated mineral (or "wad," as the inhabitants call it) has ceased, the mines in Borrowdale having been, it is supposed, exhausted. It was feared at one time that inferior pencils made in Germany and shipped to England would destroy the trade; but the astute Cumbrians quickly changed their tactics, and, producing wood and varnish of equal quality to the Teuton manufacturers, overcame them in the markets by the quality of the lead. The total number of lead pencils made in one year is about 13,000,000, whilst the number of hands employed of both sexes, including children, is about 200,

the gross amount of wages paid annually being nearly £4,000. It may be mentioned that most of the lead now used is imported from Mexico and Peru.

Keswick was once celebrated for its woollen trade; but a "rune," cut into a flagstone,

May God Almighty grant His aid
To Keswick and its woollen trade,

lately occupied a position in some part of a pencil manufactory. There are no woollen mills in the town now.

Some of the old writers took an unfavourable view of Keswick. Leland calls it "a lytle poore market town." Camden, in more gracious mood, refers to it as "a small market town, many years famous for the copper works, as appears from a charter of King Edward IV., and at present inhabited by miners." A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1751, stated that "the poorer inhabitants of Keswick subsist chiefly by stealing, or clandestinely buying off those that steal, the black lead, which they sell to Jews or other hawkers." Hutchinson, hardly less severe, avers that "Keswick is but a mean village."

The miners of Keswick in the old time would most probably be employed at the Newland mines, which were discovered in Queen Elizabeth's time by Thomas Thurland and Daniel Hetchletter, the latter a German from Augsburg. A lawsuit took place between her Majesty and Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland,



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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

the lord of the manor, which ended in favour of Queen Bess and her prerogative, because more silver and gold than copper, it is stated, was found; the royal minerals belonged to her, and the less precious metal to the Percy.

Another industry, which deserves to flourish, has lately been commenced in Keswick. This is beaten metal of artistic design. The new industry has been practically introduced by Mrs. Rawnsley, wife of the Vicar of Crossewaite, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

There are few public buildings of any moment in Keswick. The town hall is an unpretentious erection, where eggs and butter are sold at the Saturday market. This privilege dates from the time of Edward I., and was obtained for the town at the instance of Sir John de Derwentwater, the then lord of the manor. Certain fairs for cattle, cheese, and hirings, are held at different times of the year. The old Morlan fair which gave rise to the proverb,

Morlan fluid
Ne'er did guid,

has long since been numbered with events of the past.

The floods in the neighbourhood are sometimes very serious, and Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite Lake are not unfrequently joined together. During a Morlan flood a local clergyman was drowned at High Hill. Morlan is from Maudlin, a corruption of Magdalen. An object of interest in the town hall is the old bell upon which the clock strikes, which has the date 1001 and the letters H. D. R. O. carved upon it. It was brought from Lord's Island, and is supposed to have been a curfew bell. In three establishments in Keswick may be seen models of the Lake District, which are of great assistance to tourists.

A short distance outside Keswick is Greta Hall, once the residence of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. It is a beautiful retreat, and commands delightful prospects. Here he wrote most of those works which gained for him so high a position in the literary world of his day. Southey breathed his last moments at Greta Hall in 1843, having resided there for some thirty years. The murmuring Greta flows past Southey's house, and the banks of the stream were favourite haunts of the poet.

Crossing Greta Bridge from Keswick, we come to the



KESWICK AND DERWENTWATER, FROM LATRIGG.

old village of Crossthwaite, and the parish church, dedicated to St. Mungo, or St. Kentigern, which lie at the base of Skiddaw. The edifice is large, with heavy buttresses and battlements, and a massive tower. It was restored in 1845 by Mr. James Stanger, of Lairthwaite, at a cost of £4,000. Amongst its ancient monuments is one of Sir John Ratcliffe, who led the Cumberland men to Flodden Field, an ancestor of the Earl of Derwentwater, and Dame Alice, his wife, recumbent, in alabaster. The font is curious, and bears the arms of Edward III. The devices on it represent the Tree of Knowledge, the Passion, the Trinity, Aaron's Rod, &c. Perhaps the most important object in the church is the monument to Southey by the Tyneside sculptor, John Graham Lough, the epitaph on which was written by Wordsworth. The vicarage at Crossthwaite was the birth-place of Mrs. Lynn Linton, the celebrated novelist. The present vicar is an earnest student of Lake literature, and himself a poet of deserved fame.

Derwentwater, sometimes called Keswick Lake, and by the natives Daaran, is a compendium of most of the Lake District. It is unnecessary here to enter into comparisons with the other lakes; but it may be briefly stated that it is the most beautiful of them all on account of the variety afforded by its wooded islands, the charm of the adjacent valleys, and the grandeur of its surrounding mountains. Three miles in length, and over one mile in breadth at its widest part, it partakes less of the character of a broad river than Windermere or Ulleswater. Derwentwater is remarkable for the clearness and placidity its water, which reflects all the neighbouring objects like a mirror. But there are times when the lake is lashed into fury by storms; then woe betide the occu-

pant of any frail boat that may be floating upon its bosom. Not long since a young Newcastle man named William Henry Porter came thus to an untimely end. Trout, perch, pike, &c., abound in the lake. Attempts have been made to naturalise the char, but without success. Sometimes a bright, silvery fish, with heart-shaped brain in a translucent skull, and with a mouth devoid of teeth, is found in a dying state, floating on the surface of the water. It is supposed to be the vendace, which until recently was thought to exist only in the Castle Loch of Lochmaben, in Annandale.

Several islands and islets adorn Derwentwater. That nearest to Keswick is Derwent Island, or Vicar's Island. It is well wooded, is about six acres in extent, and has a mansion on it. This island formerly belonged to Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire. St. Herbert's Island is about a mile and a quarter from the Keswick shore, and near the centre of the lake. Here dwelt a hermit named Herbert who maintained a loving 'correspondence with St. Cuthbert of Durham. The recluse of the island died about A.D. 687. Tradition relates that St. Herbert and St. Cuthbert died at the same hour.

Lord's Island derives its name from its having been in the possession of the Earls of Derwentwater, whose residence was erected thereon, with materials obtained from a stronghold on Castle Rigg, an adjacent eminence. But the family relinquished the mansion when they went to reside at Dilston, in Northumberland. The island was formerly a peninsula, but was severed from the main land by a deep, wide fosse, spanned by a drawbridge. The foundations of the walls and the walks and gardens can yet be traced. Almost all the land on the north-east of the lake belonged to the Derwentwater family until



VILLAGE OF GRANGE, BORROWDALE.

1715, when it was forfeited to the Crown. (See p. 1, *ante*.) The Derwentwater estates were then transferred to the trustees of the Greenwich Hospital. A hollow in Wallow (or Walla) Crag, on the east of Derwentwater, is still known as the Lady's Rake, from the circumstance that the wife of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater is said to have escaped to it with the family jewels at the time of her husband's capture.

The floating island of Derwentwater and the cascade of Lodore have already been described in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See pp. 64, 500, vol. iii.)

Our view of Derwentwater is taken from Latrigg Fell, to the north of Keswick, which lies at the feet of the spectator. The rounded eminence seen in the middle distance to the left is Castlehead or Castlet, near which are Lord's Island and the islet of Rampsholm. St. Herbert's Island is in the centre of the lake. The peak to the right is Catbell; and the lesser eminence to the left of the view at the entrance to Borrowdale is Castle Crag. Among the mountains seen in the extreme distance are Scawfell and Glaramara.

A short distance from the head of Derwentwater, and in the very "jaws of Borrowdale," is the hamlet of Grange. It is a favourite subject with artists, the combination of wood and water, bridge and mountain, being of a striking character. The name is derived from the fact that it was there that the monks of Furness, who had considerable landed possessions in the neighbourhood, stored their grain. Near to Grange there is a remarkably fine echo. Some of the cottages in this neighbourhood are ancient.

Our drawings of Greta Hall, Grange, and Derwentwater are taken from photographs by Mr. Pettit, of Keswick.

William the Lion, King of Scots.

THE exact limits of England and Scotland were for a long time undetermined. Northumberland as far as the Tyne, as well as Cumberland, was as often under Scottish as under English rule, while, on the other hand, the basin of the Tweed and its tributaries, and even Lothian, were during more than one prosperous Southern and feeble Northern reign reckoned part of England.

On the accession, in the year 1163, of William the Lion to the Scottish throne, that monarch was resolved to prosecute his claim to what he deemed his ancestral inheritance lying southward of the Tweed and Solway, forfeited in a previous reign; and Henry II. of England, being then at war with his rebellious vassals on the Continent, soothed him with fair promises to end all disputes as to territory as soon as he should have leisure to attend to the matter. But seven years elapsed, and William got no

redress. Irritated at this delay, he responded to an application made by King Henry's sons, who had risen in rebellion against their father. William laid the case before his baronage, in plenary Parliament assembled, so as to get their advice. The Earl of Fife counselled his liege lord to demand his rights from King Henry "without any subterfuge," and then, if the demand were acceded to, to go to his succour with all speed against his sons. Messengers were accordingly sent off to King Henry, then in Normandy, offering that, if he would fulfil his promise, King William would forthwith assist him with a thousand knights armed, and thirty thousand "unarmed," that is, not sheathed in mail, who, he guaranteed, "would give his Highness's enemies wonderful trouble." Henry, it seems, was not apprehensive at that juncture of anything that his sons or the King of France or the Count of Flanders could do against him; and so gave the Scotch ambassador a somewhat saucy answer, reported to be of the following tenor:—

You ask me for my land as your inheritance,
As if I were imprisoned as a bird in a cage;
I am neither a fugitive from the land nor become a savage,
But I am King of England in the plains and the woods;
I will not give you through my need, in this first stage,
Any increase of land. This is my message,
But I shall see whether you will show me love and friendship,
How you will behave, foolish or wise,
And act accordingly.

Incensed by this reply, William at once resolved to invade England. Engelram, Bishop of Glasgow, Waltheof, Earl of Dunbar, and others, tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Determining in the first place to take the castle of Wark-on-Tweed, he mustered his forces at a place on the Tweed called Caddonlee, now Caddonlee, in Selkirkshire, between Galashiels and Innerleithen, famous of late years for its extensive vineries. There were assembled Highlanders from Ross and Cromarty, Lochaber, Badenoch, Strathspey, Mar, Athol, Appin, Lorn, Breadalbane, Angus, and the Lennox; Lowlanders from Moray, Buchan, Formartine, the Mearns, Strathmore, Gowry, Fife, and the Lothians; West-Countrymen from Lanark, Renfrew, Cunningham, Kyle, and Carrick; South-Countrymen from the Merse and Teviotdale, Tweeddale, Ettrick Forest, Eskdale, Liddesdale, Annandale, and Nithsdale; and Galwegians from the Stewartry, the Machars, and the Rinn, "men almost naked, but fleet and remarkably bold, armed with small knives at their left sides, and javelins in their hands which they could throw to a great distance, and setting up, when they went to fight, a long lance." There were also a stout band of Flemish auxiliaries, fully equipped. More than three thousand barons, knights, squires, and men-at-arms, clad in ring-armour, and so many "naked people" that the chronicler hesitates to enumerate them, followed the Scottish lion-rampant on this campaign, the first in which it was hoisted.

Crossing the river Tweed by one or other of the numerous fords, William arrived before Wark, and summoned

the constable, Roger d'Estuteville, to render up the castle. But Roger, "who never liked treason nor to serve the devil," was not disposed to do so till he should be driven to extremity. Feeling his powerlessness against so great a host, the like of which, says Joseph Fantosme, Chancellor of the Diocese of Winchester, who wrote a metrical account of the events, "came not out of Scotland since the days of Elias," Roger begged for a forty days' truce, so that he might send beyond the sea his "letters upon wax," to get assistance from King Henry, if possible. The King of Scots granted his request, and meanwhile determined to make his way through Northumberland. Hugh de Pudsey, the warlike and turbulent Bishop of Durham, the late King Stephen's nephew, either indifferent to the quarrel or favourable on the whole to the invader, sent messengers to say that he wished to remain at peace or neutral, and that neither from him nor his should the Scots have any disturbance, if they only made no ravages nor spoliation on their march through St. Cuthbert's patrimony.

So "the great host of Albany," as Fantosme designates it, came away from North Durham direct to Alnwick; but, being apparently without siege apparatus, and William de Vesci, illegitimate son of the lord of that castle, who had been entrusted by his father with the command, being resolutely determined to hold out so long as his provisions should last, William incontinently marched onward, past Warkworth Castle, "pillaging and destroying the land next the sea, not leaving an ox to draw a plough behind him," but not deigning to stop at Warkworth, "for weak was the castle, the wall, and the trench," so he thought he might safely leave it in his rear. Arrived before Newcastle, the lord of which, Roger Fitz Richard, replied to his summons with a taunt of proud defiance, William soon saw, unless he could starve the garrison out, or bribe some of the subalterns, he was not at all likely to get possession of the place; and so he turned aside, up the rich valley of the Tyne, his people "overrunning all the country like heather." Prudhoe Castle, defended by Odonel de Umfraville, was left in the meantime intact, though William had sworn to give Odonel no terms nor respite, wishing that, if he did, he might be "cursed, excommunicated by priest, with bell, book, and candle, shamed and discomfited." Carlisle was next beleaguered. But its valiant commander, Robert de Vaulx, well seconded by John Fitz Odard, defended the place resolutely, though their assailants, "if Fantosme does not lie" (this is his own expression), exceeded forty thousand. The invaders, however, broke open the churches and committed great robberies wherever they went throughout Cumberland, so that the land, which had been "full of property, was now spoiled and destitute of all riches, there being no drink but spring water, where they used to have beer every day in the week."

But news being brought King William that a powerful

English army, under Richard de Lucy and Humphrey de Bohun, was advancing northwards to repel the invasion, his counsellors, with some difficulty, got him persuaded that it would be best to retire for a while to their own country with the booty they had secured; and he accordingly marched slowly and moodily homeward, spreading wreck and ruin wherever he went. For "never was there a country, from here to the passes of Spain," says Joseph Fantosme, who was himself an eye-witness to the devastation, "once so fruitful in soil and so plenished with people, now so wofully harried as these North Countries are."

Still determined to vindicate his claims, William again crossed the border in the beginning of April, 1174, with a large army, composed of Flemish auxiliaries, horse and foot, as well as of Scottish soldiers, both Lowland and Highland, estimated to be in all eighty thousand strong, though this may be an exaggeration. Dividing his forces, for commissariat as well as other good reasons, he directed his brother, Earl David, to march straight through the heart of the country, and co-operate with the rebellious Earls of Leicester and Ferrers, Earl Hugh de Bigod, Lord Roger of Mowbray, and other malcontent barons, who were then in Norfolk and thereabouts, "setting the land on fire," at the head of a strong body of Flemings. Earl David, says the chronicler, "in England warred very well." "Whatever may be said of him," adds he, "he was a most gentle warrior, so God bless me. For never by him was robbed holy church or abbey, and none under his orders would have injured a priest or canon who knew grammar, and no man would be displeased on any account." He carried off, notwithstanding this courtesy to the religious of both sexes, "such a booty as seemed to him very fine." But his royal brother, though as brave as he, did not fare so well. He again invested Wark Castle, but with as little success as before. Then he prepared at night a great number of chevaliers, and immediately despatched them to the castle of Bamborough, on the way whither they committed all sorts of atrocities, sacking the town of Belford, burning villages, hamlets, and farm-onsteads, emptying the cattle pens and sheepfolds, surprising the men asleep in their beds, leading them off prisoners "in their cords like heathen people," and ravishing the women, who fled to the nearest churches, "naked without clothes."

After suffering the loss of many men before Wark, William went away, "with his great gathered host, towards Carlisle the fair, the strong garrisoned city," where Roger de Vaulx still held the chief command. But the place being as bravely defended as before, he left part of his army to carry on the siege, and employed the rest of it in subduing and wasting the neighbouring lands belonging to the English king and the barons faithful to him. He took the castle of Liddel, at the confluence of the Lid and the Esk, and those of Brough and Appleby in Westmoreland, as well as those of Warkworth and Har-

bottle in Northumberland. Then he returned to Carlisle; and, having continued the siege until the provisions of the garrison began to fail, De Vaulx agreed to surrender the place at the following Michaelmas, if he should not in the interval receive succour from the English king. William next marched from Carlisle to Prudhoe, where he met with a brave resistance, which gave time to the lord of the castle, Odonel de Umfraville, to collect a considerable force, on the approach of which William raised the siege of Prudhoe, and retired once more towards his own country, burning and wasting by the way whatever had yet been left, and sanctioning the most horrid barbarities by the wild Galloway men as they passed Warkworth, where three priests in the church were shockingly mutilated, and several hundred men were massacred in cold blood, besides women and children. (See page 28.)

With a third part of his army, William himself now blockaded Alnwick, while the other two-thirds were employed in pillaging and laying waste the adjoining territory. One chronicler says the king remained at Alnwick with no more than his domestics or guards (*cum privata familia sua*), and that William de Vesci's people, aware of this, gave their friends outside such intelligence of his unguarded situation as encouraged William d'Stuteville, Ranulph de Glanville, Ralph de Tilly, Bernard de Baliol, and Odonel de Umfraville, to form the project of surprising him in his quarters. For this purpose, having set out with four hundred horse, at the dawn of day, from Newcastle, they marched with such speed that before five they arrived in the neighbourhood of Alnwick. A thick fog had covered their march, but at the same time made them doubtful of their own situation, which raised in some of the company such apprehensions of hazard that they were prepared to return. Bernard de Baliol, however, swore that he would go forward and brave all risks, even though he and his men should have to proceed alone; and the rest of the lords having been persuaded to push on accordingly, and the fog happily dissipating, the party soon had the pleasure of discovering, at a short distance, the castle of Alnwick, which they knew would afford them a secure retreat in case their enemies should turn out to be over numerous.

As they came nearer, they perceived the King of Scots riding out in the open fields, accompanied only by a troop of about sixty horsemen, free from all apprehension of danger, and taking his royal pleasure. On noticing their approach, William naturally mistook them for some of his own men returning from foraging, or rather ravaging; but the display of their ensigns soon undeceived him. The king disdained to turn his back. So, putting himself at the head of his small company, he attacked his foes with the most undaunted resolution, confiding, as William of Newbury tells us, in the multitude of his forces in the country round, though at too great a distance to help him on the instant, but certain to come to his succour as soon as the alarm should be raised.

Before any such help could come, however, William was surrounded by his enemies. The first of them who encountered him he struck to the earth by a single blow. And the issue of the fierce contest that ensued would have been very doubtful, had not an English sergeant pierced the flank of the grey horse on which the king rode, whereupon the gallant charger sank to the ground, and his rider found himself unable to rise. In this dilemma he was taken prisoner, as were almost all his attendants. The chronicler says he saw the whole affair, "with his two eyes." William at once surrendered himself to Ranulph de Glanville. "He could not do otherwise; what else could he do?" He was disarmed, mounted on a palfrey, and led away to Newcastle, where he was lodged over the night. From Newcastle the captive was carried to Richmond, and detained in the castle there, until orders should be received from the King of England how to dispose of him. The intelligence of this disaster, of course, soon spread through the widely-scattered bands of the Scottish army, and threw them into the greatest consternation. The fierce Highland Scots and Galloway men, who hated the English inhabitants of the towns and boroughs in the southern and eastern parts of Scotland quite as much as they did the English south of the Tweed, being now free from restraint, cut off all their English fellow-subjects who came in their way, so that only those escaped who could flee to places of strength.

In the meantime, King Henry returned from the Continent, "stung to the heart with repentance and of a contrite spirit," if the Chronicle of Melrose is to be believed, on account of the murder, at his instigation, of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. Immediately on his arrival, walking barefoot, clothed in woollen garments, he visited the sepulchre of the now canonised saint, attended by a numerous body of bishops and nobles, and there and then, as a penance, submitted to be soundly flogged by the monks of Christ Church, laying, besides, rich offerings on the saint's shrine, and thereby making his peace with Holy Mother Church. It was on the morrow after Henry had humbled himself in this manner that the King of Scots was taken prisoner. Moreover, sooth to say, a fleet which was to have invaded England, setting sail from Flanders, was scattered by a tempest on the very day that the old king's excommunication was taken off. Both these pieces of good fortune were generally attributed to the powerful intercession of St. Thomas of Canterbury at the court of high heaven. However this may have been, Henry lost no time in improving such quite unforeseen advantages. He marched against his rebel barons, and in less than a month compelled them all to surrender their castles as well as their persons at discretion.

The Scottish prisoner was forthwith brought to King Henry at Northampton, having his feet tied under the belly of the horse that carried him. Thither also came

Bishop Pudsey, the only one of the English prelates who during these harassing civil broils had given Henry any cause to suspect his loyalty. He had allowed the King of Scots to pass without opposition through his palatinate in the preceding year, and had this year sent, without asking his liege lord's permission, for a body of Flemings, consisting of forty knights and five hundred foot, under his nephew, Hugh de Bar, who landed at Hartlepool on the very day when the King of Scots was taken prisoner. On that event transpiring, the foot were immediately sent home, but the knights were detained to meet contingencies, and lodged in the bishop's castle of Northallerton. All this looked very like high treason; but Pudsey managed, notwithstanding, to mollify the king by paying him a large sum of money—2,000 marks (about £1,350 sterling), and delivering up to him not only his North Yorkshire fortress, but likewise the much more important castles of Durham and Norham, which latter he had only lately strengthened at considerable cost.

And now Henry, having re-established his power in England, returned in great haste to Normandy, where danger still threatened, carrying with him the King of Scots, whom he imprisoned, first at Caen, and afterwards at Falaise. He was everywhere victorious, and so, on the 8th of December, 1174, he concluded a treaty with William, by which that unlucky monarch regained his personal liberty, but as the price of it brought himself and his kingdom into a state of vassalage to the King of England as his superior lord, in testimony of which he paid homage and swore fealty.

The bondage into which the King of Scots had consented to bring himself and his subjects continued till the year 1189, when Richard Cœur de Lion, desirous, before his departure to the Holy Land, of gaining the friendship of William and his Scottish subjects, restored to him by charter the castles of Berwick and Roxburgh, which the English had held for about twenty-five years, and withdrew all claim to any superiority over Scotland itself, recognising only the feudal arrangements with regard to the lands and honours held by the Kings of Scotland on English ground. For this great boon 10,000 marks was paid by the Scots to the King of England.

A monument, erected about the middle of last century within a plantation on the south side of Rotten Row, close to Alnwick, marked the spot where tradition says William was captured. Mr. Tate, the historian of Alnwick, says it was in the pseudo-Gothic style, which prevailed at the time of its erection, and was interesting as an illustration of the style of the period. When Mr. Tate wrote, it had recently been taken down and replaced by a large, square, smooth, block of sandstone nearly three feet in height, resting on two steps, with a polished granite tablet inserted in the face of it, and inscribed as follows:—"William the Lion, King of Scotland, besieging Alnwick Castle, was here taken prisoner MCLXXIV."

Ranulph de Glanville, who took William captive, was

one of the greatest men of his time, being "a perfect knight, skilled in the art of war, a good classical scholar, and a profound lawyer." He is supposed to be the author of one of the oldest treatises "on the laws and customs of the kingdom of England," a work which ranks with those of Britton, Bracton, and Fleta, and which, having been the first attempt to bring English law under fixed principles, entitles Glanville to be called the father of English jurisprudence. He accompanied King Richard in the crusade, and fell at the siege of Acre in 1190.

North-Country Artists.

G. F. ROBINSON.



THE subject of this notice, George Finlay Robinson, was born at Whickham, in the county of Durham. Mr. Robinson served his time as an engraver with the late William Collard, of Newcastle, the publisher of "Collard's Views of Newcastle." It may surprise many of his contemporaries to learn that he both drew and engraved the principal subjects of that collection, although the names of old T. M. Richardson and J. W. Carmichael appeared on the engravings. Mr. Robinson also made original drawings for Hodgson's "History of Northumberland," and engraved many of the views which appeared in that work. Having secured an engagement with Messrs. M. and M. W. Lambert, of Newcastle, he undertook the management of the artistic section of their establishment, and he was connected with that firm for nearly half a century.

As a lithographic draughtsman, Mr. Robinson made original drawings of many important buildings for the late John Dobson and other architects in the North. These drawings often secured for his temporary employers valuable prizes in competitions, and several of them were exhibited at the Royal Academy. He also made original drawings and engravings of many views in Sunderland and other places for the River Wear Commissioners.

In his early years, Mr. Robinson was an ardent student of art. He was one of a group of amateur artists (which included Mr. J. H. Mole, the landscape painter, Mr. Brown, engraver, and Mr. Thomas Harper, water-colour artist) who some half a century ago met together in Newcastle to study drawing. Of these, only Mr. Harper and Mr. Robinson survive. His great delight was in water-colour painting, but it was not often that he could find time to indulge his tastes. Now and again he exhibited his works. Even so far back as 1837 he was in evidence at one of the local exhibitions. His principal efforts have, however, been put forth during the last

dozen years. When the daguerreotype process of photography came into vogue, Mr. Robinson gave it his careful consideration, and, for a time, he practised the art-science. He, in fact, was the first to introduce it into the North. Like many other artists, he did not find it very satisfying, and he soon relinquished it for his favourite art of water-colour painting. Mr. Robinson has been represented by pictures in every art exhibition held in Newcastle since the year 1837.



During the course of his long life, Mr. Robinson has been acquainted with most of the local celebrities or art masters. In addition to those previously mentioned, he was intimate with Thomas Carrick, the miniature painter; T. A. Prior, the engraver of Turner's "Heidelberg"; J. W. Carmichael, who urged Mr. Robinson to become a professional artist, promising him every assistance; J. W. Ewbank, whose later years were embittered by poverty due to his own improvidence and excesses; H. H. Emmerson, who was apprenticed to Mr. Robinson as an engraver; and John Surtees, who made his first sketch from nature in Mr. Robinson's company.

ARTHUR H. MARSH, A.R.W.S.

Mr. Arthur H. Marsh was brought up at the Moravian village of Fairfield, near Ashton-under-Lyne. He re-

ceived his early education at the school there, and, under the tuition of a Mr. Hoch, first developed a liking for drawing and painting. It was his wish to study art, but family prejudices were too strong, and he had to be content with drawing, as he himself puts it, in "an aimless, hopeless way," with no one to teach or advise him, until 1860, in which year he was articled to an architect.

Having spent five years in attempting to see something



artistic in the building of certain villa residences, Manchester warehouses, engineering workshops, &c., Mr. Marsh threw aside his T square and compasses, and devoted himself wholly to painting. He had now to learn his adopted profession after having wasted many valuable years. He commenced at the bottom of the ladder, attended lectures on anatomy, and studied at the life class. Mr. Marsh was fortunate in meeting Mr. J. D. Watson, the well-known artist, who became at once "his guide, philosopher, and friend." Acting upon his advice, Mr. Marsh went to London, and worked hard in the daytime at the British Museum and National Gallery, and every evening at the life class of the Artists' Society, Langham Place. Mr. Marsh commenced the practical work of his life by painting Shakspearian and other romantic subjects. Then he went to Wales, and there depicted rustic life from nature, and more particularly the people who carry on the pearl fishery at the mouth of the river Conway. In 1869, shortly after having been elected an associate of the Old Water Colour Society, Mr. Marsh met, at the house of Mr. Birket Foster in Surrey, Mr.

A. S. Stevenson, of Tynemouth. That gentlemen had asked Mr. Orchardson, R.A., Mr. J. D. Watson, and his youngest brother, Mr. T. J. Watson (now an associate of the Old Water Colour Society also), to visit him in the North, and kindly extended the invitation to Mr. Marsh. This was his first appearance in Northumberland, and since then, with the exception of a period of about three years from 1877, he has continued to reside there. He was much struck by the fine physique and picturesqueness of the Northumbrian fisher folk, as well as by the rugged fierceness of its rock-bound coast—all so different from what he had been accustomed to. He believes that in Northumberland there is a mine of wealth in subjects for the painter, from the toilers of the fields, among whom, though sometimes sombre in colour, many attractive and beautiful groups are seen, to the toilers of the sea, whose life is an endless source of suggestiveness to the fancy of the painter, whether it be lively or whether it be sad.

Some years ago Mr. Marsh became a member of the Society of British Artists, but after a time resigned. He has exhibited principally at the Royal Academy, the Society of Painters in Water Colours, the Grosvenor Gallery, at Manchester and Newcastle, and at the Paris International Exhibitions of 1876 and 1889.

J. ROCK JONES.

Mr. J. Rock Jones was born in the Isle of Man. His father, a portrait painter with Mr. Sass and Mr. Ramsey in London, came to Newcastle in 1840, and was on intimate terms with H. P. Parker and the elder T. M. Richardson. Young Jones evinced a taste for art at an early age, and took especial delight in copying pictures by Richardson, Copley Fielding, David Cox, and others, that were lent out by Mr. Kaye, artist colourman and stationer, Blackett Street, Newcastle. Educated privately, he had every opportunity given him for the study of drawing. Mr.



Jones occupies a high position as an art instructor, which profession he has followed with conspicuous success for some years. He was one of the first members of the Newcastle Life School, which afterwards developed into the present Bewick Club, on the art council of which he is a most active member. Mr. Jones is the author of a book entitled "Groups for Still-Life Drawing and Painting," and a series of papers called "Leisure-graphs, or Recollections of an Artist's Rambles." Moreover, he has delivered several lectures on popular art subjects, and in 1887 he was elected a member of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, London.

STEPHEN BROWNLOW.

Mr. Stephen Brownlow, a well-known member of the Bewick Club, is a painter of river scenes and general landscapes. Confining himself almost entirely to subjects in the immediate vicinity of Newcastle, he may be regarded in the light of a local recorder. He has successfully exhibited at all the art exhibitions held in Newcastle during the last dozen years. Born in Jesmond in 1828, he devoted himself at an early age to the study of pictorial art. For some time he received instructions in drawing from Mr. W. B. Scott, but is in a great measure self-taught.



Coldstream Bridge.



EVERYBODY knows, or ought to know, the story of John Scott and Bessie Surtees; it is told at length on page 271 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888; and our only reason for alluding to it now is to introduce the sketch made by Mr. J. Gillis Brown of the house on the bridge crossed by the future Lord Eldon and the slim maiden whose exit from a slimmer window has always puzzled students of Newcastle history.

The house is situated, of course, at the Scottish end of Coldstream Bridge, so that runaway couples had only to cross the Tweed before they found a "priest" ready to discharge functions which, though self-assumed, were none the less binding. The "priest" would be familiar with the rattle of wheels approaching from the high ground at Cornhill, and little time would be lost in going through the easy formalities which made the young people man and wife. Coldstream Bridge, the scene of these escapades, is situated midway between Cornhill, a station on the Kelso branch of the North-Eastern Railway, and Coldstream, a small town lying pleasantly on the north bank of the Tweed and a short distance westward.

Coldstream was the town where General Monk raised the regiment which first introduced the Coldstream Guards into the British army. A convent of Cistercian nuns was here founded by Cospatrick (the last of this name), Earl of Dunbar, and Derder, his Countess. The nuns were brought from the Cistercian convent at Withow, in England. This foundation was probably made soon after the end of the reign of that pious

monarch, David I.; for the last Cospatrack succeeded his father in 1147, and died in 1166. The convent was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and was endowed so liberally as to be one of the richest monasteries in Scotland. The prioress of Coldstream, no doubt, submitted to Edward I., as in 1297 he gave her a writ of protection for her person, her nuns, and her estates. After the battle of Halidon Hill in 1333, the prioress, with the Master of Coldstream, submitted to the conqueror, and was received into his protection. In 1419, John de Wessington, the prior of Durham, confirmed the lands of Little Swinton to the nuns of Coldstream. When Margaret, the queen mother, with her husband, Angus, fled from the Scottish Regent, the Duke of Albany, in 1515, the monastery of Coldstream furnished them a sure sanctuary till they were kindly received into England. Hardly a trace of this institution remains.

A correspondent of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* writes as follows :—

The foundation stone of the bridge over the Tweed at Coldstream was laid on May 24th, 1763 (the *Gentleman's Magazine* says the 18th) by Alexander, seventh Earl of Home (of the Hirsle, Coldstream), brother of that Lord John Home who was taken prisoner in the Rebellion of 1715 and found guilty of high treason, but reprieved in 1717.

A toll-house was built on the north side, the Scotch end, and tolls continued to be collected up to about 1820, when, the bridge having been paid for, Sir John Marjoribanks, of the Lees, was instrumental in bringing about their abolition. The toll-house, which had always served as a hymeneal altar for the performance of Border

marriages, was turned into an inn, and remained so till within a few years ago, when I think the last inn-keeper was Willie Lauder. The runaway marriages were not the only ones performed. I know several couples who were joined together there, and it appears to have been commonly regarded as a sort of register office.

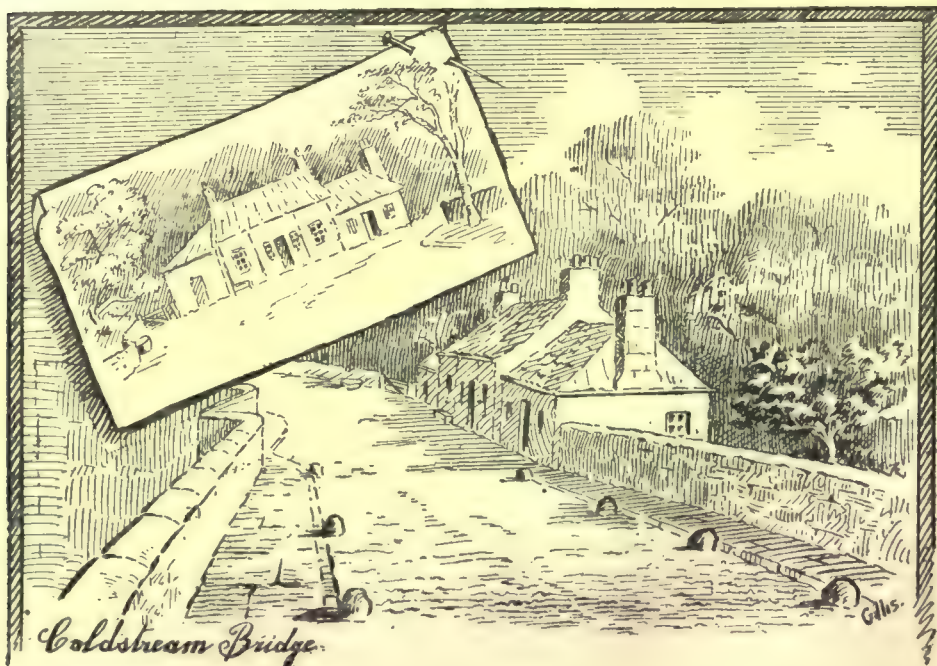
The centre of the bridge was generally the spot selected for the rendezvous of excise officers, and two of them, mounted, used to patrol the bridge to prevent the smuggling of whisky and salmon. I have heard more than one good anecdote of encounters with these gentlemen.

The "priest" at the toll-house was not always the proverbial blacksmith. I believe the office was held at various periods by tailors and shoemakers as well. There was another I have heard of who united the profession of a mole-catcher with his clerical duties.

I believe the last "priest" was also the town-crier of Coldstream. He was, like all his predecessors, fond of his cups, and on one occasion he is said to have fallen from the omnibus that travels between the town and the railway station, the fall resulting in a broken leg, which had to be amputated.

Another correspondent gives the following account of an exciting incident that occurred at Coldstream Bridge :—

Mr. Parker, a farm student with Mr. Smith, of New Etal, was driving homewards from Coldstream in a high-wheeled dogcart. The horse was a high-spirited chestnut, which Mr. Parker used for hunting purposes as well as for driving. No one sat in front of the trap along with Mr. Parker, but the groom sat behind. On passing the manse of Coldstream, the horse bolted and ran away at full speed. The groom held on until he reached the turn of the road, a short distance past the Marjoribanks Monument, when he jumped off and broke his leg. Mr. Parker stuck gallantly to the reins, bearing to the left with all his strength in the hope of being able to run the horse into the vacant piece of ground at the north end of the Bridge Inn (the old toll-house), or, failing that, to



steer on to the bridge by a wide turn so as to clear the corner of the right hand parapet. Unfortunately for Mr. Parker's tactics, the horse was not sufficiently eased when he reached the bridge, and the result was that the near wheel of the trap struck the left hand parapet with such force that Mr. Parker shot up almost perpendicularly to a considerable height into the air, and dropped about forty-five feet into the river. He alighted outstretched on his back in about two feet of water, and about a yard from the land. His escape from the water was so quickly effected that his clothing was only superficially wet, and he was unhurt, not having sustained the slightest injury. Singular to relate, the horse did not fall, but galloped off homewards with the shafts dangling at his heels. In commemoration of Mr. Parker's miraculous feat, my son cut the words "Parker's Leap" on the stone coping of the parapet of the bridge at or about the place where the accident happened.

Crawley Tower.

ONE of the oldest and most interesting of Northumbrian peles is Crawley Tower, which is situate about half-a-dozen miles to the west of Alnwick. It occupies the east angle of a Roman camp, and appears to have been constructed out of the ruined masonry of the ramparts. The camp is 290 feet long and 160 feet broad, and is surrounded by a fosse 20 feet wide, and an agger 20 feet thick. As the Devil's Causeway—a branch from the Watling Street—crossed the Breamish just below, this strong military station was, no doubt, says Mr. Tomlinson, intended to guard the passage and keep in subjection the tribes who occupied the numerous camps of the district. Crawley was anciently spelt *Crawlawe*, supposed to be a corruption of *caer*, a fort, and *law*, a hill.



Notes and Commentaries.

THE OAK-TREE COFFINS OF FEATHERSTONE.

About three miles to the south-west of Haltwhistle, close by the river Tyne, stands the historic castle of Featherstone. In a field or haugh, on the Wydon Eals Farm, have been found, from time to time coffins, of great antiquarian interest. This field has a history. A deed exists bearing date A.D. 1223, relating to what is called "Temple Land." The field is part of it, and, until recently, from time immemorial, the owner of Featherstone has had to pay a charge of nineteen shillings per annum on account of it to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, being the only property that that body possessed in Northumberland. They had no title to it but prescription. It is situated about 200 yards from the river, and in it have been found the foundations of ancient buildings.

In the year 1825 some drainers came upon what they took to be buried trees of the olden time. They lay mostly east and west, and were from five to six feet from the surface. The wood, however, sounded hollow, and on unearthing one they found that it was in two halves, and hollowed out in the middle to the extent of about the size of a man's body. Some bones were also found in it, which, on being exposed to the air, crumbled away. The cavity had evidently been made by human hands with rough implements. Other coffins were brought to the surface, one of which contained a human skull. All the coffins were similarly fashioned.

Several similar coffins have been found since. In Aug., 1869, Mr. T. W. Snagge and Mr. Clark, the land steward, made a systematic exploration of the whole field. A boring-rod was driven down in various parts, and almost constantly touched coffins five or six feet below the surface. In one place a trench was made fifteen feet long and four feet wide, where many coffins lay together, one of which was bared and brought to the surface. It contained a few bones, and had evidently never been disturbed before. It was similar to all the others, being a huge bole of an oak tree, split or riven from end by rough wedges, hollowed out sufficiently to receive a human body, and fastened together again by oaken pegs driven into holes made with hot irons. The outside of the coffin was roughly rounded off at the ends, and a wooden "patch" had been fastened on to a knot-hole in the same way. It measured as follows:—Length, 7ft. 4in.; girth, 5ft. 4in.; inside hollow, 5ft.

10½ in. by 1 ft. 7 in.; depth of hollow, including the lid, 1 ft. lin. The foot of the hollow space was indented, apparently to receive the feet.

Antiquaries are by no means agreed as to the age of the coffins. From two centuries B.C. to two or three centuries A.D. appears to be about the date fixed.

THOMAS CARRICK, Keswick.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

One remarkable custom in the Lake District, in which I spent many years of my youth, is not mentioned in the article that appears in the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 130. I allude to that of firing guns over the house of the bride and bridegroom on the night of their marriage. It is (or at least in my day used to be) a common thing for a party of young men, friends of the bridal pair, to go to the house about ten o'clock, or later, and give them this noisy salute. I suppose good fellowship, coupled with drink, is the anticipated result. The same custom prevails in Norway, the birth-place of the Cumberland race. But since its origin must date later than that of the invention of powder, and Norwegians seem to have had possession of our mountain country quite 800 years ago, it would seem that the custom in Cumberland has little or nothing to do with our Scandinavian descent.

J. R. C., Charing, Kent.

FAIRY PIPES.

Fairy pipes seem to be pretty well distributed in these islands wherever there are old mounds, old rubbish heaps, or undisturbed foundations. Some years ago, in pulling down the Leadenhall Press buildings, at the back of which once ran a purling trout stream through a large farm, many ancient tobacco (?) pipes were found, all broken off short as described by previous correspondents of the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. iii., page 561.) I have met with them elsewhere, but have never seen a perfect one.

ANDREW W. TVER, London.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Several workmen met in a public-house at Felling Shore, and conversed on various topics. One of the sons of toil described the various important jobs at which he had assisted, and added:—"Aa helped te myek the Atlantic cable." "When and whor did ye help te de that?" asked a companion. "Wey," was the reply, "aa struck te the chainmakor that myed it at Haaks's!"

THE INFLUENZA.

A working man of mature age went into a tradesman's shop in Sunderland the other day. As he had a glove on one of his hands, the shopkeeper said to him, "Hollo! what's the matter with your hand?" "Oh! aa dinnet

knaa," was the reply, in a dull dispirited way, "aa've lost aall poo'er in't; aa think its that new thing gannin' aboot; influenza, or whativvor they caall't!"

THE PITMAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

A pitman went to visit some friends. As he was coming away, it began to rain, and his friends asked him to stay all night. He said he would, but was soon afterwards missed by his friends. About an hour later he returned, his clothes being wet through with rain. Asked where he had been, he replied:—"Aa've been telling ma wife that aa's ganning te stay from hyem the neeb!"

ARMSTRONG'S MEN.

Not many mornings ago, as Armstrong, Mitchell, and Company's night-shift men were coming out, one of them went for a refresher to a public-house, where he encountered two pitmen, one of whom said:—"Whaat a lot o' men, mistor! Whaat plyece is that?" "Oh! de ye not knaa? That's Armstrong's." "Is't? Wey, aa nivvor seed se mony men i' ma life." "Oh! them's nowt te what ye see at neets." "De ye say se? By gox, then, whaat a row thor wad be if she wes laid in!"

THE EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

A good story is told of an old Newcastle gentleman who sometimes went home happy. The staircase of the house he occupied had a wide well and an eight-day clock on the landing. One night, as the master of the mansion, after letting himself in with a latch key, was struggling up the stairs, he was startled by an ominous "Ugh!" from above. He stared about in a dazed fashion for a few minutes, and then, throwing his arms around the clock, exclaimed, "Dear Bella, how your heart is beating!"

PERPLEXED.

A good old dame who resides in the East End of Sunderland was perplexed as to what she should purchase for her better-half's dinner. The thought struck her that he might like a "bit fish." And then she ejaculated to her daughter: "If aa cannot get a bit fish, aa'll hev a few haddocks!"

WATERPROOF.

The other day as some workmen were coming down the river Tyne on board one of the General Ferry Company's steamers, one of them lighted his pipe, when a spark fell on his trousers. A comrade told him that he was on fire. "Hoots, man," he replied, "aa'll not tyek fire; aa's wettorproof!"

THE UBIQUITOUS TYNESIDER.

One lovely evening, in Melbourne Harbour, as Captain Walker, of the clipper ship *Waverley*, hailing from the Tyne, was pacing the deck, he heard the sound of a splash not far away. It was evident that somebody was in the water, so he ordered a boat to be lowered, and proceeded to the spot where he thought he might be able to render assistance to anyone in danger of drowning. He was not surprised when he found a man struggling in the

water; and it was not long before he had dragged him into the boat. The unfortunate individual was much exhausted, but he managed to gasp out in the unmistakable Tyneside dialect, "Aa's much obliged to ye. Begox, aa wes varry nigh gyen that time!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 8th of February, Mr. John Clarke, of the firm of Hudswell, Clarke, and Co., engineers, Hunslet, Leeds, died in that town, at the age of 65 years. The deceased, who was a native of Allendale, Northumberland, served his apprenticeship with Messrs. Hawthorn, Newcastle.

A telegram received from Johannesburg, South Africa, on the 12th of February, announced the death there of Mr. W. R. Robson, formerly of Saltburn, and a gentleman well known in the engineering trade of the Cleveland district.

Mr. Thomas Smith, landlord of the Butchers' Arms, Chester-le-Street, who was formerly a soldier, and went through the Indian Mutiny of 1857 and 1858, died on the 12th of February, at the age of 63 years.

Mr. E. G. Fitzackerly, iron tool maker, &c., and one of the representatives of the West Ward in Sunderland Town Council, died on the 15th of February.

Mr. John Oliver Scott, coalowner and shipowner, and also an alderman and magistrate of Newcastle, died on the 17th of February, at his residence, Benwell Cottage,

office being signalised by the visit of General Grant, ex-President of the United States, to Newcastle.

At the age of 70, Mr. William Brown, of Prospect House, Leadgate, one of the oldest servants of the Consett Iron Company, died on the 15th of February.

As the result of an accident received while following his employment at Messrs. Palmer's Works, Jarrow, about three months previously, Mr. Joseph Longmore died on the 17th of February. For six years he had had a seat on the Jarrow School Board as representative of the working men. Mr. Longmore was 49 years of age.

Mr. Frederick Jobling, engineer to the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, and a native of Sunderland, also died on the 17th of February.

On the 17th of February, the remains of Miss Jane Burnup, a liberal contributor to the leading local charities, were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle. The deceased lady left, by her will, bequests to a number of charitable institutions, amounting, in all, to upwards of £2,000.

The Rev. John Wilkins, vicar of the parish of the Ven. Bede, Gateshead, died suddenly on the 23rd of February. The deceased was born at Cheltenham in January, 1840, and was a graduate of London University. The position which he occupied at Gateshead he had held since April, 1887.

On the 25th of February, Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, died at his residence, Gresham House, Newcastle, aged 83. He had long retired from the active exercise of his profession, and had latterly devoted himself to works of benevo-



Alderman John O. Scott



Mr. John Fleming.

near that city, at the age of 70 years. While yet a young man, he became fitter to the Seaton Delaval Coal Company, a position he held for thirty-three years. In 1863, Mr. Scott was elected to a seat in the Newcastle Town Council. In 1874-5 he served the office of Sheriff, and in 1876-7 he filled the mayoral chair, his term of the latter

lence and philanthropy, the chief outcome of his efforts in this direction being the magnificent Children's Hospital, which, in memory of his wife, he erected and furnished on the Moor Edge, and which he personally handed over to the trustees on the 26th of September, 1888. (For a view of this building, see vol. ii., page 525.) Mr. Flem-

ing, who was a native of Perth, came to Newcastle when a young man, and served his articles with Messrs. Carr and Jobling, an old firm of attorneys in that town.

Mr. Thomas Innes Walker, a young man of great ability and promise as an artist, died at Blyth on the 18th of February.

Dr. David Page, Local Government Medical Inspector for the Northern Counties, died in Dublin on the 20th of February. The deceased gentleman was a son of the late Dr. Page, Professor of Geology in the College of Physical Science at Newcastle.

Dr. Thomas Young, an old medical practitioner in South Shields, and for many years a member of the Town Council of that borough, died on the 25th of February, at the age of 68 years.

On the 25th of February, the remains of Mr. E. J. Edwins, comedian, late of the Tyne Theatre and Theatre Royal, Newcastle, were interred in Elswick Cemetery.

On the 26th of February, Mr. John Cutter, who represented South St. Andrew's Ward in the Newcastle Council for upwards of ten years, died at his residence, Portland Terrace, in that city. For many years he had carried on the trade of a butcher in the Market, but had, a considerable time ago, retired from business. He had also been a member of the Board of Guardians. Mr. Cutter was a native of Newcastle, and was 69 years of age.

John Davidson, who until within the last six or seven years had carried on the occupation of a carter, died at the village of Felton, in Northumberland, on the 26th of February, his age, which was not exactly known, being supposed to be 101 years.

The death was announced, on the 27th of February, of Mr. W. Green, of East Woodburn, who for many years carried on the Old Bridge Colliery in that district.

Mr. James Smith, the draughts champion of England, died at Tudhoe Grange, near Spennymoor, on the 27th of February.

On the 28th of February, the death was announced, from influenza, of the Rev. David Young, of the Presbyterian Church of England at Chatton.

On the 1st of March, the death was announced of Mr. Joseph Mellanby, formerly timber merchant, at West Hartlepool. For upwards of ten years he was a Guardian of the Poor, and for two or three years a member of the West Hartlepool Improvement Commission.

On the 2nd of March, the Rev. Charles Friskin suddenly died in the pulpit of the Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Church, Spennymoor, of which he had been pastor over thirty years. He was 64 years of age.

On the 1st of March, the Rev. William Henry Philip Bulmer, late Rector of Boldon, died at Doncaster, in the 98th year of his age.

Mr. J. M. Lennard, head of the firm of Messrs. Lennard and Sons, shipbrokers and shipowners, Middlesbrough, and a member of the Tees Conservancy, died at his residence, Coulby Manor, near that town, on the 3rd of March.

Mr. Jonathan Hall, chemist and grocer, Market Place, Barnard Castle, one of the oldest members of the Local Board of Health, and a governor of the North-Eastern County School, died suddenly on the 5th of March.

On the 6th of March, the death was announced, in his 52nd year, of Mr. Thomas Charlton, for many years foreman joiner under the Corporation of Newcastle.

Mr. Henry Milvain, shipowner, and alderman of Newcastle, died on the 28th of February, in the 86th year of

his age. In his 17th year, he came from Wigtonshire, in Scotland, to Newcastle, having on his arrival 25s. in his pocket, and of this amount he returned £1 to his mother, thus starting life on Tyneside with a capital of 5s. He served his time with Mr. McKinnell, a draper, in Westgate, and by steady application soon obtained his master's confidence. On Mr. McKinnell's retirement, Mr. Milvain was afforded an opportunity of taking over the business, but this he shortly afterwards abandoned for



shipping, becoming, in the course of years, one of the largest shipowners on the Tyne. The deceased entered the Town Council on the 1st of November, 1850, and, with the exception of an interval of three years, he was connected with the Corporation from that time till his death, his election to the aldermanship dating from the 21st of July, 1880. Mr. Milvain was also for many years a member of the Tyne Improvement Commission, as well as of several other public bodies. He was likewise a magistrate for Newcastle, Gateshead, Northumberland, and Cumberland.

On the same day appeared an announcement of the death of Mr. Robert Murray, millwright, for many years in the employment of Messrs. Palmer and Co., Jarrow, and a prominent member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

On the 3rd of March, at the age of 81, died Miss Mary Cottsford Burdon, sister of the Rev. John Burdon, Castle Eden.

On the 8th of March, the death was announced, in his 46th year, of Mr. Matthew Dryden, of Herbert Street, Newcastle. The deceased, during the engineers' strike for the nine hours, in which he took part, composed a song, entitled "Parseveer, or the Nine Hours Movement," which gained considerable popularity.

On the 7th of March, Mrs. Elizabeth Beck, widow of Mr. John Horsley Beck, and familiarly known as "Old Betty Horsley," died at Blanchland, in the 83rd year of her age.

The death was announced on the same day, at the age of 83, of "Auld Will Ritson," formerly of Wastdale



Head, who was long known to tourists in the Lake District as a sturdy dalesman, a keen huntsman, and a good story-teller. (See vol. iii., pp. 185 and 473.)

Mr. J. L. Robson, an old Felling schoolmaster, who had taught two generations of children, died on the 9th of March.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

11.—The ceremony of starting the new clock and chimes in the tower of the Town Hall, Fawcett Street, Sunderland, was performed by the Mayoress, Mrs. Shadforth, in the presence of a large gathering of the members of the Corporation.

12.—A number of the members of the local press and the performers engaged in the pantomimes at the Tyne and Royal Theatres, Newcastle, took part in a series of sports in that city in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund.

13.—The Durham County Mining Federation Board, including the Mechanics', Cokemen's, Enginemen's, and Miners' Associations, resolved that the notices of the cokemen, mechanics, and miners should be tendered to the owners on the 24th of February. At a conference in Newcastle on the 22nd, between the Durham miners and the Coalowners' Wages Committee, the latter offered an advance of 5 per cent., or to refer the whole matter to arbitration. These proposals were submitted to the men, who decided by ballot to accept the 5 per cent.

—Mr. W. S. B. Maclaren, M.P., lectured on "Women's Place in Politics," under the auspices of the Newcastle and Gateshead Women's Liberal Association, in the Central Hall, Newcastle.

—In the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, Mr. J. E. Muddock, F.R.G.S., delivered, in connection with the Tyneside Geographical Society, a lecture on "Norway: its Scenery and its People."

—The West Hartlepool steamer *Constance* was sunk in the Tyne by the Newcastle steamer *Nentwater*, the latter vessel being seriously injured.

14.—William Jackson, 25 years of age, known as "Steeple Jack," fell from the scaffolding on the top of the chimney of Messrs. Sadler and Co.'s Chemical Works, Middlesbrough, and was killed on the spot.

—Mr. William Black, Mr. Henry Charlton, and Mr. Charles R. Greene qualified as magistrates of the borough of Gateshead.

15.—The Newcastle plumbers came out on strike for an advance of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per hour.

—The pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood" was brought to a close at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

—From the final official lists of the Newcastle Hospital Sunday Fund collections, it appeared that the total sum realized from the places of worship was £2,080 17s. 6d. against £1,956 6s. 2d. in the previous year. The collections in manufactories, collieries, and other works amounted to £2,124 18s. 2d., as compared with £1,804 1s. 11d. in the corresponding period of last year. The total sum was afterwards augmented by £160 or £170 from the Press and Theatrical Sports.

16.—Mr. Edmund William Gosse, lectured on "Leigh Hunt," at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. Mr. Gosse is the only son of Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., and was born in London in 1849. He has written several volumes



of verse, while his prose writings consist of a number of "Northern Studies," a "Life of Gray," a complete edition of that poet's works, and many essays on Eng-

lish literature. In 1884 Mr. Gosse was elected Clark Lecturer on English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge.

17.—A new circus was opened in Bath Road, Newcastle, by Mr. G. Ginnett.

—In the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, the Rev. Canon Talbot, lecturer for the dioceses of Durham, Ripon, and Newcastle, delivered the last of his series of six lectures on "The Bible."

—Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Grantham arrived in Newcastle in connection with the Winter Assizes for Newcastle and Northumberland. George Kelly, aged 66, labourer, who was indicted for the manslaughter, of his wife, Elizabeth Kelly, at Kitty Brewster, on the 7th of December, 1889, was acquitted. On the 21st of February, William Row, shoemaker, was convicted of the wilful murder of Lily McClarence Wilson, a woman who had accompanied him to Newcastle, and with whom he had been cohabiting; but the jury strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy. Sentence of death was passed in the usual form. (See *ante*, page 95.) Efforts to obtain a reprieve having proved ineffectual, the sentence was carried out on the morning of March 12, Berry being the executioner.

18.—At a meeting held at Durham, it was decided, on the recommendation of the committee to whom the matter had been referred, "that if the requisite funds can be obtained, the restoration of the Chapter House of the Cathedral of Durham would form the greatest and most appropriate memorial to Bishop Lightfoot, and that a figure or effigy of Bishop Lightfoot should, under any circumstances, be also erected to his memory."

—In St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Newcastle, the Very Rev. T. W. Wilkinson was duly enthroned as



Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Hexham.

Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, in succession to Dr. O'Callaghan, who resigned the see in September last.

—A collision occurred off Hartlepool between the steamer Brinio, of Rotterdam, and the Coral Queen, of

West Hartlepool. The latter vessel sank, and five of her crew were supposed to have been drowned.

20.—The dead body of a widow named Sophie Carr, about 30 years of age, and that of a little girl, her daughter, were found on the sands near St. Mary's Island, Whitley; but at the inquest no evidence was adduced to throw any light on the circumstances under which the mother and daughter had come by their death.

—At South Shields, Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Elswick, were summoned for having, as alleged, unlawfully carried on the manufacture of explosives at Jarrow Slake, contrary to the provisions of the Explosives Act, 1875. The prosecution arose out of the fatal explosion which took place on board the wherry Fanny, on the 3rd of October last. (See vol. iii., page 526.) The case was remitted to the Assizes at Durham, where, on the 4th of March, owing to a legal difficulty, it was adjourned *sine die*.

—Captain A. J. Loftus, F.R.G.S., Knight-Commander of Siam, delivered a lecture on that country, in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society. Mr. W. D. Stephens,



Captain A. J. Loftus

J.P., presided, and the lecture was illustrated by interesting maps, pictures, and photographs. The lecturer is a descendant of Mr. William Loftus, of the old Turf Hotel, Newcastle. (See vol. ii., page 327.)

22.—The foundation stone of the new church of St. Hilda, at Hedgefield, in the parish of Ryton, was laid by Mrs. J. B. Simpson.

—A young labourer named James Watson quarrelled in a common lodging house at Stockton with James Wilkie, a puddler. Blows were said to have been exchanged, and Wilkie, who was heard to cry "Murder," died soon afterwards in the street. Watson was arrested, and was subsequently tried at Durham Assizes. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was bound over in his own recognisances.

—A strike among line-fishermen at North Shields was brought to an amicable termination.

23.—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Mr. E. D. Archibald, M.A., delivered a lecture on "Edison's Latest Phonograph." Some remarkable demonstrations of the capabilities of the phonograph were given by the lecturer.

24.—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Joseph Robinson, of Etal Villa, Tynemouth, J.P., ship-owner, who died on the 24th of September last, had been proved, the value of the personalty being £104,187 12s. 9d.

—Mr. Edward Henderson was elected an alderman of the Gateshead Town Council, in the room of the late Mr. Alderman Affleck.

—At the auction rooms of Messrs. R. and W. Mack, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, a five days' sale was commenced of the extensive and valuable collection of books which formed the library of the late Mr. T. W. U. Robinson, of Hardwick Hall, in the county of Durham.

25.—The engineering employers of the Tyne and Wear offered to the men an advance of 6d. in wages, but intimated that they could not see their way to shorten the hours of labour to 53 per week.

26.—The last of the course of lectures by the Rev. F. Walters on the British poets was delivered in the new Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. The subject was "Robert Browning," and the chair was occupied by Mr. Alderman Barkas.

—At the Newcastle Assizes a verdict of £1,000 damages was awarded to a man named Ling, in an action against the Gatling Gun Company and a man named William Wright, for injuries caused at Elswick by a live instead of a dummy cartridge being inadvertently placed in a gun during a testing experiment. In the Northumberland Court, an indictment was preferred by the Wallsend Local Board against the North-Eastern Marine Engineering Company and the Wallsend Slipway Company, the object being to establish the public right to what is known as the Pilot Track from Walker along the river-side to Willington Quay. The jury returned a verdict for the defendants.

27.—A series of special services, extending over several days, was commenced in Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, in celebration of the centenary of the Sunday School established at the Orphan House by the Rev. Charles Atmore, on the 28th of February, 1790.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Fenwick, of Preston House, North Shields, celebrated their golden wedding.

28.—On the occasion of the annual meeting of the Newcastle Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, under the presidency of the Mayor, the prizes given by the branch, by Uncle Toby of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Coulson, were distributed to the successful children by the Mayoress, Mrs. Thomas Bell.

MARCH.

1.—Great interest was aroused by the publication of the details of the will of the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor. The deceased gentleman had left bequests to almost forty local and other charities, to the amount of nearly £70,000. To the Fleming Memorial Hospital, erected by him in his lifetime, he bequeathed £25,000, and to the Newcastle Infirmary £10,000. The other

legacies ranged from £4,000 to £100. The testator devised the rest of his real and personal estate in trust for his five grandchildren and for his great-grandchild.

—At the petty sessional court at Bellingham, a license was granted to Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., to erect on the private range of the company on Ridsdale Common two powder magazines, each to hold 50,000 lbs. of powder.

—The last performance of the pantomime, "Blue Beard," was given at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. There was much unseemly horseplay on the occasion.

2.—Mrs. Cunninghamhame Graham, wife of Mr. Cunninghamhame Graham, M.P., lectured in the Tyne Theatre, New-



Mrs. Cunninghamhame Graham.

castle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "Forgotten Corners of Spain."

3.—The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Fife, General Elliot, and members of his suite, passed through Newcastle, en route for Edinburgh, to open the Forth Bridge.

—The shipwrights at Sunderland received an advance of 1s. 6d. per week in their wages.

—At a vestry meeting held in All Saints' Church, Newcastle, a letter was read from the firm of Messrs. Abbot and Co., Gateshead, stating their willingness, through the good offices of Mr. L. W. Adamson, to undertake the complete restoration of the "Thornton Brass" (a memorial of the celebrated Roger Thornton, which is said to be one of the finest brasses in the country), and the offer was unanimously accepted.

4.—It was announced that, at a meeting of the directors of the Palmer Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Jarrow, the final steps had been taken for the manufacture of ordnance of all kinds, including guns and carriages.

—An outline was published of the will of the late Mr. Christian Allhusen, of Stoke Court, Bucks, and of the

Newcastle Chemical Company, whose personalty had been sworn at £1,126,852 ls. 10d.

5.—Mr. W. D. Stephens was unanimously elected an alderman of Newcastle, in the room of the late Mr. Alderman Scott.

—The first annual meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead Aids Committees of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was held in Newcastle under the presidency of Bishop Wilberforce.

—The body of a young man named Henry Robson, a grocer, was found in the lake at Heaton Park, Newcastle, supposed to have been a case of suicide.

5.—William and Isabella Lyall, of Ancroft, near Berwick, a couple who had been married at Lamberton Toll Bar, celebrated their golden wedding.

6.—The mine-owners of Cleveland granted the men an advance of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in wages, to extend from the 3rd February to the 28th June.

—Considerable damage was caused by a fire which broke out in the Priestgate Flour Mills at Darlington.

—The Darlington Town Council resolved to present a memorial to the directors of the North-Eastern Railway Company, asking them to remove No. 1 engine from its position opposite the North Road Station to a position where it would be protected from the effects of the weather, and from other damage.

—A two nights' debate was commenced in the Lecture Hall, Nelson Street, Newcastle, on the question, "Is an Eight Hours Act desirable for all workers?" the affirmative being taken by Mr. Alexander Stewart, representing the Labour party, and the negative by Mr. William Thornton, representing the Newcastle and Gateshead Radical Association.

7.—It was announced that a series of entertainments, entitled "Uncle Toby's Lantern Entertainment," and intended to inculcate the advantages of kindness to animals and birds, had been given by Messrs. Robson and Morgan in the principal schools of Sunderland.

—Lady Dilke addressed a meeting in Newcastle in furtherance of the formation of trades unions among the working women in the district.

—George Edward Conyers Hardy, a young man 17½ years old, and employed as a clerk, committed suicide by shooting himself on the Newcastle Town Moor, after attending a ball at the Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge.

9.—Dr. R. S. Watson was the lecturer at the Tyne Theatre, in connection with the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, his subject being "Labour: Past, Present, and Future."

—The Rev. A. S. Wardroper took farewell of the congregation of All Saints' Church, Newcastle, of which he had for several years been vicar, previous to his departure for Otterburn, to which he had been transferred.

10.—It was announced that the Rev. Robert Alfred Tucker, curate of St. Nicholas', Durham, had accepted the Bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

General Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

11.—The fifth session of the twelfth Parliament of Queen Victoria was opened by Royal Commission.

—Mr. Parker Smith, Liberal Unionist, was elected

Parliamentary representative for the Partick Division of Lanarkshire. Mr. Smith polled 4,148 votes, while the defeated candidate, Sir Charles Tennant, Gladstonian Liberal, polled 3,929.

12.—The Duc d'Orleans was sentenced by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine to two years' imprisonment for entering France in violation of the law which banished the families of pretenders to the French throne.

13.—The report of the Parnell Commission was published. It was considered in some measure to be favourable to Mr. Parnell and his Parliamentary associates.

14.—The body of Amelia Jeffs, a girl of fifteen, who had lived at 38, West Road, West Ham, Essex, and who had been missing since January 31st, was found violated and strangled in an empty house, about a hundred yards from her own home. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

15.—Sir Louis Mallet died at Malta, from influenza, at the age of 67.

18.—Count Julius Andrassy, late Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, died at Volosca. He was born on the 28th of March, 1823, at Zemplin, his family being one of the oldest and most illustrious in Hungary.

19.—Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, M.P., died suddenly at his residence, Sugden Road, London.

23.—A large dam across the Hassa Yamfa river, Arizona, U.S., gave way, and submerged the town of Wickensburg. The loss of life and property was very great.

28.—Mr. Henry Labouchere was suspended from the House of Commons, for having refused to withdraw an imputation of untruthfulness which he had made against the Premier, Lord Salisbury.

MARCH.

1.—The Quetta, a British ship bound from Brisbane to London, was wrecked near Somerset, Torres Straits. She had 280 souls on board, of whom only 116 were saved.

2.—Sir Edward Baines, proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, died in his 90th year.

4.—The Forth Bridge was formally opened by the Prince of Wales. This remarkable structure, which is built on the cantilever principle, was begun in 1883. Its total length is a little over a mile and a half. The clear headway under the centre of the structure is 150 feet above high water, while the highest part is 361 feet.

—A Parliamentary election took place in St. Pancras, London, the result being as follows:—Mr. Thomas Henry Bolton, Gladstonian Liberal, 2,657; Mr. H. R. Graham, Conservative, 2,549; and Mr. J. Leighton, Labour Candidate, 29.

—Owing to the brakes failing to act, a Scotch express train ran into an engine at Carlisle. Four people were killed, and sixteen injured.

8.—The result of an election at Stamford was declared as follows:—Mr. H. J. C. Oust, Conservative, 4,236; Mr. Arthur Priestley, Liberal, 3,954.

—At Nottingham Assizes, Wilhelm E. Arnemann was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for having shot Judge Bristowe on November 19th, 1889.

10.—A terrible explosion occurred at the Morfa Colliery, near Port Talbot, in Glamorganshire, causing a loss of about one hundred lives.



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The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh.*

BAMBOROUGH KEEP was the stately home of a brave and mighty king. The blessing of the good St. Aidan girdled it with strength and filled it with peace. Yet death could not be shut out by wall or charm; and when the lot fell upon the wife of the king, the beautiful and kindly queen of his youth, there was woe in the halls of Ida. Of fruit from the royal union there was none save the heir and one fair maiden, the Princess Margaret. The son had left his father's roof in search of spoil or fame; and as the years went by, and no word came of him, the blank became a silent madness. The king pined in his lonely keep; but when the sorrow of his double loss abated, he went forth once more into the world. Many comely virgins far and near cast wistful glances at the stricken chief, and fain would comfort him if only for the crown he wore. But his eyes were dulled with weeping, and his heart was proof against the wiles of simple maidens. One there was, indeed, whose lustrous beauty might have proved too strong a spell for any heart not wholly wibegone; but she was dowered with the fatal gift of magic. Bewitched in childhood, she had sold her soul to evil, and her gain was the hurtful power to wither, crush, and curse. Withal she had the arts that lure, as the snake beguiles its prey and covers it with slime. Darkly she plotted, yet more and more brightly she shone; foul within, without all sweetness and delight-

some to the eye. On bended knee the proud king tended his love in barter for her loveliness. Word came to Bamborough Keep that the king was wed, and would full soon bring home his royal bride. Great was the glee of lord and serf, of seneschal and groom, of all within the castle and all throughout its wide domain. Of all? Nay, there was one who, though she murmured not, was afraid with jealous fear. Fair Margaret was glad as she thought of her sire's return, for she had wearied for him long. Brotherless and motherless, she clung to the king her father as the ivy to the smitten yet sturdy oak. But this noble step-dame! Could she call her by the saintly name of mother, and greet her with a filial kiss? Ah, would that it might be so! She would wait, she would try, she would pray for the grace she sorely needed. Restless as the fledgling on the rim of its mother's nest, and fluttering bird-like in and out, she watched the live-long day for the flash of the kingly pennon streaming among the distant woods, and listened for the well-known horn that should change to melody the moan of the surging sea.

THE PRAYER.

The lords of the isles and chieftains of high renown through all the Northern land drew near with goodly retinue, that they might give their homage to the king, and loyal greeting to his chosen queen. At length the basalt caves resound with echoes other than old ocean makes unceasingly, and the battlements throw back the shock of martial notes to the woodlands whence they come. The royal company are climbing the winding steep; the barbican is passed; the shouts of warriors are silenced by the whispered welcome of a daughter's love. And as she makes obeisance to the new mother

* The legend of the Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh (Laidley is a corruption of loathly or loathsome, and Spindleston Heugh is a lofty crag near Bamborough Castle) is related in a ballad which was printed in Hutchinson's "History of Northumberland," from a communication by the Rev. Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham, "who pretended," says Richardson, "to have transcribed it from a very ancient manuscript." Lambe himself claimed that the legend originated in a song "made by the old mountain-bard, Duncan Fraier, living on Cheviot, A.D. 1270."

of her home, if not of her heart, she makes a covenant of kindness, sealed with kiss and tear. The bride gazed with jealous pangs upon the stooping figure and the modest face of her husband's child. She had won his love by devilish arts; but Margaret had learned her art of love from a dead mother's eyes, and the beatings of a heart that had been true to death. And yet the handsome lady looked all tenderness, and pledged her tenderest nurture to the pale flower of the North. But as ill-chance or mischievous imps would have it, the courtiers and gallant knights who had come to welcome her could not turn their gaze from the pearl of the sea-swept rock; and one, on sudden impulse of wonder, spoke aloud of Margaret's beautiful form and virtuous spirit, pronouncing her peerless among women. The queen, hearing this rhapsody, bridled in her envious pride, and rallied the courtier in that he had uncourtiously forgotten her when he talked of the peerless Margaret. Said the knight never a word, but bowed and fell back, afraid of those glaring eyes and of the passionate hate they revealed. The chafed woman scowled on the drooping maid, and muttered a dreadful curse. Spite, envy, malice, these were the keepers of the soul in the foul fiend's name and right. They rent her womanhood to rags, and left the queen a hateful sorceress—nothing more. With venomous tongue she said her unholy prayers to the spirits that filled her heart, and darkened the air around her, as flies around some loathsome carrion. She prayed that Margaret might cast her lithe and elegant form, and become a noisome worm; a dragon with hideous maw; a monstrous reptile crawling in the mud; a blight bearer shunned and banned by all; as loathsome in person as she herself was loathsome in soul. Merrily laughed the maiden at the idle prayer of anger and mortified pride. She could not love a mother like that; but she came of a line of kings, and would not stoop to craven fear. The curse could not run on conditions and terms. The evil one himself could not hurt the pure maiden for aye. So it fell to be part of the pact, that when the Childe of the Wynd, the heir of the enslaved but comfortless king, should return, the spell would be broken. Now the queen laughed within herself as she spake of the home-coming heir; for surely did she think that the grave or the deep sea had long since claimed the son of her royal lord.

THE SPELL.

And Margaret laughed in her maidenly glee, and blushed as she thought of that gallant knight who had spoken her praise with the fervour of love. Might she not hope to find shelter in his stalwart arm, if danger threatened? Her bosom rose and fell to the changes of maidenly fancy; and how could she think that the words of the step-dame's rage could clothe that bright breast with ugly scales, or twist those falling locks to a matted mane, or flatten those twinkling feet to taloned paws? So she sat in her bower, and softly sang old rhymes of

the brave and the good and the pure, while the presence of her dead mother came down upon her as a ministering angel, with wine and balm and sweetest perfume. And so she slept—as twilight lingers into night, so gently yet so deeply. When morning came, she awoke, and strove to rise, but the primal curse was on her. She could but crawl. She would fain have cried for deliverance, as one newly awakened from some hideous dream, but her voice broke into a hissing shriek, and when her maidens came to tend her they fled aghast. The virgin's bower was now a serpent's den. The loathly worm lay coiled and quivering where at eventide they had seen the beautiful princess. They filled the keep with their yells of horror; and the sea birds mocked their frantic cries as if with echoes. With blazing eyes and gaping jaws the dragon unwound its coils, and, gliding in sinuous waves, made for the castle gate. Grim warders shrank and ran, leaving the gates ajar for the fearful beast to pass. Down the step, and across the moat, and away to the woods, the dragon quickly sped until it reached the heugh of Spindlestone; there it rested and wound its supple joints about the rock, coil on coil, with its huge head poised upon the summit. When the first night came, the dews of heaven, mingling with the sea-borne fret, laved the dry and thirsty beast fevered with its own malignant venom, and the monster crawled to a darksome cave. As the day dawned—day by day—the pangs of hunger drove it forth to feed upon the pastures and gardens of the king and his retainers. Full seven miles west, south, and north the land was soon laid waste with its devouring rage. The herdsmen left their kine, the shepherds forsook their flocks, the hale forgot their sick, the living left their dead. The scaly dragon blighted with fierce fumes the herbage that it did not crop for food. Then the sage of the ancient hold gave word that the fiend worm must be appeased with daily offerings. Seven kine were set apart, and their milk was carried night by night to a great stone trough within the cave, that the dragon might quench its thirst before it slept. Haggard and worn with constant dread, the people drooped and laid them down to die. The tidings travelled far. The panic spread. Woe and fear were on the world, for that none could tell how wide the range of blight might grow. It was told by ingle-nooks at midnight hours, in cot or castle, by villein, knight, and lord, how that the deadly blight had come upon the old king's lovely daughter, and that she whom Heaven had made and sent to bless and purify the hearts of men was “now a curse and grief to see.”

THE RELEASE.

But where was the Childe of the Wynd? “Ah, where?” the people cried, for well they knew that till the lost were found the captive must be bound. The Childe was fighting with the Franks against the brave and stubborn Gauls, not that he loved oppressive conquest, but that he would fain grow strong and warlike. Alas! it were a

thousand pities that he should wax valiant and wise in battle only to find that he had lost his heritage, and to hear that the only daughter of his house was in the bonds of devilry. At last the ill news, flying fast, came to his ear as he was sitting at the feast of victory. Up rose he with solemn mien and darkening brow. With grinding teeth and sobbing breath he muttered the tale of doom to his chosen band. Then out flew falchions from their sheaths, and, standing up amidst the festal scene, the brave band swore they would feast or rest no more till they had crossed the sea and broken the witch's spell. The memory of home was on them now, and the sweet vision of the infant maiden seemed to beckon to perilous effort and high emprise. Deftly they built a ship, and, wotting well the power of sacred things, they timbered it with rowan wood, such as once on Calvary bore the precious burden of the world's redemption. Midst priestly prayers and the hearty cheers of cherished comrades, they loosed from the Frankish coast, and, spreading their silken sails to the winds, flew forward to the gleaming English shore. Seven days and nights had passed when in the matin twilight the watcher hailed the prince and bade him look to the west-by-north. Not long did the brave youth gaze till he cried out, "It is my father's keep, the castle on the sea." But while he fixed his longing eyes upon his childhood's royal home, from out the towers there peeped strange eyes, the light of which he knew not; for, though the eyes were bright as crystal, they had no gleam of mother-love, no softness of a woman's pity. The watching queen descried the gallant bark, and as it neared the castle rocks made out its shining sails and buoyant form. It was no common boat, she knew. Her guilty heart misgave her. Could it be that it was bearing homeward the long lost child of her husband's early love? If so, she well might tremble, for her spell would soon be broken, and her hour of doom was nigh. And now she plied her magic arts to foil the plans of virtuous love. The imps were never far to seek. Were they not her keepers as well as her slaves? They were sent to work her will that they might make sure her power. She bade them fly to meet the homeward bound; she charged them at their peril to let the heir set foot on land. They must raise a storm, or sink the ship, or slay the prince—he must not touch the shore. Away they flew in glad-some haste, for mischief was their very breath of life and wine of joy. Anon they fluttered back to the royal dame, discomfited and sorely beaten. They could not come nigh a ship that was built from the sacred tree. Strive as they would the invisible hand pressed them back and crippled their bat-like wings. Then the raging queen arose in her wrath, and commanded her braves to man a boat and attack the dreaded ship. These, too, came back, for they were men to men, and Heaven was for the right. Yet something there was on which she had not counted. The curse had wrought so well upon the

hated maid, that the serpent feared the brother whom the maid so greatly loved and longed for. The dragon raged against the redeeming one—then as ever—and in its wild fury lashed the inshore waves to foam, that it might drive the vessel seawards. Quickly the skilful Childe put the ship about and ran for Budle Creek before the cumbrous worm could gather itself up and change its place. The Childe leaped out upon the sands, sword in hand, rushed fearless at the advancing dragon, threatening instant death from his own keen blade and thirty clothyard shafts from out the ship. Oh, mystery of evil! Oh, greater mystery of mercy! Not by might or power, not with angry threats and raging hate, but by the gentle mightiness of love, must ill be met and conquered. From out the dragon's blood-red jaws there came the still small voice of sorrow, bidding him quit his sword and bow, bidding him stoop low as the dust, bidding him save his sister from sickness. Wise to win the imprisoned soul, he bent his towering form until his knee sank in the sand, and, caressing the loathsome worm, he gently kissed its scaly brow. In an instant the dragon's rage was gone; silently and swiftly it crept to the gloom of Spindlestone Heugh; and while the Childe knelt wondering, and in prayer, there stepped from the cave the sister of his youth, the fairest of the fair, the gleaming pearl of the Castle Rock. Like a second Eve, she shone upon his sight with unclad beauty. With brotherly thought, he unbuckled his mantle and threw it round her, enfolding her and bearing her up in his strong embrace. And now new wonder seized upon the warders on the tower. Their old eyes dimmed with gathering tears as they made out the form of their princess beneath the crimson cloak of their long lost prince. Good tidings have wings as swift as ever carried the news of ill. Out trooped the maidens of the keep and of the king's wide vassalage to welcome their youthful lord and lady—the returning brother and the ransomed sister. Gaily they tripped to music of cymbal, tabouret, and harp, and merrily chanted the greeting of love. The kindly sire stood in the ancient gate to give God thanks for his rescued ones, and to bid them back to their homes. The queen alone was absent. Her noxious spell had passed away, leaving her fair victim a thousandfold more fair; while her own bright face paled and withered from an inward blight. Her mind was a prey to terrors. Full well she knew the price she had soon to pay for her short-lived triumph. She dare not face her victim, nor her husband's son, nor the injured sire of the recovered ones. The part of the demon had served her turn, and now she must bide her dismal bargain. The Childe so pure and brave was also stern and strong. "Fetch forth the miscreant witch," he cried, in judge-like tones. And her they sought both high and low, until they found her with shaking limbs and chattering teeth trying to shape her clammy lips to prayer. No prayer could save her now. With what

measure she had dealt she must be dealt with, and this more, the judgment should be pressed down and running over. No Childe of the Wynd from over the sea could she look for in her hour of need. No term could be put to the doom of the just, albeit there had been limits to the crimes of the proud upon the lowly. "Fair semblance of sweet womanhood, thou hast the soul of a base reptile. Be thy form henceforth the outward image of thy soul. Down, down from thy stately mien and graceful gait. Squat, crawl, hiss, spit, in likeness of an ugly toad." So spake the youthful doomster, and his words were still resounding when down fell the haughty dame, and her stature shrivelled as if in fire, and her shape changed as if in some rude potter's hands she were nought but coarsest clay. Her diamond eye, alone unchanged, shone forth with fiercest light. The froth of her madness gathered on her thick toad's lips; and, as she slowly lifted her sprawling lips, she hissed and spat. The shocked maidens screamed and ran for safety, each behind some favoured swain. The warders pricked the loathsome toad with their spears, and drove it forth from the royal keep. Yet no man slew the crawling beast. By night and by day the venomous toad dragged its huge carcase on the sands, or in the moss-green walks, or in the leafy lanes, wherever she might hope to meet a maiden fair as she once was and pure as she had never been. Then would she hiss and spit, and rear her scraggy neck in rage. Hence grew the custom of the place—still holden to this day—that maidens, strolling with their lovers, if they see a murky toad, scream softly and clutch the stalwart arm on which they lean, as though they never would unloose their grip.

James Snape, D.D.

NEWCASTLE has had many famous schoolmasters—the Moiseses, the Bruces, and the rest. None, however, has left a more lasting impression on the minds of his pupils than the Rev. James Snape, D.D., the head master of the Grammar School for a period of nearly twenty years.

Dr. Snape had reached the age of sixty-five years when he died on November 7, 1880. His connection with Newcastle commenced upwards of forty years before, when he came from Blackburn, Lancashire, to assume the position of second (or mathematical) master in the Grammar School. In this subordinate position he toiled and taught for a period of thirteen years, when, on the death of Mr. Wood, the full control of the establishment was entrusted to him. About this time the ancient school had reached almost the lowest depth of decline; but, under the new management, it began rapidly to revive.

When modern improvements required the removal of the old Grammar School in Westgate Street, the master, and their pupils found refuge in a quaint old house in the Forth. That house, with its "seven gables," also disappeared, and the grassy square of the Forth along with it. Another change took place, a private house in Charlotte Square being selected as the temporary habitat of the school. Here Dr. Snape was virtually "monarch of all he surveyed," the Schools and Charities Committee of the Corporation, although the governors and administrators of the institution, rarely putting in an appearance save at the periodical examinations at midsummer; but notwithstanding these drawbacks, the school continued steadily to advance, both in numbers and popularity.



Thus "cabined, cribbed, confined," however, the limit of extension was, in the course of a few years, reached, and the desirability of providing a new and more commodious building forced itself on the consideration of the Town Council. After many an animated and heated debate, the question was brought to an issue on the 3rd of July, 1861, by the selection of a site adjoining the Virgin Mary Hospital in Ryehill. It was not, however, until the 23rd May, 1866, that the foundation-stone was laid by the late Lord Ravensworth. On the conclusion of the interesting proceedings, Dr. Snape was presented with a handsome salver, neatly engraved and finely chased bearing the following inscription:—"In commemoration of the 23rd of May, 1866, when was laid the foundation-stone of the New Royal Free Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, this salver, as a lasting tribute of their

affection and esteem, was presented by his pupils to the Rev. James Snape, Head Master." Dr. Snape was deeply affected by this exhibition of good-will. As a fitting termination of the events of the day, the learned doctor delivered an excellent lecture, in the theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society, on "Literature."

This was not his first contribution to the promotion of the objects of that useful institution. For many years he had taken an active part in the management of its affairs, and, about the same time, he had just completed an admirable course of lectures on "Mathematics," which he delivered, without remuneration, to the members.

It may seem a little strange that, during all these years, Dr. Snape, though nominally, was not really head master of the Grammar School. The explanation is that, on the occurrence of the vacancy in that office, Mr. Snape was not "in holy orders," and consequently was not considered, in the terms of the charter, "a learned and discreet man." In the interim, however, he was duly licensed as a clergyman, being, besides, a Master of Arts and a Doctor of Divinity. In prospect of the completion of the new building in Ryebill, a general desire was evinced that he should be formally installed in the position which for so many years he had practically and efficiently filled. Accordingly, on the 7th of April, 1869, Mr. Alderman Sillick, as chairman of the Schools and Charities Committee, moved—"That the Rev. James Snape be appointed head master of the Royal Grammar School." The motion was seconded by Mr. Alderman Ingledew, supported by Mr. Alderman Harle, and carried unanimously. Dr. Snape, who was called into the Council Chamber, and had the announcement made to him by the Mayor, returned thanks in very feeling terms.

The new schools were opened on the 14th of October, 1870, and the occasion afforded the scholars another opportunity of evincing their regard for their esteemed master, to whom they presented a handsome claret jug in commemoration of the event. What might, not unreasonably, have been regarded as the most auspicious and pleasing incident in the history of the Newcastle Grammar School and in the life of its accomplished head master, proved to be the beginning of years of acrimony and contention. It is not necessary here to enter into the differences with the Corporation which embittered the last years of Dr. Snape's life. Suffice it say that the claims which were made by Dr. Snape when he retired from the management of the Grammar School were never acknowledged: so that he died with the full conviction that he had not been honourably treated.

Dr. Snape left one son and one daughter, the former of whom—the Rev. W. R. Snape—is now vicar of Lamesley. The portrait of Dr. Snape which accompanies this article was taken some years before he died, and represents him, as will be seen, in the prime of life. All through his connection with Newcastle, he was a familiar figure in its

streets. Wearing a broad-brimmed hat, a seamless waistcoat, and a swallow-tailed coat, he was well-known to all old residents. Nor was he less remarkable for his courtesy than for his apparel. Dr. Snape, indeed, was the politest man in Newcastle of his time; for he never addressed even a clerk at a counter without first taking off his hat.

An old scholar of Dr. Snape's, recounting his recollections in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, told the following stories:—

It is more years than I care to count—almost 34—since I left the Grammar School, then in Charlotte Square. Dr. Snape was then in the prime of his manly vigour, and well I remember his stately stride as he walked into the first class, slamming the door after him, and brandishing his cane. "I'm here," he announced, and woe to the wight who dared to speak. I, too, well remember his thoroughly practical way of teaching. His black-board was a never-failing way of illustrating algebra, drawing donkeys, grotesque figures, &c., instead of letters, as is usual. And, further, when some one thought himself well up in Euclid, I remember he would draw the Pons Asinorum, or fifth proposition first book, upside down. Woe, then, to the sharp youth if he could not prove it.

One day a dull boy, who never had his Latin off, brought a note from his father, saying "he did not consider Latin of any use to his son." This Dr. Snape read to the whole class, and finished with the declaration—"No, sir, not for the riches of Peru, nor the cattle on a thousand hills, nor rivers of gold, &c., &c., will I excuse you! If you were going to be a chimney sweep, I would make you learn Latin, Greek, and mathematics!"

The worthy master was a capital story-teller. Sometimes you could have heard a pin drop, we were all so enchanted with his interesting tales and vivid descriptions. To impress us with love of country, he often told us how Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans defended the pass, quoting Sir Walter Scott's lines—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?

I well remember his fine, handsome face when telling how a Spartan said to Leonidas—

The darts of the Persians darken the air—
So much the better, we will fight in the shade.

A Miss Fleek had a ladies' boarding school in Clayton Street, and complained of the Grammar School boys annoying her young ladies. One morning, after prayers, we knew something was wrong. Dr. Snape suddenly went to his desk, and, taking a cane out, commenced a speech something like the following:—"Now, boys, some of you have committed a most dastardly outrage on some young ladies, whom, as English gentlemen, you are bound to protect. I will flog every boy in the class if he acknowledges to being a party to such outrage. I'll ask you all individually, and if you say 'I was one,' I will flog you. If you say 'I was not one,' I will not flog you, even if I knew that you were there, the very head and front of the affair. My cane was made for men, and not for liars." I believe every one in the class was flogged.

One day, in construing our Greek—"Midas had the ears of an ass"—when the boy came to the word *ass*, Dr. Snape said, "No, sir; that's not the proper translation. It means an alderman, as a former master of this school always had it translated, and so will I."

Dr. Snape always tried to make the boys feel proud of their school, and I am sure they all revere their dear, kind master's memory. He would often reprimand thus:—"Sir, such conduct in anyone is disgraceful, but more especially in one who is a schoolfellow of Lord Eldon, Lord Stowell, and the great Admiral Lord Collingwood."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

SAWNEY OGILVIE'S DUEL WITH HIS WIFE.

By THOMAS WHITTLE, OF CAMBO.



ACKENZIE'S "History of Northumberland" contains the following record:—"Cambo was the favourite residence of the ingenious and eccentric Thomas Whittle, whose comic productions often beguile the long winter evenings of our rustic Northumbrians. His parents and the place of his birth are unknown. It is believed he was the natural son of a gentleman of fortune, and that he was called Whittle from the place of his nativity, which some say was in the parish of Shilbottle, and others in the parish of Ovingham. Long Edlingham also claims the honour of giving him birth. However this may be, certain it is that Thomas, either in consequence of ill-usage or from a restlessness of disposition, left his native home when a boy, about the beginning of last century, and made his appearance in Cambo mounted on an old goat, which he had selected from a flock he had in charge, in order that it might be his assistant and companion in his intended adventures. On his arrival he was engaged by a miller, with whom he continued for some years. About the close of his servitude he became a disciple of Bacchus, and continued attached to the service of the drouthy god while he lived. Possessing a fertile imagination, a brilliant wit, and a happy command of language, the temptations to assume the character of a boon companion were irresistible. Occasionally he worked with exemplary industry, and became remarkably expert in many of the branches of art which he practised, but particularly in painting. The versatility of his talents enabled him to personate different characters during his various peregrinations through the county and the South of Scotland. Some relics of his workmanship in painting, executed in a very superior style, may be seen in Belsay Castle, Hartburn, Ponteland, and other churches in Northumberland. . . . After experiencing all the vicissitudes of a poet's life, he died in indigent circumstance at East Shaftoe, a place he had celebrated in a poem, and was buried at Hartburn, on the 19th of April. 1736, where he is described in the parish register as 'Thomas Whittle, of East Shaftoe, an ingenious man.'" Whittle's songs "The Mitford Galloway," "Whimsical Love," and "Poetic Letter to the Razor Setter," are replete with wit and humour. His poetical works were published in 1815, from an original manuscript in the author's own handwriting, by Mr. William Robson, schoolmaster, Cambo.



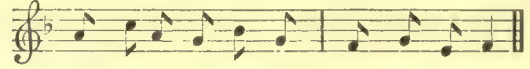
Good peo-ple, give ear to the fa-tal-est duel That



Mor-peth e'er saw since it was a town. Where



fire is kin-dled and has so much fuel, I



would not be he that would quench't for a crown.



Poor Saw-ney, as can-ny a North Brit-ish hal-lion As



e'er crost the Bor-der this mil-lion of weeks, Mis-



car-ried and mar-ried a Scot-tish tar-paw-lin That



pays his pack shoul-ders and will have the breeks.

Good people, give ear to the fatalist duel

That Morpeth e'er saw since it was a town.

Where fire is kindled and has so much fuel,

I would not be he that would quench't for a crown.

Poor Sawney, as canny a North British hallion*

As e'er crost the border this million of weeks,

Miscarried and married a Scottish tarpawlin

That pays his pack-shoulders† and will have the breeks.

I pity him still when I think of his kindred.

Lord Ogelby was his near cousin of late;

And if he and somebody else had not hindered

He might have been heir unto all his estate.

His stature was small, and his shape like a monkey,

His beard like a bundle of scallions or leeks;

Right bonny he was, but now he's worn scruntly,

And fully as fit for the horns as the breeks.

It fell on a day, he may it remember,

Tho' others enjoyed it, yet so did not he,

When tidings were brought that Lisle did surrender,

It grieves me to think on't, his wife took the gee.

These witches still itches and stretches commission,

And if they be crossed they are still taking peeks,‡

And Sawney, poor man, he was out of condition,

And hardly well fit for defending the breeks.

She muttered and moun'g'd, and looked damn'd misty,

And Sawney said something, as who could forbear?

Then straight she began, and went to't handfisty,

She whither'd about and dang down all the gear:

The dishes and dublers went flying like fury.

She broke more that day than would mend in two weeks,

And had it been put to a judge and a jury

They could not tell whether deserved the breeks.

* Alien.

† Sawney was one of the frugal and industrious fraternity of Scotch travelling chapmen.

‡ Piques.

But Sawney grew weary and fain would be civil,
Being auld and unfeary, and fail'd of his strength;
Then she cowp'd him o'er the kail-pot with a kevil,
And there he lay labouring all his long length.
His body was soddy,^{||} and sore he was bruised,
The bark of his shins was all standing in peaks;
No stivat[¶] e'er lived was so much misused
As sare as auld Sawney for claiming the breeks.

The noise was so great, all the neighbours did hear them,
She made his scalp ring like the clap of a bell;
But never a soul had the mense to go near them,
Tho' he shouted murder with many a yell.
She laid on whisky whaskey, and held like a steary,
Wight Wallace could hardly have with her kept streaks;
And never gave over until she was weary,
And Sawney was willing to yield her the breeks.

And now she must still be observed like a madam:
She'll cause him to curvet and skip like a frog;
And if he refuses she's ready to scad him.
Pox take such a life, it would weary a dog.
Ere I were so served, I would see the de'il take her,
I hate both the name and the nature of sneaks;
But if she were mine I would clearly forsake her,
And let her make a kirk and a mill of the breeks.

Farthing Giles and Guinea Dick.

SEAHAM VILLAGE, in the county of Durham, has been rendered famous by the several notable folk that have lived there during the present century. Very early in the century, nearly as far back as 1800, Mr. Giles Brown, a well-to-do farmer, whose homestead formed part of the straggling sea-coast village, "shuffled off this mortal coil." Farmer Brown had been, according to tradition, an eccentric mortal, one marked craze of his being the collecting of farthings, of which he is said to have ferreted out no less than "a bushelful."

Not long after his death, the Rev. Richard Wallis, vicar of Seaham, took it upon himself to write, in rhyme, a sort of burlesque of the old farmer, which he entitled "Farthing Giles." In this production, it seems, Giles Brown's little eccentricities were much overdrawn, and the getting of pelf was grotesquely shown to have been his sole delight and ruling passion. Now, it was no secret in and around Seaham that the vicar himself was just as fond of the golden guineas as his neighbour Brown had been of his brass farthings and "propetty." Indeed, as regards the farthings, at least in getting them, Giles had certainly betrayed no sordid spirit, for, in his haste to get the boasted "bushelful," he would freely part with the biggest penny for any *three* old farthings he could acquire. East-Country folks thus in general—though Farmer Brown was no special favourite—resented the idea of Vicar Wallis, of all men, posing, though in a sportive way, as a censurer of avarice. It savoured too

much, they thought, of "Satan reproving sin." An eminent divine, however, a friend of the Rev. Richard Wallis, was oddly prompted to pay him back in his own coin in a ludicrous reply to "Farthing Giles," which he headed "Guinea Dick." The author of this piece was, it appears, no less a writer than the great Dr. Paley, who was at that time (about ninety years since) rector of Bishopwearmouth.

Both "Farthing Giles" and "Guinea Dick" were printed and issued in pamphlet form, and both were written in a serio-comic vein in verse, not a little after the style, I fear, of the notorious "Peter Pindar, Esq.," a contemporary of the reverend writers. Giles Brown himself was very popular in certain villages on the Durham coast, the old farmer being a well-known character. James Ford, a blacksmith in Ryhope village, could recite the whole of "Farthing Giles," and it was commonly known that Mr. Wallis was the author. There was more mystery, though, about the authorship of "Guinea Dick," and copies of this production were not easily obtained. The "great attorney" Gregson, of Durham, however, possessed a copy both of it and "Farthing Giles," on which, as literary curios, he set no small value. It is now nearly sixty years since my father heard that popular lawyer (who seems to have been in the secret) relate with gusto, to an appreciative company, the whole history appertaining to the origin and authorship of the two famed pamphlets. Mr. Gregson was emphatic in regard to the learned Paley being the writer of "Guinea Dick."

Dr. Paley and the Vicar of Seaham not infrequently met and dined at Seaham Hall, with other of the *literati* whom Lady Milbanke loved to see round her board. Her ladyship, though cultured, was, tradition says, the very "spirit of mischief," and hence it has been suggested that this sprightly lady, to astound as well as humble the vicar—the situation was admirably adapted to her humour—may have prevailed on the jocund old doctor to pen the droll answer to "Farthing Giles." However that may be, it does not seem probable that that very serious poet, Joseph Blackett, had any hand in writing "Guinea Dick." (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, p. 42.) The comic poem was not at all in his vein; and, moreover, the Rev. Richard Wallis, like Lady Milbanke, was one of his best friends and patrons; and poor, meek Blackett, we know, was eminently grateful. When he contracted the illness of which he died at the age of 24, the Vicar of Seaham, who dwelt near the poet's cottage, was about the first person whom he apprised of the fatal nature of the malady. "He continued," says the historian, Mackenzie, "to be visited by that gentleman till the 22nd of August, 1810, on the morning of which day he signified with his hand that Mr. Wallis should sit down on the bed near him, when he with difficulty said, 'Miss Milbanke (Lady Byron) and you will fix

^{||} Sodden through having the broth spilled over him.

[¶] A stiffard is one whose limbs are stiffened with hard work rather than with age.

upon a spot, a romantic one, for me to lie in; and the management of the rest I leave to Lady Milbanke and you.'"

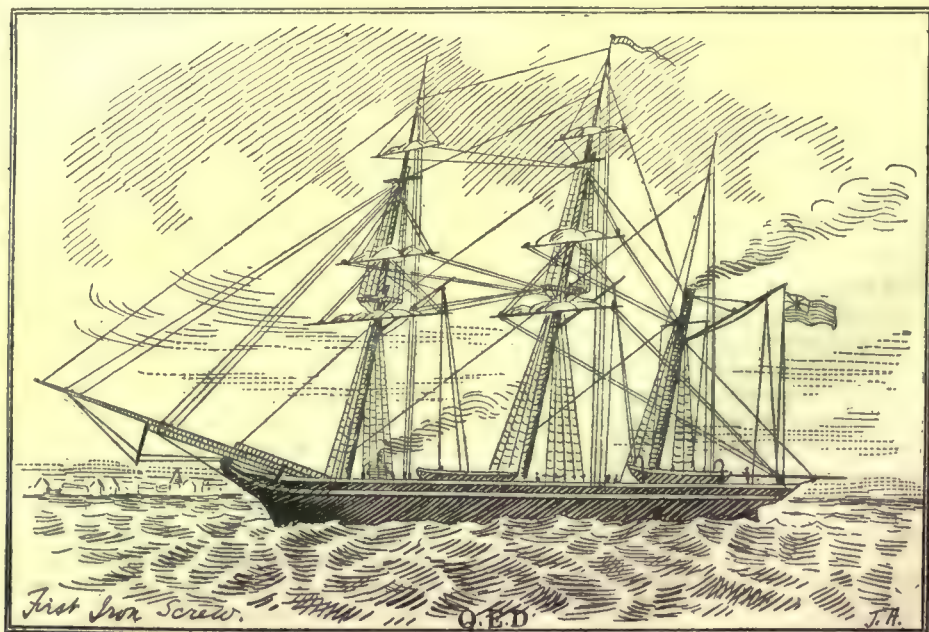
N. E. R.

The First Screw Collier.

ANY interesting articles have been published at various times on the progress of iron shipbuilding on Tyneside. It may, however, be worth while to note the beginning of this industry, more particularly in regard to the building of a certain vessel bearing the title of Q. E. D. This vessel is of as much interest, from an engineering point of view, as the Rocket and Number One engines of George Stephenson. Stephenson's engines were the pioneers of the system of traffic by rail which is now fast overspreading the globe. So the vessel built on the banks of the Tyne forty-six years ago was one of the first of the screw steamers which now cover the seas. The Q. E. D. marks the period of transition from the wooden sailing vessel to that of the iron screw steamer. It has usually been considered that the first screw collier was the John Bowes. As such it has frequently been mentioned. The John Bowes was built by Messrs. Palmer, at Jarrow, in the year 1852, to the following dimensions:—Length, 150 feet; breadth, 25 feet 7 in.; depth, 15 feet 6 in.; registered tonnage, 270 tons. Yet it is evident that the screw collier Q. E. D. was launched at Mr. Cootes's yard, Walker, eight years before the John Bowes was built. Mr. Wigham Richardson, in a speech delivered on the

occasion of the launch of the Spanish mail steamer Alfonso XII. at Walker, referred to the fact that the yard from which the Alfonso XII. was launched had formerly been in the occupation of Mr. Cootes, who had constructed the first iron vessels on the banks of the Tyne, and had the oldest shipbuilding yard on the river. The Alfonso XII. was made of steel, and was the largest merchant vessel built in a Tyne shipyard, the gross tonnage being over 5,000 tons, with engines indicating 4,500 horse power. The following particulars of the Q. E. D. are extracted from the *Illustrated London News*, dated September 28, 1844, from which also the illustration is copied:—

A perfected novelty in the coal trade arrived in the river Thames last week, and took in her moorings at the Prince's Stairs, Rotherhithe, where she has attracted considerable attention and curiosity. This was an iron vessel of handsome appearance, barque rigged, with taut masts and square yards, the masts raking aft in a manner that is seldom seen except in the waters of the United States. The vessel was built by Mr. Cootes, who is the owner, at Walker, near Newcastle, and is of peculiar construction, with a 20 horse-power engine by Hawthorn, which turns a screw propeller, a compound of several inventions, having four flaps or flaps at right angles with each other, the bend of each flap at an angle of 45 degrees from the centre. Her length over all is 150 feet; breadth of beam, 27 feet 6 inches; and she is capable of carrying 340 tons of coals. With this weight, her draught is 11 feet 9 inches abaft, and 10 feet 3 inches forward. Her hold is divided into separate chambers, so that injury to the bottom in one chamber will not affect the others, and each chamber has a false floor of sheet iron hermetically sealed; while between the bottom and these floors are spaces, to be filled with water by means of large taps, for the purpose of ballast, so that her only ballast is the liquid element, which may, if required, be pumped out again in a very short time by the engine. Her bows are like the sharp end of a wedgerising to a lofty billet head, and her overhanging stern projects much more than is customary; but, though low,



the flatness of what is usually termed the counters must lift her to every swell, so as to render it next to impossible for a sea to break over her taffrail. On her stern is an armorial bearing with the motto, *Spes mea Christus*, and also her name, the Q. E. D., of Newcastle. The cabin is commodious, with a raised roof surrounded with window lights. There are four sleeping apartments, and a state-room for the captain. A swinging compass is suspended, having a magnet on each side, and one before it, to counteract the attraction of the iron. Her shrouds are wire rope served over with a strong double screw to each, to set it up when slack with the smallest difficulty and scarcely any labour; her mainmast from the step to the cap is 65 feet in altitude; her mainyard 52 feet in squareness; from the keel to the royal-truck the height is about 130 feet. The other masts and yards are in proportion, the mizenmast being of iron, and hollow, so as to form a funnel for the engine fire. It is not the least curious point about her to see the smoke issuing from the mizenmast-head. This vessel was launched on St. Swithin's Day (15th July); took in a cargo of coals at Newcastle, about 20 keels, but, getting aground on the Hook of the Gunfleet Sands, was obliged to heave two or three keels of coals overboard. She lay ashore several hours, but got off without any damage. She steers with ease, sails remarkably well, and, when tried with the screw propeller, exceeded expectation. Much ingenuity has been displayed in putting her together, and we feel confident that the time is not far distant when our ships of the line will be fitted with engines and screws in a somewhat similar manner.

JAMES HUNTER.

Coupland Castle.

SITUATED on the banks of the Glen, a tributary of the Till, about five miles from Wooler, Northumberland, Copeland or Coupland Castle is pleasantly surrounded by trees. When the survey of Border towers and castles was made in 1552, it would appear that no "fortress or barmkyn" was to be

found at Coupland. The oldest portion of the building, which dates from the early part of the seventeenth century, consists of two strong towers, containing eleven rooms and a somewhat remarkable stone cork-screw staircase. In some places the walls are six or seven feet in thickness. At the corners of the castle are "pepper-pot" turrets, the only other examples south of the Tweed being at Duddo and Dilston. After the ancient family of the Copelands (to which Sir John de Copeland, who distinguished himself at Neville's Cross, is supposed to have belonged) had died out, the place came into the possession of the Wallises. The initials G. W. and M. W. are inscribed over the chimney piece in one of the rooms known as the "Haunted Chamber," with the date 1619. From the "History of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, 1885-1886," we gather that in 1830 the late Mr. Matthew Culley succeeded to the whole of the Coupland Castle estate, in right of his mother, Elizabeth, who died in 1810, and who was the only sister and heir-apparent of Mr. Thomas Bates.

Not far from Coupland Castle is Ewart Park, the seat of Sir Horace St. Paul, Bart. In February, 1814, there were discovered in the park two swords, buried perpendicularly, as if they had been thrust down for concealment. The Glen, which curves round the southern boundary of the park, falls into the Till a short distance to the east. In this angle, forming the south-east corner of Millfield Plain, King Arthur, according to Nennius, is said to have achieved one of his great victories over the Saxons. A Saxon fibula was found here, and is now in the possession of the proprietor of the mansion.

Above Coupland Castle, on the west, rises Lanton



Coupland Castle.

Hill, on which is an obelisk erected by Sir William Davison, of Lanton, to the memory of his father, Mr. Alexander Davison, of Swarland Park, and that of his brother, Mr. John Davison. GEO. JOHNSON.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Dawes.

Richard Dawes,
THE LEARNED GRECIAN.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.—Dryden.



FROM a paper contributed by the learned historian of Northumberland, the Rev. John Hodgson, to the old series of the "Archæologia Æliana," we learn that Richard Dawes was born in 1708, at Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire. Educated at Market-Bosworth School, he was admitted at the age of seventeen a sizar of Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he manifested a remarkable talent for Greek versification. Two years after his matriculation he published a Greek pastoral of eighty-nine lines, entitled "The Lamentation of the University of Cambridge for the Death of George the First." The marriage of the Prince of Wales in 1736 afforded him another opportunity of publishing Greek verse, and (having in the meantime obtained a fellowship of his college and the degree of M.A.) he issued an epithalamium of fifty hexameter lines, entitled "The Congratulation of the University of Cambridge on the Auspicious Marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Augusta, Princess of Saxe-Gotha." In the same year he sent out proposals for printing the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost," in Greek, and having accomplished the task of translation, went no further with the project.

By the resignation in 1738 of the Rev. Edmund Lodge, the head mastership of the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle became vacant. It had been filled before Lodge's time by two eminent scholars—Thomas Rudd, antiquary and grammarian, sometime Librarian of the College of Durham, and James Jurin, who afterwards took a doctor's degree in physic, and became President of the Royal College of Physicians and Secretary of the Royal Society. The Corporation, desirous that the post should again be occupied by a great scholar, selected Mr. Dawes. On the 10th of July, 1738, he was installed in his office, and on the 9th of October following received the concurrent appointment of Master of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, in the old buildings belonging to which hospital the school was held.

For some time after he settled in Newcastle no mention

of him occurs. He was busy with a great literary enterprise, preparing to appear "in the eyes of every genuine scholar in a new and splendid character, touching with talismanic hand the obscurities and inaccuracies which perplexed the poetry of antient Greece and Rome, and converting them into their primitive forms and beauty." In 1745 the result of his labour appeared. It was a book of emendatory criticism, entitled "Miscellanea Critica." The publication of this elaborate work stamped the author as one of the most learned men of his time. Critics at home and abroad lavished encomiums upon it; between 1745 and 1827 no fewer than five editions of the book were published, Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, and Thomas Kidd being the successive editors and annotators. The fourth edition is a portly volume of over seven hundred pages, and the fifth is enriched by enlarged prefaces and new reasonings and illustrations. Mr. Hodgson expresses regret that the work has never been rendered into English, and asks if there is no one to be found with leisure and ability to translate it, "and thereby give to minds that travel slowly through the literature of Greece and Rome, accompanied as they go with grammarians and lexicographers for their guides, some opportunity of beholding and enjoying the beauties of that rich and ever-varying scenery which charm the fleet and wing-footed sons of Hermes in their aerial excursions over the gardens of antient Hellenic and Roman poetry."

While this magnificent work was preparing for the press, Mr. Dawes displayed an infirmity of temper which soon placed him in a position of antagonism to his patrons, the Corporation of Newcastle. He neglected his school; the patrons found fault with him, and he treated them with contempt and ridicule. One of his methods of displaying his resentment was amusing. He taught his scholars to translate the Greek word for "Ass" into "Alderman"—"a practice which habit rendered so inveterate that some of his pupils inadvertently used the same expression with very ludicrous effect in their public college exercises." As the quarrel deepened, Mr. Dawes became more bitterly satirical. From April 5 to May 31, 1746, the *Newcastle Courant* contained an announcement of the intended publication of "Extracts from a MS. pamphlet intituled 'The Tittle-Tattle Mongers, No. I.,'" and in the following year the "Extracts" issued from the press of John White. This publication was a scathing satire upon the leading men of the town from whom Mr. Dawes had received real or fancied slights. Newcastle is nicknamed "Logopoion," the town of tittle-tattle—"a Logopoion, a log o' wood, a sow, and an ass" being, as the author explains, "tantamount contemptuous expressions" imposed upon the genii of the town and country "by one Philhomerus, purely in contempt and abuse of them." Dr. Adam Askew, the eminent physician, is lashed under the names of "Polypragmon" and "Fungus," while Akenside, the poet, who had been one of Mr. Dawes's pupils, is held up to derision for his "blushing

diffidence" in "such a cobweb as 'The Pleasures of Imagination!'" The pamphlet contained an advertisement of an intended No. II., in which would appear "Professor Fungus's Lecture on Prudence, *alias* Scoundrelism," and, soon after that, No. III., "consisting of characters of some of the *Gentlemen* of the Corporation of Logopolion, *alias* the Vengeful Brotherhood, or Fungus Clan." To Dawes is attributed also an anonymous poem entitled "The Origin of the Newcastle Burr," in which the writer makes it appear that Newcastle had been conquered of old by Beelzebub, who

took most special care
(As Grand Confessor to the Fair)
To mend their Breed, and fill the Place
With sucking Fiends of his own Race;
While all the Sins that he could muster,
A pretty decent hellish cluster;
(Gaming and Drinking led the Van,
Those two grand Enemies to Man)
Made 'em just what Old Nick could wish,
Fit Gudgeons for his Worship's Dish.

But Heav'n in Vengeance for their crimes
Decreed,—That, in all future Times
They should be branded by a Mark
By which you know 'em in the Dark;
For in their Throat a Burr is plac'd
By which this blessed Crew is trac'd;
And which, when they would speak, betrays
A gutt'ral Noise, like Crows and Jays;
Or somewhat like a croaking Frog,
Or Punch in Puppet-Show, or Hog;
A rattling, Ear-tormenting Yell,
Much us'd 'mong low-liv'd Fiends in Hell.

There is much more of the same sort, coarse and vituperative to the last degree. Newcastle people were at a loss to understand the reason for such bitter and persistent invective. At length they attributed Mr. Dawes's diatribes to some morbid delusion, and, regarding him with a sort of contemptuous pity, received his effusions in silence. In the meantime the Grammar School suffered, and his position with the Corporation became intolerable. On the 22nd September, 1746, he made a proposal to resign, which the Corporation willingly accepted, offering him an annuity of £80 a-year for life, upon condition that he would give up also the mastership of the hospital. To that course he would not consent, and the negotiations for his retirement dragged on till January, 1749, when he agreed to take the annuity, supplemented by a fine on all renewals of hospital property. In September following an agreement was formally signed and sealed, and he resigned both his offices. These were soon afterwards conferred upon the Rev. Hugh Moises, who, as is well known, raised the Grammar School to its highest point of fame and prosperity.

Mr. Dawes retired to a house on the banks of the Tyne at Heworth Shore, where he passed the remainder of his days. He amused himself with rowing, made friends with a local blacksmith and weaver, and gave his eccentricities full play. Mr. Hodgson, who was incumbent of Heworth for some years, heard much of his doings from old parishioners. He describes him as of a strong bodily frame, tall and corpulent; his hair thick, flowing, and

snowy white. The children of the neighbourhood used to run after him, calling out "White head! White head!" or, when they passed him, crossed their noses with finger and thumb—a dirty trick which he abhorred—but, after he had expressed his anger by shaking his stick at them, he would throw coppers among them and enjoy the scramble. On the 21st March, 1766, he expired, and was buried in Heworth Churchyard. A country mason who respected him erected a headstone to his memory, upon which, beneath figures of a trumpet, a sword, and a scythe, he cut this illiterate inscription:—"In memory of Richard Dawes, latehead master of the grammar school of Newcastle, who died the 21st of March, 1766, aged 57." Mr. Hodgson added a solid block of basalt placed lengthwise on the grave; and, later, he set on foot a subscription which enabled him to erect within the church a marble monument.

Henry Dawson,

THE FIRST M.P. FOR THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

Among those who adhered to the side of the Parliament, and directed Puritan movements during the Civil War, three members of the local family of Dawson—Henry, William, and George—were conspicuous. Along with John Blakiston, Robert Bewicke, Leonard Carr, and others, they helped to win over large numbers of their fellow-citizens to their side, and when the hour of victory came they shared the honours which the victors had to bestow. Each of the three was in turn elected Mayor of Newcastle; one of them obtained the higher honour of being sent to Parliament.

Henry and George Dawson were brothers; the relationship of William Dawson to them and to others of the name in Newcastle has not been traced. The brothers were merchants, and before the troubles began carried on business in Newcastle of the usual diversified character. Their names appear in the Household Book of Lord William Howard as supplying articles of domestic use to the family at Naworth, and in the Newcastle Municipal Accounts as receiving payment for wine used at Corporate festivities.

At an early stage of the agitation in Scotland, Henry Dawson was reported to the Secretary of State by Alexander Davison and others as a participator in the plots and confederacies of the "ill-affected" party in Newcastle. In a letter written by Secretary Windebank, February 2nd, 1638-39, to the informers, orders are given to have speedy course taken for preventing "clandestine meetings at undue hours, at Henrie Dawson's house, under pretext of devotion."

Soon after the storming of the town in 1644, when the dominant party rewarded their adherents by appointments of honour and confidence, they made Henry Dawson an alderman, while they elected his friend, John Blakiston, an M.P. and Mayor. This double appoint-

ment was found to work badly, and as Blakiston could not be spared from Parliament, the House of Commons passed a resolution appointing Dawson to be his deputy in the mayoralty, and the House of Lords, being consulted, sanctioned the appointment. The arrangement continued till the end of the municipal year (Michaelmas, 1646), when both of them were relieved from the trammels of office. They were followed by a mayor of the same political colour, Thomas Ledgard, under whose auspices a petition, to which two of the Dawsons were signatories, was sent to Parliament, supporting the army, and asking that "full and exemplary justice be done upon the great incendiaries of the kingdom," meaning, of course, the king and his adherents. Another influential Puritan succeeded, Alderman Thomas Bonner, and then came the turn of the Dawsons. William Dawson was made Mayor at Michaelmas, 1649; when he went out of office, George Dawson was elected, and after an intervening year, with Bonner again in the chair, Henry Dawson took the post of honour.

By this time the fortunes of the Dawsons had risen. William and Henry had improved their position by successful trading; George had been made a collector of customs, and a free hostman. The mayoralty of William was honoured by a visit from Oliver Cromwell; the mayoralty of Henry was distinguished by a summons to Parliament. On the 20th April, 1653, Cromwell, exercising the functions of sovereignty, broke up the House of Commons, and on the 6th June he issued his mandate to Praise God Barebones, and about 150 others upon whose fidelity he could rely, to assemble as a Parliament, representing certain selected places. Henry Dawson was one of the persons to whom this mandate was addressed, and the county of Durham, which under its spiritual lords had never achieved the privilege of direct representation in the House of Commons, was the place to be favoured by his membership. He left Newcastle in due course to obey the summons, leaving his brother George deputy mayor during his absence. But to Newcastle he never returned. Within a month of the meeting of the Barebones Parliament at Whitehall he was dead and buried.

For more than two hundred years the identity of the first member for the county palatine was shrouded in obscurity. In some of the lists his name was printed Dawson, in others Davison; no local historian knew who he was, whence he came, or whither he had gone. But in 1866 a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* discovered in the church of St. Mary Abbot, at Kensington, a monument which solved the mystery, and showed that the Mayor of Newcastle whose death register could not be found in any of the parish churches, and the M.P. for Durham whose identity could not be traced in the Parliamentary rolls, were one and the same person. Thus reads the monument, which has been kindly

drawn by Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Munton Jackson, late of the 81st Regiment:—



Near this Piller lieth ye Body of Henry Dawson, Esqre., Alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who was twice Mayor of the said Towne, and a member of this present Parliament, who departed this life August ye 10th, 1653.

On the eve of his departure to obey Cromwell's summons, Henry Dawson made his will. Being childless, he adopted the eldest daughter of his brother George as his own; being an earnest Puritan, he remembered his friends Ambrose Barnes (the alderman), and William Durant and Cuthbert Sydenham, well-known preachers in Newcastle. A copy of the will, transcribed for this biographical sketch, adds a useful sheaf to the harvest of Tyneside history.

I, Henry Dawson, of the Towne and County of Newcastle-vppon-Tyne, Merchant and Alderman, Considering my owne Mortality, and how Convenient it is for mee Now in my health of Body and mind to settle and dispose of my Estate, to avoyd the Discord and Variance that might otherwise [arise] amongst friends and kindred after my Departure this life, doe make and constitute this my last Will and Testament as followeth, vizt. My Will is that my Body bee buried in a decent and comely manner, without any great Solemnity, or calling together many people, only friends and Godly Acquaintance. And my mynd and will is that there bee no expences in Wines or Sweetmeats, etc., as is and hath been the usuall custome and manner of this place. But, instead thereof, I will and command that twenty pounds of good and Lawfull money of England bee given and paid to the Godly poore of this place, and elsewhere, to be disposed of at the discretion of my wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Dawson, where shee shall see most cause of need, and most fitting, and not otherwise. Alsoe I give and bequeath vnto my only Brother, Mr. George Dawson, Merchant and Alderman, and to his wife my sister Mrs. Katherine Dawson, and to Robert Dawson and Mary Dawson, sonne and daughter to my brother, Mr. George Dawson, to each of them Twenty-two shillings peece for a token. Alsoe I give and bequeath vnto my half-brother, Mr. Thomas Crome, junior, Mr. Cuthbert Sydenham, to Mr. William Duerante, Mr. Thomas Errington, Merchant, to each of them, one Twenty-two shillings peece of gold for a Token. Alsoe I give Mr. Sidrah Simpson [father-in-law of Cuthbert Sydenham, and one of the Assembly of Divines in 1643] Pastor of a Church of Christ in London, whereof I am, though unworthy, a member, and vnto Mr. John Stone, of London, my deere

friend and brother in Gospell followeth [fellowship?], and to my deere friend Ambrose Barnes, of Newcastle, to each of them, Twenty-two shillings peece of gold for a Token. Alsoe I give and bequeath vnto Anne Dawson, Daughter to my Brother, Mr. George Dawson, who now lives with mee, and I looke vpon her as my owne, and soe takes care for her future comfort and being, psuading my selfe and desiring her ffather will reckon and account of her as one of his children, and according provide a Portion, shee being his eldest child, and take as much care for her in regard of her weakness and infirmities as hee doth for any the rest of his children, Three hundred poundes of good and lawfull money of England, to bee paid to her when she comes to the Age of Eighteen years, or at the day of her marriage, whether shall first fall out. In the meane tyme to bee brought vpp, educated, and maintained by my witnesses [sic.] Elizabeth Dawson, if the said Anne Dawson doe like, or be pleased therewith, or so long as shee is willing. [Provision for payment of £20 a year for education elsewhere if Anne so elect. If she die before the age of 18 or marriage, the money to go to her brother and sister or the survivor; if they both die, £200 to testator's widow and £100 to his brother George; if George also die, the whole to widow, who shall give £50 to Thomas Crome, junior.] Alsoe I give and bequeath vnto my cozen, Mr. Ralph Jenison, Marchant, one Twenty-two shillings for a Token. Also I give and bequeath vnto Anne Dawson aforesaid, one paire of Virgenalls with the frame they stand vpon. [Illegible clauses follow.] The residue of all my Goods, Debts and Chatties, my Debts, wch are very few at present, Legacies and funeral expences (wch once again I give a charge my mind aforesaid bee observed therein) being paid, I give and bequeath vnto my deerely beloved wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Dawson, whom I make sole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament. And I make and doe desire my Brother, Mr. George Dawson, and my Cozen, Mr. Raphe Jenison, to bee Overseers of this my will. In witness and testimony whereof I have hereto sett my hand and Seale, this Twenty-one Day of June, in the yeare Anno Dni, 1653. HEN. DAWSON.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be my last will and Testam. in the presence of vs, vizt., Henry Bowes, Thomas Milbourne, Richard Walker.

About George Dawson, the brother, much may be read in Ralph Gardiner's "England's Grievance Discovered," and in Longstaffe's Appendix to the "Life of Ambrose Barnes." He survived till long after the Restoration, died, as he had lived, a Puritan, and on the 1st of May, 1674, was buried in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle.

William Dickson,

ANTIQUARY.

An accomplished antiquary, a man of many avocations, occupying a high position in the public life of the county of Northumberland for forty years, was William Dickson, who died at Alnwick on the 14th of May, 1875, in the 76th year of his age.

Mr. Dickson was born at Berwick-on-Tweed, on the 6th of April, 1799, the eldest son of Patrick Dickson, of Whitecross and Spittal Hall, and grandson of Patrick Dickson, of Howlawrig, secretary to the Earl of Marchmont. Being intended for the profession of the law, he was articled to a local solicitor, and on the 7th of June, 1825, he married Sarah, daughter of Robert Thorpe, of Alnwick, Clerk of the Peace for the county of Northumberland, and a member of the clerical family of Thorpe, rectors of Ryton, and archdeacons of

Northumberland and of Durham. In 1831 he received his first public appointment, that of clerk to the magistrates of the Eastern and Northern Division of Coquetdale Ward, and in 1843 he succeeded his father-in-law (whose partner he had become) as Clerk of the Peace. In the course of his long and useful career he filled many public offices. He was, for example, clerk to the County Rate Basis Committee and Pauper Lunatic Asylum Committee; clerk to the Alnwick Improvement Commission till the formation of a Local Board of Health in that town, when he became chairman of the Board; chairman of the Alnwick Board of Guardians, and Gas Company, and a Justice of the Peace for Berwickshire.



Mr. William Dickson,
Clerk of the Peace.

When the Northumberland and Durham District Bank closed its doors, he founded the Alnwick and County Bank, a speculation that proved successful to himself and his partners and became a great convenience to the neighbourhood.

Mr. Dickson's literary and antiquarian tastes found expression as early as 1833, when he published under the authority of the Northumberland magistrates, a quarto volume of 104 pages, entitled,

The Wards, Divisions, Parishes, and Townships of Northumberland, according to the Ancient and Modern Divisions, Shewing the Annual Value and Population of each Parish and Township maintaining its own Poor, from the Returns of 1831; also the Places for which Surveyors of Highways and Constables are appointed respectively, and by whom appointed; Compiled from the Records and other authentic sources. Alnwick: Mark Smith.

This elaborate work superseded the old index of the county published by Graham, of Alnwick, in 1817, and formed a useful companion to Fryer's Map Index of 1822, in cases where the customary spelling and exact locality

of Northumbrian villages, townships, and hamlets were in question. Three years later he contributed to the old series of the "*Archæologia Æliana*," a series of "Bills of Cravings of the Sheriff of Northumberland for 1715, of expenses incurred by him relative to the Rebellion of that year"; a translation of "Chronicles of the Monastery of Alnewicke, out of a certain Book of Chronicles in the Library of King's College, Cambridge, of the Gift of King Henry the 6th, the Founder"; a table of "Contents of the Chartulary of Hulme Abbey"; and a "Notice relative to the Hospital of St. Leonard in the Parish of Alnwick." In 1846 he wrote for Davison, the Alnwick publisher, an illustrated "Description of Alnwick Castle, for the Use of Visitors." This little book, with its vignette by Bewick, and a beautiful cut of the Percy Arms from the same graver, was published anonymously, and its authorship would probably not have been known but for the fact that in the author's own copy of it, now possessed by the present writer, appears his well-known autograph "William Dickson, Alnwick, June, 1846," and below, in the same writing, the words "Prepared by W. D. for William Davison." When her Majesty passed through Northumberland, in August, 1850, to open the Royal Border Bridge at Berwick, and the train was stopped at Bilton to enable the inhabitants at Alnwick to present a loyal address, Mr. Dickson published an interesting record of the proceedings. His next literary effort was "Four Chapters from the History of Alnmouth," a paper prepared for the meeting of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain at Newcastle in 1852, and supplemented some years afterwards by a fifth chapter, relating to the past and present state of Alnmouth Church.

The work by which Mr. Dickson is best known to the antiquary and the scholar is his edition of the Pipe Rolls of Edward the First. Mr. Hodgson had printed in his "History of Northumberland" the Great Roll of the Exchequer from 1130 to 1272—the end of the reign of Henry III.—and Mr. Dickson, taking up the record at that point, carried it down to the twelfth year of the first Edward, in the hope that the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries might continue the work. Other writings of his appear in the Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club. Among them may be cited his address as President of the Club, when holding its annual meeting at Alnmouth in 1857, and the following papers:—

Notices of a Chantry in the Parochial Chapelry of Alnwick, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. (Published separately. London: 1852.)

Notes on the Marsh Samphire.

On Rothbury and its Saxon Cross.

On a Roman Altar found at Gloster Hill, in the Parish of Warkworth.

Notes on Etal.

Notes to Correct Errors as to the Manors of Bamburgh and Blanchland.

In the new series of the "*Archæologia Æliana*," vol. i., is a further contribution from his pen relative to the

Hospital of St. Leonard at Alnwick; and scattered through local newspapers are many historical notes and observations of his, written as occasion served, or circumstances demanded. At the time of his death he was a Fellow of the London Society of Antiquaries, member of the Newcastle Society of the same name, the Surtees Society, the Natural History Society of Northumberland and Durham, the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, the Grampian Club, and the Glasgow Society of Field Naturalists.

Robert Doubleday,

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN.

Thomas Doubleday, poet, author, political economist, and Radical reformer, has already formed the subject of an illustrated sketch in these columns. It is not proposed to revive that attractive theme, except to point out that, gifted as he was beyond the majority of Northumbrian worthies, he was not the only man of mark in the family whose name he bore. He came of a sturdy, hard-headed race, and was a thorough representative of its finest and noblest characteristics; but there were others of his name who exhibited remarkable qualities, and stood out among their fellows staunch, strong, and true.

Tate, the historian of Alnwick, describes how the fine estate of the Brandlings in that town, "The Abbey," fell into the hands of the mortgagee, John Doubleday, of Jarrow (from whose brother, Humphrey, our poet and author descended), and how he, dying in 1751, at the age of 90, left it to his son, Michael. This Michael Doubleday, the historian tells us, was a majestic man, above six feet in height, and massive in proportion. Like his father, he was a Quaker, and adopted the Quaker costume and modes of speech. Eccentric he was, too. Sometimes laying aside his broad brim, he crowned himself with a bright red cap, the top of which hung down behind his head; and as he strode through the streets, grasping by the middle a silver-headed pole as high as himself, he was an object of wonder and admiration to the juvenile population. When visiting the Duke of Northumberland on some business matter, he went into his grace's presence with his hat on his head. The lacquey in attendance, horrified at this presumption, took off the broad brim, and put it aside. Business over, Mr. Doubleday retired, and bare-headed left the castle; but, a little while after, the duke discovered the hat, and, becoming aware of the servant's officiousness, hurriedly exclaimed to him, "Run, run with Mr. Doubleday's hat and place it on his head, or it may be the dearest that ever entered the castle." When this strong-minded representative of the family died, he bequeathed to three grand-nephews, whom he had never seen, £10,000 each, in recognition of a service which had been rendered to him by their father, Middleton Hewitson.

But it is of another member of the family, Robert Doubleday, uncle of the poet-politician, that the present brief article is intended to treat. This public-spirited citizen was born in 1753, the eldest son of a wholesale grocer in a large way of business in Newcastle, whose shop, situated at the Head of the Side, is said to have been the first in the town to be fitted with glazed windows. Mackenzie, in one of those useful notes to his "History of Newcastle" which form a happy hunting ground for local biographers, states that, like his relatives at Jarrow and Alnwick, he was brought up in the principles of the Society of Friends, to which community his parents belonged. At school he made "considerable proficiency in the classics and acquired a taste for poetic composition," and as he grew up "the attentive study of morals and metaphysics imparted



to the Lying-in Hospital and the Fever Hospital. His name appears among the members of the first Committee of Management of the Royal Jubilee School, and at the second annual meeting of the institution, over which he presided, he was elected, with Mr. James Loah, one of its vice-presidents. He was also one of the founders and directors of the Newcastle Savings Bank. But the institution with which his name was most closely identified was the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society. At the meeting held in the Groat Market Assembly Rooms on the 24th January, 1793, at which the expediency of forming such a society was affirmed, he was one of a committee of fifteen appointed to formulate rules for the guidance of the members, and as soon as the institution was fairly organised he was appointed to act with the Rev. William Turner, the founder, as joint secretary. Shortly afterwards he was elected one of the vice-presidents, and in that capacity presided for twenty-six years as chairman of the monthly meetings of the society.

Mr. Doubleday lived for many years in the Bigg Market, but sometime previous to his decease he removed to Gateshead Fell, where he died on the 11th January, 1823, in the 70th year of his age. In the annual report of the Literary and Philosophical Society for that year is a glowing tribute to his character and accomplishments.

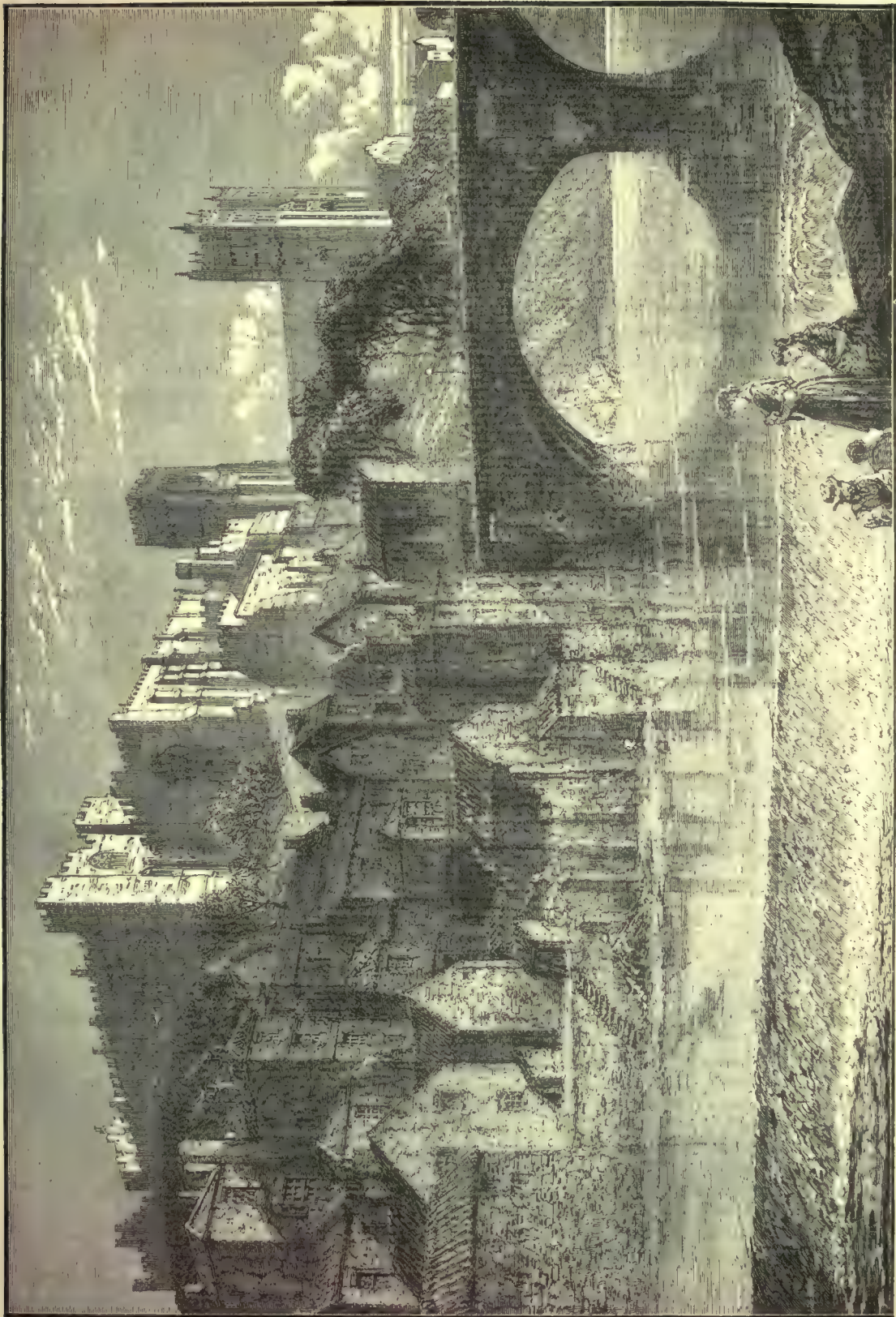
The City of Durham.

RICHARD CAVENDISH, writing in the early years of Queen Elizabeth, describes Durham as "a city whilom fine and fair, none like her in this land." And he was right. It would scarcely be possible to find, throughout the length and breadth of England, a position of greater natural beauty and strength. The story of the origin of Durham has been told in our paper on the Cathedral, and the way in which the city was fortified by Flambard and succeeding bishops has been related in our paper on the Castle. Durham was a walled city as early as the end of the tenth century. The wooden palisades, which, no doubt, constituted the first walls, gave place in time to structures of stone. These remained until the necessity for their existence had passed away. But in the early part of the seventeenth century the walls existed in a comparatively perfect state. Speed's map, which belongs to about the year 1610, shows them encircling the Cathedral, the Castle, and the principal parts of the city. As every one is aware who has observed the contour of the ground which Durham occupies, the most important parts of the city, including the Cathedral and the Castle, are built on a hill, the sides of which are everywhere steep, and in many places almost precipitous. This hill

to him a mental perspicuity and a logical acuteness of intellect" which gave him a preponderating influence among his fellow-townsmen. His political and literary views were broad and liberal, yet "his unassuming manners, gentle disposition, and cheerful temper caused his friendship to be generally courted." Being a practical philanthropist, he promoted the formation of several valuable local institutions, nor did he shrink from occupying any office in which he could advance their interests. For forty-six years he was secretary to the Newcastle Dispensary, and acted in the same capacity



VIEW OF THE CITY OF DURHAM, FROM THE RAILWAY.



THE CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL, FROM BELOW FRAMWELLGATE BRIDGE, DURHAM.

is almost encircled by a deep valley, through which winds the river Wear. The ancient walls ran along the crest of the hill from the north-west corner of the Castle buildings, past the west end of the Cathedral, and, enclosing the College and the South and North Baileys, joined the east walls of the Castle at the gateway rebuilt by Bishop Langley. The space thus enclosed constituted what Leland says "alonely may be called the walled town of Duresme." Into this Close access could only be gained through Langley's gateway and by two posterns, one near the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, and the other, called the Water Gate, or the *Porte du Bayle*, at the south end of the Bailey, and at the head of the road which leads down the banks to the Prebends' Bridge.

But the Close was not the only walled part of Durham. From the east or city end of Framwellgate Bridge another wall ran along the river bank northwards, to a point a little beyond St. Nicholas' Church, where it turned eastward, spanned Claypath by an archway called Claypath Gate, and, assuming a southern course, ran forward to the head of Elvet Bridge. By this second wall the Market Place, St. Nicholas' Church, and the neighbouring streets were enclosed, and the narrow neck of land between Elvet and Framwellgate Bridges was protected. Save for this isthmus, "the length of an arrow-shot," the hill of Durham would be an island, and there is a tradition that "of ancient time Wear ran from the place where now Elvet Bridge is, straight down by St. Nicholas', now standing on a hill, and that the other course [which the river now takes], part for policy and part by digging of stones for building of the town and minster, was made a valley, and so the watercourse was conveyed that way." Leland, who records the legend, is careful to tell us that it did not gain his credence, and we must unhesitatingly relegate it to the region of fable.

Durham was formerly entered from the north by the quaint old street known as Framwellgate, a now sadly degenerated thoroughfare. The North Road was formed a little more than fifty years ago. The name of Framwellgate describes, not only a street, but a whole township, or rather a borough, which includes the entire western suburb of the city. In old documents it is styled the Old Borough, *Vetus Burgus*, in distinction from the New Borough of Elvet. From the foot of Framwellgate Street, a short thoroughfare called Millburngate leads to Framwellgate Bridge, a structure which owes its foundation to Bishop Ralph Flambard, who died in 1128. It was, however, rebuilt in the fifteenth century by Bishop Langley, and the north side of the bridge is of this date. From this noble bridge a most charming view may be obtained of the Castle and the Cathedral, with the wooded banks and the river beneath. The bridge itself is best seen from the west bank of the river, a little to the north, and below the weir.

The city side of Framwellgate Bridge was formerly guarded by a gateway, surmounted by a tower, on the

south side of which, and where now a flight of steps leads down to the river bank, there was a postern. The gateway was taken down, in order to widen the road, in the year 1760. From the bridge, Silver Street winds up to the head of the Market Place. This thoroughfare is supposed to have had its name from the mint of the bishops having been established in it. A more probable derivation may be suggested. In former times considerable quantities of plate were made in Durham, and a company of goldsmiths was established before 1532, in which year Bishop Tunstall confirmed their incorporation. There was formerly a picturesque mansion on the north side of Silver Street, which had a pointed wooden porch, on the jambs of which the arms of the Nevilles were carved. The fine old seventeenth century house, once the residence of the renowned Sir John Duck, with its massive oak staircase, but with its front entirely modernized, still remains. It was long used as an inn, and bore the sign of the Black Lion.

The Market Place possesses scarcely a single evidence of antiquity. Great are the changes it has witnessed since the time when the heads of King Duncan's foot-soldiers were mounted upon posts therein. One of its chief features in ancient times was the Toll Booth, which is mentioned, during the time of Bishop Tunstall (1530-1558), as "a work of stone," and was given by that prelate to the citizens. It soon, however, gave place to another structure. Whilst Tunstall was still bishop, we are told by one of the Latin chroniclers of Durham, that "a very beautiful marble cross, which formerly stood in the highest part of the street of Gilligate, in the place called Maid's Arbour, was given to William Wright, of Durham, merchant, on his petition, by Sir Armstrong Scot, lord of Keping, to be erected in the Market Place of Durham. Which, when it was taken down, at its base eight images of stone were discovered, curiously wrought in stone and sumptuously gilded; that is, two at each corner, supporting the aforesaid cross; for the cross was four-square." Thomas Spark, the suffragan Bishop of Berwick, Master of Holy Island, and Keeper and Master of Greatham Hospital, spent £8 in removing and re-erecting the cross, "in the place," says our chronicler, "in which stood the Old Toll Booth." The old cross disappeared long ago. We have not even a record of the period of its removal, but its images probably suffered in the days of the Reformation. It was superseded in 1617 by a market cross, covered with lead, and supported by twelve stone pillars; the whole erected at the cost of Thomas Emerson, of the Black Friars, London, "for the ornament of the city, and the commodity of the people frequenting the market of Durham." Emerson had been steward to the Nevilles of Raby, and on the centre of each arch of his cross he placed the Neville arms. This later cross was taken down in 1780, when an open piazza was erected in front of St. Nicholas' Church. This has also been removed.

Near the old Market Cross was a pant or fountain, which, till within living memory, afforded the principal water supply for the city. In 1450, Thomas Billingham, of Crook Hall, near Durham, granted to the city a spring of water in his manor of Sidgate, with liberty to convey the same by pipes to a reservoir in the Market Place, for the public use, on payment of a rent of 13d. a year. The grant was confirmed by the bishop, who gave permission to break his soil for the construction of aqueducts. At this early period the fountain was designated "The Paunt." In 1729 a new octagonal fountain was erected,

surmounted by a figure of Neptune, the latter the gift of George Bowes. The octagon, "old, unsightly, yet venerable," was removed in 1863, when the present fountain was built, on the summit of which the figure of Neptune may still be seen.

From the north-west corner of the Market Place a flight of steps leads past the site of the city residence of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, to the Back Lane, and so to the river bank. This stairway was once the scene of a memorable flight. In the year 1283, died Bishop Robert de Insula, and, following his death, oc-



SILVER STREET, DURHAM.

curred one of the by no means unfrequent disputes between the Archbishop of York on the one hand, and the Prior and Convent of Durham on the other, as to the right of jurisdiction within the vacant bishopric. The Archbishop came to Durham for the purpose of holding a visitation, but the prior and monks refused him admission to the Cathedral; whereupon he betook himself to the Church of St. Nicholas, where he preached, and was about to pronounce the excommunication of the prior and the whole convent, when the behaviour of the young men of the city assumed a threatening character. The archbishop became alarmed, ran out of the church, and made his escape down the just-mentioned stairway to the river side, and so to the Hospital of Kepier.

From the south-east corner of the Market Place we turn into Fleshergate, which half a century ago was chiefly occupied by shambles. Hutchinson, writing near the end of last century, mentions what he justly calls the "brutal spectacle," then constantly witnessed, of slaughtering animals in the open street. From Fleshergate, which leads down to Elvet Bridge, Sadler Street branches off on our right, at the head whereof, and at the point where stood the great gateway of the Castle, we enter the North Bailey. The whole Bailey, North and South, was within the outer walls of the Castle, and was, says Surtees, "gradually occupied by the houses of military tenants, bound to contribute to the defence of the Castle"; and, he adds, "many of the chief families of the county were anxious to provide for their families and movable wealth a safe asylum in time of war and Scottish inroad." Mickleton states that "all the houses, or the greater part of them, were anciently held of the Bishops of Durham *in capite*, by ward of his Castle, by the tenures or services of finding archers to defend the Castle in times of war; some were held by the service of watching the North Gate in company with the bishop's janitor; some by services and suits at the Castle court, and finding pot-herbs and vegetables for the bishop's kitchen." In 1416, John Killinghall held nine messuages in the Bailey by castleward, viz., by finding one archer for the defence of King's Gate (now Dun Cow Lane) in time of war; and in 1349 one Hugh Wittonstall paid a yearly rent of six shillings to Jordan de Dalden for a tenement in the Bailey, with the further stipulation that he should find house-room and stabling for the said Jordan

and his men, in time of war. Amongst the notable families who, in olden time, had houses in the Bailey were those of Claxton, Hansard, Darcy, Hedworth, and Bowes. A mansion known in the times of Bek and Hatfield as Lightfoot Hall and Sheriff House, belonged to the princely family of De la Pole. Just within the North Gate was a great hostelry or inn, which Surtees conjectures "was probably resorted to by the pilgrims proceeding to the shrine of St. Cuthbert, or on business to the Castle or Convent."

So soon as we enter the Bailey, we find ourselves at the foot of a short street which leads to Palace Green. It was formerly called Owensgate, then Hoovinsgate, and now, by a process of corruption, bears the name of Queen Street. Proceeding forward we reach, opposite the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, a second street on our right, now known as Dun Cow Lane. This was formerly part of a road from the Palace Green, which, crossing the Bailey, passed beneath an archway in the old tower of St. Mary's, and then traversed the churchyard to a postern in the outer walls. Over this road Bishop Neville claimed for himself and his servants a right of way, which Prior Forcer denied. In 1450 the bishop made presentment that one Richard Daniel of Durham, yeoman and *bookbinder*, "with force and arms, with stocks, sewell wood and many other trees," had stopped "the gate within the said steeple" and the way thither. Daniel's answer was that the gate in the steeple and the land before it belonged to the Prior of Durham, whose servant he was, and by whose order he had acted. The bishop soon found evidence of the justice of the prior's claim, and withdrew his plea.



ELVET BRIDGE, DURHAM.

Proceeding along the Bailey, and passing the modest church of St. Mary-the-Less, we soon arrive at the site of the Water Gate. One of the complaints made in 1305 against Bishop Anthony Bek was that he had closed this portal against pilgrims proceeding to and from the shrine of St. Cuthbert. In the agreement by which the suit was terminated it was provided that the Water Gate should only be closed in time of war, when the safety of the Castle necessitated this precaution. In 1449 Bishop Neville gave the famed Robert Rhodes liberty to annex this gate to his adjoining mansion, and to open and close it at his pleasure. The Water Gate remained till about 1780, used only as a foot-road and bridal-way, and closed at night.

From the end of the Bailey a road descends swiftly to the Prebends' Bridge, which was built by the Dean and Chapter in the years 1772 to 1777, in place of a narrow foot-bridge, a little higher up the river, which was washed down by the memorable flood of 1771. From the Prebends' Bridge we gain one of the most delightful views of the west end of the Cathedral, with the wooded banks of the river and the picturesque old Abbey Mill below.

We may now retrace our steps, along the Bailey, towards the Market Place. On reaching the foot of Sadler Street we turn into Fleshergate on our right, which quickly leads down to Elvet Bridge. This interesting and picturesque structure was originally built by Bishop Pudsey. It was extensively repaired in the time of Bishop Fox, who, in 1495, granted an indulgence of forty days to all who should contribute towards the cost of its repair. It was seriously injured by the great flood in 1771, when three of the arches were carried away. These were immediately afterwards rebuilt, and in 1804 and 1805 the bridge was widened to double its original breadth. Whilst the city retained its fortifications Elvet Bridge was guarded by a turret. It was near this turret that the Mayor of Durham awaited the arrival of King James the First, on the eve of Easter Day in the year 1617. On Elvet Bridge, before the Reformation, were two chantry chapels. One of these, dedicated to St. James, was founded at some unknown period by Lewen, a burgess of the city. The second chapel, on the south end of the bridge, was dedicated to St. Andrew, and was founded by William, the son of Absalom, during the time of Bishop Robert de Insula (1274—1283). Of the three bridges of Durham, Elvet is certainly by far the most picturesque. Its many arches, and the quaint old houses by which its south end is surmounted, make it a favourite subject with the artist. It deserves to be mentioned that, before the year 1400, shops and houses existed on both ends of the bridge, and that one of the buildings which still remain at the south end occupies the site of the chapel of St. Andrew.

Having crossed the bridge, we are within the ancient borough of Elvet. From an early period the barony of

Elvet belonged to the Convent of Durham. The borough, which is not co-extensive with the barony, but of more limited territory, was created prior to the time of Bishop Pudsey. That prelate granted a charter to the monks, confirming to them their rights within the borough of Elvethalgh. Following this comes a charter from Prior Bertram, who describes the privileges of the inhabitants. "Our burgesses inhabiting our New Borough of Elvethalgh . . . shall peaceably and justly enjoy their hereditary lands within the borough, paying our reserved rent in equal moieties at the two feasts of St. Cuthbert, in Lent and in September: the burgesses shall grind at our manor-mill, paying the eighteenth part [of the corn] as multure: and if we shall hereafter, by the grace and favour of our Lord Bishop, obtain a market-place or market in our borough, we reserve to ourselves all the rights pertaining to the same."

From the foot of Elvet Bridge, the aristocratic street called Old Elvet stretches before us towards the racecourse, and towards the pleasant paths that lead up to the high grounds of the Maiden Bower. Resisting the manifold attractions of this inviting road, we turn on our right into the plebeian street of New Elvet. After going a little way, and noticing the quaint aspect of some of the houses, including an extremely picturesque old inn—the Cock—we come to the point at which the road divides, the branch on our left being the high road to Stockton, and that on our right the great South road, the highway to Darlington and wherever you will beyond. The Stockton road begins with the name of Hallgarth Street, a name derived from the site of the Prior's Hall. The road to Darlington commences under the name of Church Street, a designation acquired from its proximity to the Church of St. Oswald. From Church Street a public pathway leads across the churchyard to the river banks. This is the route which any one wishful to make a pleasant perambulation of the suburbs of Durham would do well to take. After leaving the churchyard, we pass two fields, the first of which is called the Anchorage Close, a name which preserves the memory of some otherwise totally forgotten recluse. The next field is the Palmer's Close, wherein, so tradition says, it was in ancient time the practice of pilgrims or palmers who came to the shrine of St. Cuthbert to leave their horses grazing, whilst themselves went forward to the goal of their devotions. A little further we reach a tiny rivulet which forms the boundary between the parishes of St. Oswald and St. Margaret. As the little stream comes babbling and splashing down its rocky bed towards the great river wherein it is lost, it forms by no means the least beautiful amongst the many charming sights which render the sylvan shaded banks of the Wear at Durham a never-failing scene of pleasure and delight to those who frequent them. Surtees describes this "slender streamlet" pursuing its way "thro' a fine yawning ravine of shelving rock, shaggy with moss and lichens and twisted roots, and often

in winter glittering like a fairy palace with the long fantastic icicles formed by the frozen waters of the little torrent." The present writer has verified the truth of this description within recent years, when, too, every branch and twig of the overhanging trees was covered with frozen crystals, glittering like myriads of diamonds in the cold clear sunshine.

Continuing on our way, and passing the end of the Prebends' Bridge, the path begins rapidly to ascend, and we emerge into South Street, from whence we have one of the finest views of the Castle and Cathedral which can possibly be obtained. The late Canon Ornsby described this view as "unequalled in dignity and grandeur." Descending South Street, we pass the church of St. Margaret on our left, and immediately reach the foot of Crossgate. A few yards further, and we are once more at Framwellgate Bridge.

Once again let us wend our way to the Market Place. From the north-east corner we enter the street called Claypath, or, as in ancient documents, Clayport. Near the further corner of the church the roadway was formerly spanned by the Claypath Gate, "a weak, single arch of common stone and rubble," taken down in 1791. Claypath continues to near the summit of the first hill, and here the name of the road becomes Giles-gate, or, as the old people will have it, Gilligate. At the same point stood formerly a leaden cross, which is mentioned as early as 1454. Here, too, we leave the parish of St. Nicholas and enter the parish and borough of St. Giles. The street, under its changed name, stretches forward to the junction of the Sunderland and Sherburn roads. The junction is the site of the Maid's Arbour, whence came the fair cross which once adorned the Market Place, and here also, in bygone times, the traveller, leaving the city, entered on the green expanse of Gilligate Moor, formerly the well-known muster-ground of local militiamen and volunteers. The old account books of more than one neighbouring parish record the cost of carrying "the town's armour to Gilligate Moor."

In this rambling survey of Durham we have not travelled beyond the city and its immediate suburbs. Let it not be supposed that its more distant and rural surroundings lack interest. Many are the delightful field-paths and lanes and bye-ways round Durham. They lead, through scenes that charm every true lover of nature, to sites rich in historic associations and in the romance and mystery of bygone centuries. Such sites include Old Durham and Maiden Castle, Kepier and Finchale, Neville's Cross and Bearpark, Sherburn and Brancepeth. I have only space to mention these favourite resorts. The reader who will take the trouble to learn their history and legends, and will then make such pilgrimages to them as he has opportunity to accomplish, will, I am sure, be amply repaid.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Cutty Soams.



PROBABLE the most dismal place in the universal world is the "goaf," the sooty, cavernous void left in a coal mine after the removal of the coal. The actual terrors of this gloomy cavity, with its sinking, cracked roof and upheaving or "creeping" floor, huge fragments of shale or "following stone" overhead, quivering ready to fall, and "blind passages that lead to nothing" and nowhere, save death to the hapless being who chances to stray into them in the dark and loses his way, as in the Catacombs. These terrors formerly had superadded to them others of a yet more appalling nature, in the shape of grim goblins that haunted the wastes deserted by busy men, and either lured the unwary wanderer into them to certain destruction, or issued from them to play mischievous pranks in the workings, tampering with the brattices so as to divert or stop the air-currents, hiding the men's gear, blunting the hewers' picks, frightening the putters with dismal groans and growls, exhibiting deceptive blue lights, and every now and then choking scores of men and boys with deadly gases.

One of the spectres of the mine—now, like all his brethren, only a traditionary as well as a shadowy being—used to be known by the name of Cutty Soams. Belonging, of course, to the genus boggle, he partook of the special nature of the brownie. His disposition was purely mischievous, yet he condescended sometimes to do good in an indirect way. Thus he would occasionally pounce upon and thrash soundly some unpopular overman or deputy-viewer, and would often gratify his petty malignity at the expense of shabby owners, causing them vexatious outlay for which there would otherwise have been no need; but his special business and delight was to cut the ropes, or "soams," by which the poor little assistant putters (sometimes girls) used then to be yoked to the wooden trams for drawing the corves of coal from the face of the workings out to the cranes. It was no uncommon thing in the mornings, when the men went down to work, for them to find that Cutty Soams had been busy during the night, and that every pair of rope traces in the colliery had been cut to pieces. But no one ever, by any chance, saw the foul fiend. By many he was supposed to be the ghost of some of the poor fellows who had been killed in the pit at one time or other, and who came to warn his old marrows of some misfortune that was going to happen, so that they might put on their clothes and go home. Pits were laid idle many a day in the olden times through this cause alone. Cool-headed sceptics, who maintained that the cutting of the soams, instead of being the work of an evil spirit whom nobody had ever seen or could see, was that of some designing scoundrel.

As these mysterious soam-cuttings, at a particular pit

in Northumberland, in the neighbourhood of Callington, never occurred when the men were on the day shift, suspicion fell on one of the deputies, named Nelson, whose turn to be on the night shift it always happened to be when there was any prank played of the kind. It was his duty to visit the cranes before the lads went down, and see that all things were in proper order, and it was he who usually made the discovery that the ropes had been cut. Having been openly accused of the deed by another man, his rival for the hand of a daughter of the overman of the pit, Nelson, it would appear, resolved to compass his competitor's death by secretly cutting, all but a single strand, the rope by which his intended victim was about to descend to the bottom. Owing to some cause or other the person whose destruction was thus designed was not the first to go down the pit that morning, but other two men, the under viewer and overman, went first. The consequence was that the rope broke with their weight the moment they swung themselves upon it, and they were precipitated down the shaft and dashed to pieces.

As a climax to this horrid catastrophe, the pit fired a few days afterwards, and tradition has it that Nelson was killed by the after-damp. Cutty Soams Colliery, as it had come to be nicknamed, never worked another day. To be sure, it was well-nigh exhausted of workable coal; but whether that had been so or not, not a man could have been induced to enter it, or wield a pick in it, owing to its evil repute.

So the owners, to make the best of a bad job, engaged some hardy fellows to bring the rails, trams, rolleys, and other valuable plant out of the doomed pit, a task which occupied them several weeks, and then its mouth was filled up. The men removed to other collieries, and the deserted pit row soon fell into ruins. Even the bare walls have long since disappeared. There is nothing left now to mark the site of the village, if we may believe our authority, Mr. W. P. Shield, "but a huge heap of rubbish overgrown with rank weeds and fern bushes."

As for old Cutty Soams, he now finds no one to believe in his ever having existed, far less in his still existing or haunting any pit from Scremerston to West Auckland.

The Quayside, Newcastle.

AMONGST the pictures in the Bewick Club Exhibition this year was Mr. Frank Wood's portrayal of the commercial bustle of Newcastle. The Quayside is everywhere regarded as the very heart of the business life of the city, and the artist has succeeded in giving a most accurate representation of the scene, besides introducing as much pictorial effect as possible. The Tyne, it must be remembered, is not always smoky and murky, and Mr. Wood has chosen its aspect upon a bright summer day. Taking his stand-

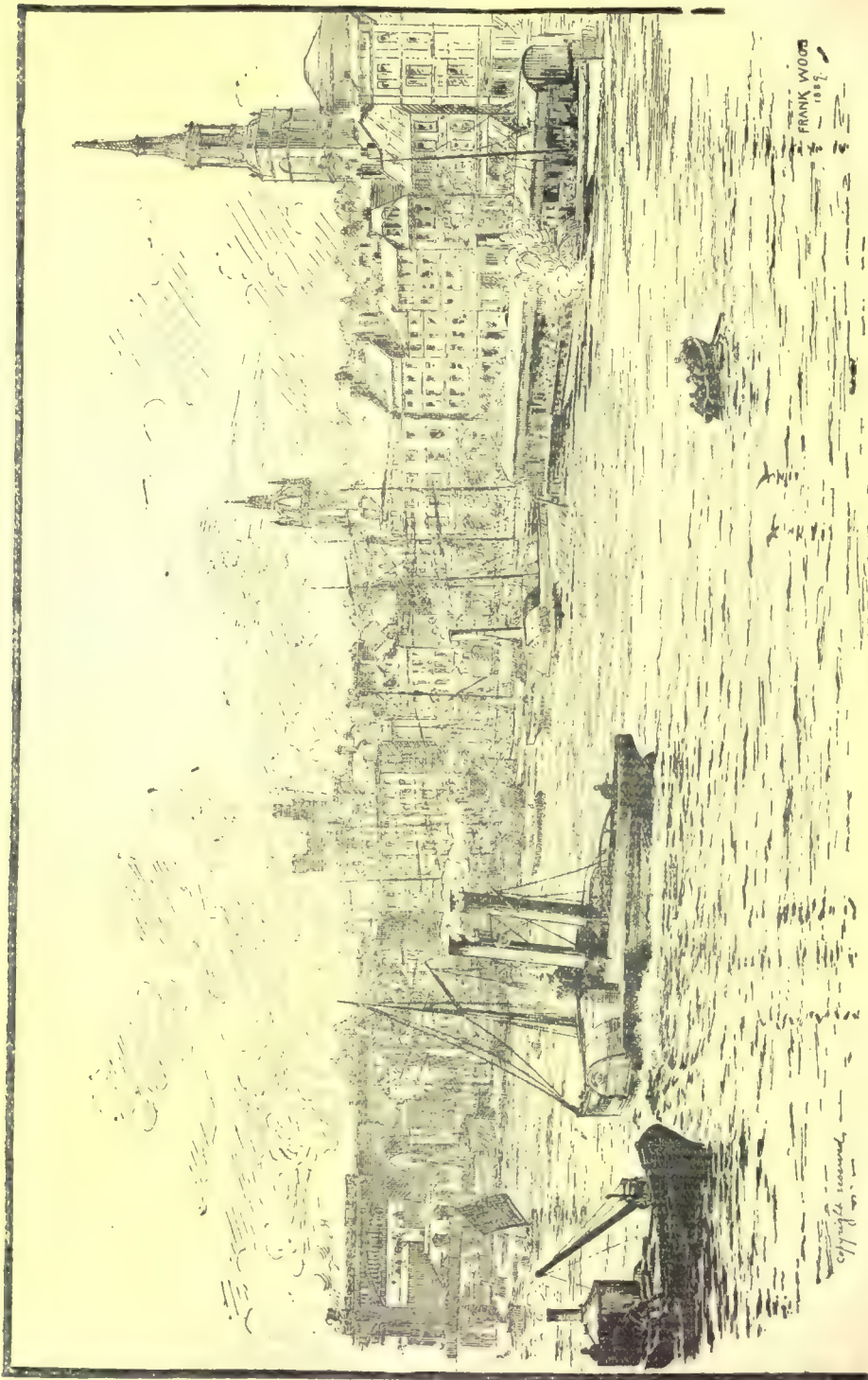
point at Hillgate Wharf, on the Gateshead side of the river, he has faithfully delineated all the objects of interest within the space at his command. The steam wherry has taken the place of the old keel, and steaming towards the Swing Bridge a modern tug is seen. Pleasure-seekers, probably bound for Norway, are crowding on to a tender lying at the ferry-landing, and the masts of vessels of various builds tower up before the windows of the mercantile houses that line the thoroughfare, while behind rise the spire of All Saints', the lantern tower of St. Nicholas', and the grim walls of the Old Castle. The High Level Bridge, with a passing train, completes the picture. With so many prosaic details, the artist has endeavoured to realise a very difficult subject, and it must be said that he is rewarded by the result of his labours. Mr. Wood is assistant master of the Newcastle School of Art, now associated with the Durham College of Science.

The Elopement of John Scott and Bessie Surtees.

MR. WILSON HEPPLÉ showed at the late Bewick Club Exhibition in Newcastle a large oil painting, in which he undertook to represent on canvas one of the most romantic incidents connected with the history of Newcastle—the elopement of John Scott and Bessie Surtees.

Full details of the affair are recorded in the *Monthly Chronicle* for June, 1838; but it may be briefly explained that Bessie Surtees was the daughter of Aubone Surtees, banker, Sandhill, Newcastle, and that John Scott was the son of William Scott, a respectable merchant and coalfitter, also of Newcastle. The young pair had become acquainted at Sedgfield, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship and love. Thus we arrive at that stage when the fair heroine, "in a moment of terrible indiscretion," as one of the historians of Newcastle puts it, consented to leave her father's house and join her fortunes with those of the merchant's son. For a while the young couple had a hard struggle; but John Scott in no long time carved out his own fortunes. At first he studied for the Church, but his marriage debarred him from taking holy orders: so he turned his attention to the law. After distinguishing himself in several minor cases, he became in succession a King's Counsel, a member of Parliament, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas, Baron Eldon, Lord High Chancellor, and Earl of Eldon.

Mr. Hepple has painted many North-Country subjects, but it may be doubted whether he has ever produced a work of so much interest as that which is engraved on the next page. The old-fashioned houses loom up in mysterious bulk; the moonlight effect is rendered with



THE QUAYSIDE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



From a painting by Wilson Henkle.

The Elopement of John Scott & Bessie Surtees, 1772

rare charm ; and the general conception is excellent. In the foreground we have the lovers hurrying to the coach which is to carry them on their midnight journey. The ladder placed against the casement is sufficiently eloquent of its purpose. Scott's willing helper, Wilkinson, the apprentice of Snow Clayton, a tradesman who occupied the premises below those of Surtees, is seen in an excited attitude, and evidently warning the lovers that caution is necessary. But even without the figures, the picture would have been a great achievement as a Newcastle street scene by night.

The artist claims that his picture is historically correct. He has studied many old woodcuts and engravings of houses that have been removed, and has consulted all the local records, including the *Monthly Chronicle*. Indeed, it was while reading the account of the famous elopement in this magazine that the idea struck him that it might be possible to realise it by the aid of the brush.

The Lighting of Towns.

By the late James Clephan.



THE lighting of towns in our island, by combined effort, is of modern date. Even in the metropolis it had no existence prior to the last century. So far back as the reign of the hero of Agincourt, there was, indeed, street-lighting ; but in a sorry, makeshift sort of way. When Christmas was at hand, in the year 1418, as festivities would then be on foot, and wine would be in and wisdom out, an order was made that each honest person dwelling in the City should set "a lantern, with a candill therein," before his house, in promotion of the public peace. An expedient of the like homely kind was also resorted to at Newcastle in the seventeenth century, more especially in seasons of civil commotion.

Whether systematic street-lighting was first adopted in England or on the Continent is an open question. "Of modern cities," says Beckmann, "Paris, as far as I have been able to learn, was the first that followed the example of the ancients by lighting its streets." Yet in 1524 it was still content with lights exhibited before the door by the citizens ; but about the middle of the century there were brasiers in the thoroughfares, with blazing pitch, rosin, &c., dispelling (or at least mitigating) the murkiness of the atmosphere by night. Almost immediately afterwards, in 1558, came street lanterns ; and in little more than a hundred years, an enterprising Italian abbé was in Paris, letting out lamps and torches for hire, and providing attendants. His operations were extended also to other cities ; while not only was all Paris now lighted by its rulers, but even the outskirts ; for nine miles of lamps

extended as far as Versailles. In London, meanwhile, in the latter years of the seventeenth century, householders were admonished as of yore to hang out a light every night from Michaelmas to Lady Day. It was a device by which the gloom of the metropolis after nightfall was but imperfectly relieved. How it fared with the citizens in their benighted paths may be conceived from the pages of the poet Gay, who published his "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets," in the reign of Queen Anne. To all who might stumble into danger unwarily, he gave this word of caution :—

Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band ;
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

The ineffectual fires of these crystal flickerers hardly served to make visible the increasing accumulations that addressed themselves, in almost every town of the time, to the more prominent feature of the face. "I smell you in the dark," muttered Johnson to Boswell, passing along the High Street of Edinburgh on an autumn night of 1773 ; and Gay sounded his warning note in London :—

Where the dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid-pavement, heapy rubbish grows.

There were also roysterers of the night, ready for a brawl, yet respecters of persons ; toppers who, observant of the better part of valour,

Flushed as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Afar they mark the flambeau's light approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.

So sung Johnson in his "London" in the year 1738, when Parliamentary powers had recently been obtained for the establishment of corporate lighting by night. A Bill was introduced for street-lighting in 1736 ; and in the ninth year of the reign of George II. the Royal Assent was given to "An Act for the Better Enlightening the Streets of the City of London."

When the eighteenth century, whose midnights had been visited by the glare of flambeaux and the glimmer of oil-lamps, closed its course, it was casting before it the splendour of gas. A hundred years earlier, indeed, the Dean of Kildare, Dr. Clayton, had liberated "the spirit of coal." "Distilling coal in a retort, and confining the gas produced thereby in a bladder, he amused his friends by burning it as it issued from a pin-hole." It afterwards became a common amusement to fill a tobacco pipe with crushed coal ; thrust the bowl into the fire ; and light the gas jet as it flowed from the stem. This was a toy. But William Murdock, a native of Ayrshire, put gas to work in earnest. In 1792, residing at Redruth, in Cornwall, as the representative there of Boulton and Watt, he lighted up his house and offices with "the spirit of coal," and in the general illumination of 1802, in celebration of the Peace of Amiens, he wrapped the whole front of the famous Soho Works in a flaming flood of gas, dazzling and delighting the population of Birmingham, and

publishing the new light to the world ! Its success was so decided that the proprietors had their entire manufactory lighted with gas ; and several other firms, in various parts of the country, followed their example.

"New lights" have ever to contend with old. However brilliant their promise, there is the shadow of incredulity, the gauntlet of ridicule. Oracular heads were shaken at gas. As well think of lighting a town with "clipped moonshine," was their contemptuous conclusion ; while the alarmists anxiously inquired, "if gas were adopted, what would become of the whale fishery ?" The world, careless whether the whale should survive the change, listened to Murdock.

One of Murdock's most enthusiastic disciples—Winsor, a German—introduced the light into London in 1807. Winsor applied to Parliament for a Bill, and Murdock was examined before the committee. "Do you mean to tell us," asked one member, "that it will be possible to have a light *without a wick* ?" "Yes, I do, indeed," answered Murdock. "Ah, my friend," said the legislator, "you are trying to prove too much." It was as surprising and inconceivable to the honourable member as George Stephenson's subsequent evidence before a Parliamentary Committee to the effect that a carriage might be drawn upon a railway at the rate of twelve miles an hour *without a horse*. Even Sir Humphry Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns with gas, and asked one of the projectors if it were intended to take the dome of St. Paul for a gasometer ! The first application of the "Gas Light and Coke Company" to Parliament in 1809 for an Act proved unsuccessful ; but the "London and Westminster Chartered Gas Light and Coke Company" succeeded in the following year. The company, however, did not prosper commercially, and was on the point of dissolution, when Mr. Clegg, a pupil of Murdock, bred at Soho, undertook the management, and introduced a new and improved apparatus. Mr. Clegg first lighted with gas Mr. Akerman's shop in the Strand in 1810, and it was regarded as a great novelty. One lady of rank was so much delighted with the brilliancy of the gas-lamp fixed on the shop-counter, that she asked to be allowed to carry it home in her carriage, and offered any sum for a similar one. Mr. Winsor, by his persistent advocacy of gas-lighting, did much to bring it into further notice ; but it was Mr. Clegg's practical ability that mainly led to its general adoption. When Westminster Bridge was first lit up with gas in 1812, the lamplighters were so disgusted with it that they struck work, and Mr. Clegg had himself to act as lamplighter. (Smiles's "Lives of Boulton and Watt.")

One of the earliest provincial towns to adopt the new light was Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This was in 1818 ; of which year Smiles has a characteristic anecdote relating to Murdock. He had come to Manchester to start one of Boulton and Watt's engines, and, with Mr. William

Fairbairn (from whom the biographer had the story), was invited to dine at Medlock Bank, then at some distance from the lighted part of the city. "It was a dark winter's night, and how to reach the house, over such bad roads, was a question not easily solved. Mr. Murdock, however, fertile in resources, went to the gas-works, where he filled a bladder which he had with him, and, placing it under his arm like a bagpipe, he discharged through the stem of an old tobacco-pipe a stream of gas, which enabled us to walk in safety to Medlock Bank."

Before going any further, let us observe that public lighting is of considerable antiquity on the Tyne. In the month of November, 1567, a dozen years before Parliament was considering a Bill for maintaining a light on Winterton steeple, "for the more safety of such ships as pass by the coast," the Corporation of Newcastle was paying 3s. "for 4lb. of waxe maid in candell for the lanterne of Sancte Nyciolas Church, and for the workynge." Such items were not uncommon. Here is another, of the month of December ensuing :—"For 2lb. of waxe, wrought in candell for the lanterne in Sancte Nycholas Church, 1s. 6d." There were lights aloft on the church tower for the comfort and guidance of wanderers over the open country, whose feet were in anxious search of the Metropolis of the North.

In town and country men had then to grope their way by night. At a much later date than the reign of Elizabeth, how darksome were the streets of Newcastle !

There is an instructive anecdote of Lord Eldon, reviving the days when the future Lord Chancellor was on the threshold of his teens, and lighting by Act of Parliament was unknown on the Tyne. He and his schoolfellows would forgather on a winter's night at the Head of the Side, on boyish freaks intent. It was a time when shops were unglazed, the windows open to the outer air, and the interior feebly lighted by a lamp or a "dip." Down the Side the youngsters would start for the Sandhill ; and first one, then another, would drop on his knees at a tradesman's door, creep across the floor, lift up his lips, and blow out the flame ! Hasty then was the retreat ; and the merry band were off in pursuit of another victim, till all the shopkeepers in the row were reduced to dipless darkness.

The reign of George II. had to pass away before the aid of Parliament was successfully invoked for lighting the streets of Newcastle. The Common Council, which in 1717 had applied for an Act, again took up the matter ; and soon after the accession of George III. powers were obtained. In the spring of 1763, Newcastle obtained an Act for lighting and watching the town, and regulating the hackney-coachmen and chairmen, the cartmen, porters, and watermen ; and on Michaelmas Day the oil lamps were a glow to the best of their ability.

Whether the Act of 1763 spoiled the fun of Young Newcastle, and threw oil on the troubled waters of the tradesmen, our annalists do not say. But doubtless the schoolboys of the good old days "when George the Third was King" found abundant channels in which to gratify their love of mirth and mischief. For half a century and more the ladder of the lamplighter was in alliance with the harpoon of the whaler. But when the age of gas had arrived, the metropolis of the coalfield could not hold back, whatever came of the whale-fishery. In the dawn of the long reign of George III., Newcastle had received powers for lighting by oil; and near its close it was applying for an Act for lighting by gas. The requisite powers were granted. On the 10th of January, 1818, on which day the Savings Bank was first opened, gas-lighting also began. "In the evening," says Sykes, "a partial lighting of the gas-lights took place in such of the shops in Newcastle as had completed their arrangements. The lamps in Mosley Street were not lighted till the 13th (Tuesday evening), when a great crowd witnessed their first lighting up, and a loud cheer was given by the boys as the flame was applied to each burner." Collingwood Street had its illumination on the 26th; and the Old Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market, occupied by the Literary and Philosophical Society, were lighted on the 27th. Before the end of the month gas-lighting was becoming general. "This beautiful light," says the *Newcastle Chronicle*, "is now introduced into most of the shops in the streets through which the pipes have been carried, and thus the thoroughfares are rendered in the evening beautifully resplendent." The theatre was first lighted with gas on the 3rd of March.

Newcastle having led the way, other Northern towns were not slow to follow. North Shields was lighted with gas in 1820; Berwick-upon-Tweed and Stockton-upon-Tees in 1822; Durham in 1823; Sunderland in 1824; South Shields in 1826; and Darlington in 1830. Gas had passed into general favour. Instances occurred, however, in which tradesmen were admonished that if they had the "new light" in their shops they must not expect to see their old customers; and some cautious folk, providing for their safety, retired to watering-places or elsewhere ere the gas-lamps were lighted! They would have had their neighbours walk in the ancient ways, and stand by the whale.*

Slowly street-lighting had moved onward in the olden time. Through long generations the householders were contributing each his candle to the public service. Twinkling stars of light strove through "the blanket of the dark," producing an effect on which the "sickly glare" of oil was subsequently thought to be an

improvement! But the rate of progress has been accelerated in modern days. Half-a-century sufficed to make an end of oil in the streets of Newcastle; and now, after less than four-score years more, gas is in controversy with the electric flame.

It was in June, 1850, that Mr. W. E. Staite, a pioneer and patentee of electric lighting, exhibited his light from the South Pier, Sunderland. Mr. Staite had been invited by the Commissioners of the River Wear to show his invention, in order that, if found suitable, it might be adopted as the permanent means of illuminating the New Dock. Great interest was manifested in the exhibition throughout the town; and towards evening thousands thronged the piers and quays, while many availed themselves of trips to sea so as to witness the effect of the light several miles from land. The apparatus was erected upon a temporary platform, raised a few feet above the light-house, the galvanic battery being placed in a shed below. At ten o'clock exactly the spectators on shore were gratified by the first glimpse of the light, which was shown with a parabolic reflector. It was directed towards Hartlepool, Seaham, and Ryhope, and then brought gradually northwards by the reflector being moved slowly round. The light was then sent successively upon the Docks, St. John's Chapel, the quays, piers, and then towards Roker and Whitburn. A few nights later, between eleven and twelve o'clock, on the 25th of June, 1850, Mr. Staite exhibited the light at the Central Railway Station, Newcastle, to the directors of the company and a numerous party. The inventor had been asked to give a tender for lighting the station, which he did, but the directors did not see their way to adopt it.

Mr. Staite's visits were naturally recalled to mind on the eve of the first lecture of our townsman. Mr. J. W. Swan, whose name is now everywhere familiar. This lecture was given before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle early in 1879. Not a few were then present who remembered how, on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1863, Mr. Swan threw down from the Shot Tower and St. Mary's the flooding light of

The shining sun that mocked the glare
Of envious gas, struck pale and wan.

And the whole of the brilliant audience brought together in 1879 saw the same docile flame hermetically imprisoned, like some genius of the Arabian Nights, within walls of glass, and diffusing around it the soft lustre which the drawing-room desires.

The world is ever making new conquests, while not throwing aside the old. Society is not unthriftful. It adds to its roll of handmaids. Further arrivals do not foreshadow the departure of their forerunners. There was, as we have seen, in a former generation, an alarm for the whale fishery; and yet, the cry was so groundless

* There will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1889, page 279, the record of a presentation by the inhabitants of North Shields to Mr. John Motley for his conduct as chairman of a meeting held on Sept. 11, 1817, "to oppose the innovation of lighting the said town."

that it has given place to a fear lest the whale fishery, in the persistent and growing consumption of oil, should become extinct. Oil, indeed, is in such demand that the earth itself has been harpooned. On land as on sea oil is struck; and the mineral supply sheds its serene light over a million firesides. Oil, and gas, and candle have yet a long lease of social service to run; while the electric light has before it a career but dimly seen in our brightest dreams.

The Raven, the Carrion Crow, and the Hooded Crow.



THE Raven (*Corvus corax*), though of world-wide distribution, is now a rare bird in this country, having been nearly extirpated in the interests of pastoral farmers and game preservers. As Mr. John Hancock remarks, "this weird and majestic bird is now nearly banished from the two counties, where it once gave interest and life to the wild and rocky solitudes of the uncultivated parts, and where



it constantly bred and reared its sable offspring." "In the latter part of last century," continues Mr. Hancock, "a raven annually built its nest in the steeple of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle. I received this intimation from Mr. R. R. Wingate, who possessed an egg taken from a nest in the steeple. When a youth he saw the old birds pass in and out of the hole in which the nest was placed."

Ravens generally live in pairs, and are believed by most authorities to remain constantly together throughout

their lives, passing their time principally (according to Dr. Brehm) in flying in company with each other over the surrounding country. When on the wing, their movements are extremely beautiful; they alternate between a rapid and direct flight, produced by a powerful stroke of the wings, these, like the tail, being kept outspread, and a hovering motion, that takes the form of a series of gracefully described circles, seeming to be produced without the slightest effort on the part of the birds, who occasionally amuse themselves—as the rooks do sometimes—by dropping suddenly a distance of some feet and then continuing their flight as before. When on the ground their gait is distinguished by a grotesque assumption of dignity, the upper portion of the body being held considerably raised, while they gesticulate curiously with the head, as if attempting to keep time with the movements of the feet.

As the raven is so well known, but a slight description is required. The adult male weighs nearly two and a half pounds; length, about two feet two inches; bill, black; iris, grey, with an outer circle of brown; bristles extend over more than half the bill. The whole plumage is black, glossed on the upper part with bluish purple. The wings extend to the width of four feet four inches. Pied and even white varieties have occasionally occurred.

The raven is a very long-lived bird, and an instance is recorded of one having lived over fifty years in captivity.

The Carrion Crow (*Corvus corone*) is a bird more or less seen in wooded districts, where it is known by a variety of common names, such as cortie, gor crow, black neb, and flesh crow. It much resembles the raven in shape,



plumage, and habits. Like the raven, it is much persecuted by game preservers and farmers. Notwithstanding its occasional predatory propensities, it was an especial favourite with the late Charles Waterton, who, from its boldness, termed it the "warrior bird."

Carrion crows are generally found in pairs all the

year round, and, like the ravens, they are believed to pair for life. In the nesting season, the male bird boldly defends its mate, and will even attack adventurous nest-hunters. The nest is usually built on the topmost branches of tall trees; but in treeless localities the birds have been known to breed on the ground. Years ago, a pair of crows, it is recorded, built their nest on one of the Farne Islands. The nest was formed of pieces of turf laid one upon another, and lined with wool, all brought from the mainland, four or five miles distant.

Mr. Waterton writes as follows of the carrion crow:—“This warrior bird is always held up to public execration. The very word carrion attached to his name carries something disgusting with it; and no one shows him any kindness. Though he certainly has his vices, still he has his virtues too; and it would be a pity if the general odium in which he is held should be the means one day or other of blotting out his name from the pages of our British ornithology. With great propriety he might be styled the lesser raven in our catalogue of native birds; for, to all appearance, he is a raven. The carrion crow is a very early riser; and long before the rook is on the wing, you hear this bird announcing the approach of morn, with his loud, hollow croaking from the oak to which he has resorted the night before. He retires to rest later than the rook; indeed, so far as I have been able to observe his motions, I consider him the first bird on the wing in the morning and the last at night of all our non-migrating diurnal British birds.” While admitting that the carrion crow will occasionally attack an unprotected leveret or a stray partridge, Mr. Waterton points out the service it renders to agriculturists in clearing away offensive carrion, and in making raids on vermin of all kinds in meadows, pastures, and corn-fields.

The male bird weighs about nineteen ounces; length, one foot eight to ten inches. The whole plumage is black, beautifully glossed with blue and green, the outside of the feathers being dull black. The wings expand to a width of three feet five inches.

The Hooded Crow (*Corvus cornix*) is a migrant in England, though stationary in the North of Scotland; and, for this and other reasons, it is believed by our most competent ornithologists—Mr. Hancock and Professor Newton amongst the number—to be probably but a variety of the carrion crow. The bird, which at first sight seems a trifle bulkier than the carrion crow, has quite a variety of common names—such as Royston crow, grey crow, heedy crow, grey-backed crow, scare-crow, hooded crow, dun crow, and bunting crow. The chief distinction between the carrion crow and hooded crow, to a casual observer at least, is in the plumage, that of the latter being grey on the back, breast, and abdomen. The eye of the latter is also of lighter brown than that of the former, and the beak appears to be rather more pointed. The nests are always solitary, and there is but little perceptible difference in the colour and marking of the eggs

of both birds. The hooded crow weighs about twenty ounces; length, one foot eight inches. The female is less



than the male, and the grey of her plumage is tinged with brown. Selby says:—“Sometimes this bird varies in colouring, and is found entirely white or black.”

Gateshead Perambulations.

SOME yet living may recall the time when, on Ascension Day, May 27, 1824, the church bells of St. Mary's rang a merry peal and the booming of the guns from Price's glassworks saluted the rector, the Rev. John Collinson, the four-and-twenty, and the churchwardens, as they commenced the perambulation of the ancient borough of Gabrosentum, as Gateshead was called in the time of the Romans.

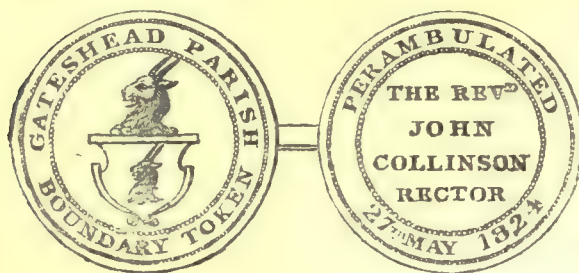
As there had not been a perambulation since the year 1792, the occasion was observed as a general holiday in the town, and a great number of the inhabitants accompanied the procession. They were attended by two constables, with flags, and two pipers.

The morn was fine, the day was clear,
The sun auspicious shone;
Th' assembled groups from far and near
Were met at Gateshead town
To do a thing, not often done,
Upon Ascension Day;
The thought elated every one,
Drest up in best array.

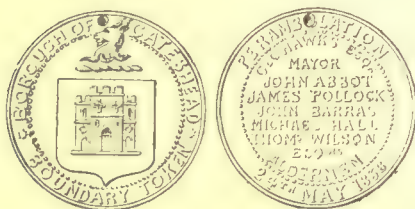
The assemblage met at St. Mary's Church; and, at nine o'clock, proceeded to the “blue-stone” on Tyne Bridge; when, from a ladder over the side of the bridge, some descended, and, plodding through the mud by the river side, followed the course of the northern boundary. The procession, headed by the pipers playing the “Keel Row,” proceeded by the northern and western boundaries to Wrekenton, where refreshments were provided. Afterwards, to the strains of an excellent band, the company joined the ladies in the festive dance. From this village the procession moved along the southern and

eastern boundary to the river Tyne, at the north-west corner of a parcel of land called the "Friar's Goose"; here the constables and pipers took boat and proceeded to the bridge from whence they had started. The perambulation ended at half-past four o'clock, and the party sat down to dinner at the Black Bull Inn, Sir R. S. Hawks, Knight, being in the chair.

A number of copper medals, or "boundary tokens," were distributed on the occasion, of which the following is a representation:—



The boundaries were again perambulated, as stated by a correspondent of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* (Mr. Robert Reed), on May 24th, 1836, and also in 1849; but



like many other good old customs of bye-gone days, it seems to be now forgotten, and the tokens have become relics of the past.

SHOOTING-STICK.

Some three or four years ago, while in Edinburgh, I was fortunate enough to secure, out of one of the curiosity shops in the old town, one of these tokens. The token was struck when the bounds of the borough were perambulated by George Hawks, Esq., Mayor, and the members of the Town Council on the 24th May, 1849. The other names mentioned are:—William Henry Brockett, James Smith, William Kennir, Thomas Wilson, John Cuthbert Potts, Thomas Cumming, Aldermen; William Kell, Town Clerk.

EDWARD F. HERDMAN, Berwick.

I possess a Gateshead perambulation token. I got it in a rather strange way. Going to Gosforth one day by

tramcar, the conductor complained to me in bitter terms that a fellow had given him a "wrang penny," which he considered a "dorty" trick. I asked to see the "wrang penny," and it turned out to be the boundary token. I relieved the conductor's mind and feelings by giving him a new penny of the realm in exchange for the token. The conductor was pleased, seemingly, at the transaction, and so was I. The coin is dated 1857, and bears the following inscription:—"Parish of Gateshead Boundary Token—Overseers: Henry L. Munro, Geo. Brinton, Alfred Debenham, John Weddle. Churchwardens: Fred. P. Ionn, John Harrison, John Robson, James Hewitt."

A. ROMLER, Gosforth.

Mr. Romler's token appears to have been issued by the parish authorities. Another token was struck on the same occasion. I possess a specimen in plated metal. It bears on the obverse the following words:—"Borough of Gateshead Boundary Token: Perambulation, 5th October, 1857." On the reverse are the following names:—Geo. Crawshaw, Esq., Mayor; Jas. Smith, Jno. Lister, Geo. Hawks, Chas. Jno. Pearson, David Haggie, Richd. Wellington Hodgson, Aldermen; Josh. Willis Swinburne, Town Clerk.

R. W., Newcastle.

The "Newcastle Chronicle."



THE *Newcastle Chronicle* was established in the year 1764. It was published in Union Street, which stood on the site of the present Town Hall. Here it continued to be issued for well on to a century—from 1764 to 1850. The office was then removed to Grey Street, where it was published till 1863, when it was taken to St. Nicholas' Buildings, near the end of the High Level Bridge. In 1866 it was removed from thence to the present premises in Westgate Road. The first number of the weekly issue of the paper was published on March 24th, 1764; the first number of the *Daily Chronicle* on May 1st, 1858; the first number of the *Evening Chronicle* on November 2nd, 1885; and the first number of the *Monthly Chronicle* on March 1st, 1887.

The paper has thus just entered on the 127th year of its existence. When it was established, Newcastle was a town with few shops and fewer factories, containing from 25,000 to 26,000 inhabitants. Sir Walter Blackett, with semi-regal splendour, presided at the Mansion House, and Mrs. Montague kept "open house" at Denton. Thomas Bewick was at school at Mickley, Lord Collingwood was a midshipman on board the *Shannon*, and John Scott was under the tuition of Mr. Moises. George III. was King, and George Grenville was Prime Minister. Wilkes had recently been expelled from the House of

Commons, and the American Stamp Act had been proposed, but not passed. Dr. Johnson had just made the acquaintance of Boswell, Goldsmith had just sold the "Vicar of Wakefield" for 60 guineas, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had just projected the Literary Club. Since then the British Empire has quadrupled in extent and much more than quadrupled in wealth. Art and science, literature and commerce, the press and politics have been revolutionised. Tyneside has been transformed, and its pastoral reaches have been made the seat of active industry. During all these mutations, the *Newcastle Chronicle* has pursued its course, influenced, but not injured, by the progress of events and the ebb and flow of public opinion.

Mr. Thomas Slack founded the *Chronicle*. It remained in the possession of himself and his descendants—the Messrs. Hodgson—for 86 years. In 1850 it was acquired

aspirations and habits. The public spirit, the intrepidity, and the generosity—as shown, amongst other ways, in their kindness to gentle John Cunningham, who was a



Thos Slack

by Mr. Mark William Lambert, Mr. Thomas Bourne, and Mr. John Bailey Langhorn. They parted with it in 1859 to the present proprietor. In a century and a quarter, therefore, it has had but three proprietorships.

Mr. Slack was a man of much force of character, combining excellent business capacity with no mean scholastic attainments. His wife, too, had literary aptitudes and tastes. The couple were not merely printers and book-sellers, but they were bookmakers and journalists as well. Their shop in Union Street was a club as well as a shop, where, by the law of affinities, the litterateurs, artists, actors, and politicians of the district congregated. Tradition assures us that their colloquies on topics of current interest exerted an elevating influence on local



Mrs Slack.

contributor to the paper—of Mr. and Mrs. Slack were well sustained by their family.

As the parents had performed the treble parts of



Mrs Solomon Hodgson.

authors, editors, and publishers, so did the daughter and her husband, Mr. Solomon Hodgson, under whose joint management the *Chronicle* continued from the death of

its projector, in 1764, to 1800. In that year Mr. Hodgson died, and his widow, first with the help of Mr. William Preston, a man of reputation in his day, but now forgotten, and afterwards with that of her son, Mr. Thomas



William Preston.

Hodgson, conducted the paper through the troubled period covered by our war with France and the United States, and the insurrection in Ireland. Contemporary writers



Thomas Hodgson.

are profuse in their praise of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson. Of the former it was said, "In times of unexampled political difficulty he was honest, independent, and incorruptible.

As he would not stoop to court the smile of any man, so neither did he fear any man's frown, but through the medium of a fearless press delighted in disseminating the principles of rational liberty and eternal truth." The vigour of his understanding, we are assured, found its equal only in the goodness of his heart. Mrs. Hodgson, of whose magnanimity and accomplishments the Rev. William Turner published an eloquent eulogy, appears to have been a fitting helpmate of so able and estimable a man.

From the death of Mrs. Hodgson, in 1822, to 1850, the *Chronicle* was owned, edited, and managed by her two sons, Thomas and James. Thomas was a learned antiquary and an enthusiastic angler. On the former subject he wrote as copiously as Dr. Bruce, and on the latter as sympathetically as Izaak Walton. He died in 1850, and his brother, Alderman Hodgson, whose connexion with the Newcastle Council and the North-Eastern Railway is still well remembered, died in 1867. The Messrs. Hodgson (father and sons) issued a series of "Newcastle Reprints"—some were illustrated by Beilby and many by Bewick—which are admirable examples of typographical art, and highly prized by book collectors. At a banquet given to Mr. William Ord on his retirement from the



James Hodgson.

representation of Newcastle, Alderman Hodgson, who presided, said he and his brother had, throughout the lengthened period they edited the *Chronicle*, written every leader that appeared. This arrangement secured for the paper consistency of purpose and uniformity of style.

More variety has been given to it during the subsequent proprietorships, under which there have been numerous contributors, some of whom have achieved distinction elsewhere and in other walks of life. Mr. Ebenezer Syme, once a Unitarian minister in Sunderland, and afterwards a journalist and politician in Victoria; Mr. J. W. Maclean, M.P. for Oldham; and Mr. Richard Welford,

the felicitous local historian and bibliographer, commenced their press careers upon it; while on its staff it recently had the world-famous novelist, Mr. W. Clark Russell. But no complete list of those who have of late years written for the *Chronicle* need or indeed could well be given. They comprise experts and prominent men in nearly all departments of literature and politics. Amongst local collaborators, however, may be recalled the names of Thomas Doubleday, Charles Larkin, Lewis Thompson, Edward Glynn, and James Clephan.

John Hunter Rutherford.

RELIGION, philanthropy, and education lost a valued and energetic servant when John Hunter Rutherford died, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 21st of March, 1890. This eminent and estimable man had been attending the funeral of a comrade in the temperance cause on the 19th. Returning homeward from the cemetery, he was observed to stumble in the street. The seizure was fatal. Dr. Rutherford was carried into a neighbouring house, lingered for two days, and then breathed his last, without having once recovered consciousness.

The lamented gentleman was a native of Jedburgh, where he born in 1826. He received his education at the Grammar School of that town, and subsequently at St. Andrews University. After leaving St. Andrews, he became second teacher in the Grammar School of Jedburgh. When he finally decided upon entering the ministry, he completed his education at Glasgow University.

Commencing his career as an evangelist, Mr. Rutherford threw himself into the movement initiated by the Rev. James Morison with great vigour and enthusiasm. The late Mr. Joseph Chatto Lamb, of Ryton, took an active interest in the mission, and amongst those who were brought to Newcastle to preach was the Rev. Mr. Cornwall, a man of very great ability and earnestness. He was the leader of the young men of the movement who came to the North of England with him. Mr. Rutherford was one of the party. They preached at the street corners, on the Quayside, and in various parts of the Tyne and Wear districts. Having no chapels of their own, they accepted, when occasion required, the offer of pulpits from religious bodies, principally those of the Primitive Methodists. Many admirers gathered round Mr. Rutherford in Newcastle, and finally the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, was taken for regular services. At that place he officiated as minister Sunday after Sunday for a considerable time. Then his supporters became so much attached to him that they decided upon erecting the Bath Lane Church, which was built and opened in 1860.

With a view of realising more completely his ideal of what a Christian minister should be, Mr. Rutherford determined to study medicine; and, although then a man in middle life, he succeeded thoroughly, taking the degree of L.R.C.P., Edinburgh, in 1867, and that of L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, in the same year. A desire to speak with authority on the physiological bases of temperance, of which he was so zealous an advocate, was one of his main incitements to qualify as a medical man, and, thus armed, he was accustomed to speak very powerfully on the evils of excessive alcoholism. Thenceforward, among members of his congregation and the general public, he had a considerable practice as a doctor. Closely connected with the medical branch of Dr. Rutherford's attainments was the keen interest which for many years he had manifested in local sanitation. In 1866, as the result of a long and minute inquiry per-



Dr J. H. Rutherford.

sonally conducted by him, he prepared an exhaustive and voluminous report on the Public Health of Newcastle, which furnished material for a prolonged and important discussion in the Town Council.

But, perhaps, the work with which Dr. Rutherford was most closely and conspicuously identified was that of education. An educationist of the most liberal and pronounced type, he had not been long established in his church before he set about the establishment of schools. The first effort in this direction was the elementary schools in Corporation Street, the foundation stone of which was laid by Lord Amberley, son of Earl Russell, on the 29th of June, 1870. Accommodation was provided for 660 scholars, and within two years every place was occupied. More than this, the applications for

admission continued to be so numerous that additional class-rooms were provided, bringing the accommodation up to 1,200. A branch school was built in Camden Street, Shieldfield, where room for 480 children was provided, and a building in Shields Road, Byker, which was formerly used as a Free Methodist Chapel, was purchased for the purposes of an infant school. The next step was the erection of the School of Science and Art in Corporation Street, the foundation stone of which was laid by Mr. Joseph Cowen, on the 21st of November, 1877. As it was impossible to receive the Byker students at Corporation Street, the managers purchased Ashfield Villa, near Heaton railway station, and established there a branch science and art school. In the early part of 1886, a further important step was taken in the opening of a technical college, for which the temporary use was obtained of buildings in Diana Street, occupying some 2,000 square yards, with a large playground, and containing workshops, dining hall, kitchen, and about fifty separate dormitories. Over these educational undertakings Dr. Rutherford exercised a direct personal supervision. The annual meetings of the schools have been the occasions of visits to Newcastle of at least two well-known statesmen—the Marquis of Hartington and Lord Randolph Churchill. The erection of a permanent college in the neighbourhood of Bath Lane was the project to which Dr. Rutherford was devoting most of his attention at the time of his death. It is not wonderful that, considering the active part which he took in the promotion of education, his services were in request on the creation of the Newcastle School Board. He was returned as one of the first members of that body, and he was one of the few who had retained an unbroken connexion with it since its establishment nearly eighteen years ago.

The labours of Dr. Rutherford were not confined even to these varied spheres. At the period of the Nine Hours Strike, in 1871, he considered that the time had arrived when it was possible, if the effort were made, for workmen to become their own employers, and he organised the Ouseburn Engine Works Co-operative Scheme. The works and plant were acquired from the trustees of the late Mr. Morrison. There can be no doubt that the works were well conducted, but there was a miscalculation made at the beginning. The managers accepted a considerable number of orders for the manufacture and delivery of engines, but did not contract sufficiently in advance for iron and coal to supply the factory. The result was that, while they secured only moderate prices for their productions, they were compelled to pay famine prices for coal and iron. This led to a serious loss. A large amount of repairing work was done by the company, and it paid well, but it was not sufficient to counteract the losses incurred upon new work. After a period of difficulty, against which Dr. Rutherford battled with remarkable energy and varying success, the place was ultimately

bought by the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which continued it for a time. The Ouseburn enterprise entailed upon Dr. Rutherford heavy responsibilities and great losses. Both his relatives and friends were largely involved in the failure, and year by year up to the time of his death Dr. Rutherford had to meet from his own income debts that were then contracted. Evidence that Dr. Rutherford was by no means devoid of mechanical and engineering skill was afforded on the occasion of the sinking of her Majesty's ship *Vanguard*, in 1875; for he was the author of one of the many projects that were devised for the raising of that ill-fated vessel.

Although Dr. Rutherford's labours were largely given to religious, educational, and social movements, he was a keen politician. When the advanced section of the Newcastle Liberal party were anxious to have at least one member who was in harmony with their principles, he went to Bradford to induce the late Mr. W. E. Forster to become a candidate. Mr. Forster came to Newcastle, and would have become a candidate; but, unfortunately, another section of the party had entered into negotiations with the late Mr. Peter Carstairs, a retired Indian merchant. Mr. Carstairs engaged in two contests for Newcastle, but was beaten in both. On each occasion Dr. Rutherford was one of his most active supporters. The feeling in Newcastle at that time was strongly in favour of a local candidate, and with the view of securing a man with Radical opinions and local connexions Dr. Rutherford promoted an organisation which got up a numerous signed requisition to the late Sir Joseph Cowen, who accepted it, became a candidate, and was returned along with Mr. Headlam at the election of 1865. Dr. Rutherford was the moving spirit of the movement that eventuated in the change that thus took place in the representation of Newcastle. Up to the death of the late Sir Joseph Cowen, he was a warm supporter of that gentleman; and when his son became a candidate in 1874, he was equally energetic and earnest in his behalf. He remained so during the time Mr. Cowen was member for Newcastle. When Mr. Cowen retired, Dr. Rutherford abandoned public participation in local politics, although his concern for national affairs was never damped. He was a member of the Northern Reform League and of the Northern Reform Union, and took an energetic part in organising demonstrations that were held on the Town Moor under the auspices of these different bodies.

In the later years of his life, Dr. Rutherford confined his efforts to his church, his educational work, his practice as a doctor, and his duties as a public man. As a preacher, he had talents of a high order. No man had a finer feeling for his fellow-creatures than he, and his leading argument was that the man who studied his own conscience and acted for the best interests of humanity was most truly serving God. Some years ago he commenced and assisted in conducting for several

winters Sunday morning free breakfasts for poor children at Bath Lane Hall. Such was his esteem and love for children that he took part in all the public efforts Uncle Toby initiated in connexion with the Dicky Bird Society—demonstrations, toy shows, &c. It was announced on the very day that he died that he had accepted the appointment of honorary officer of the D.B.S. Dr. Rutherford had a genial and pleasant smile for all his friends, and he was deeply beloved not only by the members of his congregation, but wherever he was known. To the general public of the North of England his was, indeed, a household name, associated with all that was good and noble in religion, education, and philanthropic effort.

The funeral of Dr. Rutherford, which took place at Elswick Cemetery on March 24, was attended by an immense procession of children, trade societies, and members of public bodies. It was estimated that no fewer than 100,000 persons either joined in the procession or assembled to witness its passage through the streets.

Rookhope Ryde.



ROOKHOPE, or Roughope, is the name of a valley between six and seven miles long, and traversed throughout its length by a good-sized burn, which rises in the fells near Allenheads, and falls into the Wear at a place called Eastgate, about three miles above Stanhope. It is now a scene of busy industry, most of the inhabitants being engaged in lead-mining, ironstone quarrying, and smelting and refining the ores, or in the supply of the necessities and comforts of life to those who are so engaged. But, three hundred years ago and less, Rookhope was a very quiet pastoral valley, inhabited by a primitive race of sheep-farmers and their dependents, tenants of the prince-bishops of Durham. Quiet as it generally was, however, it was not by any means free from those sudden alarms to which the near neighbourhood of the Border mosquitoes subjected even St. Cuthbert's sacred patrimony at times. Thus, during the Northern Rebellion in 1569, these Ishmaels, who robbed at all hands, and were at everlasting war with all their neighbours, north or south, made an incursion into Weardale, the particulars of which have been preserved in the ballad of "Rookhope Ryde," said to have been composed only three years after the event (1572), and taken down by Joseph Ritson from the chanting of George Collingwood, the elder, sometime of Boltsburn, the principal village of the district, whose mortal remains were interred at Stanhope on the 16th December, 1785. This ballad was first printed in the second edition of Ritson's "Bishopric Garland," 1792.

The ballad-maker begins by saying that Rookhope "stands in a pleasant place if the false thieves would let it be." The miscreants would not do so, however, and so

he wishes that they may all die an ill death. The men of Thirlwall in South Tynedale, and of Williehaver or Willieva, a small district or township in the parish of Lanercost, are particularised by him as the culprits on the occasion. But yet, he charitably adds:—

— we will not slander them all;
For there is of them good enough;
It is a sore consumed tree
That on it bears not one fresh bough.

Then he earnestly prays that the Lord will send peace into the realm of England, so that every man might live on his own. In this spirit he exclaims:—

Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,
That men dare not drive their goods to t' fell,
But limmer thieves drives them away,
That fears neither heaven nor hell?

The men of Weardale had lately had, he informs us, great troubles "with Borderers pricking hither and thither"; but the greatest fray that ever they had was with the men of Thirlwa' and Williehaver. These fellows, well mounted, and in good fighting trim, left their homes, after eating a good breakfast, on the morning of St. Nicholas' Day, the 6th of December, 1569. They halted in the forenoon "in a bye fell," where they partook of another meal, which to some of them was to be their last, and chose, as captains, to head the foray, Harry Corbyl, Symon Fell, and Martin Ridley. They then pricked their way over the moss, "with many a brank and whew," saying one to another—

I think this day we are men anew;
For t' Weardale men are a journey ta'en,
They are so far out o'er yon fell,
That some ofe them's with the two earls
And others fast in Barnard-Castell.

There we shall get gear enough,
For there is nane but women at hame;
The sorrowful fend that they can make,
So loudly cries as they were slain.

And so they came in at Rookhope Head; but before they had ridden far they were fortunately espied coming over the Dry Rig, so that an alarm was given. They gathered together about six hundred sheep in the course of four hours; but they only got one or two horses, which were all that had been left in the dale, except one, and that belonged to a locally famous man known as "Great Rowley," who, being the first to spy the intruders, mounted his beast in hot haste, and raised a mighty cry, that came down Rookhope Burn as fast as a Highland fiery cross, and spread rapidly through Weardale. Word came to the house of the bishop's bailiff, who dwelt at the Eastgate, where now there is a considerable village, but which was then merely a gate-house or ranger's lodge, at the east entrance of Stanhope Park.

The bailiff saddled his horse in haste, and managed to furbish up his rusty armour, consisting of a coat, jacket, or shirt of mail, commonly called a jack, not made of solid iron, but of many plates of that metal fastened together, and such as the bishop's tenants, and the peasantry of the North generally, were bound to provide themselves with, to meet disagreeable contingencies like

this. Three days before the bailiff's brother had been grievously hurt by some "limmer thieves," who had inflicted no less than nineteen bloody wounds upon him. Yet, brave man as he was, the bailiff himself did not shrink from his duty, but rode off at the head of his neighbours after the raiders. They were only between forty and fifty strong, whereas the thieves numbered five score, and these were the very pick and choice of the men of Thirlwall and Williehaver, masterful dare-devil desperadoes all.

The Weardale men overtook the spoilers at a place near Rookhope Head, called Nuneton Cleugh, and there a fierce engagement ensued. The fray lasted only about an hour, but long ere that space of time had elapsed the marauders had found, to their cost, that the Weardale men could hit hard when they had a mind. Four of them were slain—Henry Corbyl, Lennie Carrick, George Carrick, and Edie Carrick. A considerable number were wounded, and eleven were taken prisoners. One of the Weardale men fell in the "stour"—by name Rowland Emerson. His death was greatly lamented, for he was a right good fellow. The thieves returned again and again to the fight, saying they would not flinch so long as there was one of them left; but at length, when they came amongst the dead men, and found George Carrick slain, they lost heart and quitted the field.

On both sides the battle was bravely fought; and the ballad-maker—who seems to have been one of those wandering minstrels who made it their business, in the olden time, to go about town and country chanting their rude compositions to all who cared to listen—speaks of both parties in equally high terms. He says:—

Thir Weardale men they have good hearts,
They are as stiff as any tree;
For, if they'd every one been slain,
Never a foot back man would flee.

And in like manner—

Thir limmer thieves they have good hearts;
They never think to be o'erthrown;
Three banners 'gainst t' Weardale men they bare,
As if the world had been all their own.

But then—

Such a storm among them fell,
As I think you never heard the like;
For he that bears his head so high,
He oft time falls into the dyke.

Williehaver or Willeva, we may conclude by saying, is mentioned in the old Border ballad of "Hobbie Noble":—

Gae warn the bows o' Hartlie burn:
See they sharp their arrows on the wa';
Warn Willeva and Spear Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'.

Two Northumbrian Highwaymen.



WE have before us a pamphlet entitled "A Brief Account of Wilkinson and Hetherington, Two Notorious Highwaymen, who were Executed at Morpeth, on Monday, Sept. 10, 1821, being Convicted of Various Highway Robberies in the Neighbourhood of Newcastle, including Anecdotes of their Lives, an Account of their Trials, and their Behaviour after Sentence and at the Place of Execution, with Introductory Remarks." It was printed and sold by John Marshall, in the Old Flesh Market, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. There is a frontispiece facing the title, containing the portraits of the two criminals, etched by H. P. Parker, from a sketch taken from life during the trial. The pamphlet seems to have been written by a Nonconformist Reformer of the time, as the introduction consists wholly of charges against the Government and clergy—against the Government for counteracting the benefits which the benevolent might be taught to expect from the great increase of schools for the gratuitous instruction of the poor, and against the clergy for having misused the "funds which the piety of our ancestors dedicated to the special benefit of the poor, for their education and relief in every exigency." Instead of cutting delinquents rudely off from society, as members wholly depraved and incorrigible, they should be put, says the writer, "under some salutary moral discipline, as in the prisons of Philadelphia, with a view to reclaim them, which is the only legitimate end of all just punishment."

After this introduction, worthy of a Bentham or a Romilly, the writer proceeds to tell us that "Wilkinson and Hetherington appear each of them to have been wholly neglected in their early years, both as respects school education, moral discipline, and religious instruction. Their untutored minds had been early contaminated by vicious example, and those evil communications which corrupt good manners; and they were finally reduced by the powerful force of habit into practices destructive of their own peace of mind and most injurious to the welfare of society, without their being able distinctly to perceive, at any stage of their progress in vice, either the evil tendencies of those actions or the fatal consequences which awaited themselves."

John Wilkinson, a native of Northumberland, was born about the year 1787. His father, being a pitman, took him down with him to the pit, when very young, to serve as a trapper boy. He afterwards worked at Walker, Delaval, Benwell, and several other collieries both on the Tyne and Wear. But when he was about thirty years of age, and employed in St. Hilda's pit, near South Shields, he was one pay-day entrusted with a parcel of bank notes, to the amount of twelve or thirteen pounds, for the pur-

pose of paying himself and some of the other workmen at the colliery. The temptation was too great for him, and he decamped with the treasure. The agent who entrusted him with the money was reprimanded for his want of due caution; eventually, we are told, the poor workmen were the sufferers by the fraud. Wilkinson kept out of the way for some time, and when he was at length arrested the attempt made to bring him to justice failed, owing to a defect in the evidence.* Foiled in their endeavour to recover their loss, or to obtain redress by legal means, the aggrieved parties determined to punish the culprit themselves. For this purpose they stripped him of his garments, then tarred and feathered him, and finally threw him into a pond near the colliery. Shifting now to Sunderland, Wilkinson supported himself by doing odd jobs, such as sinking wells, working in quarries, and so forth. But, forming connexions with "lewd fellows of the baser sort," he went from bad to worse, until his conduct and character became quite notorious. Suspected of having been concerned in several robberies which had taken place in the neighbourhood, he was taken into custody by the Newcastle police on the evening of the 19th of May, 1821, together with an associate, Thomas Dodds, and charged with robbing an Irish labourer, named Paul Rikken, on the Ponteland road, that same evening, of a silver watch, key, and seals, and ten shillings in money. For this offence Wilkinson and Dodds were tried at the Northumberland Assizes, on the 25th of August following, and both were found guilty.

Three days afterwards (August 28th), William Surtees Hetherington, another of the gang which had for some time committed numerous depredations, was put on his trial for a highway robbery on the 7th of April preceding, together with Wilkinson and a man named Samuel Maddison, the latter of whom, though as bad as the rest, was admitted as evidence for the Crown. Hetherington, who commonly went by the name of Surtees, was the son of a pitman, and was born at Newburn, on the banks of the Tyne, a little to the westward of Newcastle, in the year 1789. He was quite illiterate, and his early years were spent in the pits. But he afterwards went to sea, and pursued that way of life for upwards of six years. Then, relinquishing the seafaring business, he began to lead a vagrant sort of life, taking occasionally any sort of labouring work in clay-yards, brick-kilns, tile-sheds, &c., abandoning himself at last altogether to vicious practices. Arrested on suspicion of being concerned, together with one Thomas Bell, in robbing the club-room of the Keelmen's Hospital, and taking away the box, containing £34 3s. 3½d., he and his associate were tried at the Newcastle Court at the same assizes, and acquitted, as the evidence rested entirely on men who had little or no claim to credence, from the circumstance of one of them being in the county gaol on a charge of highway robbery, and the other a man who had no visible means of obtaining a livelihood, except in ferreting out thieves, under

the agents of the Newcastle police. But though acquitted on this charge, Hetherington was detained on several others, particularly that of robbing Mr. William Nesbit, farmer, of Long Benton. This gentleman, it seems, had been at Newcastle market on the Saturday before Carling Sunday, and had left the town at about a quarter to nine. He had in a pocket-book two notes of £5 each of Ridley and Co.'s bank, and four of 20s. each. When he had got half-way up Benton Bank, three men suddenly sprang out from the side of a wall. Mr. Nesbit was dragged off his horse, robbed, and beaten so unmercifully that he was left insensible on the road. After committing the robbery, the three highwaymen—Wilkinson, Hetherington, and Maddison—went to the Grey Horse, on the Quayside, where they had some beer and examined the money they had stolen. The two £5 notes they managed to change in the Sandhill, buying with one of them a new hat, and with the other a bottle of rum. Next, going across to Gateshead, they went to a public-house which one Turnbull kept, and divided the money, Maddison getting 20s. less than the others, and the watch for the 20s. For this outrage Hetherington received sentence of death, like his two confederates, Wilkinson and Dodds. The latter, however, was afterwards respited.

Wilkinson, when committed to gaol, could neither read nor write; but he expressed an earnest desire to learn, and requested the use of a spelling book, which was kindly furnished him by a Catholic clergyman. "Being aided in his endeavours by the humane assistance of the gaoler, Mr. Blake, he soon acquired a knowledge of the alphabet, and could read the small words and some of the easy lessons in his book," with what spiritual benefit we shall not stop to inquire. Hetherington, too, was totally ignorant of letters. When asked what religion he was, he answered, "I do not know; I have been only once in a place of worship." On being questioned if he did not know there was a God, he replied, "I have heard folk speak of it." "Good-bye to you all, my lads!" exclaimed he, with much composure and seeming levity, on the Sunday before the execution, after the chaplain (the Rev. Mr. Nicholson) had preached before the prisoner and a numerous congregation, who had assembled, as was then the fashion, to gratify a prurient curiosity.

The two convicts awoke in the morning of the fatal day, evidently filled with the impression that the capital punishment would be commuted to transportation, because the priest, as they said, had hitherto visited them only once a day, whereas, had it been determined that they should die on the scaffold, his visits would surely have been more frequent. "However," said Hetherington, "Jack, we'll hev each a pint of beer this morning, and a quarter of cheese and cakes a-piece; this may be wor last day after aall."

After they had been put into the carriage which was to convey them to the place of execution, the Low Stanners, a little below the foot of the town of Morpeth, Wilkinson

coolly remarked to Hetherington, "Aa say, Bill, this just makes ma dream come true; for aa dreamed last night that thoo and me was riding in a coach together." Mr. Thomas Carr, of the Newcastle police—the "slush Tom Carr" of the scurrilous ballad—endeavoured on the road to extract some information relative to their associates. When Wilkinson was asked if they were any way concerned in the robbery of a gentleman named Major, Hetherington quickly interposed, exclaiming, "Aa say, Jack, tell them nowt; it's ne matter noo; ye see they're gannen te de nowt for us." The executioner having finished his ugly task with great adroitness, the scaffold was drawn from under the unhappy men, and they were finally suspended between earth and heaven. Hetherington's mortal remains were next day interred at Newburn, and Wilkinson's at Jarrow.

It was afterwards stated by the police that they had got information of no fewer than eighteen robberies in which either one or other of this formidable gang had been engaged.

merit, the handling being poor, although this was due in some measure to his inferior materials.



More about the Skiddaw Hermit.

ABOUT fourteen or fifteen years ago I visited Keswick and painted many fine subjects near Skiddaw. I often saw George Smith, the Skiddaw Hermit, roaming about the hills, and I frequently conversed with him. He was a phrenologist, and at the fairs held at Keswick he used to "feel the bumps" of all the yokels. Sometimes he would take money, but oftener he would not. He was rather too fond of stimulants, and this brought him no end of trouble.

His nest, or home, or hermitage, was built amongst the crags on Skiddaw Dodd. A fair idea may be gained of this remarkable dwelling from the accompanying sketch, which I made about the time I have already mentioned. When Smith retired to rest, he lowered the top, and then the combination looked like a pie. It was a very curious object, and was plaited something like a basket. His arrangements for cooking food were very primitive. A piece of tallow in a can was lit, and by this means he prepared whatever victuals he might have. He lived in this peculiar manner during all seasons. As a rule, he came into Keswick every day; but if by chance he did not put in an appearance for a while, his numerous friends always looked after him, especially during winter.

The Skiddaw Hermit spoke the Scottish dialect. My impression of him at the time was that he was a religious monomaniac. I saw some of the portraits he painted. They were good likenesses, but of no artistic

Smith told me that he would not live in a house. He was a great lover of nature, and expressed the opinion that man should live in the open air.



The cause of his leaving Skiddaw was the annoyance he experienced from roystering excursionists. Some trippers who went to see "t' funny man on t' Dodd," not

finding him "at home," pulled his place to pieces. This conduct disgusted even a hermit, and he left.

G. B. STICKS, Newcastle.

The picturesque portrait printed on previous page is copied from a photograph by Mr. Moses Bowness, of Ambleside.

EDITOR.

The Bull Ring, North Shields.

IT has been truly said that "canny Shields," from days of yore until now, has ever received but scant courtesy from scribe or traveller; yet there is much in the town of an historical interest. The Bull Ring, of which we present a sketch, is situate in the north-west corner of the older portion of the town; it is an open breathing space amid the densely populated lanes, courts and alleys that surround it.

The famous bibliographer, Dibdin, rather sarcastically describes the locality in his account of a visit he once paid it. "Never before" he says, "had such a scene presented itself to my view. The black tints of Sunderland were neutralised into grey, compared with the colour of everything and everybody here around me. We had to thread streets never to be forgotten for their combined narrowness, stench, and dense population. Human beings seemed to have been born and to have kept together since birth, like onions strung upon a string. It is a rushing stream of countless population;

and what houses! what streets! what articles for sale! And yet they all seemed as happy as the Holmes and Lewises of Regent Street." And much more in a similar strain says Dibdin, all of which, at his time, was very true, and in a modified degree is true at the present day. His remarks anent the articles for sale at that time are more fully particularised in a local song of the day, which sets forth the following as being among the specialities vended in this very locality of the Bull Ring:—

Glass and iron, gin and gallipots,
Porter, parchment, ships, and wheels,
Things of all sort—no sort—lollipops,
May be bought in canny Shields.

The name of the place, the Bull Ring, carries with it a proof of its origin. That the once popular sport of bull-baiting was carried on extensively in this portion of North Shields is undoubted, for we find it recorded by Sykes that "at certain festivals, in the days of Tynemouth Priory, the rude sport of bull-baiting was common at Shields, but after the Reformation and subsequent civil wars the practice greatly declined." That the custom had its votaries in the district up to a comparatively recent date, however, is shown by a record we find of a bull having been "baited" at Cullercoats Sands on May 28, 1822, which would appear to have been the last of these heartless exhibitions on the North-East Coast.

If any doubt existed as to the authenticity of this version of the origin of the Bull Ring, it was entirely dissipated in the month of June, 1820, when some workmen, digging in the triangular space, "came to a large, flat, square stone, in which, on being turned over, were found, greatly corroded, the iron bolt



and the ring to which bulls had been made fast when 'baited' there in the old times." So says Sykes; and from another source it would appear that, "in consequence of the numerous accidents and the cruel barbarities practised, the sport fell into disrepute with well-regulated minds, and the magistrates ordered its abolition in the Bull Ring in the year 1768."

Dryburgh Abbey.

PHOTOGRAPHY has made such rapid strides within the last few years that one hesitates to decide where a limit may be found to its usefulness. Up to the present time, however, no thoroughly satisfactory method has been invented for transferring impressions received upon the photographic plate to a medium which will allow of its being printed by machinery. But Mr. Surtees Penman, of St. Thomas's Street, Newcastle, has been able to approach a fair level of excellence by means of his zinc process. The picture of Dryburgh Abbey here given is reproduced from a photograph which has been transferred to a half-tone zinc

block. The result is, on the whole, pleasing, there being just sufficient detail to enable one to make out the architecture of the venerable ruin, and there is a softness about the work which is unusual in some photographic reproductions. On the other hand, the foreground is too flat, that which is intended to represent grass appearing to rise in a perpendicular plane. Then there is an absence of depth of tone. But these defects will no doubt be remedied in time. If photography is useful for one purpose more than another, it is in the accurate rendering of buildings of any description. Clever, indeed, must be the draughtsman who can compete with the camera in placing upon paper the intricate tracery of Gothic architecture. Dryburgh Abbey, which is situated amongst the most beautiful scenery of the vale of the Tweed, is a venerable ruin that presents picturesque aspects. Founded about 1150 by Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale and Constable of Scotland, it was burnt by Edward II. in 1322, restored by Robert Bruce, and again destroyed by the English in 1544. It was a superb monastic edifice, but all that now remains of it are the church transept and remnants of other parts of the structure. In Dryburgh Abbey is the tomb of Sir Walter Scott.



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

Strong Men: the Commons.

AN account of a powerful Northumbrian family, some of the members of which were famous for other qualities besides strength, appeared not long since in a London paper. The record, though not new to many North-Country readers, may still interest all. It runs as follows:—

On the 2nd June, 1818, the Society of Arts presented the silver medal and ten guineas to Mr. John Common, of Denwick, near Alnwick, for his invention of a double-drill turnip sower. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., 1887, page 374.) He was also presented with thirty guineas from the Highland Society for this invention. Mr. Common's family was remarkable for strength, stature, longevity, and cleverness. His great-grandfather, Thomas, lived till he was above one hundred and ten years of age. Some time before his death, at Dunsheg, he was endowed by nature with a new set of teeth. He left seven sons. One of them, Andrew, measured twenty-seven inches across the shoulders, and frequently went to Alnwick market from Thrunton, with a stick over his shoulder, to which a boll of peas was suspended. Robert, another son, seized two men who were assaulting his master, at Warkworth Barns, and, carrying one of them under each arm, threw them both into the river. Being present when a party of men were trying their strength by throwing an axe towards a house at High Buston, he joined in the sport; but instead of throwing it towards the house, he threw it over it. Another son, named Matthew, was also possessed of uncommon strength. At one time he leaped forwards and backwards over a yoke of oxen in Alnwick. Thomas, the youngest (Mr. Common's grandfather) was the least, yet he weighed fourteen stones. He had two sons, Thomas and Robert (Mr. Common's father), who were ingenious mechanics and noted pugilists. Thomas excelled in the erection of windmills and steam engines; and Robert in making winning machines on an economical plan. He made some improvements in the construction of ploughs, and invented the bonnet-maker's mangle. He also performed well on the bagpipes and violin, both of which instruments he made himself. When a boy, he was severely corrected by his father for standing on his head on the steeple of Shilbottle Church. His eldest son, Thomas, was an eminent millwright at Quebec. William, another son, carried on the same business in Buston, his native place. He possessed a portion of the nerve and agility of his forefathers, as he could leap through a hoop two feet in diameter while a tall man held it above his head. His brother, John Common (from whom these particulars were obtained), when a youth, stood upon his head on the highest tower of Warkworth Castle. He performed the same feat on the edge of the gate of Briselee Tower, Alnwick, and also on the stern-piece of a boat while agitated on the water. He laid his hands on a board the height of his chin, sprang up, and rested upon his head. He has likewise walked upon his elbows on level ground, and upon his hands on the battlements of Warkworth Bridge and Eshott Hall. About the time that King James I. mounted the English throne, one of this wonderful family was a farmer at Freestone-Burn, near Whittingham, and tradition records how boldly he fought with a party of moss-troopers who had stolen his cattle. John, the brother, Mr. Common's great-grandfather before-mentioned, lived until he was one hundred and fifteen years old; and Peter, another brother, until he exceeded his one hundred and thirty-second year. He died at Rugby about ninety years ago. This patriarch was casting flags on Hazon Moor, when a Mr. Lisle rode up and demanded to know by whose authority he worked there. "I have cast flags here by times," said Peter, "above a hundred years, and no man ever asked me the question before." "Cast on while you live," replied the gentleman, throwing him half a crown, "I will never forbid you." When John was a

servant at Titlington, he was seized by a party of soldiers, whom his master, in a joke, had sent to take him; but John defended himself so resolutely with a spade that the assailants were glad to effect their escape. His eyesight remained unimpaired to the last; a few days before he died, while lying in bed, he could read a printed paper that was pasted up at some distance upon the wall of his room. He was buried at Warkworth.

BORDERER, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

COFFINS.

At a funeral in Newcastle, two old women were conversing about coffins. Referring to the coffin she had just seen, one observed:—"It's varry canny, for it's lined and padded all ower inside." "Aye," was the reply, "and the corpse is like to feel nice and comfortable." "Aa remember," continued the first woman, "when ma poor lass wes barried, the coffin wes ower smaall." "Couldn't they get hor in?" was asked. "Aye, they got hor in, but the poor thing had ne room te stor!"

THE BLACKSMITH'S CROP.

A blacksmith who resides near Monkwearmouth got his hair cut rather shorter than usual. When he went to his employment, his mates, observing a change in his appearance, made some remarks not altogether complimentary. "Wey," observed one brawny smith, "whaat did ye pay for the crop?" "Thrippence," was the reply. "Well," observed the interrogator, "if ye'd went te wor Jack, he wad hae cutten it for nowt if ye'd stood him a quairst!"

BOWLS.

A celebrated player at bowls, a local champion, was very ill. One morning his medical attendant made his customary professional call. "Now, first of all, tell me how are your bowels?" The patient altogether misunderstood the question. "Bools?" he exclaimed; "wey, man, they're under the bed; aa hevvent had a gym for months!"

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK.

Several Durham pitmen paid a visit to York Minster. All the beauties of the place were pointed out to them by a courteous verger, who also descanted upon the past history of the building. He was interrupted by one of his auditors, who exclaimed: "Aall that stuff's varry fine, ne doot; but can ye show us the gate that Dick Torpin travelled through when he myed his famous ride frae London te York?"

THE WINNING HORSES.

Last year, on the day when the Northumberland Plate was competed for, a pitman, who was very anxious to be present, lost the train which was to convey him to Killingworth. However, he caught the next train, and as he hurried towards the course he met his "marra" hastening away. "Hey, Geordy, is the Plyate ower?" "Aye, she's finished." "Whaat wes the yen, twe,

three?" "Wey, let's see. What-d'y-e-call-em was forst; thing-em-bob was second; an' aa've clean forgotten the thord!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 13th of March, the remains of Dr. James Atkinson, who had died a few days previously, were interred at West Hartlepool, in which town he had settled many years ago. The deceased was a kindly man, of genial presence, and was an active supporter of religious and social progress.

The death occurred on the 14th of March, of Mr. John Hinde, who, for a great number of years, carried on business in Mile End Road, South Shields. He was a leading member of the Public Free Library Committee; and the museum in connection with that institution in Ocean Road owed much of its popularity to the care he bestowed upon it in the capacity of honorary curator. He was a member of the Exploration Committee appointed on the occasion of the discovery of the Roman station near the Lawe, at South Shields, and he took an active part in preserving the relics then brought to light. The deceased was instrumental, along with other local gentlemen, in having the gravestone of William Wouldhave, the inventor of the lifeboat, in St. Hilda's Churchyard, restored. Mr. Hinde, who was also a prominent Freemason, was 75 years of age.

Mr. Rudolph Fernando Thiedemann, of The Cedars, Low Fell, Gateshead, a well-known Quayside merchant and chairman of the Gateshead Tramway Company, died on the 14th of March, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 15th of March, Mr. Thomas Beckwith, one of the intended candidates for the representation of New,

castle-on-Tyne at the next Parliamentary election, died at his residence in Blyth Street, in that city. A native of Yorkshire and a joiner by trade, he came to Newcastle thirty-nine years ago. For a considerable time, in conjunction with his wife, he hawked woodware in the town and surrounding district; but becoming actively associated with the local temperance movement, and being possessed of exceptionally good abilities for a man of his rank, he for some time acted as agent to the North of England Temperance League. Mr. Beckwith was 62 years of age.

Mr. William Marshall, a member of the South Shields Town Council, and closely identified with the Roman Catholic community, died on the 16th of March, in the 59th year of his age.

On the 18th of March, Mr. William Niell, who for nearly forty-five years had occupied the position of master of the Northern Counties Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, died in the institution at the Moor Edge, Newcastle. The deceased, who was a native of Scotland, and had been connected with the instruction of the deaf and dumb for fifty-eight years, was 72 years of age.

The death was announced on the 18th of March of the Rev. Dr. George Butler, Canon of Winchester, who was a D.D. of Durham University, and was married to Josephine, daughter of the late Mr. John Grey, the eminent agriculturist, of Dilston, Northumberland.

Mr. John A. Bryson, assistant City Engineer under the Newcastle Corporation, and son of the late Mr. Thomas Bryson, Borough Surveyor, who was killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion on the Town Moor on the 18th of December, 1867, died on the 20th of March. The deceased, who had also for many years been organist of Bath Lane Church, under the pastorate of Dr. Rutherford, was in the 53rd year of his age.

On the 21st of March, the death occurred, under sad and sudden circumstances, of the Rev. Dr. Rutherford, who for nearly forty years had been prominently identified with religious, educational, temperance, and other philanthropic movements in Newcastle. (See page 226.)

The Rev. the Hon. Francis Richard Grey, Rector of Morpeth, died on the 22nd of March. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1834. He was appointed Rector of Morpeth in 1842, Hon. Canon of Durham Cathedral in 1863, and was transferred to Newcastle Cathedral in 1882. He was elected Proctor for the Archdeacon of Lindisfarne in 1874, was re-elected in 1886, and was made Rural Dean of Morpeth in 1879, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Newcastle in 1882. The rev. gentleman, who had nearly completed the 77th year of his age, was the youngest brother of the present Earl Grey, and a son of Earl Grey, the famous Reform Minister.

Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., assistant secretary of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, and who hailed from Hartlepool, died on the 15th of March.

On the 19th of March, the death was announced of Mr. Roger Iddison, a well-known cricketer, at York.

On the 23rd of March, Mr. William Hannay Watts, a member of a family long connected with Blyth, and head of the mercantile firm of Watts, Theophilato, and Co., Galatz, died at Cairo.

Mr. Thomas Thompson, a well-known chemist in Sunderland, died on the 23rd of March.

On the 26th of March, the remains of Mr. Timothy Newsome, lion-tamer, who had died a few days before, at



Mr. Thomas Beckwith.

the ripe age of 77 years, were interred in Preston Cemetery, near North Shields.

The death was announced, on the 27th of March, of Mr. Thomas Staff, who was for fifty years an engineman on board the ferries plying between North and South Shields.

On the 27th of March, Mr. Edward Hunter, an active member of the Northumberland Miners' Association, was killed by a fall of stone while following his employment at Dudley Colliery.

Mr. Robert Foster, a member of the Sunderland Town Council, died suddenly in London on the 28th of March.

On the 28th of March, intelligence was received of the death, at Allahabad, India, on the 22nd, of George Guy Hunter Allgood, Lieutenant and Adjutant of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles, and second son of the Rev. James Allgood, of Nunwick Park, North Tyne.

Mr. William Waistell, C.E., brother of Mr. C. Waistell, solicitor, Northallerton, died on the 30th of March, at the age of 58. The deceased gentleman resided at Cotherstone. For a long time he lived in Italy, and was on the staff of engineers who surveyed the trunk lines in that country, under Sir Thomas Brassey.

On the 31st of March, the death was recorded of Mr. William Dryden, of Blyth, and known in the district by the familiar title of "Captain." Originally hailing from Hartley, the deceased was for several years a sailor, but in 1876 he was working as a labourer on the Blyth and Tyne Railway, and was living at Cowpen Quay. At that time he was impressed with the conviction that he was the lawful heir to an estate in Tasmania, whither his grandfather's uncle had emigrated. The necessary evidence having, with difficulty, been obtained, among the statements elicited being the fact that Dryden's grandfather and grandmother had been married at Lamberton Toll Bar, the claim of the Blyth man was established, with the result that in 1878 he received a fortune amounting to several thousands of pounds. On becoming possessed of this windfall, the deceased took an inn at Newbiggin, but eventually bought the ketch Drydens, and traded with that vessel.

Signor Carlo Pallotti, who had been the Italian Vice-Consul in Newcastle for some years, died at his residence in Eldon Place, on the 2nd of April, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

On the same day, at the age of 51, died at his residence in Brunswick Place, Newcastle, Mr. Watson Derbyshire, who had in his time been connected with nearly all the local orchestras, particularly with those of the Art Gallery, the Tyne Music Hall, and the Theatre Royal.

On the 2nd of April, also, died Mr. Emerson Peart, who for 27 years successfully occupied the position of head master of St. Mary's National Schools, Gateshead, his age being 58 years.

Mr. Andrew Harrison, aged 73, who had for the greater portion of his career been connected with lifeboat work in South Shields, died in that town on the 5th of April.

On the 7th of April, Mr. William Charlton, who had been 42 years in the employment of the North-Eastern Railway Company, and had been station-master successively at North Shields, Leamside, and Thirsk, died at the last-named place. The deceased was much esteemed

for his courtesy and obliging disposition, and was 65 years of age.

On the same day, at the age of about 55, died Mr. Robert Sinclair, a native of Kirkwall, in Orkney, but who came to Newcastle while a young man, and had long carried on the business of tobacco manufacturer in that city.

The death also took place on the 7th of April, at the age of 86 years, of Mr. John Mavin, who for twenty years was employed by Messrs. R. Donkin and Son at the Rotbury Auction Mart.

The Rev. Joseph Gibson, of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Alnwick, died on the 9th of April. The deceased was 63 years of age, and had been missionary at Alnwick for the long period of 35 years.

On the 10th of April, Mr. Robert Ferry, well-known throughout the Northern Counties as a musician and vocalist, died at Sunderland, aged 60.

On the 10th of April, the remains of Mr. Henry King, of Prospect House, Hexham, who had died on the 7th, were interred in the cemetery in that town. The deceased was a trustee of Hexham Dispensary, and took an active interest in the affairs of the town generally.

It should have been mentioned that the portrait of Mr. John Fleming, which appears in the *Monthly Chronicle* (page 187), was copied from a painting by Mr. J. Hodgson Campbell, now hung on the walls of the Fleming Hospital, Newcastle.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MARCH.

11.—Great damage was done by a fire which broke out on the premises of Messrs. J. H. Holmes and Co., paint manufacturers, in Shieldfield, Newcastle.

—Four persons were injured by the explosion of a blown-out shot at South Benwell Colliery. Henry Graham, one of the injured men, died on the 16th.

12.—It was announced that the Queen had been pleased to appoint the Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and chaplain-in-ordinary to her Majesty, to the vacant Bishopric of Durham. Dr. Westcott was born near Birmingham in January, 1825, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His university career was more than ordinarily distinguished, as he obtained the Battie University Scholarship in 1846; carried off Sir William Browne's Medals for the Greek Ode in 1846, and again in the following year; and obtained the Bachelor's Prize for Latin Essay in 1847, and again in 1849. He obtained the Norrisian Prize in 1860, and was ordained deacon and priest in the following year by the Bishop of Manchester. He was elected Fellow of his college in 1849, and proceeded M.A. in 1851, B.D. in 1865, and D.D. in 1870. Dr. Westcott received from Oxford University the honorary degree of D.C.L. in 1881, and that of D.D. from Edinburgh University at its Ter-

centenary Commemoration in 1883. He held an Assistant-Mastership in Harrow School from 1852 to 1869, under Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Montague Butler. In 1868 he was appointed Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Peterborough, promoted to a canonry in Peterborough Cathedral in 1869, and elected Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in 1870. Nominated honorary chaplain to the Queen in 1875, he was made a chaplain-in-ordinary in 1879. He is the author of numerous theo-



BISHOP WESTCOTT.

logical works, and he was a member of the New Testament Revision Company. There had existed for many years the most intimate friendship and scholastic companionship between the late Bishop of Durham and Dr. Westcott.

—A new church for the use of the Primitive Methodist community, situated in Westoe Lane, South Shields, was opened by Mrs. J. Robinson.

—A meeting, under the presidency of the Mayor, was held in connection with a newly formed Cremation Society at Darlington.

13.—At the annual meeting of the Stockton Chamber of Commerce, Mr. T. Wrightson referred to the possibility of there being petroleum underneath the salt beds on Teesside. Mr. Grigg, of the Salt Union, said they had discovered natural gas, and they were going to put down a very deep borehole in the hope of discovering petroleum.

—A summary was published of the will of Mr.

Frederick John Leather, late of Middleton Hall, Belford, Northumberland, the value of the personal estate being upwards of £84,000.

—Sir Raylton Dixon was presented with the honorary freedom of the borough of Middlesbrough, in the Council Chamber of the new Town Hall. On the same occasion, he was presented by his friends with a portrait of himself, while Lady Dixon received a splendid jewel, (See *ante*, page 95, and volume for 1889, pp. 110-112.)

—After lasting several weeks, a strike of plumbers in Newcastle was settled by the employers agreeing to a compromise offered by the men, making the wages 8½d. per hour. The arrangement was effected through the mediation of the Mayor, Mr. Thomas Bell.

14.—The result was made known of a ballot that had been taken among the engineers on the North-East Coast, as to the demand of the workmen to leave off work at 12 o'clock on Saturdays, the week's work to consist of 53 hours. Against this the employers offered liberty to leave work at noon in those shops wherein was requested by the men, the hour to be worked up during the week as might be arranged in the different shops, a second shilling advance in wages to be granted in such cases. In the aggregate, there were found to be for the masters' offer 4,501, and against it 6,604, or a majority against of 2,103. The Newcastle vote was, for the employers' offer 4,272, and for the workmen's request 1,056; while in Sunderland, the numbers were for the men's demand 1,582, and for the masters' offer 18. The Newcastle men, notwithstanding the large majority in favour of acceptance of the masters' terms, decided to throw in their lot with the other districts, and the result was that the workmen, as a body, came out on strike on the 15th. Various proposals were made with a view to a settlement of the question at issue; and Judge Seymour, of the County Court, offered to constitute and to preside over a Court of Conciliation for that purpose. At length, however, as the result of a suggestion by a correspondent in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Bell) intervened, and on the evening of the 24th, as the outcome of his Worship's action, a settlement of the dispute was effected. It was decided that the 12 o'clock Saturday should commence on the 10th of May. Attached to this concession, however, were several conditions and stipulations of considerable importance. It was understood that the settlement should apply to the Tyne and Wear districts alone. Then it was stipulated that the machinery should run on, without stoppage for cleaning, to 12 o'clock on Saturdays—the men, however, not to take advantage of this to allow their machines to become dirty. Next, there was a re-arrangement of the holidays, which will in future consist of Good Friday, Easter Monday, Whit-Monday, the Race Wednesday and Thursday, Christmas and New Year's Day. Race Wednesday only to be considered a holiday as regards the payment of overtime. The expediency of appointing a Board of Conciliation for the settlement of future questions was also affirmed. The men resumed work on these terms on the morning of the 26th; and the same basis of settlement was almost simultaneously accepted by the engineers of the Tees district. (See *ante*, page 191.)

—Mr. David Dale, of Darlington, was among the plenipotentiaries appointed by the British Government on the

Labour Conference convened by the Emperor of Germany at Berlin. Mr. Dale was born in 1829, and is the second son of the late Mr. David Dale, of the H.E.I.C.'s Civil Service. For many years he has been actively identified with the manufacturing and commercial undertakings of Sir Joseph Pease and Company, in the county of Durham; and he was one of the chief promoters of the Board of Conciliation in connection with the Manufactured Iron Trade in the North of England. Mr. Dale has also been High Sheriff of the county of Durham. The list of dele-

Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society was delivered in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, by Sir James Crichton Browne, formerly medical superintendent of Coxlodge Lunatic



MR. DAVID DALE.

gates on the same mission included Mr. Thomas Burt, the secretary to the Northumberland Miners' Association, who has sat in the House of Commons as member for Morpeth since 1874. Mr. Burt was born at Murton, Percy Main, in 1838, and commenced working in the coal pits of his native county at an early age. The plenipotentiaries were further assisted by Mr. John Burnett, Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade. Mr. Burnett (see page 239) served his time and afterwards worked, as an engineer in Newcastle. He was one of the leaders of the Nine Hours Movement, which, after a strike of twenty weeks' duration, was conceded in Newcastle in 1871. Mr. Burnett for some time thereafter was a member of the staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. Previous to his connection with the Board of Trade, he occupied, for several years, the position of secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

—Mr. William Smith was elected an alderman of the Newcastle City Council, in the room of the late Mr. Henry Milvain.

16.—A thunderstorm, accompanied by vivid lightning and heavy rain, passed over Newcastle and district.

—The last lecture of the session in connection with the



Asylum. The subject was "Brain Structure," and the chair was occupied by Dr. Frederick Page.

18.—At a meeting of the Gateshead Board of Guardians, it was reported that the new workhouse, built by Mr. Walter Scott, was now complete, and in the hands of the Guardians. The amount of the contract was £41,000, and the total extras reached £441, which was considered reasonable.

19.—Mr. E. R. Turner, Judge of the Darlington County Court, made an order for winding-up the Onward Building Society at Darlington, and adjourned the matter till the 12th of April. On the 20th, Thomas Dennison, a late official of the society, was committed for trial on a charge of having attempted to commit suicide. The charge, which had also been preferred against him, of aiding and abetting frauds on the society was adjourned till the 2nd of April. He was then committed for trial on that charge also.

20.—It was stated that, under the will of the late Mr. Edward Fletcher, engineer, of Newcastle, the personality had been sworn at £75,178 9s. 2d.

22.—The first sod of a new pit, near Crawcrook Mill, about a mile to the west of Ryton, was cut by Mrs. Simpson.

—An advance of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in wages was conceded to the Northumberland miners by the owners. Mr. Burt, M.P., had travelled from Berlin to be present at the meeting at which this arrangement was effected. The hon. gentleman resumed his journey to the German capital on the following evening, and remained till the close of the Labour Conference. The Northumberland deputies afterwards received a corresponding advance.

24.—An increase of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in wages was granted to the men at the Consett Steel Works.

—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by a coroner's jury against John Melville, in connection with the death of his wife, Anne Melville, who had died in Newcastle Infirmary from injuries alleged to have been inflicted by her husband on the 18th.

—It was stated that the will of the late Mr. Justice Manisty had been proved, the personalty being valued at £122,815.

25.—Mr. Andrew Wrig was appointed superintendent and head master of the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Newcastle.

—The War Office authorities informed Mr. R. S. Donkin, M.P., that they had arranged for the opening of Tynemouth Castle to the public without the written orders which for some time past it had been necessary to obtain from the Town Clerk of Tynemouth.

26.—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., M.P., unveiled a bronze bust of the late Colonel Duncan, M.P., erected on the staircase of the Holborn Town Hall, London.

—The hours of the engine-drivers, firemen, and guards on the Earl of Durham's railway were shortened by one hour per day.

27.—Wingate Co-operative Store was destroyed by fire.

28.—It was announced that the total sum subscribed towards the Luke Armstrong Memorial was £683 12s., and that the first scholarship under the scheme had been won by Mr. A. E. Cope, a student educated entirely in the Newcastle College of Medicine.

—A conversazione of the members of the literary, scientific, and artistic societies of Newcastle was held in the College of Science, Newcastle.

—Morrison Colliery, near Annfield Plain, and Thornley Colliery, in the county of Durham, were stated to have been re-opened.

29.—The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* announced that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the well-known philanthropist, had accepted the position of an honorary member of Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society.

29.—The last of the winter series of popular concerts promoted by the Corporation was given in the Town Hall, Newcastle. There was a surplus on the thirteen weeks' concerts of £52.

—The thirteenth annual dinner of the Hotspur Club was held in the painted hall of the London Tavern, Fenchurch Street. Considerably more than a hundred gentlemen attended. The chair was occupied by Mr. A. Cocks, the president of the club, who was supported by several well-known North-Countrymen. In the course of the evening, Mr. Thomas Connolly, of Manchester, referred at length to the development of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and Mr. W. E. Adams gave a detailed history of the Dicky Bird Society.

31.—One of the crocodiles escaped from the tank in Day's menagerie, in a field at Chester-le-Street, and was recaptured with difficulty.

APRIL.

1.—Buddle Hall, Wallsend, long the residence of Mr. John Buddle, the well-known mining engineer, was destroyed by fire. (See vol. iii., pp. 150 and 162.)

2.—It was decided to form a limited liability company

to take up the affairs of the Newcastle Temperance Festival Association.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle Council, it was resolved to confer the honorary freedom of the city on Mr. H. M. Stanley, the celebrated explorer, on the occasion of his visit in May.

3.—It was announced that Miss Clara Waddington, last surviving sister of the late Dean Waddington, of Durham, whose death had recently occurred in London, had by her will bequeathed £2,000 to the funds of the Durham County Hospital.

4.—To-day, being Good Friday, was observed as a general holiday, and the weather was beautifully fine throughout the North of England.

5.—An aquatic match for £100 a-side was decided on the full Tyne championship course between George J. Perkins and George Norvell, of Swalwell, the former winning easily by three lengths.

—W. H. Shipley, a painter, of South Shields, made a first ascent in a balloon from a field at Westoe, and, after attaining a height of 9,300 feet, descended by means of a parachute.

7.—In the presence of a large concourse of spectators, the Earl of Camperdown, great-grandson of the Admiral who commanded the ship *Venerable* at the battle of Camperdown, unveiled a bronze statue to the memory of Jack Crawford in the Mowbray Park, Sunderland. The monument, which was the work of Mr. Percy Wood, sculptor, London, is 20 feet 7 inches in height, and bears on the base the following inscription:—"Jack Crawford, the hero of Camperdown who so heroically nailed Admiral Duncan's flag to the maintopgallantmast of H.M.S. *Venerable* in the Glorious Action off Camper-



MR. JOHN BURNETT.

down, on October 11, 1797. Jack Crawford was born at the Pottery Bank, Sunderland, 1775, and died in his native town, 1831, aged 56 years. Erected by Public Subscription." The seamen of the gunboats Hearty, Grappler, and Bullfrog, to the number of 300, coastguardsmen, life-brigadesmen, volunteers, and members of various trade societies took part in the ceremony, which was of a most imposing character. A bazaar, in aid of the memorial fund was afterwards opened by the Earl of Durham in the Drill Hall of the Artillery Volunteers, in the Green. The idea of commemorating Jack Crawford's heroic act originated in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. i., pp. 8, 91, and vol. ii., pp. 96, 414, 431.) The bazaar realised £540, of which £200 was devoted to clearing off the debt on the Jack Crawford Fund, the balance, after the payment of necessary expenses, being handed over to the Sunderland Orphan Asylum.

—Sandow, a young German, whose extraordinary feats of strength had produced a great sensation in London, gave the first of a series of exhibitions of his skill and power, in St. George's Drill Hall, Newcastle.

—Arthur Adams, a young man 22 years of age, was drowned in an attempt to save his brother Benjamin, who had fallen into the river Tees, near Eston Jetty, but who was eventually rescued by means of a cable.

8.—The twenty-eighth annual conference of Sunday School teachers connected with the unions in the Northern Counties was held at Jarrow.

—During the prevalence of a strong north-easterly gale, the barque Abbey Holme, of Liverpool, from Leith bound for the Tees, was observed drifting helplessly towards the south side of the Tyne, and ultimately she went ashore, the sea washing over her. The crew, with the captain's wife, were rescued by the Life Brigade. Two refreshment tents were wrecked and washed away at Whitley, and a wall was blown down at Middlesbrough. The most lamentable occurrence, however, was an accident which befel a party of excursionists, while returning from Holy Island to the mainland in a one-horse conveyance. They had proceeded only a short distance across the sands, when they were suddenly overtaken by the tide and a heavy sea. The party consisted of six persons, of whom five were rescued by a fishing boat, but the sixth, a man named Robert Gibson, who had for many years held a responsible position at the works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., Newcastle, was, unfortunately, carried out to sea and drowned. The horse and cart were also lost.

9.—At the Durham Registry Probate Court the will and two codicils of the late Bishop Lightfoot were proved, the personal estate being sworn at £23,622 17s. 7d. The testator bequeathed all his real estate to his nephew, William Francis Lightfoot Harrison, and the bulk of his personal estate he left in trust for his sister, and at her death to his nephew.

—Winlaton School Board election took place, the poll being headed by the Rev. A. B. Tebb, Congregational minister.

10.—Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P., opened a new school, erected by the Stockton School Board at a cost of £5,495.

—Mr. Thomas Wrightson was presented at Stockton with a testimonial portrait of himself, in recognition of his services to the Conservative party.

General Occurrences.

MARCH.

14.—The French Ministry resigned, and a new Cabinet was formed by M. de Freycinet.

—Baron Dowse, the senior judge on the Munster circuit, took suddenly ill at Tralee and died.

—A Parliamentary election took place at Stoke-on-Trent, the result being as follows:—Mr. George G. Leveson Gower (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,157; Mr. W. Shepherd Allen (Liberal Unionist), 2,926.

—Owing to a demand for a 10 per cent. advance in wages not being granted, the miners in the Midlands went on strike, altogether about 250,000 men leaving work. The coalowners, however, made an offer of a compromise, which was accepted on the 21st.

18.—Prince Bismarck resigned his offices of President of the Prussian Ministry and Chancellor of Germany.

20.—Intelligence was received of the massacre of Senhor Castra, a Portuguese customs official, and his escort of 300 natives, near Nyassa, Central Africa.

21.—The Duke of Manchester died.

24.—Mr. Balfour introduced an Irish Land Purchase Bill into the House of Commons.

28.—The Ohio Valley in the United States was visited by disastrous tornadoes, which did fearful damage to life and property.

APRIL.

1.—It was announced that Emin Pasha had entered the German service, and was about to start for the interior of Africa.

3.—News from St. Petersburg was received to the effect that explosives had been found in the neighbourhood of the palace of Gatchina, leading to the supposition that an attempt was to be made on the life of the Czar.

—Death of the Marquis of Normanby.

—The German Emperor issued an order forbidding luxurious living in the army.

8.—Serious riots occurred at Vienna, and the military forces were called out to suppress the disturbances.

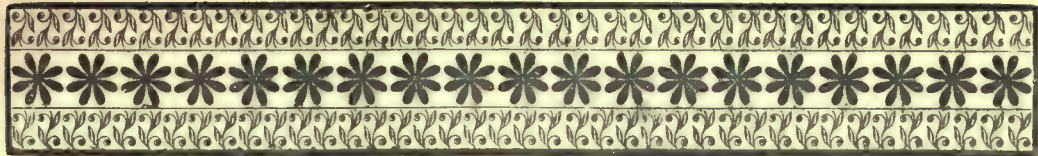
—H.M. cruiser Calliope, which was saved from shipwreck at Samoa through the skill of the captain and crew, arrived in Portsmouth.

—The town of Edgerton, Kansas, U.S., elected a municipal ticket entirely composed of women, including the mayor, judge, councillors, and police.

—Richard Davies, who had with his brother George been sentenced to death for the murder of his father near Crewe, was executed at Chester. George was respited and sent to penal servitude for life. Extraordinary exertions were made to obtain the same clemency for Richard, but without avail. The action of the Home Secretary gave rise to much dissatisfaction throughout the country.

9.—Alarming riots occurred at Valencia, Spain, where a mob endeavoured to set fire to public buildings. A detachment of cavalry charged the people, and many persons were injured.

11.—The result of an election at Carnarvon was as follows:—Mr. Lloyd George (Gladstonian), 1,963; Mr. Ellis Nanney (Conservative), 1,945; majority, 18. The seat was previously held by a Conservative.



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Forde, Lord Grey, and Lady Henrietta Berkeley.



FEW words of genealogical explanation will serve to introduce the chief personage in the melancholy tale now to be told. One branch of the great family of Gray or Grey, which "came over with the Conqueror," was settled almost from the first in Northumberland. It is not necessary for our purpose to go higher up on this line of descent than to Sir Thomas Grey, of Berwick and Chillingham, who died in 1402. His eldest son, Sir John, was created Earl of Tankerville in Normandy by Henry V.; and his second son, Thomas Grey, of Wark, was the ancestor of Sir Ralph Grey, of Chillingham, and Sir Edward Grey, of Howick, from the latter of whom Earl Grey is descended. Sir Ralph's son William was, in 1623, created Lord Grey of Wark, and William's son Forde, the main subject of our story, was, as will be related in its place, invested with the lapsed title of the Earl of Tankerville in 1695. Once again the title, dying with him, was revived in the person of his daughter's husband, Lord Ossulston, in which line it still remains.

It is with Forde, Lord Grey, that we have now to do. He was a man of strong will and impetuous passions. Either from untoward circumstances or from temperament, he was much given to litigation and a sort of high-headed, cavalier rowdiness. His life was a series of adventures, hairbreadth escapes, oscillating fortunes, great crimes, and extraordinary deliverances. He was married to Lady Mary, the daughter of the first Earl of Berkeley, and by her had one daughter, already alluded to as married to Lord Ossulston. Shortly after his marriage, and possibly even before it, Lord Grey conceived a passion for his wife's sister, the Lady Henrietta. This infamous amour began, on his part, when the girl was only fourteen years of age; but it had proceeded with

fluctuating force and success for four years before it reached its climax in the abduction and subsequent debauchment of its victim in 1682.



Forde, Lord Grey

The unavoidable and most natural intimacy between Lord Grey and his wife's family effectually covered the guilty liason for a considerable time; but the eagerness

of passion on the one part concurred with the incautiousness of youth on the other to betray the dreadful secret to Lady Henrietta's mother. One day it so happened that the Countess of Berkeley, on entering her daughter's room, surprised her in the act of writing a letter, which, to all appearance, she was endeavouring to conceal. Asking to whom she had been writing, her ladyship received for reply that her daughter had been making up her accounts; but the blush upon the face told a different tale, and induced the mother to order another of her daughters, the Lady Arabella, to search the apartment. To prevent this, Lady Henrietta, with painful shame, delivered into her sister's hands a letter addressed to Lord Grey, which was as follows:—"My sister Bell did not suspect our being together last night, for she did not hear the noise. I pray, come again, Sunday or Monday; if the last, I shall be very impatient."

Lady Henrietta at once acquainted Lord Grey with the fact that they had been discovered, and shortly afterwards his lordship arrived at the house and requested an interview with Lady Arabella. Before this interview had well begun, Lady Henrietta came into the room and fell down, as one dead, at her lover's feet. Lord Grey raised her from the ground, and, turning to Arabella, said, "You see how far it has gone between us," adding, "I tell you that I have no love and no consideration for anything on earth but dear Lady Hen," on which Arabella, addressing her sister in tones of remonstrance, exclaimed, "I am very much troubled and annoyed that you can sit by and hear my Lord Grey declare such things when it so much concerns my sister Mary; for my part, it stabs me to the heart."

Shortly after this, the Countess of Berkeley sent for the recreant son-in-law, and reproached him for the grief and dishonour he had brought upon the family, telling him that he had (here we quote the report of the trial which arose out of the affair) "done barbarously, basely, and falsely with me in having an intrigue with his sister-in-law; that he, who should have risked his very life in defence of her honour, had done worse to her than if he had murdered her by thus indulging in criminal love for her." She asked him if he was indeed in love with his sister, and with tears he confessed it, bewailing himself as the most unfortunate of men, and beseeching her by many arguments to keep the matter secret. He promised that, if she would still allow her unhappy daughter to go into society as usual, so as to avoid curious remarks, he would take care to keep out of her way; and to this arrangement the countess substantially agreed. But as there was some hitch which disabled Lord Grey from keeping his promise of going out of town, the prudent mother decided to send her daughter on a visit to her son, Lord Dursley. To this the young lady would not consent. "When I came to my daughter" (again quoting from the report

of her ladyship's evidence), "my wretched, unkind daughter—I have been so kind a mother to her, and would have died rather than brought this matter into court if there had been any other way to reclaim her—this child of mine, when I came up to her, fell into a great many tears, and begged my pardon for what she had done, promising that if I would forgive her she would never again hold any converse with her brother-in-law, adding all the things which would make a tender mother believe her." Receiving her protestations in all good faith, the countess recalled her plans for the visit to Lord Dursley, and this the more readily as her own household were on the point of removing for the season to their home at Durdants, near Epsom, so that the separation of the two guilty ones could be maintained without exciting special observation. But when they got there, it was found to be impossible to maintain the separation with needful stringency without awakening uneasiness in the mind of Lady Grey. Indeed, the injured wife had already got an inkling that something was amiss, but of the dreadful truth she was entirely ignorant, until it burst upon her like a thunder-clap one fine Sunday morning in August, 1682, when her sister disappeared, as was suspected and afterwards proved, by appointment with Lord Grey.

So far as ever transpired, no one actually accompanied Lady Henrietta in her flight, but it seems probable that the whole affair had been arranged by one Charnock, Lord Grey's confidential servant. It came out on the trial that Charnock had been at certain houses a short time previous to this date, inquiring for lodgings, pretending that they were for his wife, who was near her confinement. At all events, on that Sunday, there came to the house of Mrs. Hilton, not far from Charing Cross, at seven o'clock in the morning, a lady attired precisely as Lady Henrietta was when she left her father's house. Charnock was not with her, and she did not stay long. Mrs. Charnock called upon her, and then she, as well as Mrs. Hilton, went with her to the house of one Patten, in Wild Street, Leicester Square. Here it is probable she met her lover; for, on the following day, Monday, Lord Grey called on David Jones, who lived "over against the statue" at Charing Cross, and engaged lodgings for a lady, who on the Tuesday came with his lordship.

Of course, the Earl of Berkeley could no longer be kept in ignorance of the unhappy trouble, and both he and other members of the family were at first only anxious to have the affair hushed up as soon and as quietly as possible. He authorised one Mr. Smith, a son-in-law of his, to propose to Lord Grey to give up his mistress to be decently married to some parson or other, if one sufficiently compliant could be found, and there appears to have been no doubt that plenty such were to be had, in which case Lord Berkeley was willing to give his daughter the handsome portion of £6,000. This probably suggested to Lord Grey the course he actually adopted.

He declined to give up his mistress; but to baffle her relatives, in case matters came to the worst, he had her married privately to one Turner, a creature of his own, although a son of one of the judges by whom the case was investigated before a formal trial became necessary.

All the efforts of Lord Berkeley to recover possession of his daughter proving abortive, he at length proceeded by way of indictment against Lord Grey, the Char-nocks, man and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, lodging-house keepers, for a misdemeanour of the nature of a conspiracy to debauch Lady Henrietta. The trial took place before Chief-Justice Pemberton and others, in November, 1682. By the mouths of many witnesses the story of shame and sorrow was unfolded to the jury, substantially as we have already presented it. The unfortunate lady was in the court during the trial, and the sight of her, after all the infamy she had brought upon herself and on her family, unnerved her mother and sisters, while it exasperated her father to fury. At her first entrance he could not restrain himself, but passionately besought the judges to restore his daughter to his custody and control. The court, however, refused to entertain the question at that stage. For the defence several witnesses were called to prove that Lord Grey had no hand in the business. The most important of these witnesses was the Lady Henrietta herself. She distinctly swore that Lord Grey had no hand in her escape, that she had no advice from him or anybody connected with him, and that he knew nothing of her design. In answer to questions, she denied that she had seen his lordship on the day of flight, Sunday, or on Monday, or "for a great while after." She admitted that she had written to him on the Tuesday, alleging that she deemed it the most natural thing in the world, "he being the nearest relation she had to whom she could look for protection." She further swore that his lordship's reply was very harsh, and that he repeatedly urged her to return to her father. The presiding judge summed up dead against all the accused except Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who were acquitted. When the jury were in the act of retiring, Lord Berkeley, addressing the court, prayed that he might have his daughter delivered up to him. The Lord Chief-Justice signified his concurrence in the demand, but the lady herself cried out, "I will not go to my father again. My lord, I am married." Lord Chief-Justice: "To whom?" Lady Henrietta: "To Mr. Turner." Judge: "Where is he?" Lady: "Here in court." Way being made for him, Turner took his place beside the lady who had claimed from him the protection of a husband's authority. But this mode of settling the claim was not to pass unchallenged, as will appear by the following extract from the report of the trial:—

Lord Chief-Justice: Let's see him that has married you. Are you married to this lady?

Mr. Turner: Yes, I am so, my lord.

Lord Chief-Justice: What are you?

Mr. Turner: I am a gentleman.

Lord Chief-Justice: Where do you live?

Mr. Turner: Sometimes in town, and sometimes in the country.

Lord Chief-Justice: Where do you live when you are in the country?

Mr. Turner: Sometimes in Somersetshire.

Justice Dolben: He is, I believe, the son of Sir William Turner that was the advocate; he is a little like him.

Serjeant Jeffries: Ay, we all know Mr. Turner well enough. And, to satisfy you this is all a part of the same design, and one of the foulest practices that ever was used, we shall prove he was married to another person before, that is now alive, and has children by him.

Mr. Turner: Ay, do, if you can, for there was never such thing.

Serjeant Jeffries: Pray, sir, did not you live at Bromley with a woman as man and wife, and had divers children, and, living so intimately, were you not questioned about it, and you and she owned yourselves to be man and wife?

Mr. Turner: My lord, there is no such thing; but this is my wife I do acknowledge.

Attorney-General: We pray, my lord, that he may have his oath.

Mr. Turner: My lord, here are the witnesses ready to prove it that were by.

Earl of Berkeley: Truly as to that, to examine this matter by witnesses, I conceive this court, though it be a great court, yet has not the cognizance of marriages; and though here be a pretence of a marriage, yet I know you will not determine it, how ready soever he may be to make it out by witnesses; but I desire she may be delivered up to me, her father, and let him take his remedy.

Lord Chief-Justice: I see no reason but my lord may take his daughter.

Earl of Berkeley: I desire the court he will deliver her to me.

Justice Dolben: My lord, we cannot dispose of any other man's wife, and they say they are married; we have nothing to do with it.

Lord Chief-Justice: My Lord Berkeley, your daughter is free to you to take her; as for Mr. Turner, if he thinks he has any right to the lady, let him take his course. Are you at liberty and under no restraint?

Lady Henrietta: I will go with my husband.

Earl of Berkeley: Hussey, you shall go home with me.

Lady Henrietta: I will go with my husband.

Earl of Berkeley: Hussey, you shall go with me, I say.

Lady Henrietta: I will go with my husband.

After an interlude concerning the bailing of Lord Grey, the old earl renewed his demand to have his daughter given up to him. The Lord Chief-Justice said, "My lord, we do not hinder you; you may take her." Lady Henrietta: "I will go with my husband." Earl of Berkeley: "Then all that are my friends, seize her, I charge you." Then the court broke up. "Passing through the hall," says a contemporary account of the occurrence, "there was a great scuffle about the lady, and swords drawn on both sides, and my Lord Chief-Justice, coming by, ordered the tipstaff who attended him (who had formerly a warrant to search for her and take her into custody) to take charge of her, and carry her over to the King's Bench; and Mr. Turner, asking if he should be committed too, the Chief-Justice told him he might go with her if he would, which he did, and, as it is reported, they lay together that night in the Marshal's house, and she was released out of prison by order of the court the last day of the term."

The verdict of the jury was against the chief offender

and his two principal agents, the Charnocks; but ultimately the affair was compromised, and ended in a record of *nolle prosequi*.

Lord Grey had his hands full enough of plots and risks, in addition to his disgraceful amour. In this very year, 1682, he had been indicted, with several others of better fame than his own, for a riotous interference with the election of sheriff for the city of London, and fined one thousand marks. Before many months had elapsed, he was involved in the celebrated Rye House Plot, wherein for a while he was associated with men who bore the honoured names of Sidney and Russell. But he was more wary or more fortunate than they. When on his way to the Tower, he contrived to get his guards intoxicated, and, leaving them peacefully slumbering in the carriage, betook himself to flight. Holland was the place he selected as a hiding place, and thither he went, accompanied by his mistress and her nominal husband. In 1685, he returned to England in the suite of the Duke of Monmouth, and took part in the rash enterprise which culminated in the battle of Sedgemoor. Both at Bridport and in the engagement of Sedgemoor, Lord Grey is said to have behaved in a dastardly fashion, thereby adding a fresh blot to his already sullied name. To crown his cowardice, he purchased his pardon by writing, when a prisoner in the Tower, a full confession, which was a designed justification of the severity with which Lord William Russell had been treated for the Rye House Plot, and a tissue of falsehoods against the Duke of Monmouth.

Subsequent to the Revolution of 1688, Lord Grey continued in the background for a time, but gradually recovered more than his old influence, and for services, supposed or real, was invested with the earldom of Tankerville. Macaulay, describing the debates in the Upper House on the insertion of the words "right and lawful" as applied to William of Orange in the Act of Succession, says:—"But no man distinguished himself more in the debate than one whose life, both public and private, had been one long series of faults and disasters, the incestuous lover of Henrietta Berkeley, the unfortunate lieutenant of the Duke of Monmouth. He had recently ceased to be called by the tarnished name of Grey of Wark, and was now Earl of Tankerville. He spoke on that day with great force and eloquence for the maintenance of the words 'right and lawful.'"

After this, it is not wonderful that he attained places of trust and power. During the absence of King William in 1700, he was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury and one of the Lords Justices. Later in the same year he was made Lord Privy Seal.

Lord Grey died on Midsummer Day, 1701. The hapless victim of his passion spent the remnant of her days in obscurity abroad.

The Shilbottle Blue Bonnet.

FROM the very nature of his employment, mining, mole-like, far underground, with a constant liability to loss of limb or life, the uneducated pitman of every land is prone to superstition. The Northumberland coal-miner, such as he was less than a century since, was no exception to this rule. He believed in all sorts of omens, warnings, and signs. Many things, insignificant in themselves, had a weighty meaning to him. A rabbit, a hare, or a woman crossing the path on his way before daybreak to the pit, would cause him to return home and go to bed again, thereby losing a day's winning. Nightmare or other dreams were, of course, premonitory of sudden inroads of water, outgoings of gas, or fatal falls of stone. Knockings were heard occasionally down below, of which no account could be given: these were also ominous. And the pits were, moreover, haunted by mischievous goblins whose sole delight was to annoy and terrify the pit people, men and boys. One of these was that spiteful elf Cutty Soams, whose doings have already been recorded in these pages. (See *ante*, vol. i., p. 269.) Of another goblin—altogether a more sensible, and, indeed, an honest and hard-working bogle, much akin to the Scottish brownie—a writer in the *Colliery Guardian*, of May 23rd, 1863, wrote as follows:—

The supernatural person in question was no other than a ghostly putter, and his name was "Bluecap." Sometimes the miners would perceive a light-blue flame flicker through the air, and settle on a full coal-tub, which immediately moved towards the rolley-way as though impelled by the sturdiest sinews in the working. Industrious Bluecap required, and rightly, to be paid for his services, which he modestly rated as those of an ordinary average putter; therefore, once a fortnight Bluecap's wages were left for him in a solitary corner of the mine. If they were a farthing below his due, the indignant Bluecap would not pocket a stiver; if they were a farthing above his due, indignant Bluecap left the surplus revenue where he found it. The writer asked his informant, a hewer, whether, if Bluecap's wages were now-a-days to be left for him, he thought they would be appropriated; the man shrewdly answered, he thought they would be taken by Bluecap, or somebody else.

At Shilbottle Colliery, near Alnwick, Bluecap was better known as Blue Bonnet. But the Shilbottle pitmen no longer believe in any such unearthly diminutive imp as their forefathers used to think and say they saw, pushing the full tubs to the rolley-way, when there were no human putters there. They are now a well-educated, intelligent, orderly class of men. Seventy or eighty years ago, however, their parish minister thought it his duty to report concerning them to Parliament, that "most of the poor, being pitmen, are able to educate their children; but they are regardless of their receiving any instruction, or observance of the Sabbath, which is attributed," concludes the worthy man, "to the dissemination of atheistical and seditious pamphlets." This curious report was printed, by order of the House of Commons, on the

1st of April, 1819, in a blue book entitled "A Digest of Parochial Returns."

The Dutch or Flemings have a counterpart of our Blue Bonnet in a spirit whom they call Roodkep, that is Red Cap, and also "the little brisk boy," Kaboutermannetjes. Like the Scottish Brownie, he vanishes for ever on receiving a gift of new clothes; and, unlike the Northumberland sprite, he does not seem to expect any money wage.

All these dwarfish beings, according to Norse mythology, were bred in the mould of the earth, just as worms are in a dead body. "It was, in fact, in Ymir's flesh"—[Ymir, a giant whom the divine sons of Bor slew to form from his corpse this terraqueous globe]—"it was in Ymir's flesh that the dwarfs were engendered, and began to move and live. At first they were only maggots, but by the will of the gods they at length partook both of human shape and understanding, although they always dwell in rocks and caverns." So the illustrious Snorri Sturlason tells us; and if we do not believe his tale to be strictly true, we may perhaps still believe some things that are equally false.

Jeremiah Dixon, Mathematician.

MASON and Dixon's Line was more familiar to the general public during the old slavery days in the United States than it is now. The name was given to an imaginary line which, stretching across the continent of North America, separated the Free States from the Slave States. It gave rise to the well-known negro song, "Dixie's Land." The line got its name from two English astronomers and mathematicians—Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon—who in 1763-67 marked out the boundaries between the possessions of Lord Baltimore and the family of William Penn, then the rival proprietors of Maryland and Pennsylvania. But it is not generally known, even in the County Palatine, that the Dixie of the negro song, the Jeremiah Dixon of American history, was a native of Durham. A biographical sketch of this worthy and distinguished man was contributed by Mr. Matthew Richley to a Bishop Auckland magazine in 1854. What follows is copied with a few slight corrections from Mr. Richley's sketch.

Jeremiah Dixon, one of the greatest mathematicians as well as one of the most ingenious men of his age, was born in the out-of-the-way village of Cockfield, and was the son of an old and faithful servant of the Raby family, whose picture is still preserved in Raby castle, bearing the following inscription—"An Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." Jeremiah received the first rudiments of his education under Mr. John Kipling, of Barnard Castle,

but was in a great measure self-taught. He was a contemporary, and on very intimate terms, with that celebrated and strange compound of genius and eccentricity, William Emmerson, of Hurworth; and also with John Bird, of Bishop Auckland, another ingenious and kindred spirit, who was an engraver and mathematical instrument maker, and who made an instrument for taking the latitude at sea which surpassed all others previously used.

There appears to be no record left, either written or oral, with respect to the early manifestations of Dixon's genius; but, if the history of the development of his peculiar turn for mathematics and mechanics could be traced from its first rude dawning up to the time when he came out a public character—to be entrusted with responsible tasks requiring abilities of the first order—there can be no doubt that there would be found in it, as in that of most men of genius, many pleasing incidents worthy of being preserved.

Jeremiah was selected by the Royal Academy of Woolwich as a fit person to be sent out to the island of St. Helena for the purpose of observing the transit of the planet Venus across the sun's disc; he was recommended by his friend, John Bird, who had some connection with that school. When Dixon was undergoing his examination by the learned of that establishment, with respect to his qualifications for the task, the first question put to him by them was, "Whether did you study mathematics at Cambridge or Oxford?" "At neither place," said Jeremiah. "Then at what public school did you get your rudiments?" "At no public school," was the reply. "Then at what particular seat of learning did you acquire it?" "In a pit cabin upon Cockfield Fell," said the humble scholar.

Dixon's abilities were tested, and found equal to the task; he was accordingly sent, and performed the work to the satisfaction of his employers. The Academy which sent him out was a military one; and from that time till the day of his death he wore its uniform—a red coat and a cocked hat. It was after the expedition to St. Helena that he was engaged to fix the boundaries of the provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

It is known that Dixon was the originator of many of the mechanical contrivances and machines now used about coal works. There is even a belief that he was the original discoverer of coal gas, and that his own garden wall, on the edge of Cockfield Fell, was the first place ever lit up by that most useful article. This discovery is generally attributed to William Murdoch, a native of Cornwall, who, in the year 1792, employed it for lighting his own house and offices at Redruth, and in 1798 constructed the apparatus for the purpose of lighting Boulton and Watt's Works, Soho, near Birmingham. With respect to Dixon's claim to the discovery, the probability is that it was simultaneous with that of Murdoch, and that, living in an obscure

locality, and being also of a retired and unostentatious disposition, his discovery did not become known till after that of the Cornish inventor. Dixon's first experiment is said to have been made—like that of many other embryo philosophers—with rather a rude sort of apparatus; his first retort was an old tea kettle, and for pipes, to convey the gas along the orchard wall, he used the stalks of hemlock!

The Highlanders at Wolsingham.

DURING the Jacobite rebellion of 1745—commonly known as “The Highlander Year”—a very general alarm naturally prevailed among the dalesmen of the North, when, after the rout of the Royal forces at Prestonpans and the disgraceful flight of the English general, the “Johnny Cope” of the popular song, it became known that the Highlanders had entered England, and were marching unopposed towards London. Previous experiences of the Scottish inroads led to the belief that the redoubtable invaders would seek to penetrate into the land, not along the most frequented high roads, where they were likeliest to meet with troublesome obstructions and trying delays, but through the unguarded hill passes and down the sequestered dales, every foot of which had been familiar to the old mosstroopers.

One of the favourite routes of these marauders previous to the union of the crowns was that which has been immortalised in the ballad of “Rookhope Ryde.” (See *ante*, p. .) It led over the wild moors from Allenheds to Stanhope. Nothing was more likely than that some of the Highlanders at least, cattle-drovers who knew all the “drove roads” from Stirlingshire to Hertfordshire, would take this way into Weardale, across the wastes and commons, to harry the rich granges of the bishopric. At Wolsingham, which would be the first place of any consequence lying right in their path on this particular route, the peaceful villagers, tenants of the Church, were for some days in sore suspense; for a report reached them that a strong body of the kilted invaders, fully armed with dirks and claymores, had marched from Penrith by way of Alston, and might be expected on the banks of the Wear at any moment. It was said they raised forced contributions at every house as they went along, their peremptory order to the mistress of each being something like this, “Put toon a preed, a sheeze, an’ a shillin’,” which order, if not instantly complied with, led to violence and spoliation. In this emergency, every fencible man in Wolsingham, that is, every male inhabitant between sixteen and sixty, was ordered by Bishop Chandler's local representative to hold himself in

readiness in case of surprise, with such arms as he could provide; and the order was promptly obeyed by all.

When the universal fear was at its height, a man who had run “like a hatter” all the way from the head of the Wascrow Beck down to Wolsingham, knocked loudly at the door of the first house in the village that he came to, and called out that the rebels were fast approaching. When standing on a hill-top, late the previous afternoon, he had seen them making their way past the Dead Friars, over Stanhope Common, and he verily believed they were now close at hand, from the rate at which they were marching. Horns were at once blown and the church bells set a-ringing, to arouse the inhabitants from their peaceful slumber. It was a dark, rainy November night, like that on which Tam o’ Shanter set out on his memorable ride home. It was consequently under very disagreeable circumstances that the villagers had to turn out; but as they felt that their lives and properties were at stake, a unanimous resolution was formed that they would patrol the street till the enemy should appear, or at any rate till daylight. Morning came, but not the rebels. As they could not be very far off, however, scouts were sent out in different directions to ascertain their actual whereabouts. The scouts all came back, saying they could hear no tidings of them. It was consequently agreed that a score of horsemen should cross the Wear and ascend the neighbouring hills, from whence they would have a view of the whole country round; while such as were unprovided with horses should remain to defend the village in case of a sudden attack.

The cavaliers set off accordingly, and soon reached the top of a ridge called the Shull Hills, where they halted to reconnoitre. They had not been there many minutes before a large moving mass was seen to reach the top of Bollihope Fell, a few miles to the westward; in quite a different direction, therefore, from that which the man had indicated; and the alarmed scouts at once jumped to the conclusion that this mass could only be composed of rebels. Rebels or not, it was soon clear that they were marching straight in the direction of Wolsingham, and that, from the pace at which they were advancing, it could not be above an hour ere they would be close upon the town. Nor was this all: the first band had not got far down the hill before another appeared, and then a third, all going at the same rate and in the same course.

What was now to be done? Judging from appearances, there could not be less than five or six hundred of the unbreeched vagabonds; and to wait their approach where the scouts stood would, of course, be inevitable death or capture. A retreat was therefore commenced, in the hope that, on regaining home, they might be enabled, with the assistance of their fellow-townsmen, to check and drive off the enemy, or least to make terms with them. Orderly enough at first, the retreat by and by became a race. A cry having been raised that the vanguard of the rebels had gained the top of the hill behind them,

each man felt that his own personal safety now depended on the speed of his charger, and off they all galloped helter-skelter. Those whose horses were swift of foot took the lead, whilst, as a necessary consequence, the slowest were left behind.

To add to the confusion, a poor tailor, who had borrowed for the occasion a rather spirited mare belonging to a neighbouring farmer who was lying ill at the time, irritated his beast by tugging hard at the check rein and simultaneously sticking his spurs into her flanks, in the vain endeavour to lessen her speed. Eager to compete among the foremost in the race, and unaccustomed to the methods of her rider, the mare began plunging and kicking in a desperate manner. So the tailor, who carried athwart the saddle-bow an old blunderbus ready loaded, got into such a predicament that he fairly lost his head. Expecting every moment to be landed among the horse's feet, he grasped the pommel convulsively, and, in so doing, touched the trigger of the blunderbus, which went off with a bang, and shot the horse of the miller, who was passing at the moment. Down went miller and horse, and over him rolled the tailor and his mare, and as the path was narrow and steep, and stony withal, and several more riders were spurring on behind, the two unhappy wights ran great risk of having their limbs broken; but luckily both escaped with a sore fright.

Meanwhile, the enemy was close behind, and it behoved miller and tailor to pick themselves up as best they could. When lo! instead of four or five blunderbus ferocious Celts, bent on slaughter, out came about two hundred little Highland kyloes, snorting, stamping, and lashing their tails, followed by half-a-dozen lithe-limbed, belted and plaided gillies, who had brought the cattle all the way from Doune Latter Fair, along the drove roads, as they were called, which lay over the wildest tracts of the South of Scotland and North of England.

It had been, therefore, a shameful panic, unworthy of the descendants of the men who fought so valiantly and successfully against heavy odds at Rookhope. But in this world, and doubtless in every other, the inevitable must be accepted, and it is always best to accept it, if possible, with a good grace. So thought the Wolsingham bravoes, all at least but the miller, who had lost a valuable horse. The tailor, as we may safely presume, never heard the end of the ridiculous tragi-comedy, he having been the only man who had shed blood during the performance.

The rebels, as history tells, went another road, and never came within the bounds of the bishopric. But it was a long time before any of those who had escaped the stigma of cowardice, through not having steeds to bestride, durst mention the word "kyloe" in the hearing of any of their equestrian friends; for, unless they were prepared and able to defend themselves against the stampers in a game of fisticuffs, they would have been sure to rue their funning. The expedition to Shull Hill forms

a prominent episode in the history of the town, and, as such, will not be allowed to fall into oblivion.

The Shrike, or Butcher Bird.



ACCORDING to Dr. Brehm's arrangement, the Shrikes (*Lani*) are a numerous and well-known group of birds, found in all parts of the world. Though over a score of different species have been noted and described, only three at most have been observed in this country. In all these birds the body is powerful and the breast prominent; the neck is strong, the head comparatively large and round; and the wings are broad and rounded. The third or fourth quill exceeds the rest in length, while the tail is long and graduated. The beak is powerful, compressed at the sides, and terminates in a strong hook, near which the upper mandible has a very perceptible tooth-like appendage. The feet are large and strong, the toes long and armed with sharp claws, and the plumage is rich, thick, and varied.



Shrikes, which prey more or less on the smaller members of the feathered family, frequent wooded districts and pasture lands where shelter is abundant. Such species as frequent high latitudes migrate regularly in the autumn, and find their way, in search of food, as far south as Central Africa. In their habits they closely resemble some of the birds of prey, and their movements are said to be similar to those of the raven family. They can easily imitate the notes of other birds, and this habit, no doubt, secures them a portion of their feathered prey. Their flight is irregular, and they progress on the ground by a succession of jumps or hops. They devour insects in large numbers, and prey extensively on finches, sparrows, &c. A remarkable characteristic of this family, through which they are called butcher birds, is a habit

they have of spiking their victims, birds and beetles alike, on sharp thorns. They nest in well-sheltered places, and the broods, of from four to six, remain for a considerable time in the company of their parents. They are believed to breed but once a year, except in cases where the nests have been plundered.

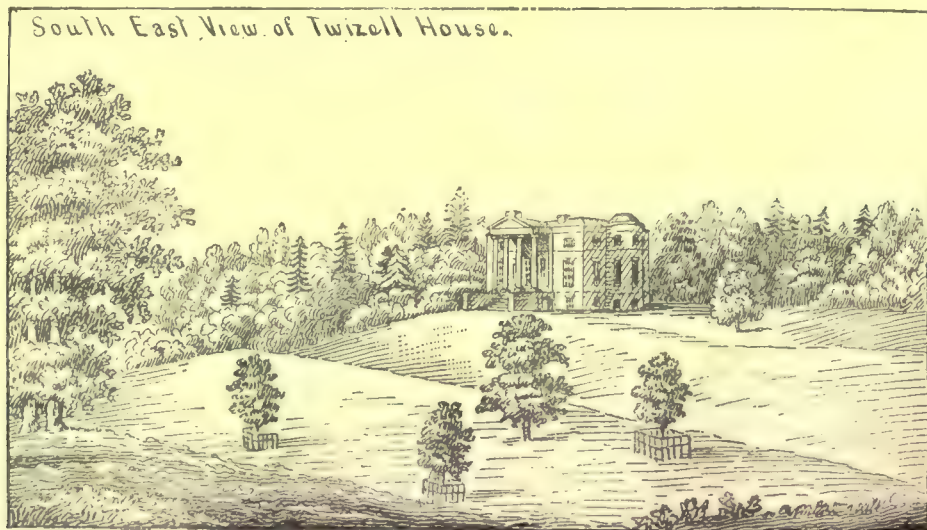
The Ash-coloured Shrike (*Lanius excubitor*) has a long list of common names, such as Great Shrike, Great Grey Shrike, Greater Butcher Bird, Sentinel Butcher Bird, Murdering Pie, and Shreek. It is found in nearly every country in Europe, from north to south, and also in the temperate parts of North America. It is described by Mr. Hancock as "a rare winter migrant." But correspondents of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* have mentioned that specimens have been seen near Morpeth and elsewhere in the Northern Counties during the early months of the present year.

Butcher birds are said to be easily tamed, even if captured when full-grown. When in confinement they fasten their prey, or food, to the wires of the cage. Yarrell says that the bird "is used by falconers abroad during autumn and winter when trapping falcons." "The shrike," he adds, "is fastened to the ground, and, by screaming loudly, gives notice to the falconer who is concealed, of the approach of a hawk. It was on this account, therefore, called 'excubitor'—the sentinel." Mr. Knapp, however, in his "Journal of a Naturalist," says that the above name was appropriately given to the bird by Linneus from its seldom concealing itself in a bush, but sitting perched on some upper spray, in an open situation, heedful of danger, or watching for its prey. One was caught in the act of pouncing on the decoy bird of a fowler, "who," says Bishop Stanley, "having kept it awhile in confinement, was soon glad to get rid of it, as the sound of its voice at once hushed to silence the notes

of his whole choir of birds." Speaking of the peculiar habits of these birds in spiking their prey, one writer says:—"We have seen the New Holland butcher bird (*Vanga destructor*) act in this manner when in captivity, and after strangling a mouse or crushing its skull, doubled it through the wires of its cage, and, in very demonstration of savage triumph, tear it limb from limb and devour it. The bird to which we allude had the talent of imitation to great perfection, and had learnt to sing several bars of airs, with a full-toned musical voice. It executed the first part of 'Over the Water to Charlie' with a spirit that would have gone to the heart of an old Jacobite." Rennie tells us that the great shrike is trained in Russia to catch small birds, and is valuable for its destruction of rats and mice. It is a very courageous bird, attacking fearlessly those which are much its superior in size, even the eagle it is said, and it will not allow a hawk, crow, or magpie to approach its nest with impunity. Montagu, who kept several of these birds, found that at the end of two months they lose the affection for each other which they seem to exhibit in the wild state, and quarrel and fight even till one is slain.

The flight of the great grey shrike is slow and undulating, and can rarely be sustained for more than a few minutes at a time; even when merely passing from one tree to another it moves in undulating lines, keeping near the ground, and rapidly agitating both its wings and tail. When the bird is perched, the tail is in constant motion, like that of the magpie. Its sight is excellent, and its sense of hearing so delicate as at once to detect the slightest sound. During the breeding season, it lives peaceably with its mate; but after that period each individual provides only for itself, and carries on an incessant warfare with other birds.

The male bird weighs a little over two ounces; length,



from nine to ten inches; the upper mandible is bluish black at the base, and there is a strong projection near its point, which is considerably hooked; the lower one is yellowish brown at the base, brownish black at the tip; a black streak runs from it to the eye, and a narrower one under the eye—over the former is a streak of white, which runs into the grey of the nape, widening into an oval patch over the ear; iris, dark brown; forehead, dull white; head, crown, neck, and nape, light ash grey; chin, throat, and breast, white; back, light ash grey. The wings, which are short, expand to a width of one foot two or three inches. The female resembles the male, but the colours are more dull, the blue grey assuming a brownish tint; and the breast is marked with numerous semicircular greyish lines. Temminck says there is a variety that is nearly pure white, the black parts slightly tinged with grey. Another variety is described as entirely white, with a tinge of rich yellow.

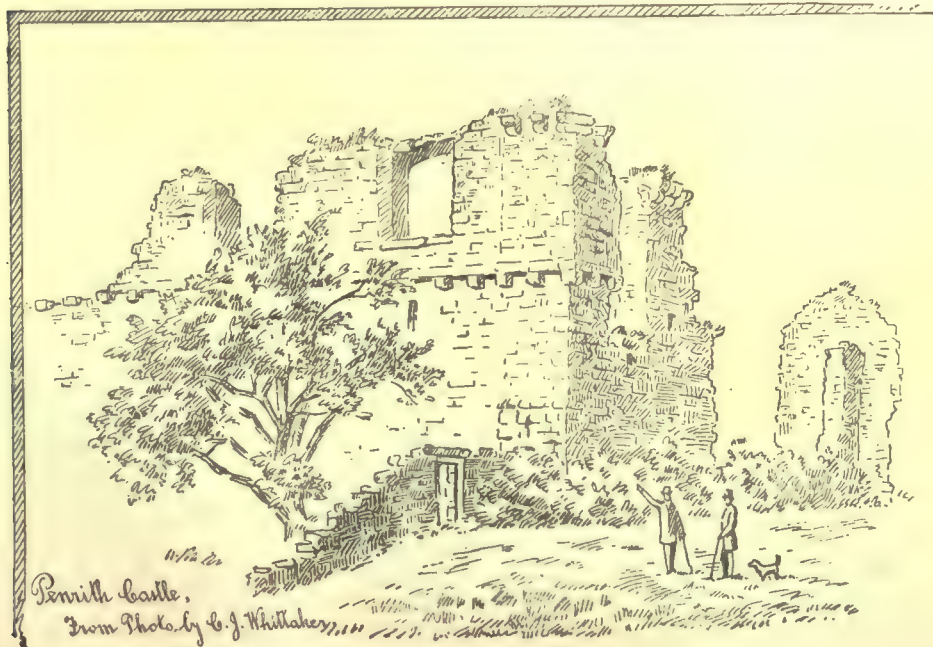
Twizell House.

TWIZELL HOUSE, the residence of the Rev. Edmund Antrobus, is picturesquely situated about ten miles north of Alnwick, in the county of Northumberland. For the greater part of the present century Twizell was a place of interest to lovers of natural history as the seat of Mr. Prideaux John Selby, whose "Illustrations of British Ornithology"

and "History of British Forest Trees" have given him a wide and well-merited reputation. Mr. Selby was born in Bondgate, Alnwick, on July 23, 1788, and died at Twizell House, March 27, 1867.

Penrith Castle.

THE ruins of Penrith Castle are situated close to the railway station of the old Cumberland town. They consist only of a few bare walls unrelieved by ivy or other natural adornments. Constructed of the red stone of the district, the fortress appears to have been a perfect quadrangle, with a tower at each corner. The entrance was on the east, and the moat can still be traced. Like most old castles, it has its subterranean passage, which was supposed to lead from the castle to a house in Penrith, called Dockwray Hall, about 300 yards distant. Viewed from the other side of the vale, the ruins have a certain amount of dignity. Erected about the end of the fourteenth century, Penrith Castle was for some time the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who won the goodwill of the inhabitants of Penrith by the magnificence of his style of living. It continued in the possession of the Crown till the Revolution, when it was granted, together with the honour of Penrith, to Walter Bentinck, first Earl of Portland. During the contest between Charles I.



and the Long Parliament, the castle was seized and dismantled by the adherents of the Commonwealth, and the lead, timber, and other materials, were sold. In 1783, the Duke of Portland disposed of it, together with the honour of Penrith, including Inglewood Forest, to the Duke of Devonshire, who made it away to other parties.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir Ralph Delaval,
FOUNDER OF SEATON SLUICE.

FOR a summary of the early descents of the Delavals, recourse may be had to an interesting paper contributed by the Rev. Edward Hussey Adamson to the twelfth volume of the "*Archæologia Eliana*." Whatsoever was obscure in the genealogy, or erroneously described in visitations and pedigrees of the family, has been rectified by Mr. Adamson's investigations; while the eventful career of one conspicuous representative of his race has received fresh elucidation through the patient researches of Mr. John Robinson among forgotten salvage from the family archives. In the pages of the *Monthly Chronicle* much of what was known beforehand about the Delavals, and most of that which has recently been discovered concerning them, have, from time to time, appeared. It remains now to gather up what is left, and try to make the biographical record consecutive, complete, and intelligible.

During the greater part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the local representative of this ancient family was Sir Robert Delaval, Knight. His eldest son, Sir Ralph Delaval, who had married a daughter of Thomas, Baron Hilton of Hilton, and was thrice High Sheriff of Northumberland, succeeded him. Another of his sons became Sir John Delaval of Dissington, Knight, twice High Sheriff, and, in the second Parliament of Charles I., one of the M.P.'s for the county. A third son, Claudius Delaval, received the appointment of Town Clerk of Newcastle; other sons were Edward Delaval, of Bebside, and Robert Delaval, of Cowpen. To Sir Ralph, the heir of Sir Robert, also came numerous offspring, but he outlived his first-born son Robert (married to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Selby, of Newcastle), and when he died, in 1628, the property passed over to his grandson (Robert's son), Ralph Delaval.

Ralph Delaval married, at St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, on the 2nd of April, 1646, the Lady Anne, daughter of General Lesley, Earl of Leven, commander

of the Scottish army by which, two years before, the town had been stormed and taken. Under the will of his grandfather he did not come into possession of the whole of the family property till 1648. In that year he was appointed High Sheriff of Northumberland, and a member of the Commission appointed to report upon the number and value of Church livings in the county—a Commission which produced what is known as the "Oliverian, or Parliamentary Survey." These duties discharged, he lived, till nearly the close of the Commonwealth, the life of a country gentleman, absorbed in the management of his estates, collieries, and salt-pans. But when the Lord Protector died, and a Restoration of the Monarchy became imminent, he entered Richard Cromwell's Parliament as a knight of the shire for his native county. As soon as the Restoration had been accomplished, he was re-elected, and then the family of Delaval, which for generations had borne the honour of knighthood, were advanced a step in dignity and precedence. On the 29th of June, 1660, Charles II. made Ralph Delaval a baronet.

To the Pensionary Parliament, elected in the spring of the following year, Sir Ralph Delaval did not go. He made way at that election for Henry Cavendish, Viscount Mansfield. The motives of his retirement were creditable to him. He was desirous to see the county represented by a rising statesman, and he had in view an undertaking of great moment to himself, and of considerable value to the commerce of the district. Upon his manor of Seaton he possessed an ancient landing-place, dry at low water and difficult of access at all times, and he contemplated the construction of a new harbour, which should afford adequate accommodation for increasing traffic in coal, salt, corn, and other produce of his estate. In the face of great difficulties he proceeded to realise his design. The stone pier which he erected to withstand the influx of the sea was washed away more than once; his new entrance silted up and threatened to become as troublesome as the old one. But these difficulties seemed only to stimulate his energies. He rebuilt the pier better and stronger each time, and to prevent silting he erected sluice-gates, which, being shut by the flowing tide, compelled the water in the burn to accumulate till the ebb, when it forced open the gates, scoured the bed of the stream, swept the haven, and rendered navigation safe and easy. Thus was created the little harbour of Seaton Sluice, one of the local wonders of maritime commerce in the last century.

Upon the elevation of Viscount Mansfield to the peerage in 1676 as Duke of Newcastle, Sir Ralph Delaval resumed the seat which fifteen years earlier he had surrendered. He attached himself to the Court party in the House, and in a dispute between the king and Parliament, which occurred the year after his return, took the side of the monarch. For this he was pilloried

by a contemporary satirist, who, having insinuated that some of the Court party were "enlisted by offices, nay, a few by bribes secretly given them," put him into a list of that party, with the sum of £500 attached to his name.

Sir Ralph was an active justice of the peace for Northumberland, and as such was appointed one of the Commissioners of Gaol Deliveries in the county. His name occurs in a rent roll of the first Earl of Derwentwater as a tenant owing half a year's fee farm rent for land in Tynemouth due at Pentecost, 1671. With the ducal family of Northumberland, he held the alternate presentation to the church at Tynemouth, and appears to have taken some interest in parochial affairs there, acting as one of the Four-and-Twenty, and attaching his signature to the minutes of the vestry meetings as chairman.

When King Charles II. died, Sir Ralph was over sixty years of age, and being unwilling, or unable, to bear the fatigue which travelling to London and attendance in Parliament involved, he retired, and William Ogle, of Cawsey Park, took his place. Settling down once more at Delaval Castle, he outlived the Revolution and flight of James II., saw the Prince of Orange established on the throne, and died on the 29th of August, 1691. His wife, the Lady Anne, by whom he had seven sons and six daughters, followed in 1696. Within forty years of her decease this large family of thirteen ended in daughters, and practically came to an end. The heir died, as we have seen, before his father, leaving no issue. Sir Ralph, second son, succeeded to the property, and died five years after his father, at the age of 46, leaving an only daughter, Diana, who married William, son of the second Sir Edward Blackett. After Sir Ralph came the third son, Sir John, who, being the last male survivor, sold the Seaton estate to come after his decease to his kinsman, Admiral George Delaval. Thenceforward Sir John lived at "The Lodge," Seaton Sluice, which, he boasted, was the finest thatched house in the kingdom. He also, like his brother, had an only daughter, and, according to Spearman's MSS., it was to provide her with a dowry of £10,000 upon her marriage with John Rogers of Denton, that he sold the reversion of his patrimonial estate. "Mrs. Rogers," continues Spearman, "died within the year, as was said by a posset given by Sir John's mistress, Mrs. Poole, and Mr. Rogers went distracted."

Admiral George Delaval, who thus acquired the ancestral home of one branch of his family, was a son of George Delaval of North Dissington, and grandson of Sir John Delaval of the same place, which Sir John, as described at the outset, was a younger son of Sir Robert Delaval and Dorothy Grey. He was placed in the navy under the auspices of his relative, Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval (of whom more

presently), and, rising to a position of trust in the service of his country, was employed in embassies to Portugal and Morocco. He pulled down the old castle, and began to build, from the designs of Sir John Vanburgh, the sumptuous palace known in after years as Seaton Delaval Hall. But dying before the design was completed, he left the estate, and the unfinished hall, to his nephew, Francis Blake Delaval, the son of his brother Edward, of South Dissington, by marriage with a daughter of Sir Francis Blake, of Ford Castle. In this way the Delaval property was continued in the family, though the direct line had died out.

Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval,

A HERO OF LA HOGUE.

Reverting now to the main line of descent, we find, on the authority of Le Neve, though the late Mr. Hodgson Hinde was never quite satisfied on the point, that William, sixth son of the first Sir Ralph Delaval and Lady Jane Hilton, married a daughter of Sir Peter Riddell, Alderman and sometime Mayor of Newcastle. From that union came another Ralph Delaval, first cousin of the baronet who founded Seaton Sluice, and equally distinguished, though in quite another sphere of public life.

At an early age this Ralph Delaval entered the navy under the protection of the Duke of York. At the Revolution, when his patron, then King James II., fled the kingdom, he was captain of a man-of-war; as soon as King William obtained the throne he was knighted (May 31, 1690), and promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue. In that station he served under Lord Torrington at the disastrous engagement off Beachy Head, June 30, 1690, and to him was assigned the presidency of the court-martial by which Lord Torrington was tried and acquitted. Shortly afterwards King William made him a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and gave him command of a squadron by which, the following year, the enemy were prevented from relieving Limerick. In the spring of 1692, when it was known that the French were fitting out the greatest fleet they had ever sent to sea, enormous preparations were made to receive them. By the second week in May ninety sail of the line, manned by from thirty to forty thousand of the finest seamen which England and Holland could muster, assembled at St. Helen's under the command of Admiral Russell, with Sir Ralph Delaval, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir John Ashby, and other picked officers under him. On the 17th of that month the whole fleet stood over to the French coast, and on the 19th encountered Tourville, the French admiral, in his magnificent vessel, the Royal Sun, with forty-three ships of the line supporting him. The battle began at eleven in the forenoon, and lasted till four in the afternoon. Sir Ralph Delaval commanded

the rear, and manœuvred his vessels so well that, although several French ships hovered round, they were unable to do him mischief. By sunset the enemy's fleet was scattered. Sixteen French men-of-war—half of them three-deckers—were sunk or burnt, and the English loss was one fireship only.

For some reason or other the advantage gained by this victory was not improved. During the autumn, Jean Bart, with his formidable Dunkirkers, prowled along the coasts, while other privateers roamed about the North Sea, capturing Newcastle colliers, and making prizes of London and Bristol merchantmen. All this time the victorious fleet lay idle at St. Helen's. A general feeling of insecurity seized the mercantile community; ships dared not put to sea without a strong convoy; the coal trade was paralysed; trade was brought to almost a standstill. When Parliament assembled, the administration of the navy formed the subject of angry debate, while throughout the country its administrators were the objects of vigorous denunciation. In February following, the king, to satisfy the contending factions, entrusted the command of the fleet to Sir Ralph Delaval and Henry Killegrew, who were reputed Tories, associating with them Sir Cloudesley Shovel, a Whig.

Immediately after their appointment the admirals made preparations for convoying an accumulated fleet of merchantmen from the Thames and the Texel to the Mediterranean and Levant. But the preparations occupied a long time. March passed away, April came and went, May had come to an end, and the convoy was not ready. It was June before the flotilla set sail. In the meanwhile Tourville had stolen out to sea, and while Delaval and his coadjutor supposed him to be quietly lying at Brest, he sailed down the Bay of Biscay and awaited the fleet in the Bay of Lagos. The admirals, fearing that in their absence he might cross the Channel and attempt a landing in England, proceeded only a couple of hundred miles beyond Ushant. There they left Vice-Admiral Rooke with twenty armed vessels to proceed to the Mediterranean, and made all haste back to England. Thus the merchantmen, nearly four hundred in number, with cargoes valued at several millions sterling, were left to the protection of twenty men-of-war. Tourville fell upon them in Lagos Bay and scattered them in all directions. Some escaped, some were captured, more were destroyed. The loss was terrible; the whole nation was thrown into a state of gloom and dejection. Delaval and Killegrew were lampooned, satirised, derided, and denounced. Immense crowds flocked to see a show at Bartholomew Fair in which they were represented as flying with their whole fleet before a few French privateers, and taking shelter under the guns of the Tower. A Dutch picture was issued wherein the victory of the French was repre-

sented at a distance, with Sir Cloudesley Shovel on board his own ship, his hands tied behind him, one end of the cord being held by Sir Ralph Delaval and the other by Killegrew, to insinuate that he would have prevented the misfortune if his colleagues had not hindered him. When Parliament met, a public inquiry into the disaster was demanded and granted, and a resolution was carried in the Commons by 140 votes to 103 that the miscarriage in Lagos Bay was due to "notorious and treacherous mismanagement." But when it came to a question of identifying the traitors, opinions were widely divided. Sir Ralph Delaval and his brother-admirals were twice called before the House and examined, and on the last occasion, December 6, 1693, a resolution, affirming that by not gaining such intelligence as they might have done of the Brest fleet before they left the squadron, they were guilty of a high breach of the trust that was put in them, to the great loss and dishonour of the nation, was lost by the narrow majority of ten. One result of these angry debates was Sir Ralph Delaval's retirement from the navy.

Freed from the responsibilities of active service, Sir Ralph endeavoured to be of use to his country in Parliament. At the general election in October, 1695, the electors of the little Wiltshire borough of Great Bedwin sent him to the Commons as one of their members. In that capacity he sat in judgment upon Sir John Fenwick, who, the following year, was attainted of high treason. It is not known upon which side he voted, though as his name had been mentioned by Sir John in an exculpatory paper presented to the king, and he could obtain no satisfactory answer respecting it from the prisoner at the bar of the House, it may be supposed that he went with the majority. To the next Parliament, which met in 1698, Sir Ralph did not return. He lived in retirement for the rest of his days. These came to an end in January, 1707, and on the 23rd of that month he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Hussey Delaval,

LORD DELAVAL OF SEATON DELAVAL.

Francis Blake Delaval, son of Edward Delaval, of South Dissington, by his marriage with Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Blake, was the heir to the property of his uncle, Admiral George. Under his uncle's patronage he entered the navy, and became a captain. While he was yet a young man, the expulsion of General Forster from the Commons, for participation in the rebellion of 1715, created a vacancy in the representation of Northumberland, and he was put forward to contest the seat. His opponent was John Douglas, an attorney, who, having made a fortune in Newcastle, had purchased Matfen, and was ambitious of a seat in Parliament. In

the Spearman MSS. it is stated that Douglas was candidate on the Tory side, that it was a hard contest, that the writer's grandfather, Philip Spearman, "carried it for Delaval, with sixteen votes from Preston," and that when Douglas petitioned against Delaval's return, alleging want of fortune, "the mansion, &c., at South Dissington, were valued to make up £600 a year," and enable him to retain his seat. The meaning of which is that there was a doubt as to Captain Delaval's qualification, for, although heir to his uncle, that eminent diplomatist was still living, and he had probably only his captain's pay to depend upon. The time came when he was among the best endowed of the Delaval race. On the death of his maternal grandfather, Sir Francis Blake, he obtained Ford Castle; at the decease of Sir John Delaval, he entered into possession of the Seaton property, including the unfinished hall of Admiral George; upon the death of his father, he became owner of South Dissington. Moreover, he had in right of his wife (Rhoda Apreece, granddaughter of Sir Thomas Hussey), the fertile lands of Doddington in Lincolnshire. Parliamentary work not being much to his taste, he retired at the dissolution in 1772, devoted himself to the completion of Delaval Hall, and the supervision of his wide-spreading properties, and, with the exception of filling the office of High Sheriff in 1730, took no further part in the public life of the county. One day in December, 1752, he had the misfortune to fall from his horse at Seaton Delaval and break his leg, from the effects of which he died. Among the sons and daughters who survived him were Francis Blake Delaval, his heir—the "gay Lothario" whose dashing career has already been described in volume i. of this magazine; Rhoda, who married Edward (afterwards Sir Edward) Astley, of Melton Constable; Edward Hussey, M.A. and F.R.S.; Sarah, who became Countess of Mexborough; Thomas, engineer and merchant; Anne, married to the Hon. Sir William Stanhope, Knight of the Bath; and John Hussey, whose name, as Lord Delaval, forms the heading to this article.

John Hussey Delaval, second son of Captain Delaval, came into possession of the maternal estate of Doddington at his father's death, and, having married his cousin, Susanna, widow of John Potter, arranged terms with his elder brother, Sir Francis, for the acquisition of Ford Castle. Possessing the sanguine temperament and impetuous ardour of his race, and desirous of achieving distinction in Parliament, he began at an early age to woo the adjoining constituency of Berwick. When, therefore, in 1754, a dissolution occurred, the electors, reviving recollections of his grandfather's representation of the town, accepted him as a candidate. There had been no contest for some time in Berwick, and it was expected that the old member, Thomas Watson, and Mr. Delaval, would have a walk over. But to the surprise of the electors, a Londoner named John

Wilkes, a young man of twenty-seven, of whom nobody had heard (though the whole kingdom knew him soon after), was coming down to contest the seat, and that he was sending round by sea a number of Berwick electors, resident in London, to vote for him. Wilkes came, but his voyaging voters came not. Contrary winds detained them (giving rise to the oft-told legend that Wilkes shipped a batch of his opponents to Norway), and when they arrived, Delaval and Watson had been elected.

At the dissolution, in 1761, the occupant of Ford Castle did not seek re-election. The young king, George III., recognising his abilities and public spirit, created him a baronet, and with his honours fresh upon him he entered into the projects which had occasioned his retirement. These were the rebuilding of Ford Castle, then rapidly becoming uninhabitable, and the improvement of Seaton Sluice, which the improvidence of his elder brother had placed under his control. Both undertakings were completed about the same time. It fell to the lot of the first editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle* to record in his first issue (Saturday, March 24, 1764) the successful achievement of the last-named enterprise:—

The same day [Monday, March 19] the new harbour at Hartley pans was opened for the reception of ships; on which account a grand entertainment was given by Sir John Hussey Delaval to a great number of gentlemen, masters, &c. Three oxen and several sheep, with a large quantity strong beer, were given to the workmen, &c., on the same occasion.

These important undertakings accomplished, Sir John resumed his political career. His successor in the representation of Berwick died within a year of the re-opening of Seaton Sluice, and he was restored to his old seat for that borough. He was equally successful in retaining the confidence of the burgesses at the election of 1768, but at that of 1774, deserting Berwick to stand for the county, under the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, he was defeated. At the next election, in 1780, his old constituents at Berwick, condoning his temporary desertion, accepted him without a contest. He was re-elected for the borough in 1784, as Baron Delaval, having been the year before created an Irish peer; and two years later his career in the Commons ended by his elevation to the English peerage. During his later occupancy of a seat in the Lower House, wavering, like other members, upon the great question of the India Bill, he came under the lash of the writers in the *Rolliad*. In that remarkable series of political eulogues he appears as—

The Noble Convert, Berwick's honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice.
One day to gain an Irish title glad,
For Fox he voted—so the people bade;
'Mongst English Lords ambitious grown to sit,
Next day the people bade him vote for Pitt;
To join the stream, our Patriot, nothing loth,
By turns discreetly gave his voice for both.

In another part of the work, a whole poem is devoted to him, under the title of "The Delavaliad." Every

other line, and there are dozens of them, ends with his name. Thus :—

What friend to freedom's fair-built Hall
Was louder heard than Delaval?
Yet who the Commons' rights to maul
More stout was found than Delaval?
'Gainst Lords and Lordlings would'st thou brawl?
Just so did he—Sir Delaval:
Yet, on thy knees, to honours crawl
O! so did he—Lord Delaval.

For two-and-twenty years after his elevation, Lord Delaval enjoyed the honours pertaining to his rank and the diversions procurable by his wealth, at his magnificent home of Seaton Delaval, and the scarcely less palatial residence of Ford Castle. Of the life which he and his family lived at these places, their unbounded hospitality, and the luxurious feasts at which they entertained their friends, neighbours, and dependents, the annals of the period bear ample testimony. Here is an account of a tanenry dinner at Ford, for example, in October, 1787 :—

Upwards of five hundred tenants and servants belonging to the right hon. Lord Delaval assembled at his lordship's seat at Ford Castle, where they were entertained with the utmost liberality; fifty of the most seasonable dishes were placed on each table; a large fat ox was prepared; and the liquor, which was plentifully supplied, was of the very best quality. One hundred and fifty gallons of rum, eighty gallons of brandy, one hundred and eighty bottles of wine, and several barrels of strong beer were drunk; one bowl of punch contained eighteen gallons of spirits, six stones of sugar, and forty lemons. The remaining victuals, which weighed upwards of eighty stones, were distributed to the poor inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Throughout his career Lord Delaval was a man of business, holding enlightened views of commerce and giving practical effect to advanced ideas in agriculture. Under the direction of his brother Thomas he carried out the improvements at Seaton Sluice, extended his colliery operations at Seaton Delaval, and established at Hartley manufactories of glass and copperas. The country around Ford, which was one continued sheep walk, he divided, planted sheltering hedges, and clothed the bare hills with fine plantations.

By his wife, Lady Susanna, who died shortly after his elevation to the peerage, Lord Delaval had an only son and six daughters. The son, his father's hope, and two of the daughters, died young. The survivors grew up into beautiful and accomplished women, whose high spirit and frolicsome adventures gave to Seaton Delaval a fame that lingers around it even yet. Sarah, her father's favourite, married the Earl of Tyrconnel, and left an only daughter, who became the wife of the second Marquis of Waterford. Elizabeth was united to the 21st Baron Audley; Sophia Anne and Frances married commoners. In his old age, Lord Delaval took a second wife, and when he died, May 17th, 1808, at the lordly age of fourscore, he bequeathed to this lady a life interest in Ford Castle, with remainder to his granddaughter, the Marchioness of Waterford. The entailed estates passed to his brother, Edward Hussey Delaval, and from him to his nephew, Sir Jacob Henry Astley, whose son, Sir

Jacob, proved his title, in 1841, to the abeyant barony of Hastings.

Thomas Delaval,

MERCHANT, ENGINEER, AND POLITICIAN.

While Sir Francis Blake Delaval was spending the fortune which his ancestors had left him, and Sir John Hussey Delaval was making his way to a baronetcy and the peerage, two younger brothers—Edward and Thomas—were gaining honourable positions in wholly different directions. Edward became engrossed in science and philosophy; Thomas cultivated a passion for industrial and mechanical pursuits; both of them achieved distinction in their respective branches of study.

Thomas Delaval, who married a lady of fortune—Cecilia Watson, of London—began life as a merchant in Hamburg. In that famous town he was able to combine commercial speculation with the pursuits of his youth, and to interest himself in the progress of mechanics, navigation, and manufactures. When Sir John Hussey Delaval acquired from his elder brother Francis the control of the family property, Thomas returned from Germany to develop the natural resources of the Seaton estate. It was he who planned the new entrance to the harbour of Seaton Sluice, introduced the manufacture of glass, and constructed floors and crystallising cisterns for the extraction of copperas from the pyrites of the coal measures. In no long time after his return, visitors who participated in festivities at Seaton Delaval saw the little harbour of Seaton Sluice filled with ships, the fishing village of Hartley thronged by glass-workers and copperas-boilers, the Delaval pits working at full stretch, the whole estate surrounded by a thriving industrial community.

In the midst of all these commercial activities, Thomas Delaval had the misfortune to be drawn into politics. Under what inducements he entered that arena of rancour and bitterness Mr. Clephan has told us in an article which links Marat's "Chains of Slavery" to the political history of Tyneside. (See vol. i., p. 49.) Let it suffice here to state that the Hon. Constantine John Phipps and he were the candidates chosen by the "independent" burgesses to contest the representation of Newcastle against Sir Walter Blackett and Sir Matthew White Ridley. It was a hopeless struggle from the first. Mr. Phipps was a stranger; Mr. Delaval was untried, and, politically, unknown. The only man of influence on the "independent" side was the Rev. James Murray. His trenchant pen was employed for them in *The Freeman's Magazine*, a monthly publication which he issued between May and October, when the poll was taken. On the eve of the election he came out with a slashing pamphlet of forty pages, entitled "The Contest," bearing as its motto the proverb "Give the devil his due." But theirs was a party which, as was bitterly remarked by one of themselves in a later publica-

tion, "had not in it one lord, one baronet, one knight, one magistrate, one councillor, one placeman, and, the reader may be sure then, not one bishop, dean, priest, or deacon," When the poll was taken, Sir Walter Blackett stood at the top with 1,432 votes, and Mr. Delaval at the bottom with 677.

Once again Mr. Delaval, who is described as of Clapham, near London, was induced to try his fortune at a parliamentary contest in Newcastle. He allowed the by-election of 1777 (occasioned by the death of Sir Walter Blackett) to be fought out between Sir Walter's nephew, Sir John Trevelyan, and the adventurer, Stoney Bowes. But at the general election in 1780 he suffered himself to be nominated against Bowes and Sir Matthew White Ridley, and was again beaten. No more is heard of him in local affairs. It is supposed that he retired to his home at Clapham, where he would be able to share, for the rest of his life, the congenial society of his brother Edward. He died in 1787, aged 56 years.

Edward Hussey Delaval,

THE LAST OF THE DELAVAL RACE.

Sir Francis Blake Delaval died in 1771; Thomas Delaval, as we have just seen, passed away in 1787; after the death of the latter there remained but two of the four celebrated brothers Delaval—John Hussey the peer, and Edward Hussey the philosopher.

Edward Hussey Delaval was born in 1729, and from early youth devoted himself to a life of study and scientific experiment. He matriculated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A., and became a fellow of Pembroke Hall. Distinguishing himself in chemistry and experimental philosophy, he was elected in 1759 a member of the Royal Society, to the transactions of which learned body he contributed, from time to time, the results of his researches and investigations. His first paper, read to the Society in 1764, described the effects of lightning upon St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, London; his next, contributed the following year, and rewarded with the Society's gold medal, detailed the result of elaborate experiments which he had undertaken with the object of proving the applicability of Newton's optical theories to permanently coloured bodies, and demonstrating the agreement between specific gravities of metals and their colours when united to glass. About this time he was associated with Benjamin Franklin in the study of electrical phenomena, and as members of a committee appointed by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to report upon the best means of preserving the Cathedral from lightning. In 1775, in conjunction with Benjamin Wilson, painter and electrician, he conducted a series of experiments upon phosphorus, and the colours produced by it in the dark. Developing still further his theories regarding colour, he published in 1777 a quarto volume,

which ran into a second edition, upon the cause of the changes in opaque and coloured bodies. Later on he wrote a treatise upon another branch of the inquiry—the cause of permanent colours in opaque objects, which, being read to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, procured for him the honour of that society's gold medal. Among his lesser undertakings were the construction of a set of musical glasses, till then unknown in England, the extraction of fluor from glass, the making of artificial gems, and the manufacture of artificial stone.

Mr. Delaval did not participate to any great extent in the gaieties of his brothers at Seaton Delaval. He made the Metropolis his home, and his friendships and connections were among men of a different order. His "neat Gothic house in Parliament Place" was a resort of the leading scientists of the day. The poets Mason and Gray were his familiar friends; nor were other literary companions wanting, for he was a sound classical scholar, conversant with several modern tongues, and an accurate judge of music and art. Abroad his experiments and discoveries were highly appreciated. Several of his productions were translated into French and Italian; he corresponded with some of the chief investigators and students of philosophy on the Continent; he received the unsolicited honour of election as a member of the Royal Societies of Gottingen and Upsala, and the Institute of Bologna.

Upon the death of his brother, the peer, the entailed estates of the family came into Mr. Delaval's possession. Being then seventy-nine years of age, and having passed his life among totally different surroundings, he was unwilling to exchange his home and its treasures for the magnificent abode of his predecessors. He maintained the reputation of the family for charity to the poor and benevolence to local institutions, subscribed forty pounds to the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and accepted the position of an honorary member, but, although his tenure of the property lasted six years, to Northumberland he came nevermore. He was the last of his race, and when he died, on the 14th of August, 1814, aged 85, the great local family whose name he bore practically ceased to exist. In a few years after his death, little remained but the record of their lives and characters to attest their former magnificence. Their estates passed into the hands of others—relatives, but strangers; the harbour of Seaton Sluice went to decay; the industries of Hartley died out; and a devastating fire brought ruin to

"The hall
Of lofty Seaton Delaval."

The Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle.



R. E. Y. WESTERN, the sole acting executor under the will of the late Mr. John Bowes, of Streatlam Castle, thus explains the origin of the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle:—

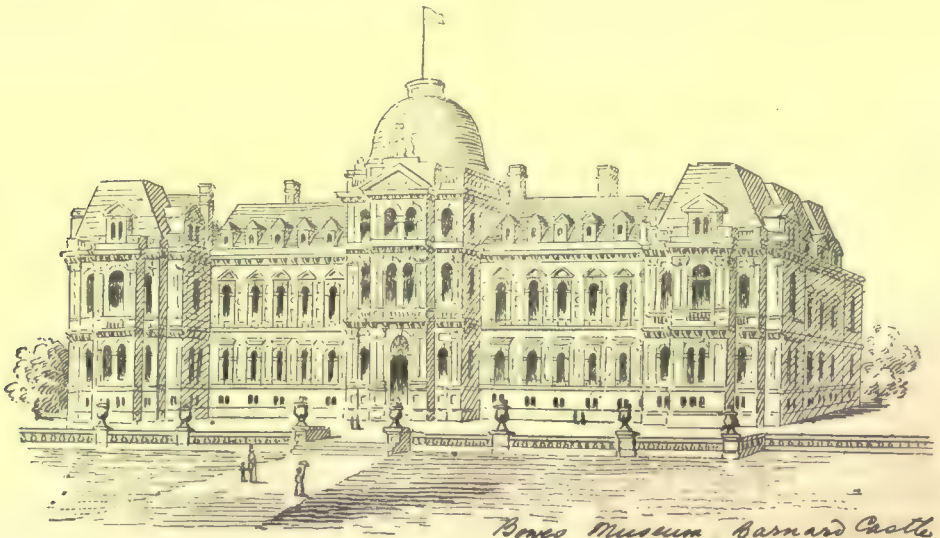
The late Mr. Bowes and his first wife, the Countess of Montalbo, when they formed the idea of founding a museum, did not originally propose to locate it at Barnard Castle. Their first idea was to place it at Calais, within the Countess of Montalbo's own country, and yet looking towards England, Mr. Bowes's country. They abandoned this idea from a consideration of the permanently unsettled state of politics in France. They thought there was less chance of revolutions occurring in England than in France, in which the works of art might be injured.

About the year 1865, proceeds Mr. Western, they began to buy land for this purpose. But they were several years maturing their plans, and it was not until about 1872 that the building of the museum really commenced. Mr. Jos. Kyle was the builder, and Monsieur Jules Pellichet, of Paris, and the late Mr. J. E. Watson, of Newcastle, were joint architects. So long as the prosperity of the coal trade lasted the building proceeded apace. When the prosperity had departed, the rate of progress of the building slackened, and, about 1882, ceased altogether.

The Countess of Montalbo died on February 9, 1874. Her will and the codicil to it are the documents which founded the museum and gave this princely gift to the inhabitants of Barnard Castle and the world. What she and her husband spent upon it can never be known, as imperfect records only exist of the details of their purchases of the works of art which are now in the museum. On the purchase of land and on the building of the museum and laying out of the park they spent from first to last something over £100,000.

Mr. Bowes died on Oct. 9, 1885. He left his affairs, unfortunately, in a state of considerable complication. By his will he bequeathed legacies to the amount of £135,000 to the museum. But of course debts had to be paid before the legacies, and Mr Bowes himself had bequeathed a large number of other legacies which he directed to be paid before the legacies to the museum. Immediately after Mr. Bowes's death, the surviving trustees of the Bowes Museum met to consider the situation. They found themselves in possession of an incomplete building, with contents of an enormous value, but without any funds.

The Countess had bequeathed the land and a large quantity of works of art, but she left no money. Mr. Bowes had spent money on the place, and had presented to it works of art, but he had not in his lifetime transferred to it any money. What the trustees did was, first, to dismiss several of the employees and generally to reduce the expense of maintenance as low as possible, consistently with the protection and preservation of the property. Secondly, the trustees resolved to temporise until it should be seen how Mr. Bowes's estate was likely to turn out. The funds necessary for this interim maintenance the trustees provided partly by advancing it out of their own resources and partly by borrowing on their personal responsibility from bankers. The Countess of Montalbo had not foreseen or provided by her will for the position of affairs which had occurred. The trustees, therefore, in May, 1887, applied to the Charity Commissioners for help under the statutory powers. The case put forward by the trustees to the Commissioners was, in substance, this:—That the museum ought to be kept together, and ought not to be broken up so long as a prospect remained of receiving the legacies under Mr. Bowes's will; that this could not be done without money; and that the obvious and only feasible plan for providing the



money needed for this interim maintenance of the museum was to borrow on mortgage of the land and buildings. The Commissioners ultimately assented to this view, and granted to the trustees the scheme dated 8th of November, 1889.

The museum to this hour remains in an incomplete state, with an income of no more than £50 a-year to keep it from falling into decay.

The building is erected in the style of the French Renaissance, the design being copied from the Palace of the Tuilleries, which was destroyed by the Paris Communists. The south, or principal front, is 300 feet in length; the east and west wings are each 130 feet in length. The basement and top floors are set apart for residential purposes. In the rooms on the first floor are collections of pottery, porcelain, glass, carved ivory, crystals, &c. On the second floor, the rooms in the west wing form the library. The picture gallery consists of a suite of magnificent rooms, the entire length being two hundred and four feet, and the width fifty-four feet. In these rooms are about a thousand religious, allegorical, and other pictures by foreign artists, including specimens by Murillo, Fra Angelico, Baron Gros, &c., besides works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hogarth, and modern painters.

Although the museum has not yet been opened to the public, the trustees have arranged that small parties of not more than six persons may be admitted on three days in each week, viz., Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, upon production of an order which must have been previously obtained from the curator, Mr. Owen Stanley Scott.

New Church Schools, Newcastle.

THE accompanying illustration represents the new premises of the Newcastle branch of the Church Schools Company (Limited), which were opened by Miss Gladstone, daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, on Saturday, May 3. The new schools, which have been erected in Tankerville Terrace, Jesmond, are arranged to accommodate some 300 girls. Executed in red bricks, with deep red brick mouldings and slated roofs, the new building in design and general grouping presents a pleasing and picturesque appearance. The schools were designed by Messrs. Oliver and Leeson, architects, of Newcastle, under whose superintendence they have been built.

The Household Books of Naworth Castle.

By the late James Clephan.

ON the long and lengthening roll of the publications of the Surtees Society, which worthily keeps alive the memory of the historian of the county palatine of Durham, there was added in 1879, "Selections from the Household Books of the Lord William Howard of Naworth Castle; with an Appendix, containing some of his Papers and



Letters, and other Documents illustrative of his Life and Times." It throws a flood of light on English history. If it takes something away from treasured traditions, it makes ample amends for the loss; and venerable myths may willingly be let die, when the void is so well supplied by charming pictures of actual life and manners. In place of the legendary Belted Will, we have the historic Baron of Gilsland. "Tradition," observes the Rev. George Ornsby (who ably edits the volume), "presents him to our view in a picturesque and romantic aspect, and additional vitality has been given to them by the graphic portrait which Sir Walter Scott has drawn, in his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' (1805), of the outward garb and the gallant bearing of the Lord William Howard as Lord Warden of the Marches, though for purposes of his story the poet antedated his existence, and assigned to him an office which in reality he never filled."

The Household Books, beginning in 1612, and extending (with some breaks) to 1640, show with what liberal thrift the days of Lord William Howard and his dame flowed past. Kindly were my lord and lady, simple their sway, careful the housewifery of the gentle mistress of Naworth, and generous the welcome of her guests. Pray you, good reader, turn over the leaves so serviceably annotated for your instruction by Mr. Ornsby, and frame for yourself a gallery of pictures of family life in the reigns of King James and his son Charles.

Naworth resorted largely to Newcastle for commodities of all kinds. To fair and market, to shop and warehouse, came the purchasers from the castle. At Lammas fair "lawne for my Lady" was got; and at St. Luke's, "new English hoppers." In 1624, "My charges and Tho. Heskett's and 2 others at Newcastle, x. Maij, going to buy my Ladye's gown, etc., et spices, xxvij.s." In 1625, considerable quantities of wine were furnished by Leonard Carr, as to whom Bourne's History of Newcastle is quoted in a foot-note. A merchant and an alderman, Carr did not forget the poor in his prosperity and promotion, and in death left them £5 yearly charged upon houses in the Butcher Bank, where he lived. "He was, an alderman of the town before the Rebellion, and turned out by the rebels." In the Calendar of State Papers he occurs in connection with an inquiry of 1640 (the year of the rout of Newburn and occupation of Newcastle by the Scots). Certain visitors to the Tyne, lodging at Leonard Carr's inn, the Nag's Head (where Printing Court Buildings now stand), fell under the suspicion of the authorities, who feared they meant mischief to the party in power.

"Pottles of yuck" were obtained from Newcastle, with more bulky wares. To Newburn, "a sort of inland port for vessels of small burthen," the "heavier goods appear to have frequently been sent by water, and thence by land carriage to Naworth." Thus—"Botehire of trees to Newburne, and postage, ij.s." "Carriage of ij. cart loades of fish from Newburne, xxi.s."

From the east coast came large quantities of fish. "Cockells" and "wilkes" were consumed. "A porpos and a seale" figure at a charge of 6s. 4d. "Sea pads" (star fish) did not come wrong. Among birds were "sea larkes" (the ring dotterel or ring plover), "heronshawes," "throssells," "ring dowes," "black birds," cormorants, &c., &c. "2 curliues and 12 sea-larkes" are entered as costing 2s. 4d.

The "Tho. Heskett" mentioned above, was he not the same who occurs in 1621? "June 10, to Mr. Heskett, for mending my Lord's closett, gilding a bedstead, drawing Mrs. Elizabeth and Mrs. Marye's pictures, and Mr. Thomas's, x.l." With gifts so varied, he must have been a valuable member of the Border household.

Our forefathers were greatly dependent on salted food. Stores of salt fish were laid in, and much salt was bought. In ten months of 1629, 76 pecks of salt, and two bushels, with also "salt for Corbye," appear in the accounts. The total sum, for salt and fish, was £66 5s. 4d.

The writer—and some of his older readers born before friction lucifers—acquired in their youth the art and mystery of making and using tinder. The tinder-box was various in form and material. There was the circular box of metal, with its lid or damper. On the lid slumbered through the day the flint and steel, ready for their work at night and morning. There was also the oblong box of wood, with at one end the receptacle for tinder, and at the other a place for the flint, steel, brimstone matches, &c. To make good tinder and strike a quick spark, required the skill of an expert; and on a cold winter's morning much time was often lost before a light was won. The tinder-box—where is it now? "Snuffers" may still be seen, if almost obsolete; but which of us has, for many a year, looked upon a tinder-box? At Naworth Castle they were familiar things—necessaries of life, and in daily use. "2 tynder boxeis and 4 dooters, xxij.s."

We see by the Household Books the inmates of the Castle in their very habits as they lived, from top to toe. Their stockings were of various kinds. There were "white kersey stockins for Mr. Thomas." My Lady had stockings made of "Devonshire kersey." "A yard of fustian" (a finer sort of fabric than now goes by the name) was bought for my Lord's; and an item occurs for the "scouring" of it. His lordship and others had also stockings of silk and of worsted. There was "cloth for W. Smith's stockins." My Lady had stockings "dyed," and my Lord's were "soled." "Dankester stockins" were worn at Naworth; for Doncaster was then, and for generations afterwards, famous for hose.

"A pair of cardes, iiij.d.," occurs in the accounts. Were these playing cards? What we now call a "pack," was commonly enough called a "pair" in former days, when a "pair of drawers" and a "pair of stairs" were phrases in frequent use, and St. John's Church in Newcastle had "a pair of organs." Card-playing was a com-

mon pastime in the leisure hours enjoyed at Naworth by the active lady of the household; with also "tabella," by which we must understand, as Mr. Ornsby remarks, draughts and backgammon. Embroidering diversified the family pursuits. The children had their football; and saw and heard, in common with their seniors, the travelling dancers and actors, the jugglers, the pipers and fiddlers. Welcome were the wandering musicians from far and near. If fish came from Hartlepool, fiddlers came from places still more remote. There were waits from Ripon and Doncaster, Penrith and Richmond, Carlisle and Darlington. Sir Henry Curwen's waits made their way to Naworth. A cornetter, and "a piper that came out of Lankashire," had each 2s. The "musician sent from Mrs. Taylor" got a pound. Mrs. Mary had half-a-crown "to give unto 2 fiddlers." Nor was music the only commodity brought to the gates of Naworth Castle for a market. Utilities of sundry kinds came in the pedlar's pack; and Lady Howard inspected his wares, and made her purchases. "Pins bought at the gate, xij.d." "Bobbing lace bought at the gate, ij.s." "For ribbon bought at the gate for my Lady and Mrs. Mary, iiij.s. vj.d."

1629. December 5, "For carriynge a cradle for Mr. Thos. Howard's wife, and trenchers, to Corbye from Morpeth, v.s."—"For bringing a horse-load of trenchers from Morpeth, v.s." The "trencher" (whence the old adage, "a good trencherman") kept the cunning workmen employed in the good old times—times in which the platter might fall on the floor and be picked up unbroken. "Baldon Buke" gives us a glimpse of the manufacture of the wooden plates of our forefathers in the twelfth century. In Wolsingham there were three turners, holding seventeen acres of land, "and they render three thousand one hundred trenchers, and make four precatons (boon days of the tenant to his lord), and assiat in mowing the meadows and making the hay." The scythe, the hayfork, and the lathe were equally at home in their hands; and, doubtless, with full trenchers of their own turning before them, they could valiantly empty their handiwork.

Mithridate was in great favour among our forefathers. For "an ounce of mithridate at Penrith" 2s. was paid on the 18th of October, 1612. It could cure more diseases than the doctor of the sword dancers. Mr. Ornsby quotes William Turner, Doctor of Physic, who flourished in the seventeenth century, and from whom we learn the universal virtues of mithridate. Nothing came wrong to it, from "the stopping of the liver," to "gathering together of melancholy," and "dulness of the eyesight." "All deadly poison" found in it an antidote. Its merits were so proverbial that a letter-writer of the period, alluding to some event which had happened to him, describes it as "medridate to his hart." There is a tradition that the royal inventor of the drug, wishing in advanced age to poison himself, discovered that he was so saturated with his own safeguard that he could not succeed!

"Travelling," as Mr. Ornsby observes, "was a tedious and costly affair in those days. The expenses of my Lord's journeys to London will be found duly entered. The route was by way of Bowes. The road over Stanemoor was doubtless rugged enough, but it was passable for wheeled carriages. On one occasion, Sir Francis Howard, 'being sick,' hired a coach for his journey from London to Bowes, which cost £18. At the latter place, my Lord's coach met him, and brought him home. It seems to have been a usual thing to send the coach some distance to meet members of the family who were on their way to Naworth. It was sent (in the summer of 1633) as far as Ferrybridge, to meet Mr. Thomas Bedingfield (grandson of Lord William) and his wife; and several years previously, an entry tells us that it went as far as Appleby to meet Mrs. Howard. Lord William's journeys to London were always taken on horseback, and he was generally ten or eleven days on the road; the travelling expenses varying according to the number of his retinue and the direction of the route taken. A journey by way of Shiffnal and Lydney occupied eleven days, and cost £30 17s. 1d.; whilst the expenses of another, from Thornthwaite to London, with twenty-four men and twelve horses in his train, came to £20 15s. 4d. Other entries give lesser amounts. The mention of a coach occurs in the earliest of the Household Books; and it appears to have been always in use, though evidently at times under difficulties, as when we find an item for 'hewing a way for the coach beyond Gelt Bridge.' A coach and four horses, bought in 1624, cost £30. When my Lady went to pay formal visits to Rose Castle, or some other great mansion, she doubtless went in her coach in all due state; but on other occasions it is more than probable that she preferred the less dignified (but also less jolting) mode of locomotion called double-horse. The mention of her 'double gelding,' and of the 'mending of my Lady's pillion cloth,' shows that it was a way of moving about which was frequently adopted."

"To Ch. Elliot," May 8, 1613, "for watching the orchard for deare." Items of this kind besprinkle the accounts, pointing to a difficulty in the olden time which has not descended to the present day. Where there was space and shelter for deer, and large herds roamed over the open country, neighbouring inhabitants suffered from their depredations. The editor quotes from the manuscripts of the Yorkshire antiquary, Abraham de la Pryme (born in 1671), an account derived from informants who remembered Hatfield Chase in all its wildness, of the watch and ward that was needed before Vermuyden brought it into cultivation. At certain times of the year, the deer "were commonly so unruly that they almost ruined the country; for great numbers of people were constantly set, night and day, to tent the fields and closes of corn at different posts one from another, with horns in their hands to sound when they perceived any, and cur dogs to

fright them away, or else, if they had not done this, their whole crop would have been immediately destroyed and trodden down and spoiled by the vast numbers of these creatures that were always ready to break in if they were not prevented; and it was a common thing every year to hear that the deer had destroyed one body's crop or other, and sometimes many people's at one time, so that there was not a few of the inhabitants of their town (Hatfield) especially, and some others, that refrain from sowing their grounds and closes, for no other reason than the great trouble they were put to in keeping them, if they could, from the ingress of the deer."

The sleuth hound was in use on the Borders for tracking fugitives. Lord William Howard was paying 3s. "for a slue-dog" in the reign of James the First; and in the time of Elizabeth (1593), the town-purse of Newcastle disbursed 5s. "for a sloo-hound and a man who led him." Chester-le-Street and Denton had in those days blood-hounds for hire; and there, probably, they were bred for the catching of men.

An item occurs, April 27, 1629, "To the collectors within the parish of St. Clement's, for assessment for makinge stocks, sockhouses, cuckinge stooles, and other thinges, for correction of rouges and malefactors, x.s." In 1467, when the Mayor of Leicester was commanding, in the King's behalf, that no butcher should kill a bull, on pain of forfeiture, unless it first were baited, he was also ordaining that all manner of scolds were to be punished on a cuckstool before their doors, and carried forth to the four gates of the town. This ancient implement of correction, which assumed many forms and was applied in divers modes, existed in the land prior to the Conquest—an evidence of the state of civilization to which England had attained without Norman assistance! The parish of St. Mary's, Gateshead, was fined 6s. 8d. in 1627 for having no ducking-stool; and one was provided in 1628 at a cost of 12s.

The plague, which prevailed when James the First came to the English Crown, was still wasting the nation when he was gone. October 5, 1625, at Naworth, there was "given to my Lady for the poor at Sir Francis' Ladye's funerall, iij.l." Lady Francis Howard had died of the plague on the 7th of September. On the 10th, Henry Lord Clifford wrote to Secretary Conway from Appleby Castle:—"The plague is gotten into my Lord William Howarde's house, and the first that died of it was Sir Francis Howarde's lady, who tooke the infection from a new gowne she had from London, soe as she dyed the same day she tooke it, whereupon they are all dispersed most miserably, with the greatest terror in the worlde, since they had all bene with the lady, and all in danger by that meanes. God knowes it is a most lamentable accident, and worthy of the tenderst pytty, to have all his children and grandchildren in this aparant danger, and the lady of Sir William Howarde, the hope of his house (beeinge his heyer), greate with childe." In May, 1629,

we have Lord William caring for poor plague-stricken people in London:—"To a house in Blumsberrie, neare Houlborne, infected with the plague, xx.s." "For London treacle and figgs for a house in Blumsberrie which is infected with the plague, viij.s. ij.d." Smitten households, sealed up in their homes, and shut off from the world without, would have the strongest claims on the sympathies of the wealthy and benevolent.

Frequent are the entries of expenditure over measurers of time. Not only had William Howard clocks and watches and sun-dials, but himself constructed the shadow clock. Some shillings were laid out in 1629 for a treatise on dialling; and one or two of the most ancient of chronometers were in the course of the year quarried out of his lordship's land:—"To William Ridley, for one day at the quarry making a stone for a diall, xij.d." "To William Ridley for iij. dayes at the diall and one at the pond, iij.s." "For ij. gnomons for 2 dialls, v.s."

Gifts have always been current among mankind; and the rarer the more acceptable. When sugar-loaves were not easy to be had, the ancient Corporation of Newcastle presented them, with measures of wine, to distinguished strangers. In 1633, "my Ladie Lampleugh's manne" brought "2 sugar loafes" to Naworth, and had five shillings as a gratuity. The offering was of frequent occurrence in former times. "In Burnett's Life of Sir Matthew Hale," as Mr. Ornsby reminds us, "there is mention made of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury having, according to the custom, presented the judge with six sugar loaves on his arrival at that city in the course of his circuit."

In the month of May, 1623, Lord William Howard made an excursion to the Continent, the cost of which is given in detail:—

From London to Callis, and fees, and a bark to Callis.....	£10	4	6
For fees at landing at Callis, and on[e] night's charges	4	12	8
Rewards and extreordenaries in the jurnie from Spawe from Callis.....	16	7	0
Chargeis from Callis to Spawe in June.....	23	9	6
For 2 carrebins at Leds [Liege].....	2	4	6
Dyett at Spawe for 40 days.....	29	5	6
For chambers, lining [linen], and fringe.....	6	6	6
Rewards, nessesareis and extreordenaris.....	24	3	2
Stable and hors chargeis	10	10	11
Chargeis from Spawe to Dunkirke.....	19	7	0
At Dunkirke six nights, dyett and stable.....	9	18	4
Rewards and nessesaries and extreordinareis by the way in travell from Spawe.....	11	2	2
For wyne in tunc [tun], and bedding and vittals to the shipe	27	7	3
Chargeis, and shipping and ship hire, from Spawe to Newcastle and to Naward.....	18	1	5

Casting up these items, they make a total of £212 9s. 11d. as the cost of a nobleman's trip to Spa, in the reign of King James, with his companions and attendants.

In the summer of 1624, a shilling had been expended on "alings and a horne book." There were "horn books" for the children, and "wax books" for the seniors. The Romans, who flourished centuries before the rise of the British Constitution, had their "tablets";

and they lingered in English use beyond the days of Gunpowder Plot. A leaf of the Roman note book resembled the modern slate of the schoolboy, with its raised frame. The hollow was filled with wax, levelled over, and characters were traced on the surface with a pointed implement—a pencil or style. The leaves, thus written upon, could be preserved, if required, and kept together as a book. Such conveniences for notes or memoranda were in vogue on the Borders when King James came into England; and the scholarly peer of Naworth Castle had one at his elbow for daily service:—"For a waxe book for my Lord, vijd." Another, of a superior sort, with probably a greater number of leaves, appears in the accounts at a charge of half-a-crown.

Lord William Howard lived down to a period in which men's minds were sorely exercised by public events. A war of opinion was on foot. The Monarchy was in peril. The Royalists had been routed at Newburn-on-the-Tyne only some few weeks prior to his lordship's death. This encounter occurred on the 28th of August, 1640. On the 30th, there was paid 5s. "to James Drydon, bringinge intelligence of the Scotts armie." Who could tell how severely the Covenanting invasion might affect the Lord of Gilsland? He and his household must have been filled with anxiety, and impressed with the necessity of preparation. On the day when Dryden brought his news, "John Little" was "bringing cloth, fustian, and other necessities for sutes for my Lord's 4 light horsemenne, bought by Sir Francis Howarde at Penreth." September 1, "to Thomas Cragg (the gardener) for his charges going to Newcastle to viewe the Scotts armie, x.s." September 8, "to a manne bringing letters from Morpeth, iij.s." September 18, "to Andrew Pott for bringing intelligence from Morpeth of the Scotts, x.s." The strong man's powers were now failing. September 22, removing to Corby, he must have the easy motion of a litter. "Tho. Baitie, for waitinge up on the litter, 5 days," had 4s. on the 26th of September. On the 23rd, his lordship passed on to Greystoke. He was now far advanced in the 77th year of his age; his hours were numbered; at Greystoke he died on the 7th of October; and within two or three lines of the entry relating to Andrew Pott, we come to his master's burial.

A Roman Traveller in the North Country.



POPE PIUS II. (Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini) was born in 1405 at Consignano, Italy. Even his childhood was eventful. His later life was full of startling incidents. At the age of thirty we find him the private secretary of the Bishop of Santa Croce, a trusted servant, whom his master can safely employ in any secret service. He is sent to the

court of Scotland, his mission being to reinstate a certain prelate in the favour of the Scottish king.

Æneas proceeded first to Calais. There he fell into the hands of the English, who, suspicious of the object of his journey, would neither permit him to cross the Channel nor to return homeward. Fortunately, at this juncture, the Cardinal of Winchester arrived on the scene, and, by his intercession, Æneas obtained permission to embark. Arrived in the English capital, he found it impossible to procure letters of safe conduct. He saw, however, the sights of London, including the splendid tombs of the kings in Westminster Abbey and the old house-fringed London Bridge, itself, he says, "like a city." He visited a village where men were said to be born with tails! Canterbury, and the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, covered with such costly offerings as lay on no other shrine in Europe, kindled his admiration.

Disappointed in his intention to travel from London by land to Scotland, Æneas took ship for Flanders. From Bruges he proceeded to Sluys, where he once more embarked. The voyage was most tempestuous. The ship was first driven towards the coast of Norway, and encountered two terrible storms, one of which continued fourteen hours, and the other two nights and a day. The vessel was carried so far north that the mariners did not recognise the stars. On the twelfth day the wind fortunately changed, and Æneas landed on the coast of Scotland. In gratitude for his safe deliverance from the perils of the ocean, he, so soon as he had set foot on dry land, set out barefoot on a pilgrimage to the famed shrine of St. Mary at Whitekirk, in East Lothian. It was mid-winter; the ground was covered with ice, and the distance to be traversed no less than ten miles. Æneas offered his devotions; but when he rose from his knees, he was so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely move. He was half carried, half led from the place. The pilgrimage, he ever afterwards believed, was the cause of pains which at times racked his joints to the very end of his life.

On his way to Edinburgh he saw, for the first time in his life, that marvellous substance known as coal. To him it was miraculous, and he speaks with amazement of seeing the poor, half naked beggars at the doors of the churches receiving with undisguised joy what seemed to him to be only pieces of black stone. "This kind of stone," he says, "impregnated with matter which is either sulphurous or fatty, they burn in place of wood, of which that district is destitute." The Scottish king received our ambassador with every mark of favour, and the request he came to prefer was granted. James generously paid his expenses, and gave him fifty nobles and two palfreys for his homeward journey, besides a costly pearl which Æneas sent to his mother.

Our traveller informs us that Scotland is an island, two hundred miles in length and fifty in breadth, and divided from England by two narrow rivers and a range of lofty

hills. It is, he says, a cold, bleak, wild country, producing little corn, almost without wood, but yielding a sulphurous stone which is dug out of the ground for fuel. The cities had no walls. The houses were usually built without mortar. In the towns they were roofed with turf, and in the country an ox-hide served for a door. The common people were poor and rude. They had abundance of flesh and fish, but wheaten bread was only occasionally eaten as a delicacy. The men, he says, are small in stature, but bold; the women of fair complexion, good looking, and affectionate, kissing in Scotland being considered of less account than shaking hands in Italy. There was no wine but what was imported. The horses, diminutive ambling nags, were uncurried, uncombed, and unbridled. The Scottish oysters were larger than the English ones. The exports of the country were hides, wool, salted fish, and pearls, all of which were sent to Flanders. The one thing that most thoroughly delighted the Scots was to hear the English abused. Scotland might, thought Æneas, be described as two countries, the one cultivated, the other wild, where corn was not grown, where the people spoke another language and sometimes lived on the bark of trees. In mid-winter, the time when Æneas was in Scotland, the days were only four hours long. He was told of a tree, which grew by river banks, whereof the fruit resembled geese. If the fruit fell on land, it rotted away; if it fell into the water, it at once acquired life and feathers and wings, and swam as if upon its native element and even flew through the air. The traveller naturally wished to see this marvellous tree, but was told it no longer grew in Scotland, and could only be found in the Orkney Isles.

When the time came for Æneas to return, he was not willing again to brave the dangers of the North Sea. He would, at all hazards, travel by land. The risk of a journey through England was great, but he would take any chance rather than again trust himself to the mercy of Neptune. His decision, if not wise, was fortunate. The ship in which he was to have embarked foundered at the mouth of the haven. The captain, who was returning to Flanders to be married, and all the passengers and crew, were drowned within sight of shore.

Æneas left Scotland disguised as a merchant. He passed over the stream which divides the two countries in a boat. The name of the stream he does not mention, but says it descended from a high mountain. It can scarcely have been other than the Tweed. As the sun went down, he came to a large village, and entered a peasant's house, where he took his supper in company with the priest of the place and his host. Abundance of broth and fowls and geese was set before him, but there was neither wine nor bread. All the villagers, both women and men, crowded to see him, staring at him with amazement, just as the Italians would stare at an Ethiopian or an Indian. "Who is he? Where does he come from? Is he a Christian?" they asked the priest. Æneas, know-

ing the nature of the country through which he had to travel, had provided himself, from the stores of a certain monastery, with bread and red wine. These things were no sooner placed on the table than they excited the amazement of the rustics, who had never seen wine or white bread before. The women and their husbands came nearer to the table, handled the bread, smelled the wine, and begged for some of both. Æneas found it necessary to give away all he had. The supper continued till the second hour of the night, when the priest and the host, with his sons and all the men, left Æneas, saying they must betake themselves to a certain tower a considerable distance away, for fear of the Scots, who were accustomed, when the tide went down in the night, to come over the river and plunder. The traveller made urgent but fruitless requests to be allowed to accompany them. Neither did they take with them any of their women, although many of them were young girls and blooming matrons, for, they thought, their enemies would do them no harm. They regarded female virtue as a thing of no moment. Æneas, therefore, remained with two servants and a guide amongst a hundred women, who formed themselves into a circle round the fire, and spent the night in carding hemp, and talking with his interpreter. But after a great part of the night had passed, there was a loud noise of dogs barking and geese cackling. The women ran off in various directions, and the guide followed them. There was as great a tumult as if the enemy had really come. Æneas determined to lie still in his chamber—which was a stable—and await the event, lest, if he took flight in a region of which he knew nothing, he should only run into danger, and be robbed by the first man he met. Before long the women with the interpreter returned, declaring that there was nothing to fear, for that friends, and not enemies, had arrived.

With daybreak the traveller resumed his journey, and in due time reached Newcastle, "which," says he, "they say is the work of Cæsar." Such a tradition, one would think, could only have originated in the presence of very considerable visible evidences of the Roman occupation of Newcastle. So completely, in our century, have such evidences disappeared that it is doubly interesting to find reason to believe that in the fifteenth century, or not long before it, some unmistakable remains had suggested to the local mind the name of Cæsar. Arrived at Newcastle, it seemed to Æneas that he had returned to the habitable face of the earth—quite a compliment to the Novocastrians of that day—"for," he says, "the land of Scotland, and the part of England near Scotland, has nothing even resembling our country"—his own native Italy, that is. "Horrible, wild, and in winter inaccessible to the influences of the sun," are the epithets Æneas bestows upon our Borderland.

At Durham the traveller visited the tomb of the Venerable Bede. At York, he was struck with the

magnificence of the minster. On his way southward he fell into the company of an English judge, who was returning to London, with him he travelled to the great capital. Thence he proceeded to Dover, crossed to Calais, and at length rejoined his master at Basle, having faithfully and successfully, if adventurously, fulfilled his mission.

Twenty-two years after his visit to England, Æneas was raised to the chair of St. Peter, as Pius the Second. He was pope only for six years. He died in 1464. The morality of his early life is open to the greatest censure; but it is gratifying to learn that in his later years he deeply regretted the errors of his youth. On his sins and weaknesses we will not dwell. Let us rather remember his virtues. Throughout his life he was a zealous advocate of education and learning, and was a warm friend of the poor. Unlike many of his predecessors and successors, he cared nothing for money, and was never guilty of simony. After he became pope, he endeavoured to maintain a policy of peace amongst the governments of Europe. As a man of letters, too, he deserved to be remembered. His many writings, all in Latin, are characterized by ease and gracefulness of style. I believe he was the only traveller through Northumberland who ever wore the triple crown, and certainly no writer of ancient or modern times who has visited the Borderland has left a more picturesque account of his experiences.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

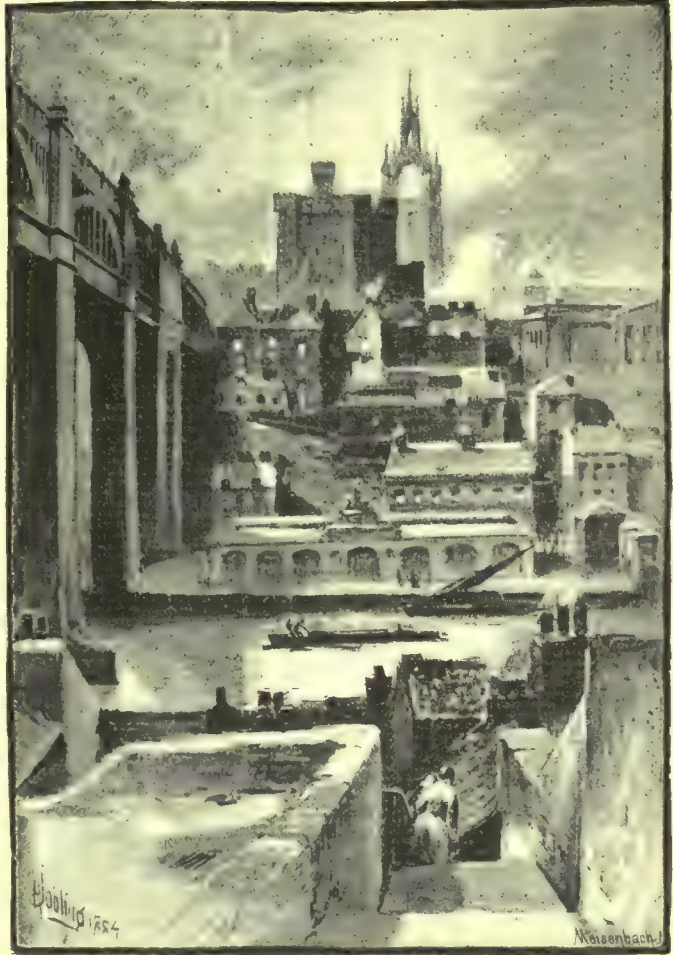
Newcastle and its Bridges.



EWCASTLE is celebrated for its two bridges—the High Level Bridge and the Swing Bridge. Both are enduring monuments of North-Country genius and skill.

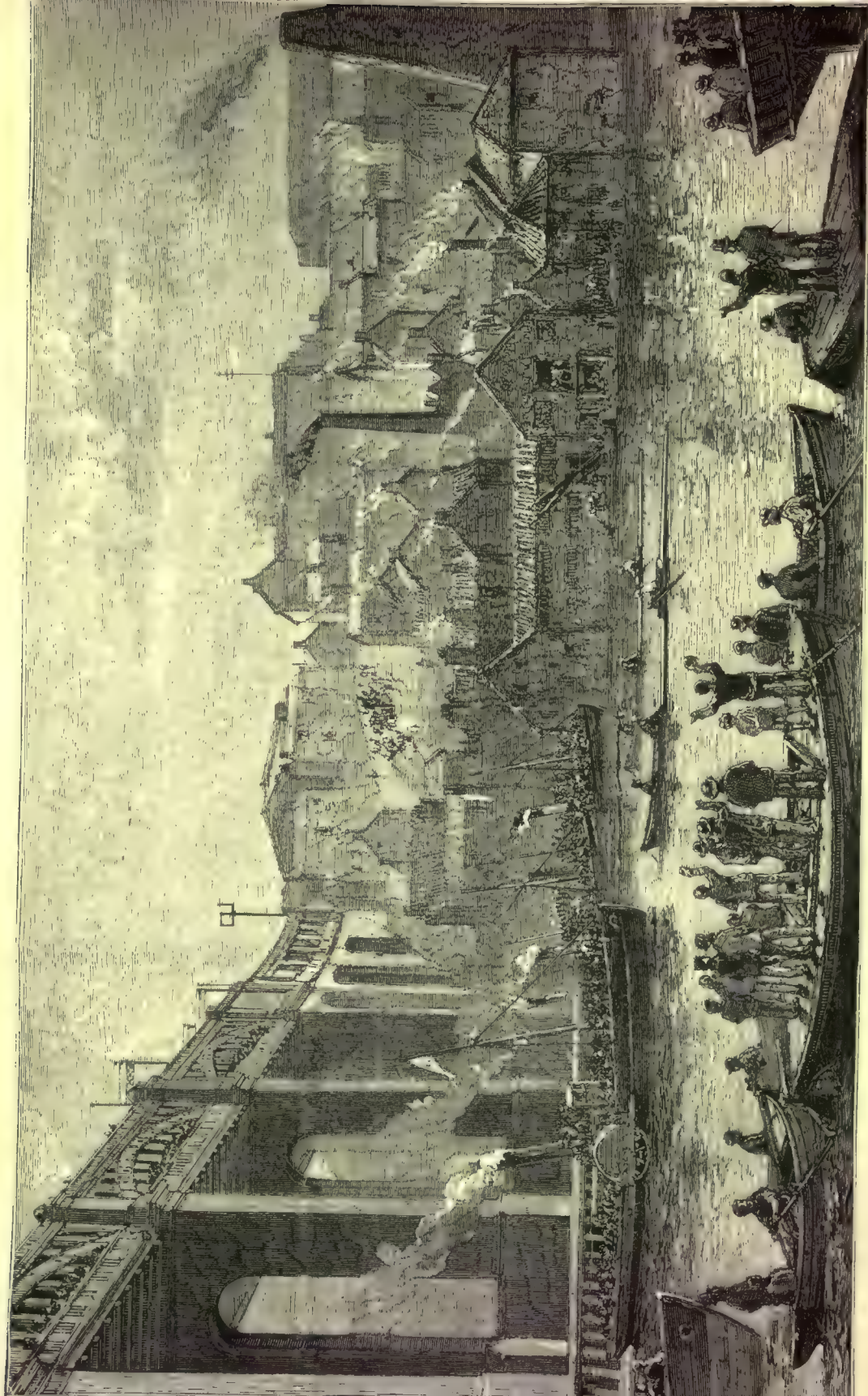
The possibility of crossing the River Tyne at a high level occurred to Edward Hutchinson, master mason, of

Newcastle, in the year 1771, when the old Tyne Bridge which spanned the river was swept away by a flood. He brought his prospectus and plan before the Newcastle



NEWCASTLE FROM GATESHEAD.

Corporation, but the members thereof could not see their way to adopt the suggestion. Still the project was only suspended for a time. In 1826 and succeeding years, proposals having the same object in view were made, and in 1839 Messrs. John and Benjamin Green published a scheme for crossing the river at a high level. None of the plans, however, met with approval, and it was not until 1846 that the matter took practical shape. A high level bridge had then become a necessity. Railways were being formed all over the country, and it was evident that, unless traffic could be conducted along the eastern route, the western lines would obtain a great advantage. Many difficulties presented themselves, but



THE HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: A BOAT RACE SCENE.



TYNE BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1859.

all were surmounted by Robert Stephenson, who devised the present noble structure.

The High Level Bridge is a composite viaduct, having a passage for the railway above, and a covered way for vehicles and passengers below. The bridge consists of six cast-iron arches, supported upon piers of solid masonry. The length of the viaduct is 1,337 feet; length of the waterway, 512 feet; height from high-water mark to the line of railway, 112 feet; and height from high water to the carriage way, 85 feet. The first pile of a temporary viaduct was driven on April 24, 1846; and the first permanent pile for forming the foundation was forced into position on October 1, 1846. The last key, closing the arches, was fitted into its place on June 7, 1849. On August 15, 1849, the upper roadway of the bridge was opened for use; and the lower road was thrown open to the public on February 4, 1850. The total cost was nearly half-a-million of money, made up as follows:—The bridge, £243,096; approaches, £113,057; land, compensation for buildings, &c., £135,000. Into the masonry of the piers and the land arches there entered 681,609 cubic feet of ashlar, 116,396 of rubble, and 46,224 of concrete. As many as 4,728½ tons of cast iron and 321½ tons of wrought iron were consumed. An Act of Parliament permits the North-Eastern Railway Company, the owners of the bridge, to charge at the rate of three miles for carrying a passenger across the upper portion; foot passengers pay a toll of a halfpenny when crossing by the roadway; and a carriage drawn by one horse is charged threepence.

The Tyne Bridge, which succeeded the old bridge destroyed in 1771, was erected in 1781, but it was far from being a satisfactory structure, and before

it had been in existence some seventy years it was showing signs of failure. In 1861 a bill was obtained for the substitution of "a bridge of a different construction." The first pile of a temporary erection was driven on September 7, 1865, and in 1866-7 the Tyne Bridge was removed. Industrial works had extended westward to such an extent that it was absolutely necessary that the new bridge should present no difficulties in the navigation of the river by large ships. It was resolved, therefore, to construct such a bridge as would be no impediment to river traffic. The new bridge, a structure of iron of the class known as the hydraulic swing bridge, was designed by Mr. John F. Ure, then engineer to the River Commissioners. Begun in 1868 and completed in 1876, the Swing Bridge has four openings corresponding with those of the High Level Bridge. The carriage way is 24 feet wide; the two footways are each 8 feet 6 inches. The superstructure of the bridge consists of a central or swinging portion, which is made to turn on a central pier, so as to form an opening for masted vessels to pass on each side of the pier, with two spans next the land on either side. The swing is constructed of wrought iron girders of what is called bowstring form, connected by cross girders, also of wrought iron, and supported in the centre by rollers on circular roads; and a large hydraulic press or ram, which, when the bridge is swung, shares a portion of the weight with the rollers. The whole weight of the swinging portion is about 1,500 tons, and the total length about 281 feet. It is moved round by powerful hydraulic machinery. The levers for working the machinery are placed in a raised lantern tower in the centre, and above the top of the girders. The bridge is so constructed that



THE SWING BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

a weight of sixty tons, on four wheels, can be safely passed over any part of the roadway; and it stood a test of this description before being opened for traffic. The whole of the ironwork of the superstructure of the side spans and the swinging portion, with the hydraulic and other machinery, was constructed by Sir William Armstrong and Company, at Elswick, Newcastle. The rest of the work, including the foundations of the piers and abutments, masonry, approaches, &c., was executed by the workmen of the River Tyne Commissioners.

Our illustrations include a drawing of the old Tyne Bridge from the Gateshead side of the river, made about 1859. (Page 265.) In the extreme distance may be seen Grey's Monument; nearer are the Old Castle, the tower of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, and the Moot Hall; in the middle distance are a number of warehouses; the small erection at the end of the bridge was a toll-house; close to it was a public-house, the landlord of which was Richard Ayre, a celebrated Radical, and a friend of Mr. Feargus O'Connor; part of the Guildhall may be observed on the right. The view of the High Level Bridge (on page 264) is taken from the north shore of the river. Here we have a familiar scene on the Tyne. A couple of scullers are about to row a race. The starters are in their places, and all are eagerly waiting for the signal to commence the contest. Two or three steamboats are filled with excited passengers; whilst a few spectators have taken temporary possession of wherries and boats; others again are content with the view from the causeway of the bridge, and a small group has congregated on an open space on the south side of the river. The drawing by Mr. Robert Jobling (page 263) also shows the Old Castle, St. Nicholas' Cathedral, the Fish Market, and the Moot Hall, but from a higher level. Many of these buildings are likewise depicted in the sketch of the Swing Bridge, the most noticeable object seen in the bridge itself being the tower from which the machinery which turns it is worked.

Lindley Murray at York.

IT is not generally known that the grammarian who exercised so much influence over the English language was closely associated with Yorkshire Quakers. Nor is it quite understood how the American scholar came to pass his days in England without ever returning to his native country. Both points are fully explained in "The Records of a Quaker Family, the Richardsons of Cleveland," by Mrs. Anne Ogden Boyce, which has been published by Messrs. West, Newman, and Co., of Hatton Garden. A whole chapter of this interesting narrative is devoted to Lindley Murray. Born at Swetara, Pennsylvania, in 1745, he grew up a "mischievous child" and a "heedless boy," though he believed he "never failed to perform his

tasks." When his schooling was over, he "wished to be anything rather than a merchant," and, with the waywardness of youth, resenting chastisement, he left his home and took up his abode in a distant seminary. Eventually his father allowed him to choose the legal instead of the mercantile profession. In the year 1766, when he was twenty-one, he was called to the American bar, and about the same time he married "a good and amiable woman." While the War of Independence was raging, Lindley Murray fell into ill-health, being troubled with a weakness in the muscles of his limbs. Nothing seemed likely to restore him, and at length a physician proposed a residence of two or three years in England, so as to escape the hot, exhausting summers of America; the climate of Yorkshire, we are told, being especially recommended. Thus it came that the voyage to England was made, and the parting from his native land proved to be for life.

Lindley Murray and his wife landed in England in 1784, the year in which peace was ratified. After visiting many places in Yorkshire, he bought a house and garden in the village of Holdgate, near York, and settled there in 1785. At first he had hopes of returning to America a vigorous man; but the improvement from change of climate was only temporary, and we find Lindley Murray writing in 1806:—"Two-and-twenty years have passed away since we left our native land, and little hope remains of our ever being able to visit it again." He was, however, quite resigned, and, indeed, became closely attached to this country. It is very refreshing at the present day to read the following expression of the feelings of this eminent scholar:—

Our attachment to England was founded on many pleasing associations. In particular, I had strong prepossessions in favour of a residence in this country, because I was ever partial to its political constitution, and the mildness and wisdom of its general system of laws. I knew that, under this excellent Government, life, property, reputation, civil and religious liberty are happily protected, and that the general character and virtue of its inhabitants take their complexion from the nature of their constitution and laws. On leaving my native country, there was not, therefore, any land on which I could cast my eye with so much pleasure; nor is there any which could have afforded me so much real satisfaction as I have found in Great Britain. May its political fabric, which has stood the test of ages, and long attracted the admiration of the world, be supported and perpetuated by Divine Providence! And may the hearts of Britons be grateful for this blessing, and for many others by which they are eminently distinguished!

The American lawyer who formed this estimate of British institutions did not surrender himself to the morbid fancies of an invalid. For years he took a daily drive to see "the busy or the cheerful faces of his fellow-men," while he occupied himself with writing his first work, entitled "The Power of Religion upon the Mind," which was printed at York in the year 1787. The first edition of five hundred copies, neatly bound in leather, was distributed at the author's own expense. "I sent them," he says, "to the principal inhabitants of York and its

vicinity; and accompanied each book with an anonymous note requesting a favourable acceptance of it, and apologizing for the liberty I had taken." This modesty had its reward. "The publication," writes Mrs. Boyce, "was well received, and several editions were printed in London. When a sixth edition was called for, Lindley Murray enlarged and improved the book, and placed his name on the title page, and then gave away the copyright to a London publisher, hoping in this way to attain the end he had in view of making the work useful."

Lindley Murray found pleasant and congenial society amongst members of the Society of Friends in York. An undertaking of the Tuke family, a school for girls, was a source of interest and pleasure to him. The historian of York School (speaking of Holdgate) says:—

"In this pleasant home Lindley Murray was compelled to lead a quiet, sedentary life, so he devoted his time chiefly to reading and writing. He took a great interest in the school, and was often consulted as a literary oracle by his friends there. The teachers, Ann and Mabel Tuke, and Jane Taylor, who were intimate friends as well as colleagues, feeling their inability to teach grammar, applied to him for aid; and during a succession of winter evenings he gave them regular lessons, much to their own enjoyment and the benefit of their pupils. The walks to Holdgate, as well as the lessons, were noteworthy, for the road was dark and rough; but the young pedestrians, shod in pattens, and escorted by a man carrying a lantern, bravely and cheerily wended their way to their preceptor's home, where their presence was both welcome and enlivening." Although a hundred years have passed since then (Mrs. Boyce proceeds), we can picture the scene, and almost seem to hear the voices of those lively girls as, casting aside cloaks and pattens, they passed from the darkness of the steep Holdgate Lane into the cheerful parlour, where they brought the freshness of youth and health and of active work into the quiet lives of their genial instructor and of his kind, hospitable wife. "A little later," says the historian, "we find three of the teachers uniting in a 'humble petition to the Right Hon. Lindley Murray, teacher of the English language, &c., &c.' After stating the inconvenience they have experienced 'from the want of a complete English grammar, with examples and rules annexed,' and expressing their faith in 'the incomparable abilities of their able preceptor,' they humbly solicit the preparation 'of his materials for a work so important, and in the execution of which they will gladly afford him their feeble assistance. And his petitioners will, as in duty bound, desire (also pray) that his labours may be amply rewarded by the manifest fruits of its utility to the present and succeeding generations.'" Lindley Murray's reply to this petition is a doubtful one, but it contains the sentence that he "entertains such a respect and affection for his dear friends, Ann Tuke, Mabel Tuke, and Martha Fletcher, that it would be no easy matter for him to refuse any request that they might think proper to make." So, in the words of the Historical Sketch, "It was to this playful yet earnest appeal from the teachers, seconded and strengthened by the representatives of other schools, that we owe the Grammar which for half a century was decidedly the most useful and popular class-book in England; we think deservedly so when compared with its contemporaries, and judged by the standard that prevailed at the time. It was published in 1795, and the profits of the first edition were devoted to the benefit of the school."

The Grammar was followed by other works, such as the "English Reader," and it is pleasant to know that their great sale brought large profits to the author and the publishers. Indeed, the latter wished to have Mr.

Murray's portrait painted at their expense; but, in accordance with the views of most Friends of that day, he declined the proposal. Though his income from property in America rarely exceeded £600 a year, he considered this quite sufficient for his wants, and the money which the Messrs. Longman paid him for his copyrights all went to increase his charities. "These," says Mrs. Boyce, "were varied and judicious, including the payment of school fees for many poor children, and the quiet giving of help to persons in straitened circumstances. One trifling act of kindness," she adds, "is still remembered in York. Within sight of his house a footpath ran over some fields to the city. Lindley Murray kept this path in repair at his own expense, and placed seats upon it; and it gave him pleasure when, by the aid of a glass, he could see that these seats afforded rest to some tired wayfarer."

Lindley Murray's association with the Richardsons of Cleveland was through Hannah, one of the three sisters, daughters of Henry Richardson of Stockton, who take the chief place in Mrs. Boyce's biography:—

Somewhat changed from the stylish girl in the gipsy hat and feathers, we now behold her in the neat close cap of Quakerism, writing from Lindley Murray's dictation, reading aloud to him slowly and distinctly, and presiding over his household. When she became a resident at Holdgate, Lindley Murray was entirely confined to the house, his strength being no longer equal to his daily drive. "His gentle wife," writes a correspondent, "was so entirely devoted to his companionship that she rarely left the house, and their sprightly and energetic young friend (Hannah) formed a needed link between them and the outer world." Every morning her tall, lissom figure was seen on the road between Holdgate and York, her feet shod with pattens if the weather was wet, her hand carrying a basket, her walk full of energy and directness of purpose. Her lightness of heart did not depart with her feathers, nor did her quiet dress dull her spirits. Not only in the seclusion of Holdgate, but in many a home in York, her cheerful presence was welcome. It is still remembered how her coming was watched for in houses which she passed in her daily walk; and how her friends would rush to door or window to beg for a few minutes of her company; but, beyond the time required for loving greetings and inquiries, she might not prolong her stay. The invalid almost counted the minutes until her return with his letters, his daily paper, his *Newcastle Chronicle* once a week, and the news of his friends. Some marvelled at the way in which his messenger curbed her natural inclinations and strongly social instincts, and bent her will to that of another. But if this caused her a struggle, it was known to herself alone.

Very tranquil was the life led in this spot; the Quaker home was indeed a resting-place to be envied:—

Holdgate was the home of Hannah Richardson for twenty years. During most of this time, there was only one female servant, a Friend, called Mary Hollingsworth, whose beautiful complexion, happy countenance, and spotless Quaker dress added to the charm of the household. One of Mary's duties was to bake, with the household bread, large soft biscuits, so that beggars who came to Holdgate, if not relieved by money, might never be sent away hungry. So closely in readiness did Mary keep these biscuits that it is said she slipped one into the hand of the genial minister, James Backhouse, when he came to call upon her master!

During the last twelve years of Lindley Murray's life, from 1814 to 1826, he became increasingly dependent,

Mrs. Boyce informs us, upon Hannah Richardson as his reader and secretary. Indeed, his correspondence with his family in America came, in the end, to be conducted entirely by Hannah, and formed an important part of her duties; and long after the venerable pair at Holdgate were gathered to their rest, she continued to receive tokens of esteem from the unknown friends who loved her for their sake. It was at the age of eighty-one, having lived forty-one years at Holdgate, that the kind-hearted and high-souled American breathed his last, leaving his devoted wife, "a remarkably sweet and unselfish woman," to be tended for eight years longer by the no less devoted representative of a noble Quaker family.

After the death of the aged widow of Lindley Murray in 1834, Hannah Richardson undertook the duties of "governess" in Ackworth School—the post nearly resembling that of "principal" in a modern institution. The school, wrote the historian, "never had, and never will have, one who more successfully occupied her trust and won the hearts of all around her."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE SKIPPER'S WEDDING.

THERE is no subject more calculated to give such an insight into the *inner* life of our ancestors than the study of the local popular songs which treat of domestic life, courtship, or marriage; and the song of "The Skipper's Wedding" is a graphic picture of men and manners about the close of the last century.

Weddings have from time immemorial been looked upon as peculiarly occasions on which to create festivals of eating, drinking, and dancing, and from the catalogue of good things named in the song the preparations of the bridegroom and the parents of the bride for the wedding suggest that none of the company expected to be present would have appetites of the valetudinarian kind.

The song was very popular for many years, though, with the exception of Blind Willy, nothing is known of any of the eccentric characters named as expected to honour the bridal by their presence. Possibly they only existed in the imagination of the author.

Mr. William Stephenson, the elder, the author of the song, was born in 1763 in Gateshead, and died there in 1836.

The tune to which the ballad is sung is Irish, and usually known as "The Night before Larry was Stretched," and some of our best local songs have been

written to it, such as William Mitford's "Pitman's Courtship," &c.

Neigh - bours, I'm come for to tell you, Our
skip - per and Moll's to be wed; And
if it be true what they're say - ing, E-
gad! We'll be all rare - ly fed. They've
brought home a should - er of mut - ton, Be-
sides two thump - ing fat geese, And
when at the fire they're roast - ing We're
all to have sops in the grease. Blind
Wil - ly's to play on the fid - dle.

Neighbours, I'm come for to tell you
Our skipper and Moll's to be wed;
And if it be true what they're saying,
Egad! we'll be all rarely fed.
They've brought home a shoulder of mutton,
Besides two thumping fat geese,
And when at the fire they're roasting
We're all to have sops in the grease.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be pies and spice dumplings;
And there will be bacon and peas;
Besides a great lump of beef boiled,
And they may get crowdies that please.
To eat of such things as these are
I'm sure you have seldom the luck;
Besides, for to make us some pottage,
There'll be a sheep's head and a pluck.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Of sausages there will be plenty,
Black puddings, sheep fat, and neats' tripes;
Besides, for to warm all your noses,
Great store of tobacco and pipes.
A room, they say, is provided
For us at "The Old Jacob's Well";
The bridegroom he went there this morning,
And spoke for a barrel o' yell.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

There's sure to be those things I've mentioned,
And many things else; and I learn
That there's white bread and butter and sugar
To please every bonny young bairn.

Of each dish and glass you'll be welcome
To eat and to drink till you stare ;
I've told you what meat's to be at it,
I'll next tell you who's to be there.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Why, there will be Peter the Hangman,
Who flogs the folk at the cart tail ;
Auld Bob, with his new sark and ruffle,
Made out of an old keel sail ;
And Tib on the Quay who sells oysters,
Whose mother oft strove to persuade
Her to keep from the lads, but she wouldn't,
Until she got by them betrayed.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be Sandy the Cobbler,
Whose belly's as round as a keg ;
And Doll with her short petticoats
To display her white stockings and leg ;
And Sall, who, when snug in a corner,
Her glass was ne'er known to refuse ;
She cursed when her father was drowned,
Because he had on his new shoes.

Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

And there will be Sam the Quack Doctor,
Of skill and profession he'll crack ;
And Jack who would fain be a soldier,
But for a great hump on his back ;
And Tom, in the streets for his living,
Who grinds razors, scissors, and knives,
And two or three merry old women
That call "mugs and dublers,* wives."
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

But, neighbours, I'd almost forgotten
For to tell you—exactly at one,
The dinner will be on the table,
The music will play till it's done :
When you'll all be heartily welcome
Of this merry feast for to share ;
But if you won't come at this bidding,
Why then you may stay where you are.
Blind Willy's to play on the fiddle.

Beeswing and Lanercost.



ATIMER'S "Local Records," under date 15th September, 1842, contains the following entry :—

The celebrated racing mare, Bee's-wing, the property of William Orde, Esq., of Nunnykirk, Northumberland, closed her wonderful career on the turf by winning the Doncaster Cup. This was Bee's-wing's fifty-first victory, and the twenty-fourth gold cup which she had won, a number quite unprecedented. After having eight foals—four colts and four fillies—several of which proved themselves worthy descendants of "the pride of the North," Bee's-wing died March 4, 1854, near Chester, aged 21 years.

The author of a chatty work on turf worthies—"The Druid"—tells some good stories about the owner of Beeswing and his jockey, one Bob Johnson. Thus he tells us that owner and jockey once duly decided, after accepting sixpence for the purpose from a facetious friend at Ascot, to "let t'aud mare win first, and get shaved afterwards." Another time they were heard to take counsel together about the state of Mr. Orde's betting book. "I've taken fifteen sovereigns to two, Robert, about the mare," said the owner, most meekly :

"shall I hedge?" "In course, nowt of the sort," was the prompt answer. "Stan'it out; be a man or a moose." On one occasion, when this comical pair were separated, Bob suddenly felt constrained by a sense of duty to communicate stable intelligence to his employer, and he dictated the following note to Will Beresford, whom he requested to act as his secretary: "Sir, the meer's weel, aa's weel, we're all weel." It must, however, be explained that this missive was much more voluminous as originally drafted, for it contained a number of expletives which Bob was in the habit of using. When Beresford read it over to him, he remonstrated thus: "In course, thoo knaas, Mr. Beresford, aa didn't tell thee to put in '*In course*' all that number of times. Noo, aa'll gie it thee plain." And so it was abbreviated as above.

Bob was born at Sunderland, and was apprenticed in that town to a quack doctor or herbalist, who also dealt a little in smuggled spirits. The herb and bottle business was not at all to Bob's taste: so he soon deserted it, and took up the more congenial occupation to which his after life was devoted. He won the St. Leger three years out of four on Ottrington, General Chassé, and St. Patrick; but, after that, he had always the ill luck to be only third, so that when his friends at Doncaster consulted him as to his chances, they never got much more out of him than this: "In course, thoo may back me to be thord—likely enough t'aad place—aa never get forrarder."

"In his wasting days," we quote from "The Druid," "Bob was an eminent member of that School of Industry which met during the Newcastle race mornings in the servants' hall at Gosforth. Mr. Brandling liked this custom kept up, and often a muffled troop of Sim, Jacques, Scott, Harry Edwards, Holmes, Garbutt, Cartwright, Lye, Oates, Gray, &c., would be found there about ten o'clock, sipping the warm ale which the butler always had in readiness for them after their three miles' walk from the Grand Stand (the Grand Stand was then on the Town Moor), and listening, if Bill Scott was not just i' the vein, to Bob Johnson's comments on nags and men. One morning Bob did not get on with his ale, and Mr. Brandling asked him if there was anything else he would like better. 'Aa don't knaa, sor,' said he, 'but aa should like a bottle of your champagne.' It was accordingly brought, and Bob considered that he put his host up to such a good thing for the day while they were drinking it, that he wound up with, 'Weel, aa think aa should like another away with me, Mr. Brandling, to drink yor health when aa's won.' His companion protested in vain, but Mr. Brandling was intensely amused, and sided so energetically with Bob that another was fetched and duly stuffed into his pocket, and away he went rejoicing, and verified his Gosforth tip by beating Sim cleverly."

A story is related of Mr. Orde in connection with Beeswing which smacks of the flavour of the soil. It is said that the Queen was so much struck with what she had heard of the merits of the famous mare, that she asked

* A dubler or doubler was a large dish, plate, or bowl.—*Obsolete.*

Mr. Orde whether he would part with her. Mr. Orde is reported to have replied that he would personally have been happy to oblige her Majesty, but that Beeswing belonged to the people of the North!

While Beeswing was the Northumberland, Lanercost was the Cumberland favourite. The sire of Lanercost was Liverpool, the property of Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, who, having bought him, when a yearling, from his Cumbrian owner, for £130, sent him to Tuppill to be trained. That great authority, Tom Dawson, next season considered him the finest-grown two-year-old he ever saw, and could hardly believe he was the same beast, "all belly and no neck," which he had seen at The Bush, at Carlisle, the year before. On his first trials, he failed, and disappointed the Carlisle folks; but the spirit of his nominator, James Parkin, did not flag. Parkin was a man who, in a general way, did not care much for racing, being devoted rather to steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, and stage-coach driving, in which latter line of business he was in his glory; but he nominated Lanercost for all his three-year-old engagements, in the firmest belief that he would yet prove to be one of the best horses the world ever saw. The animal verified Parkin's hope so far as to win at Newcastle, then at the Caledonian Hunt, then at Dumfries, and finally at Ayr, where the rivalry for the Cup was in those days high and keen among the Scottish dons. Lanercost was the winner of five races, in Scotland and England, between the 4th of September and the 18th of October; and on the 28th of the latter month he won the great Cambridgeshire Stakes, the first year they were established. In the following season, he gained a short-head victory over Reeswing for the Newcastle Cup, and also beat her on the Berry Moss for the Kelso Cup. Next year Lanercost won the Cup and two other prizes at Ascot, but was beaten at Newcastle by Beeswing. After that, he was sold for £2,800 to Mr. Kirby, for whom he won the Chester Cup in 1842. This was the last of his brilliant public performances. His stud career ended at Chantilly, in the Emperor Napoleon's splendid stables.

Stephen Hollin's Ghost.

FANFIELD, a small and scattered village on the south bank of the Tees, five miles west of Darlington, and nine miles north-east of Richmond, has to the north-east of it a number of high, bleak, lonely grass fields called the Carrs. In the midst of these Carrs there is a small house, used as a hind's house, built on the site of a former farm-house. In that farm-house the farmer, Stephen Hollin, was murdered by his two nephews, and his body was buried in the fields; but,

as suspicion was aroused some time after by his disappearance, his bones were taken up by them, and burnt in a brick oven. I well remember coming home from gathering mushrooms in these Carrs on misty autumn evenings, and looking round quite expecting to see Stephen Hollin's ghost coming along the "long grey fields" in the brown suit and low-crowned hat of which I had so often heard.

A dear old woman who lived near us, and who died a few years ago upwards of eighty, never tired of telling us tales of "Stephen," as the ghost was familiarly called. Her father, who died over ninety years of age, was the village blacksmith. The Tweddles have time out of mind been the blacksmiths at Manfield; the present blacksmith's name is Tweddle. Around Bessie's fire on winter nights, or seated on her "bink" at the door on summer evenings, we have listened spell-bound to strange tales of the ghost. I cannot say when the murder was committed; it must have been long, long ago, as the stories were then things of the past. Only one old man besides Bessie professed to have seen the ghost. A servant boy who came to her grandfather's blacksmith shop rather late in the evening, with a "plough coulter" to be sharpened, was warned that he might see Stephen as he returned home. He had to pass through the Carrs to another lonely farm-house. He replied that he didn't care for Stephen; if Stephen came to him, he would throw the "plough coulter" at his head. Next morning, his dead body was found in the fields, all scratched and torn. Of course, Stephen Hollin had killed him. A relation of my father's, who was coming from Grunton one winter night in the snow, saw Stephen's low-crowned hat over the hedge. She ran for her life, and lost her shoe in her fright. Many people searched for the shoe, but it could never be found. Stephen had got it.

At Cauldknockles, as his own house was called, he was on quite familiar terms with the inmates. He would sometimes hold the "milks" door, preventing all admittance at his pleasure. Sometimes in a playful mood he would roll cheeses downstairs. Once he stole a tailor's thread, took it upstairs, and threw it down from a hole in the ceiling into the tailor's face. Sometimes, in a morning, the horses would be "all in a lather." Stephen had been riding them all night. Occasionally the noise of threshing (of course with a flail then) would be heard, and dust and "caff" would be seen streaming abundantly out of the barn door; but the initiated would take it as a matter of course, simply remarking, "It's only Stephen." A servant girl was on such familiar terms with him that she used, when she had a heavy "skeeful" of calf-meat to convey, to say, in a coaxing manner, "Tak haud, Stephen," and the invisible Stephen used to hold up the other side and carry exactly as a real person would do. But the strangest of all his pranks was a meaningless one. A cow had calved one night, and the calf disappeared, and could nowhere be found. At last it was heard to

"blair" in the air, and there it was thrown across the rigging-tree of the house. Of course, Stephen had put it there.

Many more such tales I could tell. These tales were spread far and wide over the neighbouring villages, and formed the subject of conversation round many a winter fire. Their real existence was devoutly believed in. We durst not venture on a word of unbelief to Ressie. Had she not seen Stephen herself when a girl?

Alas! he no more revisits the glimpses of the moon. He was conjured into a well by a priest. Will he ever return? I am afraid not.

DARLINGTON.

Nab Cottage, Rydalmere.



TOURISTS who travel from Ambleside to Keswick will notice a cottage on the roadside near the foot of Nab Scar—an offshoot of Fairfield—and within a few yards of Rydal Water. This modest dwelling does not present any extraordinary external features. Within a short distance there are many houses that are much more picturesque. Nab Cottage, as it is called, derives, indeed, all its interest from the circumstance that it was at one time the temporary residence of two of the literary giants of "Wordsworthshire"—Thomas de Quincey and Hartley Coleridge.

De Quincey lived for many years in a small house at Town End, Grasmere, which had been vacated by Wordsworth. Having married Margaret Simpson,

daughter of a Westmoreland farmer living at Nab Cottage, he, after this happy event, alternated between the two places. A great collector of books and papers, he first filled every conceivable corner in the Town End house with his treasures, and then stored the surplus in Nab Cottage. It does not appear that De Quincey was at any time the tenant of Nab Cottage; for after he left the Lake District in 1830 and went to Edinburgh, he still retained the place at Town End for a few years.

Nab Cottage was Hartley Coleridge's home for some seventeen or eighteen years. It is known that Hartley was held in great esteem by all the inhabitants of the valley of the Rothay. "La'al Hartley" (little Hartley) was a prime favourite with the sturdy yeomen, and the declaration that "he's yan on us" indicated how close was the intimacy. But Hartley Coleridge's irregular habits were a source of perpetual regret to his relatives and friends. Many will remember the forebodings of Wordsworth:—

I think of thee with many fears,
For what may be thy lot in future years.

Harriet Martineau thus writes on the same subject:—"Those who knew the Lakes of old will remember the peculiar form and countenance which used to haunt the roads between Ambleside and Grasmere—the eccentric-looking being whom the drivers were wont to point out as the son of the great Coleridge, and himself a poet. He is more missed in his neighbourhood than in the literary world; for he loved everybody, and had many friends. His mournful weakness was regarded with unusual forbearance; and there was more love and pity than censure in the minds of those who practically found how difficult it was to help him. Those who knew him most loved



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NAB COTTAGE, RYDALMERE.

him best; but he was sufficiently known afar by his works to be an object of interest to strangers who passed his home."

Hartley Coleridge died at Nab Cottage on January 6, 1849, and lies buried in Grasmere Churchyard.

Long Meg and her Daughters.

ABOUT half-a-dozen miles north-east of Penrith, on an eminence intersected by a public road and a boundary wall, is the Druidical monument known as Long Meg and her Daughters. Authorities differ as to the exact number of stones that constitute the circle, and it will be sufficient to state that there are between sixty and seventy. The residents aver that the stones cannot be counted twice alike, which is not at all surprising, since some of them are covered with herbage. It is also gravely affirmed that the relics are the remains of a company of witches that were transformed into stones on the prayer of a saint. Long Meg, the principal stone, stands 25 yards south of the circle, opposite four other stones which suggest the form of a gateway. It has four faces, is 12 feet high and 14 feet in girth, and is computed to weigh about seventeen tons. About twenty-seven of the "daughters" are standing erect. Some of the stones in the circle are limestone, some granite, and others greenstone. Wordsworth wrote of them:—"When I first saw this monument, as I came upon it by surprise, I might over-rate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relic of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance." The same poet apostrophises Long Meg in the following lines:—

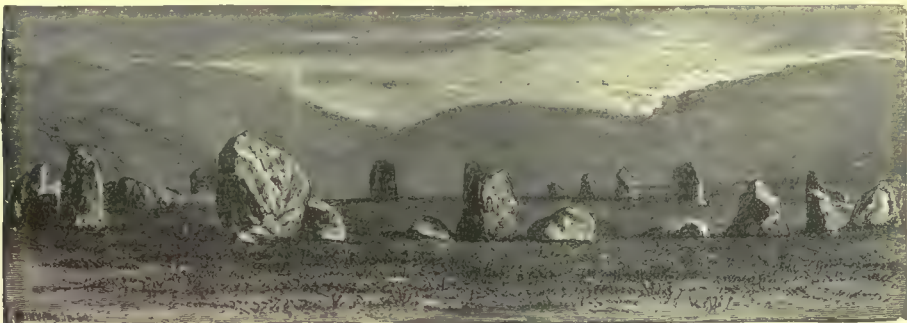
A weight of awe not easy to be borne
Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that sisterhood forlorn—
Speak thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—

Speak, giant-mother! tell it to the morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
Let the moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
At whose behest uprose, on British ground,
That sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

William Swan's Misfortunes.

ON the morning of Friday, the 15th day of March, 1786, was found dead in his bed, at an obscure lodging near Chiswell Street, London, Mr. William Swan. He was the only surviving male heir of Thomas Swan, Alderman and Mayor of Hull, who left estates to the amount of £20,000 per annum, to recover which William had been trying in vain for twenty-five years. This man's history, and still more that of his father, afford a striking confirmation of the truth of the old proverb, that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

The father, so the story goes, was the eldest son of Richard Swan, of Benwell Hall, near Newcastle, and was trepanned from his father's house when nine years of age. He was put on board the *Britannia* brig, which formed part of the squadron of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and he began his career in that vessel as cabin-boy, or, to use old-fashioned seamen's language, as powder-monkey, his chief duty being to bring powder from the magazine to the guns during a sea-fight. In this capacity he served in the unsuccessful expedition against Toulon in 1707; and on the return home of the fleet, he was wrecked on the Scilly Isles in the great disaster of the 22nd October. On that occasion Sir Cloudesley's flagship, the *Association*, in which were several persons of rank and eight hundred brave men, went instantly to the bottom; the *Eagle*, the *Romney*, and the *Firebrand* were also lost with all on board; but the rest of the fleet escaped. Not long afterwards, however, the vessel in which Swan sailed was taken by an Algerine corsair, the captain of which sold him as a slave to the Moors. He remained in bondage in Barbary for about four years, after which he was



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LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR PENRITH.

set at liberty by the Redeeming Friars, an order of monks devoted to the redemption of Christian captives from slavery, through whose instrumentality many thousands of such poor wretches were restored to their homes.

After his redemption from the Moors, however, poor Swan was again taken prisoner, and this time he was carried off and sold for a slave to an English planter in South Carolina. There he suffered almost every woe that human nature is capable of enduring, being compelled to work under a burning sun, on the cotton and rice plantations, from sunrise to sunset, with the merciless slave-driver's lash swinging over his back. He managed to escape, and got back to England in 1726, after a banishment of twenty years.

Making his way to Newcastle, he was identified by his nurse and his father's footman. Then he laid claim to the estates of his uncle, the Hull alderman; but, having neither money nor friends to assist him, all his efforts proved abortive. After this, he settled at the village of North Dalton, near Great Driffield, in Yorkshire, where he married Jane Cole, who bore him, with other issue, one son, William, whom he left heir to his claims and his misfortunes, dying, as he did, in his thirty-eighth year, of a broken heart.

Left a mere infant to the care of his mother in 1735, William Swan was naturally told, when he grew up, to what rich estates he was the legitimate heir. He had his father's melancholy experience and premature death to warn him; but it would have been an almost superhuman stretch of self-denial if he had quietly abandoned his pretensions to wealth and rank, and settled down as something like a common day-labourer. He consulted a certain pettifogging attorney in Driffield, who, anxious for business, and zealous to distinguish and perhaps enrich himself, advised the young man that his claim was good and valid, and offered to conduct his case, without any advance of money on his part except a mere trifle for correspondence, postages, court fees, &c., until judgment should be given in his favour, when his guerdon, honestly earned, should be ten thousand pounds—a half-year's rent of the estate. This offer was accepted, and the preliminary steps were taken. The attorney reported from time to time how his case was going on, and got from his client every guinea he could spare—not many, in truth—to meet current expenses. The young man and his mother denied themselves all but the bare necessities of life, in order to make these payments. Weeks and months passed away, but no decision was given. Years elapsed, yet still it was no otherwise. Hope deferred, as Solomon says, maketh the heart sick; and in Mrs. Swan's case, the saying came literally true, and led to a melancholy result. For she fell into despondency, sickened, and died, her last words to her son being, "Oh, William, let this horrid plea drop. Don't pay that man any more money. I feel that he would skin us both alive. They're a bad set, all these law-men." But William, more

hopeful, as well as more obstinate, was determined that he would not let the plea drop. Indeed, it had for some time absorbed his whole mind. He had bought a second-hand copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and he pored over its musty pages till he had got whole chapters off by heart. Blackstone's chapter "Of Dispossession, or Ouster, of Chattels Real," was to him more than the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments all together. He could think of nothing else, dream of nothing else, talk of nothing else. Every penny he had went to his lawyer after he had satisfied the inexorable calls of nature.

Giving up housekeeping, he went to lodge and board with a middle-aged widow, who had an only daughter about four-and-twenty, to whom a rich uncle had left a few hundred pounds. Mother and daughter both felt interested in their lodger's case, the nature and state of which they were soon familiarised with, as it was his only staple topic of conversation whenever he was in the house. So one pound after another was freely lent him, till the sum advanced came to something considerable, far beyond William's ability ever to repay, unless he succeeded in getting possession of his property. It scarcely needs to be said that he gave them a solemn promise—a promise, too, as sincere as it was solemn—that as soon as the case had been decided in his favour, as he never doubted that it would be, they should have a liberal share of his wealth poured into their laps. By and by the young woman and the young man began to feel a softer mutual affection than mere sympathy on the one side and gratitude on the other could possibly have inspired. In plain terms, they fell deeply in love. The mother, looking confidently to her lodger being a rich gentleman before long, was quite willing that it should be a match. And so the couple were wedded. But not long after the indissoluble knot had been tied, the fact transpired that the rascally Driffield attorney had been deceiving his client all the while, pocketing for his own benefit the money he had received for carrying on the suit, which had been entirely neglected.

William Swan now resolved that he must go to London to look after his law affairs himself. He at once laid the case before another lawyer, who gave it as his opinion that an action for ejectment, for trying the title to the Yorkshire property, should immediately be raised, and likewise an action of trespass, with a view to recover the whole or at least part of the rents which had accrued during the years that had elapsed since Alderman Swan's demise. More money was of course needed, and had to be forthcoming. William Swan had spent all that he had, and also all that his wife had brought him; and yet he was, like the woman in the gospel, who had suffered many things of many physicians, nothing bettered, but rather very much the reverse. Had he never had any expectations, pretences, or claims to prosecute, he might have been an honest, industrious, contented man. As it

was, though indeed still honest, he had, as the saying is, "broken his working arm," and was about as far from being contented with his lot as it is possible to conceive—in fact, a disappointed, ruined, almost heart-broken man. His wife's mother had died in the interim, but he had still his wife to console him. She was an excellent woman, and never said a word, nor gave a look, to lead her husband to think she repented of her choice of so unlucky a man for her life-partner. But William continued to haunt the purlieus of the courts till he was worn almost to a shadow, though he might as well have tried to lift Westminster Hall as to get what he believed to be justice, his purse being quite empty, and the friends he had as poor as himself.

To conclude, he found himself one day inside the Fleet prison, where, with his usual ill-luck, he caught the jail fever. His poor wife, constant to the last, being permitted to visit him and bring him some little cheap delicacies, caught the infection, and died within a few days. William, on the contrary, recovered, though the fever left him so weak that he could scarcely crawl. A gaol-delivery shortly afterwards set him free, with several others; but he was no longer fit for this world. He managed to get into humble lodgings in a narrow lane or alley near Chiswell Street, and there, quite worn out, he breathed his last. His mortal remains, we believe, fill a pauper's grave.

Luke Long, Quack Doctor.

A FULL, and at the same time a perfect, set of the ten volumes of the *Newcastle Magazine*, published monthly between 1820 and 1831, is not easy to obtain. Stray volumes are to be found on the bookstalls, but generally lacking title pages, indexes, portraits, engravings, or some other part of the contents, and mostly in a dirty and dilapidated condition. Yet, as an illustration of the literary accomplishments of a bygone generation in Northumberland, the magazine is most interesting. Mr. W. A. Mitchell, the Jupiter Tonans of the *Tyne Mercury*, better known in his later years as "Tim Tunbelly" and "Peter Putright," was the proprietor and editor, and among the contributors were Dr. Charles Hutton, Henry Atkinson, and Wesley S. B. Woolhouse, mathematicians; Nicholas Wood, Robert Hawthorn, and Benjamin Thompson, engineers; John Sykes and John Fenwick, antiquaries; John Mackay Wilson, Robert Story, James Telfer, Robert Gilchrist, and Robert White, poets and story-tellers, not to mention Thomas Wilson, whose famous descriptive poem, "The Pitman's Pay," first saw the light in its columns. It was the *Monthly Chronicle* of its day, with the addition of mathematical problems, poetical contributions, moral essays, reviews of local literature, and

other features that now find expression in the newspapers. In the volume for 1828 is a curious biography, written by John Sykes, the chronologer, of a Newcastle character named "Doctor" Long. There is a note of him in the "Local Records" of the same writer, and another in "Richardson's Table Book"; but the one from the magazine contains more detail than the others, and is written in a style that would have pleased the editor of "English Eccentrics," or the compiler of the "Wonderful Museum." Here is the note:—

Luke Long had been, in the early part of his life, a surgeon's mate in different ships on the coast of Africa, but, "escaping the dangers of the seas," he settled in Newcastle, first in the High Bridge, and afterwards in Union Street, where he died, Jan. 4th, 1803, aged 77. After he became stationary in Newcastle, he practised as an apothecary; hence the degree of "Doctor" was conferred upon him. From the various improvements which had taken place in the science of medicine (the doctor strictly adhering to the old school), his business gradually dwindled into insignificance; this compelled him to stock his shop with ribbons, tapes, blacking, balls, brushes, &c., in addition to Daffy's elixir, Anderson's pills, worm-cakes, &c., &c. The singular medley he thus associated together would form a very curious catalogue, where, as in the village barber's shop,—

Pomatum pots, rollers, and musty perfumes,
Remnants of stumps, a broken case of lancets,
Leeches, and genuine corn-salve, made a show.

The doctor was very loquacious, and had something to tell of almost every person and subject. He had a particular fluency in relating stories, and, being a jovial member of the festive board, he was frequently invited to public dinners, where his flashes of wit often "set the table in a roar." On such occasions he sung with great glee songs written by himself. This eccentric character was fond of a joke, but an anecdote is told wherein he was fairly outwitted in his own way. A few years before his death, wishing to have a new wig, the maker was sent for, who immediately set about the measurement of the caput. "Good Mr. Tonson," said the doctor, "I would have you to add a few inches to your gage, and be sure that you go over the premises with care; for you must know, sir, that I have a long head." "Ay, doctor," replied the barber, "and a thick one too." The quickness of the fellow's wit, it is said, quite charmed the doctor.

In person he was a short thick man, and assuming a very pompous and dignified demeanour gave him a very professional appearance. He was usually dressed in black with a cocked hat, white wig, and a gold-headed cane, the talisman of the old school. The upstarts of the profession, as he used to call the modern practitioners, had monopolised nearly the whole of the doctor's business, yet he retained considerable notoriety for his infallible worm-cakes, being the famous worm annihilator of that day, as Doctor Thompson is of this.

Richardson states that Dr. Long's "flashes of wit" were never spoiled with too much polishing, nor were his metrical compositions overloaded with erudition. Everything new was almost sure to meet with his reprehension, and the disappointments and failures of others, which he pretended to have foreseen, with the severity of his sarcasm.

And if a man did wish to hear a tale,
Secrets of families, or affairs of State,
Here lived an oily tongue would tell it him.

RICHARD WELFORD.

The Burning Hills of Shields.

—In futurity's dark womb,
Laid up for Shields is Sodom's doom;
For all that store of bitumen
Was not placed under it in vain.

—Hookey Walker's Farewell to Shields.



FROM Shields up to Newcastle the banks of the Tyne are studded with artificial mounds. These unsightly heaps, composed of ballast, saltpan ash, and glasshouse refuse, began to be formed about two hundred and fifty years ago, when the coal trade first grew to be of importance. The Corporation of Newcastle, as Conservators of the river, claimed to have a monopoly in the disposal of all ballast brought into the river, charging for its delivery on to the town shores eightpence per ton to non-freemen, and fourpence to freemen. The understanding was that all the ballast should be carried up to Newcastle; and in case a ship went no further than Shields harbour, which happened with most, the ballast had to be taken out of her by keelmen, and carried up the river some eight or nine miles to the Corporation ballast shores in or near the town. According to an ordinance of the Free Hostmen, confirmed by the Corporation, shippers who cast their ballast at Shields were not allowed to load coals in the river till they had paid a certain fine for contempt, and also paid a regular due of eightpence per ton. It is on record that some were arrested, fined, and imprisoned, for casting ballast "upon a sufficient shore at Shields, without any harm to the river." It was ordered by the Hostmen that any one who should dare to sell coals to any such master of a ship as did not cast his ballast upon the town shore, should forfeit £20 per ton—an enormous fine in those days, when money was of much more relative value than it is now.

The Ropery Banks, at the east end of Sandgate, were, according to Bourne, the first ballast shore erected out of the town of Newcastle itself. This site, as well as the East Ballast Hill, a little further down the river, near the Glass House Bridge over the Ouseburn, and between that stream and St. Anthony's (named St. Tantlins in both Kitchen's and Bowen's maps), was purchased by the Corporation of the Lords of Byker. The ballast hills, almost from the day of their first formation, were used as a burying ground by the Presbyterians and other Dissenters in the town and neighbourhood, and by the poor of all denominations, down to the not very remote date when intramural burials were prohibited by statute. A portion of the ground was enclosed for the purpose in 1786, the cost being defrayed by public subscription. The Corporation permitted this to be done in compliance with the prayer of a petition from the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, setting forth that numbers of swine were daily observed working and grubbing among the graves there, near the petitioners' dwelling-

houses, to their great annoyance. The old Presbyterians, who considered the very entrance into an Episcopal Church an overt act of idolatry, and would by no means suffer the funeral service to be read over their dead, made use, from choice, of this ground; and many others also preferred it, on account of there being no burial fees, and the Corporation charging only sixpence for each interment. At one time, more bodies were deposited in it than in all the churchyards in the town.

In process of time, the exigencies of trade compelled the Corporation of Newcastle to grant licenses to different persons to discharge and deposit ballast elsewhere than on the town shores. But they resisted the extension of this right as long as they could. Thus, when Sir Robert Heath, Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, built a ballast wharf or shore on his own land at Shields, the Corporation interfered, contending that it would spoil the river. But King Charles I.'s Privy Council decided that the work should proceed, one of the reasons being that the river was dangerous on account of the shoals, and, therefore, ships should not be compelled to go further up than was necessary to take in their cargo, and another, that the shore was needed on account of the salt-works, which, for his Majesty's service, were begun and intended to be prosecuted. At a court held at Greenwich on the 16th of June, 1631, it was therefore ordered that the said shore should be finished, and backed with ballast, to make it fit for these salt-works, and that the seamen should have liberty freely to cast their ballast there without interruption, if they found it convenient, none being compelled to it or hindered from it.

About the same date Jarrow Slake, 300 acres by estimation, was begun to be encircled by a wall, to make it a ballast shore, "for the good of ships and the river," it being proved that the ballast could be cast thereon without any prejudice, "lying there safe and *sad*, so that neither the wind could blow it off, nor the rain nor waves wash it into the river."

By and by, additional licenses were granted, the most profitable use to which the owners of the foreshore on the lower parts of the river could then put their land being to erect wharves to the extent of the frontage, and become ballast-deliverers. In this way, a long range of ballast hills arose, in course of time, facing the river, from Jarrow Quay Corner westwards; and similarly large mounds diversified the scene on both sides of the estuary at Hebburn, Walker, and Bill Point. Another long series was gradually heaped up, close behind the Low Street of South Shields, running south-west a distance of fully three-quarters of a mile. Here the boys of the town amused themselves to their hearts' content.

The late Mr. Thomas Salmon gives the following spirited account of the faction fights fought upon these hills in the days of his boyhood:—"The Fishers in the low part of the town fought against the Panners of the

high part, the sons of the upper classes being mingled with the other classes in the contests, the missiles used being, not smooth stones from the brook, such as those with which David slew Goliath, but stones of all sorts and sizes, gathered from the hills or battle-grounds of the respective belligerents. The two youthful armies were usually separated from each other by a chasm in the hill, used as a road by the carts employed in the conveyance of ballast from ships discharging at Fairles's Crane to the place of deposit; and when the charges were made the combatants rushed down from their encampment on the hill, across the ravine, and up the other hill to the opposite encampment, with shouts and threats; the hats taken on such occasions being ruthlessly sacrificed and destroyed as warlike spoils. The cutting through of this memorable battle-field by the Stanhope and Tyne Railway of necessity caused a discontinuance of those civil wars."

In Fryer's map of the Tyne, dated 1773, eighteen or twenty hills, ostensibly of ballast, are laid down as extending from the Mill Dam, near the centre of South Shields, to Jarrow Slake, at the back of East and West Holborn. Upon these hills at that time there was not, it would seem, a single house, nor was there any made road across them—at least none is marked.

But the older of the South Shields hills were formed, not of ballast, but of salt-pan rubbish, consisting to a large extent of coal dust, small coal, and cinders. The town was formerly famous for its extensive salt works, upwards of 200 large iron pans having been constantly employed in the manufacture of that article. There were one or two salt wells in the neighbourhood, and probably it was the existence of these wells that first gave rise to the idea of manufacturing salt there; but the chief source of supply was sea water from the river. The trade was carried on by several of the most wealthy families in the town and neighbourhood. About the beginning of last century, Shields salt was the most celebrated salt in the kingdom; and at the time when the duty upon it was £86 per ton, a great quantity used to be smuggled into Scotland, where some of the smugglers made little fortunes and bought landed estates. The smoke by day from the numerous salt-pans, and the fire by night from the adjacent heaps of burning rubbish, were a sight such as strangers could not but admire, and never forget. It is told of one of the curates of St. Hilda's, who had wooed and won his bride at Norham, that when he brought her home to Tyneside after the happy wedding, mounted behind him on a pillion, the young lady, as soon as they came within sight of Shields, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, man! ha' ye brought me a' this gyet, frae the bonnie banks o' the Tweed to Sodom and Gomorrhah—for I'm shure yon's them!"

The burning hills of Shields form the subject of a picture which is in the possession, we believe, of the

Dean and Chapter of Durham, so long the lords of the manor of Westoe.

It is almost needless to say that persistent mound-building, continued for centuries, has quite transformed the natural features of the landscape at and near the mouth of the Tyne. South Shields particularly is no longer anything like what Nature made it. Even considerably less than a hundred years since, it was still a sort of quiet rural place. The high and low ends of the town were originally connected by a bridge thrown across a wide stream, which covered what is now called the Mill Dam. This splendid natural dock was the remains of an old sanded-up arm of the river that had once disembogued itself into the sea about half-way between the end of the Herd Sand and the Trow Rocks. The remains of a large vessel were found at a considerable depth, some years ago, in this old channel, embedded in sea sand mixed with shells. Some have conjectured, from the width of the valley and other indications, that this may in former times have been the main channel, or at least a large navigable mouth, so that the eminence at the Lawe, upon which the old Roman fort stood, was originally an island, first connected with the mainland by a long embankment, or causeway, in continuation of the Military Way, or Reken Dyke, literally the Giants' Dyke.

Eighty or ninety years ago, the Mill Dam, when filled with water from the river at high tide, was a very pretty object, its sides being covered with bright green salt grass, with gardens sloping down to it. It figures in old maps as a large ham-shaped basin, with the shank to the west, spanned by a bridge, and extending fully as far east as Waterloo Vale. But in the years 1816-18, shortly after the general peace, and during the currency panic, the trade of the town being in a deplorable state, and a number of workmen, especially shipwrights, being thrown idle, the men were employed in filling up the Mill Dam with ballast from a large heap which occupied the site of the present road past the glass-works—then Cookson's, afterwards Swinburne's, now Palmer's—and extended as far east as the end of West Street or Joe Lee's Lane on the one hand, and westward to the Mill Dam Bridge on the other. Part of the ground thus "filched from the river"—to use a phrase long current on the Tyne—was taken to enlarge St. Hilda's churchyard, the elevation of which, at the south end, was raised several feet.

To the west of the Beer Brewers' and Pigeons' Wells, which were situated a little to the north of the old South Shields waterworks, and south-west from the Mill Dam, stood a very high ballast heap called the Vitriol Hill, from a large vitriol manufactory which stood upon it. When the ordnance survey was made, many years ago, the top of this heap was used as a signal station, being the most elevated spot in the neighbourhood. It was cut down to clear the ground for the North-Eastern Railway station, and the stuff taken to form embankments along the line. This hill extended from where Coronation

Street was formed, at the time when George the Fourth came to the throne, to Claypath Lane, which led round its south base from Westoe Lane to Temple Town.

The ballast heap east of Laygate Lane and south of Trinity Church is of comparatively recent formation, as are likewise some of the other mounds along the line of the St. Hilda's waggon-way. But all the way up behind Holborn, back from the main street, to the head of the town, there was formerly nought but great heaps of pan rubbish, crowding one upon another, and only interrupted by Laygate Lane, a rough country road, or rather rut, for the passage of lime and farm carts to and from the town.

The enormous heap called Carpenters' Hill, between Nile Street and Hill Street, took fire in February, 1872, and continued burning for several years afterwards. Some said the fire was consequent upon the erection of a foundry at the north end of the hill, and it is certain that it broke out in that quarter; others attributed the casualty to the breaking of a gas-pipe. The fact is, however, that some such accident was almost sure to occur, sooner or later, owing to the inflammable nature of a large proportion of the constituents of the heap. When one house after another was destroyed by the fire, and the whole neighbourhood was plainly in imminent danger, the Corporation was implored to do something to stop the destructive process; but the Improvement Committee could not see its way how to interfere without infringing upon the rights of property and taking the responsibility from the parties directly concerned. The owners of the houses could not agree among themselves what to do, or, indeed, to do anything, and an Act of Parliament, or, at least, a law suit, would have been needed to compel them. Trenches were dug with the view of saving neighbouring houses, but neither long enough nor deep enough to do any good. Several tenants and owners ridiculed all idea of risk, founding their confidence on a few yards' lineal distance; and one or two even refused to let their more prudent neighbours dig trenches to isolate their houses. By and by, however, the fire, creeping stealthily and steadily on, reached these unbelievers' domiciles, and one fine morning they found themselves enveloped in foul smoke, like the after-damp or choke-damp in a coal pit, from which, to avoid being suffocated, they had to make their escape as fast as they could. Thirty families were thus forcibly unhoused, and their former habitations were reduced to blackened heaps. Volumes of smoke issued from the west side of the hill, and as far back as the top, even the sewers and ventilators acting as channel pipes to convey it to all parts. The underground fire was not suppressed till 1882, when the whole of the property on Carpenters' Hill had been destroyed.

A contemporary writer thus described the appearance of the burning hills of Shields in 1874:—"Among the first objects that strike a stranger on approaching the

entrance to the Tyne at night, especially after heavy rains, are the singular fires seen burning with more or less intensity, in the face of the curiously-shaped artificial cliffs formed by the huge deposits of ballast and other rubbish upon the Bents and at the Lawe. The fire is accompanied by a loud crackling noise and a fusty, sulphurous smell, which causes a peculiar sensation in those who visit the place for the first time. But the sight of incandescent pit-heap rubbish—as at Ryhope Colliery, for instance—is familiar to all dwellers in coal countries. It is precisely the same phenomenon, however, on a small scale, which volcanoes present, a deal of the alkaline and earthy stuff of which these heaps are formed being naturally decomposed with an evolution of intense heat whenever they come into contact with moisture."

This was not the first time that South Shields has been subjected to a similar casualty. The hill to the west of Cone Street took fire about ninety years ago, and quietly burned itself out. It took its name of the Red Hill or Red Hole, from this circumstance, owing to the bright colour of the burnt ashes.

A Bedlington Legend.

LONG years ago, at a time too remote to be specified in any local record, there lived in Bedlingtonshire, a part of Northumberland belonging to the County Palatine of Durham, a worthy couple, to whom the blind goddess of Fortune had given great store of wealth—it is not said in what manner acquired, whether by inheritance from their "forbears" or by their own industry and frugality. This couple had an only child—a daughter—to whom, when they should pay the debt of Nature, all their riches would come. She was fair beyond her compeers, "with ruby lips and auburn hair." She was, moreover, deeply in love with "a famous youth," who, though he had no fortune but his own worth, was prized by all who knew him "for generous acts and constant truth," and who warmly reciprocated her love.

When the girl's parents learned the state of the case, they did all in their power to induce her to break off the attachment, as cruel fathers and mothers are conventionally understood by young people always to do when there is money on the one side and none on the other. They did not reflect that many a hardy youth begins the world with nothing but his head and hands, and ends with being a millionaire; while others, of softer mettle, whose fathers have left them estates, die in the workhouse. James Robson's good qualities were not unknown to them. They knew him to be sober, steady, well-mannered, and amiable, as well as handsome—everything, in short, that a young fellow ought to be. But then one thing was lacking, and for that nothing in the world could make up: he

was the son of a poor widow, whose husband had been a hind, and he was himself only a common ploughman, living in a cot house.

So, finding that the young woman's heart was set upon her penniless sweetheart, and that it was impossible to hinder them from having almost daily or nightly stolen interviews, the old couple, "hoping it would be for her good," resolved to try what absence from the beloved object could effect, and made up their minds to send her away to an uncle's at Stokesley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, then practically as far from Bedlington as the Land's End is now. The old ballad which is said to have related the sequel, but of which only a fragment is left (if, indeed, there was ever any more of it than the introduction, which John Bell gave to the world in his "Rhymes of Northern Bards"), tells how, at parting, there was

—many a sigh and tear
Of love and truth through life sincere ;
Nor death should part, for from the grave
Short time should the survivor save.

The lady had not been gone a week when the young man fell deadly sick.

He sickened sore, and heart-broke died,
Which pleased her parents' greedy pride.

They determined that she should now be wed to another,
Forgetful what she'd sworn or said.

On the night after the poor lad's funeral, the old man told his wife he would give his mare a double feed, so that she might be able to stand a little extra fatigue the next day. "And do thou," said he, "get all ready for a journey. Lay out thy hood and thy safeguard (meaning by the latter an outer petticoat, worn by women in those days to save their clothes in riding.) I will get saddle and pillion all right, and do thou prepare some bread and cheese for a lunch. We shall start for Stokesley before daybreak, and ere sundown thou shall see thy bonny daughter, if all goes well. There is no fear but we shall soon make her a happy bride, now that that fellow is dead and gone."

But the purse-proud farmer was reckoning without his host. For when that dead midnight hour arrived, "when restless ghosts their wrongs deplore," the deceased ploughman rode up to the door of the girl's uncle at Stokesley, upon her father's favourite mare, and knocked for admittance.

O, who is there? the maiden cries ;
O, it is I, the ghost replies.

And then he added, "Come out quick, love. Here is your mother's hood and safeguard, and this is your father's good grey mare. I have been sent for you as the most trusty messenger that could be got. You are to ride home with me forthwith. Fear no evil. No harm shall betide you."

The uncle, who had been wakened out of his first sleep by the noise at the door, hearing what the messenger from Bedlington said and, trusting that it was all right, and for his dear niece's good that she should take her departure

thus suddenly in the middle of the night, helped her to mount behind the man, whom he made to swear, however, that he would take her straight away to "her father dear," without insult or injury, doubt or damage.

No sooner had she got fairly seated on the pillion, with her right arm round her companion's waist to steady herself, than off they started.

They travelled faster than the wind ;
And in two hours, or little more,
They came unto her father's door.

This was hurricane speed ; for Stokesley is distant from Bedlington, as the crow flies, about fifty miles, and a good deal more by the road. Making this great haste, the rider began to complain soon that his head did ache ; whereupon the lady pulled out her handkerchief, and bound it round his brow. As she did so, she exclaimed, "My dear, you are as cold as lead." Then, the moon breaking out from under a dark cloud, she saw with surprise that her dear companion cast no shadow, though both herself and mare did. Arrived at her father's door, James set her gently down, and said

Your mare has travelled sore ;
So go you in, and, as I'm able,
I'll feed and tend her in your stable.

When she knocked, or "tired at the pin," as the old manner was, her father cried, "Who is there?" "It is I," replied the lovely maid. "I have come home in haste behind young James, as you ordered me." This made the hair stand upright on the old man's head, as well it might, he knowing that James was dead. But, letting in his daughter, he hurried into the stable, where he could see "no living shape of mankind." He only found his mare all in a sweat, which put him in a grievous fret, for he cared infinitely more, apparently, for his cattle than for any supernatural phenomenon.

The Flower of Bedlingtonshire, on learning the real state of the case, went from one fainting fit into another, and when she came partially to her senses remained quite inconsolable. The colour left her cheek, her rosy lips grew livid, her eye had an unnatural wildness, her whole frame shook and quivered, and it was plain that she was in a high fever. She was immediately put to bed, and the doctor sent for, but he, worthy man, could do her no good. Her symptoms and the cause of them were such as no medicine could deal with. She lay as quiet as a lamb, and made no complaint of any sort, but sank hopelessly from the very first. She knew she was fast dying. She expressed no regret at leaving this world, cut off, as she was, in the bloom and heyday of youth, by an unhappy fate, which had robbed her life of all its charm and hope, and would have left her desolate had she lived. When her mother spoke to her, she was silent ; when her father approached her bedside, she turned away ; and yet it was not unforgiveness, but pity—pity for him more than for herself. The only wish she expressed was to be buried in the same grave and laid in the same coffin with her lover.

And this her last will and testament was respected, so that it was done accordingly.

On opening the coffin, the hapless maid's handkerchief was found tied round his head, just as she had told her parents on her return home!

This story, which may have had some foundation in fact, finds a parallel in Bürger's celebrated ballad of "Leonore," which takes the highest rank in its class of lyrical compositions, and has been repeatedly translated into English.

Tramp, tramp! across the land they rode;
 Splash, splash! across the sea.
 Hurrah! the dead can ride apace!
 Do'st fear to ride with me?

Richard Halfknight, Artist.

MR. RICHARD HALFKNIGHT, landscape painter, was born in High Street, Sunderland, on July 11th, 1855. Educated first at Sunderland, and then at a private establishment kept by the father of Miss Winifred Robinson, the violinist, on the outskirts of Boston, Lincolnshire, young Halfknight completed his studies at Clare College, Scorton, Yorkshire. On leaving school, he entered the office of Messrs. Jos. Potts and Son, architects, where he soon gained a reputation for the lovely colours he could mix for the decoration of plans, sections, elevations, &c.; but this occupation proving uncongenial, he left it, and entered his father's business as a painter and decorator. During the evenings he worked hard at the local school of art, under the direction of Mr. W. C. Way. All his holidays and spare moments were devoted to copying pictures from the small but choice collection of his father. Mr. Halfknight was also indebted to many of the connoisseurs residing on Wearside for the loan of works by artists from whom he thought he might obtain hints of a technical nature. About this period, a marine painter, named Callow, visited Sunderland, and, after being introduced by a mutual acquaintance, the two became very friendly. Mr. Callow strongly advised Mr. Halfknight to adopt painting as a profession. A legacy from a relative decided the business. At the age of twenty-one he started for London, full of ambition, and with a belief in his own abilities. Now began a struggle such as he says he devoutly hopes no other "brother of the brush" will ever have to undergo.

In the summer of 1884 Mr. Halfknight exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy. This was a water-colour drawing, which at the time most people considered colossal in size for a work in that medium. "Dredging on the Thames" was the title, and 50in. by 30in. the size without frame. This year marked an epoch in Mr. Halfknight's career, as he joined Mr. Yeend King in a studio at St. John's Wood, a suburb famed for its temples devoted to art. Mr. King had just

returned from a three years' sojourn in Paris, bringing with him a wonderful stock of technical knowledge. Both artists being desirous of excelling as colourists, they set to work, and before long invented a palette which has since been largely imitated. Next year Mr. Halfknight exhibited two large pictures at the Royal Academy—a water-colour drawing, entitled "When Autumn Turns the Silver Thames to Gold," which was hung on the line in the place of honour; and an oil painting, representing "Streatley: Late Afternoon," which was hung as a pendant to Mr. Vicat Cole's "Ifley



Mill." Mr. Halfknight's picture was purchased by the Art Union of London, an institution which also honoured him by purchasing one of his works at the Suffolk Street Galleries during the same year.

The year 1886 was a most successful one, though fraught with much vexation of spirit. One of his best pictures, "Still Waters," was then painted. Recognizing in this a subject suitable for publishing, Mr. Halfknight had it photographed, and spent the greater part of a month in calling upon publishers, who, with the usual timidity of the class, refused to take it up, their principal reason being that Mr. Halfknight's work was unknown in their trade. Eventually he was obliged to part with his copyright to Messrs. Brooks and Sons for a small sum, but it gave him the opening for which he was striving. Scarcely a month after it was issued three hundred copies were sold, and the firm gave him a commission for a companion picture—this time at his own price. Up to the present, some ten thousand etchings of this picture have been dis-

posed of, and it is still selling. The same firm has published seven of Mr. Halfknight's pictures. The great French house of Goupil, now Boussod, Valadon and Co., with whom the artist had been in treaty for "Still Waters," now came forward and purchased two pictures, which they afterwards published as a pair in their process of photogravure. This venture proved remarkably successful, and copies were sold in such numbers that the plates were completely worn out in two years.

In 1886, Mr. Arthur Lucas published "The Daylight Dies," an etching by Mr. E. W. Evans, from Mr. Halfknight's picture in possession of the Sunderland Corporation. This also proved a successful venture.

Our portrait is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. Robinson, 14, Frederick Street, Sunderland.

Falldon Hall.

FALLODEN HALL, a large red brick mansion, the seat of Sir Edward Grey, Baronet, M.P. for the Berwick-on-Tweed Division of Northumberland, is situate about seven or eight miles north of Alnwick. A fine avenue, a mile in length, leads to the house, near which are many noble trees. Two silver firs measure respectively eleven feet nine inches and ten feet nine inches in circumference at a height of two feet from the ground. It was at Falldon that the second Earl Grey, whose name is rendered famous for its connection with the passing of the Reform Bill, was born on March 13, 1764.

Notes and Commentaries.

FAMILY LONGEVITY.

In the churchyard of the Parish Church of St. Lawrence, Appleby, Westmoreland, is a headstone bearing a remarkable record of longevity. The inscription is as follows :—

In Memory of
JOHN HALL OF HOFF ROW,
who departed this life June 19th, 1716,
aged 109 years ;
also of JOHN HALL, his son, who died
Sept. 18, 1744, aged 86 years ;
also of JOHN HALL of Hoff Row,
the grandson, who died March 27, 1821,
aged 101 years.

From the data given on this stone we may deduce the following facts :—The grandfather was born in 1607, was 56 years old when his son, No. 2 J. H., was born, and that he and his son were alive together for 53 years. The son, No. 2 J. H., was born 1663, was 57 years old when his son, No. 3 J. H., was born in 1720, the two being alive together 29 years.

Owing to the lateness in life of Nos. 1 and 2 at which their respective sons were born, the grandfather, notwithstanding his 109 years, did not live long enough by four years to see his grandson. To the same conjunction of circumstances is due the fact that the three lives covered the extraordinary space of time of 214 years, and what this means is, I think, best realised by considering that it comprised the reign of James I., from its 4th year, the reign of Charles I., the Commonwealth, the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Queen



Anne, the first three Georges, and the 1st year of George IV.

It is also to be noted that the united ages of the three John Halls amounted to 236 years, wanting only four years to give an average of a century each, the actual average being 98 years 8 months.

For successive longevity in three generations, and for great expanse of time over which the three lives were spread, this must surely be a unique case.

G. WATSON, Penrith.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE AT KENDAL.

In 1837, as in 1890, there existed great competition among the London daily papers for the possession of "early intelligence," and the managers of the *Morning Herald* hit upon a clever scheme to forestall other papers in the printing of a political manifesto, delivered by Sir Robert Peel at Glasgow, on Friday, January 13th, 1837. Arrangements having previously been made with the editor of the *Kendal Mercury*, the *Morning Herald* reporters arrived by post-chaise at Kendal on the Saturday evening, the Glasgow speech having been delivered the night before. The compositors immediately set to work, and early on Sunday morning six columns were ready for the press. In the nick of time, another post-chaise arrived with 2,000 copies of the *Herald*, with a blank page for the six columns already set up in Kendal. This page was printed as fast as possible, and the papers were despatched on Sunday to all parts of Scotland and the North of England. At two o'clock on the same day a copy of the *Herald* was presented to Sir Robert Peel, as he passed through Kendal from Scotland, to his great astonishment; for if the paper had been printed in London it must have travelled 700 miles in 35 hours, omitting time required for transcribing, setting up type, &c., &c., and all this without the aid of railways or telegraphs. It was some time before the secret of this journalistic smartness leaked out.

G. W. NUGENT-HOPPER, Houghton-le-Spring.

"OLD WILL RITSON."

The following anecdote is related of "Old Will Ritson," whose portrait appears on page 189 of the present volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*.—While acting in his capacity of guide, "Old Will" had occasion to conduct a party of tourists to the summit of Scawfell Pike. The pleasure party contained a well-known bishop, whose busy, sedentary life gave him little opportunity of indulging in regular exercise. The top of the Pike was nearly reached, when the bishop, who was in anything but good training, sank on a boulder, and declared he could not climb any further. "Old Will," who was proud of having a bishop for his companion, and was loth to lose sight of his lordship, by way of exhorting him to further efforts, said, in all innocence, "Come, my lord, don't give up! Maybe

you'll never have a chance of being so near heaven again!" No one enjoyed the joke more than the worthy bishop, and "Old Will" would often tell the story with great glee.

G. W. NUGENT-HOPPER, Houghton-le-Spring.

THE OLD MILL, JESMOND DENE.

The picturesque Old Mill in Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, is supposed to have been built some time in the thirteenth century. It was, no doubt, constructed for a flour mill, where farmers in the neighbourhood took their corn to be ground into flour, and then sold the flour to shopkeepers—not like the farmers of the present day, who sell the corn to the miller, who in turn sells it to the merchant. For three or four generations the mill was occupied by a family named Freeman, who used it as a flour mill. It was then taken by a person named Pigg, who used it for grinding spoiled grain into pollards, a kind of feeding for pigs. It was next leased to a person named Charlton, who turned it into a flint-mill. The flint was carted there and ground, and then put in barrels and conveyed to the Pottery down the Ouseburn. The present caretaker at the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond Dene, worked the mill for Mr. Charlton. He helped to put the present water-wheel in about twenty-five years ago. The mill formerly belonged to Dr. Headlam. It was purchased from him by Sir William, now Lord Armstrong, who also bought the lease from Mr. Charlton. It has never worked since it became his property, but has been painted and photographed by innumerable artists and photographers.

O. M., Jesmond Dene.

THE REMAINS OF THE FORSTERS AT BAMBOROUGH.

A contributor to a Newcastle newspaper has summarised the particulars of Archdeacon Thorpe's examination of the coffins of the Forster family. On the 24th of September, 1847, the archdeacon's curiosity led him into the crypt beneath Bamborough Chancel. On a rude stone platform were five coffins. The first was perfect, and contained the body of Mr. Bacon Forster, of Adderstone, who died in 1765. The second contained the body of Ferdinando Forster, who died in 1701. The coffin had fallen to pieces, but there were traces of a whole figure. The leg and thigh bones were entire, and, in place of the skull, on which the coffin lid had fallen, was a mass of dust like white lime. This was the Forster that was said to have been murdered at Newcastle by Fenwick of Rock. In the third coffin was the body of John or William Forster, who died in 1700. The coffin was in much the same state as the preceding, with the difference that the skull was perfect. The fourth coffin contained the body of General Forster, the leader of the Northumberland rebels. The fifth and last coffin contained the body of Dorothy Forster, who

was buried in 1739. The coffin had fallen to pieces, and the remains were not consumed. The ribbon which had confined the jaw of the corpse was lying near it. It was this Dorothy who was said to have delivered her brother General Forster from prison.

STYFORD, Newcastle.

THOMAS TOPHAM IN GATESHEAD.

The following notice, distributed in April, 1739, records the appearance of a celebrated character in Gateshead :—

For the benefit of Thomas Topham, the strong man from Islington, whose performances have been looked upon by the Royal Society and several persons of distinction to be the most surprising, as well as curious, of anything ever performed in England; on which account, as other entertainments are more frequently met with than what he proposes, he humbly hopes ladies and gentlemen, &c., will honour him with their presence at the Nag's Head, in Gateshead, on Monday, the 23d of this instant, at four o'clock, where he intends to perform several feats of strength, viz. :—He bends an iron poker three inches in circumference, over his arm, and one of two inches and a quarter round his neck; he breaks a rope that will bear two thousand weight, and with his fingers rolls up a pewter dish of seven pounds hard metal; he lays the back part of his head on one chair and his heels on another, and suffering four men to stand on his body, he moves them up and down at pleasure; he lifts a table six feet in length by his teeth, with a half-hundredweight hanging at the further end of it; and lastly, to oblige the public, he will lift a butt full of water. Each person to pay one shilling,

R. D. M., Rochdale.

NEWCASTLE IN DANGER.

The following extract from the "Life of Alderman Barnes" shows how Newcastle-on-Tyne had a marvellous escape from destruction about the year 1684 :—

One of his brother-in-law's (Alderman Hutchinson's) apprentices, stepping up into the back lofts to fetch somewhat he wanted, in his heedlessness and haste stops his candle into a barrel of gunpowder whose head was struck off, to serve instead of a candlestick. But the man, reflecting upon what he had done, was struck with affrightment; his heart failed him, nor durst he stay any longer, but, running downstairs, leaves the candle burning in the gunpowder cask, and, with horror, trembling, and despair, tells the family what indiscretion he had committed. They were all immediately at their witt's-end, and well they might, for the lofts were three stories high, very large, and stowed full with whatever is combustible, as brandy, oil, pitch, tar, rosin, flax, allum, hoppers, and many barrells of gunpowder. Had the candle fallen to one side, or had the least spark fallen from the snuff into the cask, the whole town had been shaken, and the low part of it immediately blown up and in a blaze; but one of the labourers, a stout fellow, run forthwith into the loft, and, joining both his hands together, drew the candle softly up between his middlemost fingers, so that if any snuff had dropt, it must have fallen into the hollow of the man's hand, and by this means was Newcastle saved from being laid in ashes.

J. W. FAWCETT, The Grange, Satley.

THOMAS MORTON, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

From the "Topography of York," we learn that the above-named prelate was born in the Pavement, York, in 1564. His father, Richard Morton (allied to Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury), was a mercer, and is said to have been the first of his trade that lived here

—his successors in it being his apprentices. Morton entered St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. Subsequently he became chaplain to Lord Evers, and was sent as ambassador to the King of Denmark and some German princes by King James I., after which he was preferred to the deaneries of Gloucester and Winchester first, then to the sees of Chester, Coventry, and Lichfield, and lastly to Durham. He was deprived of the latter bishopric by the Parliament in 1640, and died in 1659, aged 95. The writer of the prelate's life says that he was schoolfellow at York with Guy Fawkes, the Gunpowder Plot conspirator.

NIGEL, York.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE INVASION OF NEWCASTLE.

A group of workmen were discussing the possibilities and probabilities of a foreign invasion, and one of them, laying special stress upon the fact that Britain was so largely the workshop of the whole world, remarked, in sad accents : "Wey, wey, cheps, it'll be an aaful thing te see worsels killed, and wor toons block-headed wiv ships o' wor aan myekin' an' building! And, mebbies, Sor William hissel might be put te the sword wi'yen of his aan guns!"

THE RESURRECTION DAY.

The graveyard at Hetton-le-Hole having been too long in use, the bones of the departed are often dug up in making new graves. On a recent occasion, two miners who had been attending a funeral adjourned to a public-house to have some refreshment, when one of them, who was of a reflective turn of mind, said to his "marrow": "Man, Geordy, aa wes just thinking that at the Resurrection Day it will tyek 'em three weeks at least to get thorsels put reet, they seem se mixed up!"

A MONOPOLY.

"What's a monopoly, Geordy," said a Broomside workman, as he conned over a newspaper in which was recorded the assertion that the syndicate which had purchased the Durham Carpet Manufactory wished to have a monopoly. "Wey, man, aa cannat say for sartin what it is," was the answer; "but aa believe it's like that publican in Dorham thor that hes the notish stuck up in his bar tellin' the customers that he dissent alloo sweering in his hooose, caas he keeps a man in the back yard te de that for the customers. If that's not a monopoly, aa divvent knaa what is. But, man, that chep in the back yard will hev a het time on't if he hes te de aa'll the sweering for ivorybody whe gans te the hooose!"

THE WEDDING RING.

Pitman (returning to photographer with proof of group, himself and wife): "I say, Mistor, luik at that photo-

graph: ye can't see the wife's wedding ring." Photographer: "Oh, that's not of much consequence." Pitman: "Isn't it, begox? Folks'll think we are living a debauched life!"

JUNIOR OR SENIOR.

A member of a local co-operative store having handed in his checks, was asked his name by the clerk. "James Thompson," was the reply. "Junior or senior?" "Wey, aa divvent knaa; but thoo can put us doon Cæsar if thoo likes; aa's ne way partic'lor!"

WHAT COLOUR WAS IT?

A Byker woman was instructing her son as to the purchase of a new suit of clothes. "Divvent get a varry dark suit, nor a varry leet yen; but get yen that's nythor yen nor t'uthor—a sort of mizzly-mazzly mixtor like peppor-an'-salt!"

LORD STOWELL AND LORD LOVELL.

Mr. John Lovell, the editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*, who died lately, was at one time manager of the Press Association. During a visit to Newcastle, Mr. Lovell was introduced to a gentleman of the name of Stowell—the Rev. William Stowell, then connected with the Newcastle press. "Mr. Lovell—Mr. Stowell." "Ah," said Mr. Lovell, "any relation to Lord Stowell?" "No," said Mr. Stowell: "any relation to Lord Lovell?"

THE NORTHUMBERLAND DIALECT.

Dr. Bruce, at a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, told the following story:—When the old Percy Volunteers were summoned to the metropolis to put down the Lord George Gordon riots, two gentlemen who were passing were struck by the massive appearance of the men, and one went up to a volunteer and asked who they were. "The Northumborlind Tenintorry Voluntarys." "What did you say?" asked the gentleman. "The Nor-thum-bor-lind Tenintorry Voluntarys," was again the response. The gentleman retired, utterly unable to understand the man's language, and remarked to his companion, "I think they are Germans."

LEGAL VERBAGE.

Robin Goodfellow tells the following anecdote in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—There lived in Newcastle a few years ago a witty lawyer of the name of Philip Stanton. Mr. Stanton had for one of his clients a well-known Quaker bachelor of that time. The client complained of the useless verbiage employed in legal documents. The lawyer, however, explained that precise and elaborate expressions were necessary in all legal instruments. "For instance," he said, "if an earthquake were to occur in Newcastle, the ordinary newspaper report would probably read as follows:—'Mr. Batchelor and his housekeeper were thrown out of bed.' But a lawyer, drawing up a legal account of the occurrence, would say:—'Mr. Batchelor and his housekeeper were thrown out of their respective beds.'" It is not recorded that the client had anything more to say on the subject.

North-Country Obituaries.

At the Union Workhouse, Hexham, on the 10th of April, there died a man named William Jordan, who had attained the patriarchal age of 101 years. The deceased belonged to Corbridge. On the 25th of the same month, the death of another centenarian, named James Taylor, at the age of 101 years, was reported at a meeting of the Middlesbrough Sanitary Committee.

On the 11th of April, Mr. William Burnett, a well-known North Shields character, died at his residence, Milburn Place, in that town. The deceased, who was blind from his birth, was for some time a member of the Tynemouth Council.

On the 12th of April, Superintendent Robert Thorpe, head of the detective department of Middlesbrough police force, dropped down dead from heart disease, while investigating a case of robbery.

The remains of Mr. John Wilcox, shoemaker, were interred in the cemetery at Alnwick on the 15th of April. The deceased, who died on the 12th, at the advanced age of 87 years, was the oldest freeman of Alnwick.

On the 12th of April, also, died the Rev. John James Sidley, Vicar of Braxton, Cornhill-on-Tweed. The rev. gentleman received his appointment to Braxton in November, 1888, previous to which he was Vicar of Cambo, Curate of Christ Church, Gateshead, and of the Cathedral, Newcastle. The cause of death was influenza.

Mr. Robert Reed, of the Lodge, Felling, late manager of Felling Colliery, died at Croft on the 14th of April. The deceased was a member of the Board of Guardians and of the Felling Local Board. He was 74 years of age.

On the same day, at the age of 75, died Mr. Matthew Henderson, for thirty-five years superintendent of All Saints' Cemetery, Newcastle.

Mr. Alderman William Galloway, of Bensham Tower, Saltwell Lane, Gateshead, died there on the 19th of April. He was in his 71st year. For some time he carried on the business of nail manufacturer in Newcastle, subsequently transferring it to Gateshead, with which town he became more closely identified. Entering the Council about 1869, he was elevated to the position of Mayor in 1875, and in 1877 he was raised to the aldermanic bench.

On the same day, at the age of 72, died Mr. Mason Watson, at his residence in Summerhill Street, Newcastle. The deceased was a native of North Shields. Migrating to Newcastle when quite a youth, he became an assistant to Sir John Fife. After the death of that gentleman, he commenced business as a chemist, but, relinquishing that trade in 1868, he became an estate and property agent.

Mr. John Sadler Challoner, founder of the stockbroking firm which bears his name in Dean Street, Newcastle, also died on the 19th of April. Mr. Challoner, who had reached the advanced age of 79 years, had likewise been for some years a member of the Board of Guardians. The deceased was a son of Mr. John Challoner, who formerly held an important position under the old Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company.

Mr. Robert Frazer, who had acted as postmaster at Consett for ten or twelve years, died on the 19th of April, at the age of 62.

On the 21st of April, Mr. William Peel, an old Radical

reformer and temperance advocate, died at Gateshead. He was a member of the Primitive Methodist Church, and was at one time a preacher in that body. He was a member of the Council of the Northern Reform Union, and an effective speaker at its meetings. The deceased was in the 74th year of his age.

Mr. W. Telford, for many years a member of the Newcastle police force, and afterwards one of the city lodging house inspectors, died on the 23rd of April, in the 61st year of his age.

Mr. William John Pawson, of Shawdon, who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1861, and was in the 73rd year of his age, died on the 23rd of April.

On the 25th of April, the death was announced as having taken place, at his son's residence, Wardley Hall, of Mr. John Swallow, who stood with George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, on one of his early productions at its first trial at West Moor. Mr. Swallow was 78 years of age.

Mr. John M. Gray, of the Redhouse Farm, Jarrow, a member of the South Shields Board of Guardians, died on April 28, aged 36.

"Elfin," in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of the 1st of May, announced the death of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Sewing Shields, Northumberland, the champion player on the Northumberland small-pipes.

On the 30th of April, Mrs. F. J. W. Collingwood, of Glanton Pyke, Northumberland, died at Springfield, Sydenham.

Mr. Henry Ridgeway, who for sixty years had carried on the business of cutler and ironmonger in Sunderland, died on the 1st of May, at the age of 88.

Mr. H. A. Dale, for many years chief book-keeper for the Tyne Commission, died on the 2nd of May.

Dr. George Douglass, formerly district medical officer for East Gateshead, died at Gateshead on the 3rd May. The deceased, who was also a magistrate for the borough, was about 57 years of age.

On the same day, in the Gateshead Workhouse, died George Stephenson, a local character, better known by the nickname of "The Hatter."

Mr. Hugh Dryden, a well-known and much-esteemed farmer, belonging to Ling Close Farm, near Haswell, also died on the 3rd of May, at the ripe old age of 87 years.

On the 5th of May, Mr. Charles Thubron, of the firm of Messrs. R. Thubron and Co., timber merchants, Newcastle, died at Matlock, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was 55 years of age.

On the same day, died the Rev. John Parker, long pastor of Smyrna Presbyterian Church, Borough Road, Sunderland, and the oldest minister of religion in that town. Mr. Parker, who was a native of Greenlaw, Berwickshire, first went to Sunderland as minister at the Presbyterian Church, in Spring Garden Lane, 57 years ago, and he was one of the first temperance reformers in the town. The deceased gentleman was 82 years of age.

Mr. William Crofton, one of the old standards of Chester-le-Street, and a freeman of the city of Durham, likewise died on the 5th of May. The deceased was over 80 years of age.

Mrs. Sarah Fellows, who was the oldest inhabitant of Greenside, where she had resided almost all her life, died in that village on the 5th of May, at the age of 85 years.

Mr. Thomas Phipps, an old railway contractor, and a native of Barrasford, North Tyne, died on the 6th of May. Among the works executed by Mr. Phipps was the

Border Counties Railway, now known as the Waverley route.

On the same day died Mrs. Pocklington Senhouse, Netherall, Cumberland, at the advanced age of 85. The deceased lady was the representative of a family which has held a leading position in Cumberland for nearly four hundred years.

Mr. William R. Fawcett, solicitor, of Stockton, died very suddenly shortly after addressing a public meeting at Skelton, near Saltburn, on the 6th of May. The deceased gentleman was 49 years of age.

Mrs. Corvan, widow of Ned Corvan, the well-known Tyneside comedian, vocalist, and poet, died at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Michael Purvis, pilot, South Shields, on the 7th of May.

On the 8th of May, Mr. John Marwood, chairman of the Redcar Local Board, died at the age of about sixty years.

In the *Railway Herald* of the 10th of May was announced the death, as having taken place on April 19, of Mr. John Hedley, late locomotive superintendent at Beattock Station, on the Caledonian Railway. The deceased, who was 82½ years old, passed his early years at Killingworth, and was a schoolfellow of the late Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer.

Mr. Matthew Armstrong, a native of Alston, and long connected with the establishment of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, at Forth Banks, Newcastle, died at the age of 77, on the 10th of May.

On the same day, died, at the age of 79 years, Mr. Matthew Sheraton, who was for many years one of the leading drapers in Sunderland.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

APRIL.

11.—A joint committee of Durham coalowners and miners was appointed to consider the best means of improving the relations between the two bodies.

—The North-Eastern Basic Slag Mills at Middlesbrough were destroyed by fire.

—Lord Wolmer, M.P., addressed a political meeting at Darlington, under the auspices of the Durham and North Riding Liberal Unionist Association. On a subsequent evening he spoke at Durham.

12.—The dead body of a wherryman named John Corby, about 35 years of age, was found in the river Tyne at Newcastle, a heavy chain being tightly wound round the corpse.

—A handsome memorial to the memory of the late Mr. William Ferguson Locke, an active and advanced politician, who died on the 7th of September, 1889, aged 43 years, was publicly unveiled in Bedlington Cemetery, by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P. The following lines, by Dr. James Trotter, were sculptured beneath the inscription:—

Here lies a man whose badge of fame
Was fairly won in freedom's name,
Whose gen'rous heart and mind sincere
Were tempered by his judgment clear;
For whom fair virtue sketched a plan,
And fashioned him an honest man.

Now truth her fearless champion mourns,
And virtue's altar dimly burns;
While friendship wanders through the gloom
To plant a wreath upon his tomb,
And grave on freedom's sacred rock
The honoured name of William Locke.

—Mechanics' Institutes, presented to the workmen of the respective collieries by the Cowpen Coal Company, were inaugurated at Cowpen Colliery and the Isabella Pit.

—A miners' hall was opened at New Seaham.

—There were great rejoicings and festivities at Newton Hall, on the occasion of the coming of age of Miss Maud Isabel Joicey, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Joicey, M.P. for Durham.

—A new cemetery for Byker and Heaton, Newcastle, was opened on the Benton Road.

13.—For the first time in the history of Durham, a church parade of friendly society members took place in that city.

—A juvenile evangelist, termed "The Boy Preacher," from Cumberland, commenced a series of services in the Nelson Street Primitive Methodist Chapel, Newcastle. A similar phenomenon appeared in Newcastle on the 1st of October, 1835.

14.—The Sunderland bricklayers agreed to accept an advance of a farthing an hour in their wages.

—"Sampson," another strong man, appeared at the Gaiety Theatre of Varieties, Nelson Street, Newcastle. (See *ante*, page 240.)

—A young woman, named Margaret Duncan, was accidentally shot at Newbottle, by the discharge of an air-gun carried by a young man called John J. Raine. She died on the 16th.

15.—It was stated that the will of the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, Newcastle, had been proved, the personality amounting to £185,224 15s., while the real estate was estimated as worth £100,000.

—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., M.P., presided at the ninth annual meeting of the Newcastle branch of the Lord's Day Observance Society.

—The Rev. A. S. Wardroper, on leaving All Saints' Church, Newcastle, was presented with an oak casket and a purse containing 200 sovereigns.

16.—An Old Boys' Club, for athletic and social purposes, was formed in connection with the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle.

The spring show of the Incorporated Botanical and Horticultural Society of Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle, was opened in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The total proceeds for the two days amounted to £140, or about £16 less than last year.

—It was agreed to renew the sliding scale wages' arrangement in connection with the Cleveland blast-furnace-men.

17.—At the Bow Street Police Court, London, Mr. James Davis was fined £50 and costs for having published a libel on the Earl of Durham in the *Bat* newspaper.

—In the Court of Queen's Bench, before Mr. Justice Denman and a special jury, Miss Amelia Hairs brought an action against Sir George Elliot, Bart., M.P., for breach of promise of marriage. On the following day the jury disagreed, and were discharged without a verdict.

—The s.s. *Euclid*, of Sunderland, foundered at sea off Seaham, after having been in collision with the s.s. *Altyre*, of Aberdeen, the captain and three of the crew of the *Euclid* being drowned.

18.—The Rev. J. Rees having resigned the living of

St. Jude's Church, Newcastle, the appointment was accepted by the Rev. Charles Digby Seymour, curate of Christ Church, Shieldfield, and son of Mr. W. Digby Seymour, County Court Judge, Newcastle.

—An International Photographic Exhibition, promoted by and under the management of the Northern Counties Photographic Association, was opened in the Art Gallery, Newcastle, by the Mayor, Mr. T. Bell, in the presence of a very large company.

—A man was badly hurt at a fire which broke out in Sir Raylton Dixon and Co.'s No. 2 shipyard at Middlesbrough.

—The degree of LL.D. was conferred by Edinburgh University on Mr. James Hardy, hon. secretary of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Field Club, for his life-long devotion and his most important services to natural science and archaeology.

19.—The servants and constables employed by the North-Eastern Railway Company received an advance of a shilling per week in their wages.

20.—Dr. Fergus Ferguson, of Glasgow, preached in Bath Lane Church, Newcastle, his sermons having special reference to the late Rev. Dr. Rutherford.

21.—It was announced that Mr. John Charlton, of Cullercoats, had received a command from the Queen to paint a picture of the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey on the occasion of her Majesty's jubilee in 1887.

—A conference of members of the religious bodies of Newcastle, Gateshead, and the district was held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Newcastle, for the purpose of promoting united religious action with regard to drunkenness, gambling, and other prevalent social evils. The Rev. Canon Lloyd, vicar of Newcastle, presided, and a committee was appointed.

—The Rev. Canon Pennefather was appointed vice-chairman of the Newcastle School Board, in room of the late Dr. Rutherford.

22.—The Mayor of Morpeth (Mr. F. E. Schofield) was presented, at a meeting of the Town Council, with a new gold chain, to be worn by him on official occasions, to be handed by him to his successor, and so on from Mayor to Mayor in perpetuity.

23.—This being St. George's Day, the soldiers attached to the dépôt of the Northumberland Fusiliers at Newcastle wore cockades of roses on their hats.

24.—It was announced that the will of Mr. Alderman Henry Milvain, of Newcastle, had been proved at the Probate Court. The gross value of his personal estate was set down at £36,479 17s. 2d., and the net value £22,617 3s. 8d.

—Mr. O'Leary, president of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and Mr. John Francis Barnett, who represented the Royal College of Music, visited Newcastle for the purpose of examining candidates for scholarships and certificates.

25.—Mr. James Coltman, a member of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, received a letter from Mr. Charles D. Andrews, Leominster, executor of the will of Mr. Lewis Thompson, who bequeathed £15,000 for the relief of the rates in the parish of Byker, intimating that the money would be invested, and that the interest would be duly forwarded in accordance with the conditions of the will. (See vol. for 1889, pp. 286, 322, and 478.)

—The boundaries of the borough of Morpeth were perambulated by the Mayor and Corporation.

—At a meeting of the Sunderland and Newcastle Committee of the Primitive Methodists, in Newcastle, it was stated that Mrs. Shaw, of Gateshead, who died some time ago, had bequeathed £925 4s. 7d. to the Primitive Methodist body.

—The Rev. J. G. Binney, Congregational minister, Gateshead, was presented with a bicycle by the members of his church.

26.—Master Willie Scott, a little pianist, 11 years old gave his first public performance at the Art Gallery, Newcastle.

—Mr. George Bell, jun., was elected a member of the Newcastle School Board, in room of the late Dr. Rutherford.

—Memorial stones were laid of a new Wesleyan Chapel and manse at Amble.

28.—The Rev. John Thompson, M.A., of Westmoreland Road Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, was elected Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England, whose sittings commenced at Liverpool.

—Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, the sailors' friend, visited Sunderland.

—A town's meeting, called by the Mayor, in response to a numerously-signed requisition, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, to take into consideration the advisability of having musical performances in the parks and recreation grounds on Sundays. The Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) presided. A resolution was submitted on behalf of the requisitionists asking for the withdrawal of the decision of the City Council prohibiting music in the parks or recreation grounds on Sundays, to which an amendment in favour of the Council's resolution remaining in force was moved. The Mayor declared the amendment to be carried by a small majority.

29.—An ironworker named Richard Brown, about 40 years of age, residing in Hewitt's Court, Nun's Lane, Gateshead, leaped from the High Level Bridge into the river Tyne, and was afterwards rescued in safety.

—The operative joiners of Newcastle and Gateshead resolved to accept an advance of 2s. 1d. per week in their wages.

30.—It was announced that a new turret clock, with striking machinery, had been erected by Earl Grey on his residence at Howick Hall.

—A destructive fire broke out at Messrs. Brown's timber yard, Stockton Street, West Hartlepool.

—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh passed through Newcastle, en route for Edinburgh, where they opened an International Exhibition on the following day.

—The large public lamps at the Cattle Market and the Central Station, Newcastle, were lighted by electricity, for the first time.

—The ceremony of confirming the election of the Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., as Bishop of Durham, was performed in the York Minster, before the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Beverley, acting as Commissioner for the Archbishop of York. The consecration of the new Bishop took place on the following day in Westminster Abbey.

MAY.

1.—Eighty thousand pounds of tea were taken out of bond in Newcastle, the largely-increased demand being attributable to the reduction of duty of 2d. per lb. coming into force through Mr. Goschen's Budget.

—The ancient ceremony of riding the bounds of Berwick

was performed by the Mayor, Sheriff, and members of the Town Council.

—A three days' auction of the furniture and appointments of the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, was brought to a close at Gresham House, Newcastle. The books included copies of Bewick's "Fables" and Brand's "History and Antiquities of Newcastle," the former of which was sold for £5 5s., and the latter for £4 4s.

2.—Pecuniary difficulties, which threatened to interpose, having been overcome, the syndicate of Cambridge University resolved to accept the gift of the Newall Telescope; and it was resolved to appoint as observer Mr. H. F. Newall, of Trinity College, son of the donor, who had generously offered his services in that capacity gratuitously for five years, in addition to promising £300 for the initial expense. (See volume for 1889, p. 283.)

—The Duke of Northumberland was elected president of the Royal Institution.

3.—Messrs. A. Tindall and Co., agricultural auctioneers, opened a new mart at Bellingham, Northumberland.

—Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., opened a new High School for Girls in Jesmond, Newcastle. (See page 257.)

—W. H. Shipley, of South Shields, made a balloon ascent from Jesmond Football Field, Newcastle, and, after attaining a height of 1,700 feet, alighted safely by means of a parachute on the Town Moor, near the Cowgate.

4.—The Rev. J. W. Bowman, B.A., commenced his work as minister of West Clayton Street Congregational Church, Newcastle.

5.—At the Elswick Shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., there was launched an armed cruiser, named the *Necochea*, built for the Argentine Government.

6.—A conference on the subject of allotment culture and small fruit farms was held in the theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, Newcastle, where an address was given by Mr. R. K. Goodrich, of Brook Glen, Methwold, Norfolk, founder of the Fruit Farm Colony.

—Probate of the will of the late Mr. Alderman John Oliver Scott, of Newcastle, was issued from the Probate Court at Newcastle, the total value of the personalty being £247,958 14s. 11d.

—The Presbyterian congregation of St. George's Church, Sunderland, took possession of their new building in Belvedere Road. The opening service was conducted by the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D.

—At Tynemouth Congregational Church, Miss Annie Marshall, daughter of Mr. F. C. Marshall, managing director of Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co.'s works, Newcastle, was married to Mr. William Henry White, Naval Constructor to the Admiralty, and formerly connected with the Elswick shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co.

7.—To celebrate the jubilee of Forestry in the Shields district, a banquet was held in the Free Library Hall, South Shields, when upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down at the tables. The chair was occupied by Brother W. R. Smith.

—At a special meeting of the Newcastle Council, it was unanimously decided to confer the freedom of the city on Mr. H. M. Stanley, the eminent African explorer.

7.—While foundations were being prepared at Nicholson House stables, near Christ Church, Sunderland, the workmen came across a human skeleton, which was lying face

upwards. What appeared to be the remains of an urn of ancient date, with a halfpenny dated 1627, were found at the same place.

8.—A meeting was held, under the presidency of the Mayor of Newcastle, for the purpose of considering the advisability of transferring the assets and liabilities of the Hartley Colliery Relief Fund to the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, but the matter was adjourned to another meeting.

—It was announced that the will of Dr. J. H. Rutherford, of Newcastle, had just been proved, the amount of the personal estate being given as £1,499 12s. 4d.

10.—What is known as the twelve o'clock Saturday came into operation in the engineering and kindred trades on the Tyne, Wear, and Tees.

10.—The coming-of-age of the Co-operative Printing Society was celebrated by a dinner and miscellaneous entertainment in the dining-room of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by Mr. John Shotton, chairman of the Newcastle branch.

—A social re-union of Welshmen took place in the Whitburn Street Wesleyan School, Monkwearmouth.

General Occurrences.

APRIL.

12.—The Marquis Tseng, the distinguished Chinese statesman, died at Peking.

17.—Mr. Goschen presented his Budget statement to the House of Commons. The chief propositions contained in it were the reduction of the duty on tea by 2d. per lb., and on the beer duty by 3d. per barrel. Duties on gold and silver plate were to be abolished, while the duty on currants, inhabited houses, health insurance policies, and apprentices' indentures, was to be reduced. The duty on spirits was to be increased 6d. per gallon. The surplus, estimated to amount to three millions and a half, was to be utilized in the building of barracks, in equipments for volunteers, and in the reduction to 2½d. of the Indian and Colonial postage. Another feature of the Budget scheme was the transfer to the County Councils of the revenue from the increased spirit duties, for the purpose of compensating publicans for such licenses as it may be thought proper to extinguish.

—James Davis was fined £50 and costs for having libelled Lord Durham in a publication called *The Bat*.

—Mr. John Barnett, the well known musical composer, died at Cheltenham. He was 88 years of age. Amongst his compositions were the "Mountain Sylph," the first English opera, and a large number of popular songs, such as "The Light Guitar," "Rise, Gentle Moon," &c.

—Serious conflicts took place between the military and some workmen on strike in Moravia.

18.—An action for breach of promise of marriage was brought against Sir George Elliot by Miss Emiline Hairs, a professional singer. After two days' hearing, the jury disagreed.

20.—A French force of 350 men was defeated and driven back by the Dahomians at Porto Novo, West Coast of Africa. The French loss was thirty soldiers and twenty native auxiliaries wounded.

23.—Riots occurred at Biala, in Galicia. The soldiers were resisted, and compelled to use their firearms, several rioters being killed and wounded.

26.—Giovanni Succi, an Italian, completed a voluntary fast of forty days at the Westminster Aquarium, London.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, arrived at Dover, and was afterwards received with extraordinary honours in London and other parts of the kingdom. The Geographical Society gave a grand reception on May 5 in the Royal Albert Hall, which was crowded by a brilliant audience.

29.—The French war vessel Kerguelen began the bombardment of Whydah, West Coast of Africa, which was continued the following day.

30.—Mr. Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, died at New Brighton in his 73rd year. His verses, which were chiefly in the Lancashire dialect, won for him a high reputation all over the English-speaking world. The best-known of his songs is the one entitled, "Come Whoam to thi Childer and Me."



MR. EDWIN WAUGH.

MAY.

1.—Great demonstrations, organised by the Socialists, were held in the chief cities of the Continent.

—An international exhibition of industries, electrical engineering, and general inventions was opened at Edinburgh.

4.—An enormous demonstration of the members of the London Trades Council, the Social Democratic Federation, and other bodies, all of whom were in favour of the working day being limited to eight hours by Act of Parliament, was held in Hyde Park, London. Large crowds watched the procession, the total number of spectators and demonstrators being computed at nearly a million. Resolutions in favour of the objects of the meeting were passed unanimously.

5.—The death was announced of the celebrated French painter, M. Robert Fleury.

6.—The Longue Private Lunatic Asylum, Montreal, Canada, was destroyed by fire. According to the lowest estimates, fully one hundred of the inmates were burnt to death.

7.—The Chenango County Poorhouse and Lunatic Asylum, New York, U.S., was burnt, thirteen persons being killed.

9.—A Parliamentary election took place for East Bristol, the result being:—Sir Joseph Dodge Weston (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,775; Mr. James Inskip (Conservative), 1,900; and Mr. J. Havelock Wilson (Labour Candidate), 602.

10.—A Jubilee gift from the British army to the Queen was presented at Buckingham Palace by a deputation of leading officers of the army.



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Leland, the Antiquary, in Durham and Northumberland.

JOHN LELAND was a native of London, born early in the sixteenth century. From St. Paul's School he went to Cambridge, and thence to Oxford, where, amidst other studies, he acquired a knowledge of the Saxon and Welsh languages. After residing for a time in Paris he was ordained a priest. In 1533 he was made Royal Antiquary to King Henry VIII., and received a commission under the broad seal of England by virtue of which "he had free liberty and power to enter and search the libraries of all the cathedrals, abbeys, priories, colleges, &c., as likewise all other places wherein records, writings, and whatever else was lodged that related to antiquity." His travels occupied several years, "in which time he went over most part of England and Wales, and was so inquisitive in his remarks, that being not content with what the libraries of the respective houses to which he applied himself afforded, nor with what was recorded in the windows and other monuments belonging to cathedrals, monasteries, &c., he wandered from place to place where he thought there were any footsteps of Roman, Saxon, or Danish buildings, and took particular notice of all the tumuli, coins, inscriptions, &c., which he happened to light upon."

In the course of his journeys, Leland passed through the counties of Durham and Northumberland. It is not always possible to trace the route he took, for his "Itinerary," in which he records his travels, has come down to our time in a fragmentary and disjointed state. The three and half centuries, however, which have elapsed since Leland traversed "the North Countree," have produced many and great changes, not only in the condition of the people and the status of the great county

families, not only in the condition of monuments of antiquity, churches, monasteries, houses, but also in the very face of the country itself. It is for this reason that Leland's notes and observations are peculiarly valuable. He was an acute observer and a truthful scribe.

Leland appears to have entered the county of Durham at Sockburn, coming thither from Northallerton, and passing over the Tees at Sockburn ferry. Sir George Conyers was then lord of Sockburn, and Leland became his guest. Our antiquary describes Sockburn as "the eldest house of the Conyers," a demesne "of a mile compass of exceeding pleasant ground," which "is almost made an isle as Tees river windeth about it." In Sockburn church he saw "the tomb of Sir John Conyers," who died in 1395. He then enumerates the "notable bridges on Tees," first amongst which he mentions "Yareham [now Yarm] bridge of stone, . . . made as I heard [and heard truly] by Bishop Skirlaw."

From Sockburn, the traveller proceeded to Neasham, and thence "by pure good corn" to Darlington, "the best market town in the bishopric, saving Durham." There, "at the high altar in the collegiate parish church," he saw "an exceeding long and fair altar stone of varied marble, that is, black marble with white spots," clearly being a slab of the local Tees marble. "The Bishop of Durham," he tells us, "hath a pretty palace in this town."

To Auckland Leland next bent his steps—"eight good miles by reasonable good corn and pasture." "A mile at this side Auckland Castle I came over a bridge of one great arch on Gauntless, a pretty river." Auckland, in his opinion, was a town "of no estimation," although

there was "a pretty market of corn." After describing the Castle, he mentions its "fair park," "having fallow deer, wild bulls, and kine."

Leaving Auckland, Leland travelled by Wolsingham, Frosterley, Stanhope, Eastgate, and Westgate to St. John's Chapel. He tells us that "the Bishop of Durham hath a pretty square peel on the north side of Wear river, called the Westgate, and thereby is a park rudely enclosed with stone, of a 12 or 14 miles in compass, in which park there be, as I heard, some little farmholds." "Though the upper part of Weardale be not very fertile of corn, yet is there very fine grass in the dale [it]self where the river passeth. . . . There resort many red deer, stragglers, to the mountains of Weardale. Weardale, lying as a piece of the west marches of the bishopric towards Westmoreland, is well wooded; and so be the quarters about Auckland."

From Weardale Leland seems to have returned to Binchester, "now a poor village," and saw, as he rode past on the south side, "a little foss, and indications of old buildings." He mentions, too, that "in the ploughed fields hard by this village hath [been] and be found many Roman coins, and many other tokens of antiquity."

The Royal Antiquary next proceeded to Brancepeth, where he visited the castle, "strongly set and builded," of which, he tells us, "the pleasure," meaning thereby the pleasant part, was to be found in the second or inner court. In the church he saw "divers tombs of the Nevilles." These tombs furnish him with texts for brief dissertations on the genealogy of that family.

"From Brancepeth to Durham." Much of the traveller's description of the city is too interesting to be omitted.

"The town [it]self of Durham standeth on a rocky hill, and standeth as men come from the south country on the ripe of Wear: the which water so with its natural course in a bottom windeth about, that from Elvet, a great stone bridge of 14 arches, it creepeth about the town to Framwellgate Bridge of three arches, also on Wear, that betwixt these two bridges, or a little lower at St. Nicholas's, the town, except the length of an arrow shot, is brought into an island. . . . The Close itself of the Minster, on the highest part of the hill, is well walled, and hath diverse fair gates. The church itself and the cloister be very strong and fair, and at the very east end of the church is a cross aisle, besides the middle cross aisle of the minster church. The castle standeth stately on the north-east side of the minster, and Wear runneth under it. The keep standeth aloft, and is stately builded of eight-square fashion, and four heights of lodgings. . . . The building of Durham town is metely strong, but it is neither high nor of costly work. There appear some pieces of walls of the town joining to a gate of the Palace wall, but the town itself within the peninsula is but a small thing in respect of compass of the stately Close. In the sanctuary or holy churchyard of Durham, be very

many ancient tombs. It standeth on the south side of the minster; and at the head of one of them is a cross of a seven foot long, that hath an inscription of diverse rowes in it, but the scripture cannot be read. Some say that this cross was brought out of the holy churchyard of Lindisfarne isle."

From Durham Leland journeyed northwards to Chester-le-Street, "partly by a little corn ground, but most by mountainous pasture, and some incoors and furze." Before he reached Chester he "scant" Lunley Castle "upon a hill, having pretty wood about it." Chester itself he describes as consisting of "chiefly one street of very mean building in length," and he mentions that "there is besides a small street or two about the church." In the church he saw "a tomb with the image of a bishop, in token that St. Cuthbert once was buried in his feretory there."

From Chester the antiquary proceeded to Gateshead, "by mountainous ground, with pasture, heath, moor, and furze." He records that "a little a this side Gateshead is a great coal pit," probably meaning the one worked from very early times at Camer (now erroneously called Cramer) Dykes.

At this point the "Itinerary" breaks off into other matters; but, after passing over several pages, we find the writer once more at Durham. He now turns his face southward. "From Durham over Elvet Bridge to Sunderland Bridges [Sunderland Bridge, near Croxdale, that is]. . . and by hilly, moorish, and heathy ground" he came to St. Andrew's, Auckland, where "the Dean of Auckland hath a great house, especially the barns and other houses of husbandry." Thence he went forward to Raby Castle, "part by arable, but more by pastures and moorish hilly ground, barren of wood." "Raby," he tells us, "is the largest castle of lodgings in all the north country, and is of a strong building, but not set either on hill or very strong ground." Admitted to the castle, of which he gives a rather minute description, he saw in the hall "an incredible great beam of a hart." "There belong," he declares, "three parks to Raby, whereof two be plenished with deer." Near Raby is Langley Chase, which "hath fallow deer," and is three miles in length. "In the moor land at Middleton," in Teesdale, "the king hath a forest of red deer." He mentions Staindrop, "a small market town," describes its church, and enumerates its monuments.

Leaving Staindrop, Leland took the road "by metely good corn and pasture" to Barnard Castle. "This," he says, "is a metely pretty town, having a good market, and metely well builded. . . . The Castle of Barnard standeth stately upon Tees." In the outer area he found nothing very notable "but the fair chapel, where be two chantries. In the middle of the body of this chapel is a fair marble tomb, with an image, and an inscription about it in French. There is another in the south wall of the body of the chapel, of freestone, with an image of the

same. Some say that they were of the Baliols." The monuments have totally disappeared, and scarcely a trace of the chapel can now be found. Leland proceeds to say, "there belong two parkes to this castle." "There is metely good wood on each side of Tees about Barnard's Castle" he informs us. "Hard under the cliff by Egglestone is found on each side of Tees very fair marble, wont to be taken up both by marblers of Barnard Castle and of Egglestone, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold unwrought to others."

"From Barnard Castle, over the right fair bridge on Tees of three arches I entered straight into Richmondshire," and so left the county of Durham behind.

Leland's notes on Northumberland, although perhaps as extensive as those on the county of Durham, are of different character. He seems to have actually travelled little beyond the Tyne. Indeed, there is scarcely any evidence that he came into any part of Northumberland except Newcastle. For the rest of the county he appears to have been content to accept such information as he could gather by hearsay.

The topographer's account of Newcastle commences rather abruptly with a notice of the great Roger Thornton, which is too interesting to be abridged. "Roger Thornton, the great rich merchant of Newcastle in Edward the Fourth's days [Thornton, by the way, died thirty-one years before the accession of Edward IV.], by whom the Lumley's lands were greatly augmented, as by the marriage of his daughter and heir [she was his granddaughter], built St. Catherine's chapel, the Town Hall, and a place for poor alms-men, by Sand Hill Gate, a little lower than Newcastle Bridge, upon the very ripe of Tyne, within the town of Newcastle. This Roger Thornton was the richest merchant that ever was dwelling in Newcastle." In another place he tells us that Thornton "died wonderfull rich : some say by prizes of silver ore, taken on the sea."

Leland immediately proceeds to notice other hospitals. "One John Ward, a rich merchant of Newcastle, made a Maison Dieu for twelve poor men and twelve poor women, by the Augustine Friars in Newcastle. One Christopher Brigham, a merchant of Newcastle, made of late a little hospital by the Grey Friars in Newcastle." Of these foundations, the first situated in Manor Chare, and the second in the east part of High Friar Lane, not a trace now remains.

Our antiquary next proceeds to give an amusing, but purely mythical, account of the town's walls. "The walls of Newcastle were begun, as I have heard, in King Edward the First's day, as I heard by this occasion : A great rich man of Newcastle was taken prisoner by the Scots out of the town itself, as is reported. Whereupon he was ransomed for a great sum : and returning home again he began to build a wall on the ripe of Tyne river from Sandhill to Pandon Gate, and beyond into the town, against the Augustine Friars. The residue of the mer-

chants of the town, seeing this towardness of one man, set to their helping hands, and continued until the whole town was strongly walled about, and this work was finished in Edward the Third's days, as I have heard. The strength and magnificence of the walling of this town far passeth all the walls of the cities of England, and of most of the towns of Europe."

In a later volume of his Itinerary, Leland resumes his notes of Newcastle. "St. Nicholas," he tells us, "the chief parish church of Newcastle, standeth on the very Pict Wall," meaning the Roman Wall. He has an explicit account to give, if not always a reliable one, of the foundation of each religious house in the town. The Grey Friars, according to him, was founded by the Carliols, "originally merchants of the same town, and after men of land." The Black Friars owed its foundation to Sir Peter and Sir Nicholas Scott, "father and son, knights both," the beginning of whose family's fortune "was by merchandise,"—"but the site of the house was given by three sisters." The establishment of the White Friars he ascribes to Roger Thornton. The Augustine Friars, he informs us, was founded by Lord Ross. "In this house be three or four fair towers," part of one of which may still be found behind the Jesus Hospital. The Cross or Trinitarian Friars of Wall Knoll he holds to have been established by Lawrence Acton.

Once again Leland reverts to Newcastle. His notes in this case are more disjointed than before, and the manuscript from which they have been printed is in some places illegible. The reader must expect, therefore, rapid transitions from one subject to another. The remarks within brackets are mine, and in one or two places local knowledge has enabled me to supply the words which Leland's editor could not decipher.

"Tyne Bridge hath ten arches, and a strong ward and tower on it. [There is] a gate at the Bridge end. Then, turning on the right hand to the Quay, [there is] a chapel of the town [St. Thomas's Chapel] with a Maison Dieu. Then certain houses with a water gate, and a square Hall Place [the ancient Guild Hall] for the town, and a chapel there as I remember. Then a main strong wall on the haven side to Sand Gate, [and so] to Tynemouth way [that is, to the old road, by Sandgate Street, to Shields and Tynemouth. From this point Leland seems to have followed the course of the wall round the town, and to have noted the number of towers between the gates.] Then three towers [on the wall] to Pandon Gate. There, hard by, doth Pandon Dean water drive a mill, and passeth through [the town wall]. On this water, there by, is a little arched bridge. And about this quarter [on Wall Knoll] stood the house of the friars of the order of the Holy Trinity. From Pandon Gate to Pilgrim Gate [there are] fifteen towers. Thence to New Gate [there are] eight. The Observant Friars house stood by Pandon Gate. It was a very fair thing. And lower in the same street, but on the contrary side a little, with a lane, was the house of the

Augustine Friars. From New Gate to West Gate, a mighty strong thing of four wards, and an iron gate, [there are] thirteen towers. The fair place of Black Friars stood betwixt New Gate and West Gate. The Nun's Dean, having two bridges [that is, High Bridge and Low Bridge], resorteth towards Pilgrim Gate, and so downwards to Tyne. The water of both the deans cometh from the coal pits at Cowhill or Cowmoor, half a mile out of Newcastle. There is a park walled and a lodge without the Black Friars and the town wall [this would be the garden and orchard of the Black Friars]. From West Gate to Tyne side [there are] 16 [towers], part almost round, part square. There I saw the hospital Saint [Mary the Virgin], and then the White Friars, whose garth came almost to Tyneside. There be three heads or conduits for fresh water to the town."

The more interesting of Leland's notes on other places in Northumberland shall be strung together. Space for comment is already exhausted.

"Corbridge at this time is full meanly builded. The names of diverse streets that hath been there yet hath names, as old people there testify, and great tokens of old foundations be yet found there, and also Roman coins. The stone bridge that now is at Corbridge over Tyne is large, but it is set somewhat lower upon Tyne than the old bridge was. There be evident tokens yet seen where the old bridge was, and thereabout cometh down a pretty brook on the same side that that town is on, and hard by it, and goeth into Tyne. I think verily that this brook is called Corve, though the name be not well known there, and that the town beareth the name of it. By this brook as among the ruins of the old town is a place called Colechester, where hath been a fortress or castle. The people there say that there dwelled in it one Goton, whom they fable to have been a giant.

"There appear ruins of arches of a stone bridge over Tyne river, at [Bywell] castle, [be]longing to the Earl of Westmoreland.

"Prior Castell of Durham, the last save one, builded the tower in Farne Island for defence, out of the ground. There was a chapel and a poor house afore.

"There was a house of canons at Ovingham-upon-Tyne, against Prudhoe on the other side of Tyne, [occupied by] a master and three canons [as a] cell to Hexham.

"Morpeth, a market town, is twelve long miles from Newcastle. Wansbeck, a pretty river, runneth through the side of the town. On the hither side of the river is the principal church of the town. On the same side is the fair castle, standing upon a hill, [be]longing, with the town, to the Lord Dacres of Gilsland. The town is long and metely well builded with low houses—the streets paved. It is [a] far fairer town than Alnwick. A quarter of a mile out of the town on the hither side of the Wansbeck was Newminster Abbey, of White Monks, pleasant with water and very fair woods about it.

"There be ruins of a castle [be]longing to the Lord Brough at Mitford, on the south side of the Wansbeck, four miles above Morpeth. It was beaten down by the King. For one Sir Gilbert Middleton robbed a cardinal, coming out of Scotland, and fled to his castle of Mitford.

"Tweed riseth in Tweeddale in Scotland, and so cometh through the forest of Ettrick in Scotland, and so through Tynedale in Scotland, the people whereof rob sore and continually in Glendale and Bamboroughshire. At Carham is a little tower of defence against the Scots.

"In Northumberland, as I hear say, be no forests, except Cheviot Hills, where is much brushwood, and some oak, ground overgrown with ling, and some with moss. There is great plenty of red deer and roebucks. But the great wood of Cheviot is spoiled now, and crooked old trees and shrubs remain."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Battle of Sark.



ABOUT the year 1448, when both North and South Britain were in a state approaching anarchy,—in England through the Wars of the Roses, and in Scotland through the turbulence of the Douglasses and other great nobles, which the Royal power was quite insufficient to repress,—some lawless persons on the English or Scottish side (contemporary historians are not very clear which) wantonly broke the truce which had subsisted for some time between the two kingdoms. The thieves who inhabited the Debateable Land were never very particular in which country they made stouthrift, even in the best of times; and the Scottish chroniclers will have it that it was either some of them or some of their not much more reputable neighbours living nearer Carlisle, who first made a foray into Annandale in time of peace. The English chroniclers, on the other hand, lay the blame on the Douglasses, whose design it was, they say, to embarrass young King James the Second and achieve their own family aggrandisements by dragging the country into a war with England. However this may have been, the English authorities were the first to move on what may be called a national scale. Remonstrances made at Edinburgh having led to no redress, the two Wardens of the Marches, the Earls of Northumberland and Salisbury, made up their minds to invade Scotland.

Two considerable armies accordingly crossed the Borders at as nearly as possible the same time. One was led by Henry Percy, Northumberland's eldest son, who was governor of the town and castle of Berwick, with the East Marches of Scotland. He made his way from Berwick along the coast, by Ayton, Cockburnspath, and the Peaths, to Dunbar, which town he burnt, and then he returned the same way, wasting the Merse country, wrecking the few defensible places near his road, and

carrying off everything portable. Salisbury, on the West Marches, penetrated as far as Dumfries, which he in like manner plundered and burnt, and then marched home, satisfied with the mischief he had done.

In revenge for this double inroad, and, moreover, with the view of provoking a formal declaration of war by the English Government, Sir James Douglas, Lord Balveny, a brother of Earl Douglas's, raised his followers with what speed he could, made a raid through Cumberland and Northumberland, and burnt and plundered the town of Alnwick, after desolating the open country.

The Earl of Northumberland and Lord Percy, with Sir Robert Harrington and Sir John Pennington, now assembled a force of six thousand men, and crossed the Solway and Annan waters into Dumfriesshire, where they pitched their camp on the right bank of the little river Sark, which here forms the line of division between England and Scotland. From Sarkfoot, where they lay, they sent out detachments to scour and ravage the country far and wide; but, hearing that the Scots were advancing to attack them, they recalled these parties by sound of trumpet, and made themselves ready for battle.

The Scottish chiefs, as soon as they heard of this formidable inroad, had lost no time in gathering together their forces. Another brother of Earl Douglas's, George, Earl of Ormond, took the command, and he was accompanied by Sir John Wallace, of Craigie, the sheriff of Ayr, the lairds of Johnston and Maxwell, and the Master of Somerville. They numbered only four thousand men in all, but had the great advantage of fighting on their own ground for their hearths and homes, and of taking the enemy, not indeed at unawares, but in a most disadvantageous position, where the treacherous Solway Moss hemmed them in on one side, and the still more treacherous Solway Firth on the other, so that mere reliable numbers counted for little.

Among the English officers was a knight named Magnus, who had served several campaigns in France with great distinction, and had risen very high in King Henry's favour. From the colour of his hair he was nicknamed Red Mayne. Magnus was of great strength and extremely fierce, and had a particular dislike to the Scots. It was said he had obtained from the King of England a grant of all the lands he could conquer in Scotland, and he claimed as the post of honour under Northumberland the command of the right wing, while Sir John Pennington took the left, and the earl himself led the centre.

The Earl of Ormond set Wallace of Craigie over against Magnus, and Maxwell and Johnston, with their respective clans, over against Pennington, himself taking the centre. Then, addressing a few words of encouragement to his men, he led them against the enemy. The English, who were very superior in point of archery, let fly a shower of arrows at them as they approached, which galled them sore. Wallace, who commanded the left wing, then cried out, so that all could hear him,

"Gallants, will you let yourselves be shot down thus? Come on! Follow me! Let us in among them full drive! We shall soon let them see how men can fight!" So saying, he rushed forward, and was followed by all his men, every bit as eager to be led into the struggle as he was to lead them. With their long spears or pikes, weapons which every Scottish knight, squire, trooper, or man-at-arms knew well how to wield, they instantly broke the first rank of the English. The Maxwells and Johnstons, sword in hand, fell on the other wing, and made tremendous slaughter. Magnus, when he saw his people giving way, mindful only of his great reputation, and regardless of the imminent deadly risk he ran, made a fierce onset against Wallace, with the view either of retrieving the forlorn hope or of meeting death in the face like a brave man. He was soon surrounded and cut down, together with all who had dared to follow him. As soon as the fact of his death became known, a panic seized the English. Their ranks were irrecoverably broken. Only the more determined and desperate made headway for awhile against their foes. An orderly retreat might perhaps still have been made, but their best and bravest leader had fallen. Fifteen hundred Englishmen lay dead on the field, and a number more, badly wounded, were helpless. There was nothing for the rest but to turn their backs and flee.

Above a thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the victors, who pursued the fugitives until they reached the Esk. Lord Percy, Harrington, and Pennington were among those captured, and were confined for some time, until ransom could be procured, along with other English officers, in Lochmaben Castle, originally the seat of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, but then in possession of the Douglasses. This was the strongest fort on the Western March, and was preserved as a Border fence till the Union of the Crowns.

The Earl of Northumberland escaped with great difficulty, fate having reserved him for the still more bloody field of Towton, where he was one of the forty thousand slain. Lord Percy might have escaped also, but he preferred waiting to help his father to mount a fresh horse, and, while he was so engaged, was taken prisoner.

The booty was unprecedentedly valuable, for the English had been confident of success in their expedition, and looked forward rather to a triumphal march through the invaded district than to anything like serious resistance. And Magnus, who went as a conqueror, and meant to be a colonist, had a deal of "impedimenta" with him.

The route was across the desolate tract at the head of the Solway Firth. The ebbs and flows of that estuary are proverbial for rapidity, as every reader of "Redgauntlet" knows. Not only strangers to the district, but even the most experienced persons, are liable to be overtaken by the tide, at least in thick, foggy weather. On this occasion, before the fugitives had proceeded far, they

heard the awful sound of the waters rushing towards them with impetuosity; and those who had good horses urged them to the top of their speed, but in many cases to no avail. The occurrence of a spring tide with the wind in the south-west, or a dense fog from the sea, would be sufficient at any time in crossing these sands to bring on the best appointed army the world ever saw the fate of Pharaoh and his Egyptian host. That fate now befel five hundred of the Earl of Northumberland's hapless followers, who, when night fell, found themselves in the great watery waste through which the Esk and the Eden make their way to the sea.

It is said that only twenty-six of the Scots were killed outright in the battle; but Buchanan states that they lost six hundred in all, including, we presume, the wounded, and such as died of their wounds.

The brave Sir John Wallace, who was a lineal descendant of "the peerless Knight of Ellerslie," and to whose conduct and bravery the victory was in a great measure ascribed, having been severely wounded in the fray, was carried home on a litter, and died about three months afterwards.

Douglas went to the Scottish court, where he was honourably received, but at the same time got a hint from King James that it would be as well if from henceforth he and his kith and kin would not give encouragement or harbourage to Border thieves, but rather set themselves to root them out.

The news of the battle of Sark caused a great sensation in London; but, though severe reprisals were loudly demanded, nothing was done; for the whole realm was in such disorder that sufficient force could not be spared. Civil broils hindered the raising of a new levy; and the English Government had no option but to send down legates to Edinburgh to treat for peace. The negotiations fell through, so far as regarded a definite treaty, but the truce between the two kingdoms was renewed for three years. And so the hostilities went no further at that time.

A Jeddart Axe.

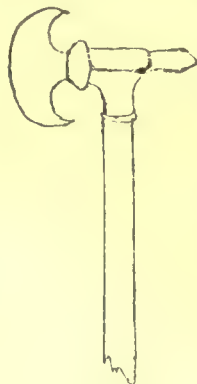
JEDBURGH, Roxburghshire, the chief town of the Scottish Border, has given its name to the peculiar weapon figured below—the Jeddart axe. It was sometimes called a "Jeddart staff," all weapons attached to long handles, or poles, being classed as "staves."

Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood axe at saddle-bow.

"*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*," Canto I, v.

Sir Walter Scott, in his note to the last line, has the following:—"Of a truth," says Froissart, 'the Scottish

cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes.' The Jedwood axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff."



Among other scraps I find the following anent the arms just referred to:—"The inhabitants of Jedburgh were a warlike people. Their slogan 'Jeddart's here!' was seldom long silent. At a meeting of the Town Council, March 13, 1680, it was resolved that in place of the unicorn 'the town of Jedburgh

should henceforth have for their armes ane man on horseback, with steel cap and jack, and a *Jedburgh staff* in his hand."

The accompanying sketch of the axe, copied from Skelton's "Ancient Armour," pl. lxxiii, 6, is explained by the following note:—"A Jedburg axe or Jeddart staff of the period of Henry VIII., found in a river in Scotland. Such weapons were implied by the simple word 'staves,' which included all kinds of arms whose handles were long poles."

C. H. STEPHENSON.

Ralph Dodds, Alderman of Newcastle.



ONE of the best known Newcastle men of the past generation was Alderman Ralph Dodds—probably better known as Raaphy Dodds—who died at his residence in Bentinck Terrace on the 20th October, 1874, at the advanced age of 82 years. During his long and useful public life he had filled almost every honorary office—Councillor, Alderman, Sheriff, Mayor (twice), Magistrate, and Tyne Commissioner.

Ralph was born at Alnwick in 1782. His parents being too poor to give him any education, he gained a little from the parish schoolmaster by doing menial services in return. When still very young, he used to drive a donkey, laden with sacks of coal, from the pits into Alnwick. He was afterwards employed by a plasterer in that town, and, though not serving a regular apprenticeship, he soon became proficient in the trade. As he grew older, he saw that a large town presented a better chance for advancement in life than a little country place, and, accordingly, he left Alnwick for Newcastle, where his first employer was "Tommy

Nicholson," the plasterer. About this time Ravensworth Castle was being built, and the plaster work was done by young Dodds's employer. Ralph was engaged on the job, and he, being a fine-looking young man, attracted the notice of Miss Bell, niece of Lord Ravensworth's steward. This young lady he soon afterwards married, and, as she possessed a small fortune of her own, the young plasterer felt himself justified in commencing business on his own account. From this time he may be said to have started on his long career of success as a tradesman.

Among the earliest of Mr. Dodds's patrons was the late Sir M. W. Ridley, who, on making considerable additions to his mansion at Blagdon, employed Mr. Dodds to do the plaster work. Mr. Dodds's business rapidly increased, especially amongst the county gentry. Thus he was employed by Mr. Brandling, of Gosforth Park; Mr. Cookson, of Meldon; Mr. Cadogan, of Brinkburn; and Mr. Collingwood, of Lilburn Tower. Mr. John Dobson, the eminent architect, always engaged Mr. Dodds to assist him in his great undertakings. When the corner-stone of Beaufront Castle, near Corbridge, was laid by the late Mr. Cuthbert, about fifty years ago, Billy Purvis, who had his booth at Hexham at the time, walked over, with the principal members of his company, to witness the ceremony. Billy essayed to address the company, and, of course, succeeded in causing great merriment. There was a considerable number of workmen employed on the castle, and all were presented by Mr. Cuthbert with free tickets for Billy's show—a treat which Mr. Dobson repeated the following week.

Mr. Dodds was first elected a town councillor in 1840, sheriff in 1850, an alderman in 1852, and mayor in 1853. When he entered upon the mayoralty, the town was just recovering from the epidemic of cholera, which for months had committed such awful havoc amongst the inhabitants. Three commissioners were appointed by the Crown to inquire into the causes of the visitation, and the town was represented by the Mayor and Town Clerk (Mr. John Clayton). Near the end of Mr. Dodds's mayoralty occurred the terrible explosion at Gateshead, which proved so disastrous to both boroughs. At the meeting called for the relief of the sufferers, the Mayor stated that he had sent out invitations for a ball, but this he intended to postpone, and appropriate the money to the explosion fund. A sum of £600 was subscribed in a day or two; her Majesty contributed another £100; and when the fund closed it had reached the large sum of £10,977.

Mr. Dodds was chairman of the Town Improvement Committee for eighteen years, and exhibited remarkable tact, perseverance, and energy in that position. In 1865 he was again chosen Mayor, and many notable events occurred during his term of office. Amongst others, Barge Day was celebrated; Lord Ravensworth laid the foundation stone of the Grammar School; and the Mayor, in conjunction with Alderman Hedley, officiated

at a similar ceremony at Coxlodge Asylum. Very few public men have taken more interest in the welfare of Newcastle, and in preserving in it all that was worthy of preservation. After the great fire at the Central Exchange, the dome at the Market Street corner was much damaged, and its removal was proposed. Mr. Dodds, however, resolved that this should not be, and, as usual, carried his point; and it was thus mainly through his exertions that this fine building was restored in its integrity. His efforts to obtain funds for the repair of St. Nicholas' steeple will still be remembered, and when the renovation of the old edifice was set about he was unanimously elected chairman of the Restoration Committee.

There was never a more active and painstaking magistrate on the bench than Ralph Dodds, although even in court his rather rough humour and fondness for joking accompanied him. Many are the stories told of him as a magistrate; but he always tried, if possible, to avoid punishment for a trivial offence or to let a poor silly drunkard go without a fine. "Gan hyem, man," he would say, "get a beefsteak; and it'll de ye mair good than the clarty drink!" On one occasion he asked a trembling penitent, "Where de ye come frae?" "Waaker, sor," was the reply. "Then waak back agyen te Waaker!" A rather affected magistrate was on the bench with Mr. Dodds one morning, when an impudent juvenile was charged with petty theft. "You must," said the magistrate, "go to gaol for three days, and receive six strokes with the birch rod." "Whaat's that, sor?" said the little culprit, pretending not to hear. "Ha! I said you must go—" repeating it all over again. "Aa divvent knaa what ye say, sor," responded the urchin. Here Mr. Dodds got impatient. "Policeman," said he, "take him outside, crack his lug, and set him off." Some young swells on another occasion were charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Mr. Dodds was on the bench, and put the usual question—"Well, what hae ye te say for yourselves?" "Only a lark, Mr. Dodds," pleaded the now penitent offenders. "Oh! ay, ay," was the response, "but we hae cages for larks here." One of his own workmen was brought up before him on the usual charge of "drunk and disorderly," and the man was quite pleased to see Ralph on the bench, feeling sure of acquittal. He was mistaken, however, as a fine of five shillings and costs was imposed. The poor fellow was penniless, and was taken down to the cells. The business of the court over, the alderman went below, and, ordering out his penitent workman, paid the fine and costs. Turning to the policeman, "Noo," said he, "kick him oot."

Ralph was often chaffed by those who dared to take that liberty about his adventure with a pig. One day a man drove a pig into the Central Station, and, tying him to a post, left him there. Piggy, of course, sang his usual solo at the top of his voice, and attracted a small crowd, amongst them being Mr. Dodds. That gentleman, thinking to punish the owner for causing this disturbance, took

out his pocket-knife, cut the string, and set the captive free, whereupon the pig wandered away to survey the town at its own sweet will. Next day the man was brought before the worthy magistrate charged with stealing the very pig that had, with Mr. Dodds's assistance, so willingly left the railway station the day before!

Another characteristic anecdote must be told. When Mr. Dodds was presiding over a meeting of the Town Im-



provement Committee, a member was making a rather lengthy speech, and, to strengthen his arguments, was quoting from a recent decision of Baron Martin's. He seemed to have a high opinion of that learned judge, and made frequent reference to his legal opinions. "Nivvor mind aall that," said Ralphy; "this," tapping Mr. Ralph Park Philipson, the Town Clerk, on the shoulder, "this is wor Baron Martin!"

The Hawfinch, the Bullfinch, and the Goldfinch.



HE hawfinch (*Coccothraustes vulgaris*) is only a casual winter visitant to the Northern Counties. It is a bird of very retiring habits, and it may frequent a district for years without being noticed, except by some argus-eyed ornithologist, who knows when and where to look for it. The bird has a variety of names—as the grosbeak, common grosbeak, black-throated grosbeak, and haw grosbeak.

Mr. Thomas Thompson discovered a nest of the hawfinch on May 29, 1884, at Winlaton. Another nest was found in the same month and year at Riding Mill. These

are the *first* recorded instances of the bird nesting in either of the two Northern Counties.

Though the hawfinch is rather handsomely plumaged, its thick, conical beak and rather stumpy tail give it a



somewhat ungainly appearance, and at no time is it very active in its habits, which are shy and retiring. The male, which slightly resembles the bullfinch in build, is over seven inches in length. Around the base of the beak and the throat is a black patch, as in the common cock sparrow. The neck behind is crossed by a bold band of ash-coloured feathers, pale brown at the sides. The back plumage is a rich chestnut brown, more ruddily tinged towards the root of the short tail above, while the breast is a pale fawn-colour. The wings, which are broad, have a spread of nearly one foot. The greater wing coverts are greyish white, and those next the body yellowish brown; lesser wing coverts blackish brown, some of them tipped with white. The primaries are a rich bluish black, handsomely "shot" and marked with darker and lighter shadings.

Morris describes the song of the hawfinch as low and pleasant, but the bird does not seem to be able to pitch its note much higher than a twitter. The nest, composed entirely of lichens and fine roots, is frequently placed in a hawthorn or holly tree.

The bullfinch (*Pyrrhula vulgaris*) is, according to Mr. John Hancock, "a constant resident in both counties (Northumberland and Durham), but not very abundant anywhere." "White, pied, and pale rose-coloured varieties," he says, "occasionally occur. Specimens of the two former are in the collection of the late Dr. Charlton, Newcastle, and a fine specimen of the latter is in the Newcastle Museum. When kept in confinement the colour of the bullfinch is liable to be affected by its food: if fed on hempseed, it very soon becomes entirely black." This bird is perhaps more plentiful in the two counties than the goldfinch, and its nest is occasionally found in the wooded districts of the Tyne and Wear. In

the Midland and Southern Counties, it is found nesting in orchards with the goldfinch.

In addition to its most common name, the bullfinch is known as nope, pope, alp, hoop, &c. Its scientific name, *Pyrrhula*, denotes that it is a bird of ruddy plumage. The



flight of the bird is quick and undulated, and capable of being protracted on occasion. It does not fly far when disturbed. The common note of the bird is short, plaintive, and sweet; but with training it can be taught to whistle various tunes with considerable accuracy. Large numbers of German bullfinches are annually imported into this country, and "piping bullfinches"—that is, birds which can whistle a tune or two—fetch high prices.

Dr. Brehm says the bullfinch hops over the ground in a somewhat ungainly manner, but is most adroit in its movements upon trees. Sometimes it will rest upon a branch with its body in a horizontal position and its feet stretched out, and at others it will hang head downwards from the twigs. Its long and fleecy feathers are but rarely laid closely down to its sides, thus causing it to seem much larger than it really is. The birds pair about the end of April, and nidification commences about the beginning of May—later in northern localities. The nest is composed externally of small twigs, and lined with fine roots. It is generally placed in a tree, such as a fir, or in the middle of a high bush—often a hawthorn—at a height of four or six feet from the ground. It often builds in shrubberies, sometimes in apple orchards, but seldom in gardens. The birds are supposed to pair for life; and the members of the same family keep together until the ensuing spring.

The male birds—which, however, vary considerably in size—are from six to six and a half inches long; bill very short, thick, and shining black; iris dark brown; head and crown deep glossy blue black; neck on the back and nape bluish grey; chin black; throat and breast a beautiful red; back delicate bluish grey; on the lower part pure white; underneath, the wings are bluish grey; greater

wing coverts black, their ends white, forming a conspicuous bar across the wing; lesser wing coverts delicate bluish grey; primaries brownish black; secondaries brownish black, the outer webs glossed with a bluish tinge; some of them are occasionally found tinged with red; tertiaries brownish black, tinged also with blue. The tail, which is glossy blue black, consists of twelve feathers; underneath it is greyish black; upper tail coverts glossy blue black; under tail coverts white. The female is about an inch shorter than the male.

The goldfinch (*Fringilla carduelis*, Linnæus—*Carduelis elegans*, Yarrell) is the most beautifully plumaged and most musical of the finches, and hence it is a favourite cage bird, being most relentlessly trapped by the bird catchers. In beauty and diversity of plumage it almost rivals the kingfisher. Owing to the enclosure of commons and waste lands all over the country, the goldfinch is by no means so plentiful as it formerly was, as thistles, on the seed of which it mostly feeds, have in many places given place to cereal and root crops. Mr. Hancock, in his Catalogue, observes that the goldfinch "must be considered as a casual visitant in our district (Northumberland and Durham), being met with only occasionally in autumn and winter."

The bird has quite a variety of common names. It is known as the goldie, goldspink, King Harry, thistle-



finch, redcap, proud tail, golden finch, &c. The Scottish naturalist, Macgillivray, though his work is somewhat out of date, calls it the red-fronted thistle-finch; and in France it is termed *chardonnet*, from *chardon* a thistle.

The ordinary note of the bird is most sweet and varied. It commences to sing about the end of March and continues without much interruption till July. The nest is composed externally of grass, moss, lichens, small twigs and roots, or any other handy substance. It is warmly lined inside with wool, hair, feathers, or the down of willows or other shrubs.

The male is five inches in length. Forehead crimson, and over the eyes; head, on the crown and back, black, on the sides white; neck, on the back, black, forming

a semicircle towards the front; nape, buff brown; chin, crimson; throat, white, extending backwards to the back, and succeeded by brownish white; breast, pale fulvous brown and whitish; back, darker buff brown, lighter buff brown lower down. The wings extend to the width of nine inches; greater wing coverts, yellow; lesser wing coverts, black; primaries, black; the inner half yellow on the outer webs, except that of the first, the tips white; the second quill feather is the longest, but only slightly over the first, which is a little longer than the third; tertiaries, with a spot of white at the tip; greater and lesser under wing coverts, white. The tail, which is black and tipped with white, is slightly forked, and rather short; the two outer feathers have a large oval-shaped white spot on the inner web; upper tail coverts, greyish white. Legs and toes, pale dusky brown. The female is rather smaller than the male, and her plumage is of rather more subdued tints.

Men of Mark 'Twist Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Thomas Dobson, M.A.,

MATHEMATICIAN.

AN exception to the rule that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house," is afforded by the career of Thomas Dobson, who, being a native of Hexham, and educated at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School there, received in after life the highest honour which his fellow-townsmen could bestow—the Head-mastership of the institution wherein he had been a pupil.

Thomas Dobson was born on the 13th October, 1814, and being a precocious child, learning Latin when most other children are still in the nursery, he was sent to the Grammar School at an unusually early age. The Head-master at that time was the Rev. Thomas Scurr, a mathematician of repute, afterwards perpetual curate of Allendale. Under his tuition and that of the succeeding master, the Rev. James Urwin, the boy acquired mathematical and classical knowledge with an ease and freedom that clearly pointed to the vocation of a teacher as his natural and proper calling. Adopting this view, he engaged himself as English master at an educational establishment near Calais. That object gained, he became mathematical tutor in Mr. Thorogood's academy at Totteridge, near London. From thence he proceeded, in 1847, to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he won several scholarships, was seventeenth wrangler in 1849, and afterwards took his degree of M.A. There he would probably have remained had not the

failure of a bank compelled him to seek remunerative employment.

A vacancy occurred about this time in the High School of Hobart Town, Tasmania. Mr. Dobson obtained the appointment, and in 1850 set sail for the antipodes. The outlook was promising till the discovery of gold in Australia depopulated the colony. Pupils were withdrawn from their studies to tend the flocks which gold-seeking shepherds had deserted, and school keeping became a thankless and a profitless business. Mr. Dobson struggled for some time against adverse circumstances, and finally resigned his post. Having taken a twelve months' holiday, travelling through New Zealand, he went to New South Wales, and in the beginning of 1855 shipped at Sydney for England.



Thomas Dobson M.A.

The acquirements of the Hexham emigrant were not unknown at the great Naval School of Greenwich Hospital. Edward Riddle, the famous Northumbrian master of that institution, had but recently resigned his command into the hands of his son John Riddle when Mr. Dobson returned from Australia, and both father and son were keeping themselves in touch with all the best mathematical talent of their time. To that celebrated resort of North-Countrymen Mr. Dobson naturally directed his steps, and entering into a public competition won an assistant mastership in the school, upon the duties of which he shortly afterwards entered. There he remained till he was appointed Head-master of the school frigate Conway, stationed in the Mersey. While discharging his duties in the Mersey, the event occurred which is recorded in the opening lines of this article. The chief post in the Grammar School of his

boyhood became vacant, and the governors elected him to fill it. For thirteen years he presided over the destinies of Hexham Grammar School, and assisted in many ways beside to promote the intellectual activities of his birthplace. In 1876 he received the appointment of Head-master of the Marine School at South Shields, founded by the benevolent Dr. Winterbottom, and in that capacity laboured till his sudden death from a paralytic seizure on the 8th of October, 1885.

Mr. Dobson was a contributor to the "Ladies' Diary" from his youth, and was on terms of intimacy with the leading mathematicians of his time—Sir George Airy, Woolhouse, Fenwick, Todhunter, and others. His researches into meteorology were thorough, and he was a pioneer in cyclonology, a subject which was but ill understood when he commenced to investigate it. While at Hexham he gained a prize of £20, given by the Marquis of Tweeddale, President of the Scottish Meteorological Society, for an essay on "Weather Prognostics" and their explanation; and at various meetings of the British Association and other learned bodies he read useful papers on these special subjects. The question of Magnetism in Iron Ships was also one to which he devoted much time and thought, and he invented a machine to illustrate the deviation of the compass in such vessels. His teaching gifts were special and his success in using them remarkable. Both at Hexham and at Shields he prepared youths for the universities, some of whom took high degrees, and many of the lads who passed through his hands as pupils in his various schools are now filling important positions on land and at sea.

Outside of his scholastic work, Mr. Dobson was an active and intelligent worker. Possessing a clear and energetic mind, with a rare capacity for patient labour, he was able to supplement the graver duties of his profession with some of those lighter accomplishments that give to the study of science needful change and recreation. One of these accomplishments was the collection and compilation of local history. Being a genuine Tynesider, he contributed to the local press interesting articles upon historical events in his native valley, some of which, gathered together in 1870, were published for the benefit of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Another of his recreations was angling, with which contemplative occupation he combined sketching and botanising.

The following is a list of the more important contributions which Mr. Dobson made to scientific literature:—

- On the Theory of Co-ordinates.—1845.
- On the Law of Storms, &c.—Royal Society, Tasmania, 1853.
- Australasian Cyclonology—8vo, Hobart Town, 1853.
- On the Relation between Coal Mine Explosions and Cyclones.—Brit. Assoc. Repts., 1855.
- On the Phenomena and Theory of Revolving Storms. (Four Lectures).—Newcastle Lit. and Phil. Society, 1855-1856.
- On the Causes of Great Inundations; The Balaclava Tempest, &c.—Brit. Assoc. Repts., 1856.

On the Changes in the Direction and Length of the Line of Cusps during a Solar Eclipse.—Royal Astr. Soc. Trans., 1857.

On the Hurricanes of the South Pacific Ocean (Three Parts).—Nautical Mag., 1859-60.

On the Relation between Atmospheric Perturbations and Explosions of Fire-damp in Coal Mines.—Liverpool Lit. and Phil. Soc., 1860.

On some Results of the "Royal Charter" Storm.—Liverpool Lit. and Phil. Soc., 1860.

Contributions to Nautical Science.—Liverpool Lit. and Phil. Soc., 1861.

On Explosions in British Coal Mines during 1859.—Brit. Assoc. Repts., 1861.

On a New Method of Investigating the Symmetrical Properties of Plane Triangles.—Brit. Assoc. Repts., 1861.

Contributions to Local History (Early Hist. Hexham; Lives of John Martin, William Hewson, Wm. Tynedale, and the Midfords; Treasure Trove; Hexham Riot; Hexham Monastery, &c.)—Herald Office, Hexham, 1870.

On the Mechanics of Engineering. (Twelve lectures.)—Newcastle Lit. and Phil. Soc., 1870-71.

Description of Apparatus (Deviascope) for illustrating the Deviation of the Compass in Iron Ships.—Nautical Mag., 1880.

Description of a Machine to show the Heeling Error of the Compass. Nautical Mag., 1883.

Note on the Correction of Soundings.—Nautical Mag., 1883.

The Rev. William Dodd, M.A.,

AN ENERGETIC CLERGYMAN.

William Dodd was the third son of the Rev. John Dodd, at one time Vicar of Wigton, and subsequently—from 1826 to 1840—Vicar of Newcastle. Born in Aspatria in 1804, he was educated at St. Bees School, and in due course entered Christ Church College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by diligent and faithful study. In the Mathematical Tripos he attained the position of twenty-fifth wrangler, and studied Hebrew and cognate languages with such success that he gained a first-class university scholarship, and won the Hebrew prize for an essay open to the competition of all who had taken the ordinary B.A. degree. Ordained priest by the Bishop of Durham on the 4th of October, 1829, he became curate of Whickham, until, in May, 1834, he was presented by his father to the living of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry Deer Griffith.

When Mr. Griffith died, an earnest effort was made by the leading parishioners of St. Andrew's to secure the living for his curate, the Rev. James Manisty. Vicar Dodd's refusal to comply with this request, and his appointment of his own son to the living, gave great offence—so great indeed that when the new minister entered the pulpit for the first time, the majority of the congregation rose and left the church. In a short time, however, Mr. Dodd's tact and evident sincerity disarmed opposition. The congregation discovered that their clergyman was a man of no ordinary ability, and gradually he gained their confidence. He became the recognised leader in the town of the Oxford movement—better known, perhaps, as Puseyism, or Tractarianism. Among the objects which the Puseyites set themselves to accomplish were the introduction of frequent, short, and hearty services, regular and systematic visitation of

parishioners, the building of new churches in overgrown parishes, and the institution of mission rooms in outlying districts. Animated by these impulses, Mr. Dodd opened St. Andrew's for evening service, started a mission in Brandling Village, and projected the erection of a new church in his wide-spreading parish. It was uphill work, for few persons in Newcastle sympathised with his Ecclesiastical proclivities; but at length, in 1843, he had the satisfaction of seeing the Church of St. Peter in Oxford Street rise from its foundations, and become, under the care of his curate, the Rev. C. A. Raines, the resort of increasing congregations.

In 1849, Mr. Dodd, whose health had been severely strained by his labours, accepted the quiet country living of Chillingham, where he enjoyed a period of comparative repose in the pure air of the Cheviots, away from the clamour and worry of Tyneside. He did not, however, thoroughly regain the health he had sacrificed in Newcastle. On the 8th of May, 1866, while on a visit to Nice, he ceased from his labours, and in the beautiful cemetery upon the hill overlooking the town he was buried.

Mr. Dodd published several sermons, and an interesting book on the schools and education given in Majorca and Minorca—*islands that he visited in search of health*. He was the recipient of two handsome testimonials from his friends in Newcastle—a *salver*, in March, 1840, and a *candelabrum* in September, 1849. At Chillingham, on the high ground opposite the village, facing the road from Chatton to Alnwick, a public drinking fountain of pretty architectural design, topped by a brass cross, has been erected to his memory. At St. Andrew's, Newcastle, the great east window, filled with stained glass by Mr. Dodd's friends and admirers, through whose varied tints the morning sun diffuses mellow light over the sanctuary at which for fifteen years he officiated, forms an appropriate souvenir of his name and his labours, his faith and his works.

Armorer Donkin,

LAWYER AND POLITICAL REFORMER.

He is the most prudent man who takes the world as he finds it; who relishes its comforts, reconciles its crosses, and expects happiness only in superior regions.—*Dr. Cotton*.

Forty years ago the profession of the law in Newcastle numbered among its members several men who were at the head of nearly every movement which had for its object the study of local antiquities, the advancement of useful knowledge, and the extension of political freedom. Not to mention lesser men, there were John Adamson, numismatist, conchologist, and Portuguese scholar; John Trotter Brockett, collector, book-hunter, and glossographer; John Fenwick, local biographer, genealogist, and Sunday school teacher; John Clayton, classical scholar, antiquary, and explorer of Roman remains; Ralph Park Philipson, Whig politician and municipal administrator; Armorer Donkin, the friend of Brougham

and the Hunts, and an earnest political reformer. The achievement of honourable fame in various departments of research and investigation outside of their profession seems to have been characteristic of Newcastle lawyers in the last generation—a feature peculiar to themselves, for it assuredly has not occurred in any other calling amongst us; and peculiar to their time, for one fails to observe it existing in the same proportion among their successors.

Armorer Donkin was the son of a timber merchant; a freeman of Newcastle, carrying on business, and living, at North Shields. From the tombstone of the family in the Priory churchyard, and the parish registers (kindly inspected by Mr. Horatio A. Adamson, town-clerk of Tynemouth, to whom, for this and many favours, the writer expresses his indebtedness), it appears that Armorer Donkin, senior, was twice married. His first wife Elizabeth died in 1772, and Armorer, junior, was the fruit of the second union. He was baptised at the parish church of Tynemouth on the 27th January, 1779, "son of Mr. Armorer and Mrs. Rachel Donkin of the Low Lights, Raff-Merchant." When he arrived at the proper age, he was articled to Mr. William Harrison, of Dockway Square, North Shields, attorney-at-law and vestry-clerk, and having served his time, he proceeded to London, where he became a clerk with Mr. Meggison, an eminent attorney in Hatton Garden. His abilities being of a superior order, Mr. Meggison, it is said, was desirous of retaining his services, but he had determined within himself that as soon as he had acquired sufficient experience in the metropolis he would return to his native county. His father died in 1798, aged 76, and his mother in 1801, aged 56, and shortly after his mother's decease he came back to the North, and commenced professional life on his own account in Newcastle. Business at first was not too plentiful, and having abundant leisure he entered upon a course of self-improvement in literature and science which in after years proved of great value to him. As one means to that end he joined the Literary and Philosophical Society, where the Rev. Wm. Turner was preparing to start upon that long course of lecturing which lasted without a break for thirty years. Into the educational work of that institution he entered with ardour, and was elected, in 1809, one of the junior secretaries—an office which he held till increasing business in his profession obliged him, five years later, to resign. At the Lit. and Phil. he formed numerous friendships and made acquaintance with members of the principal families in the town. Among the more intimate of the friends thus acquired was Mr. William Armstrong, corn merchant, a warm supporter of the institution, and a man of scholarly acquirements. Mr. Armstrong had come to Newcastle a comparative stranger from Cumberland, and was making his way to fortune; Mr. Donkin, with the aid of a partner, Mr. G. W. Stable, was

working in the same direction. Their tastes were similar; their political views harmonised; their aims were practically identical, and they became as brothers. When Mr. Armstrong's son, William George, arrived at the proper age to be trained for the battle of life, he was articled to Messrs. Donkin and Stable to learn the profession of an attorney. How this young man served out his time, became a partner in the firm, and left it to become an engineer; how he rose to be a great inventor, a benefactor to his native town, and, finally, to be ennobled by the title of Lord Armstrong, are matters of common knowledge.

Although when he started upon his professional career in the town Mr. Donkin was so much a stranger that, to use his own expression, he "hardly knew one person to speak to on Newcastle streets," his talents for business

supporter of the Reform movement, he was one of the twelve old members who were returned by the extended electorate, in 1836, to the new Town Council. At the first meeting of the reformed body he had the honour of being appointed an alderman.

As in municipal affairs, so in politics, Mr. Donkin was one of the party of progress. He was not, however, like Doubleday, Fife, or Attwood, an advanced reformer. His votes at Parliamentary elections show that he did not support men with Radical tendencies, for he voted against both Attwood and Aytoun, when they contested Newcastle. He was, in fact, like his friend Mr. Armstrong, a Liberal of the Whig school, with sympathies that undoubtedly broadened as time went on, but were never extended far in advance of his party.

Shortly before the elections of 1826 Mr. Donkin acquired a small property at Jesmond, by right of which, between the by-election in February and the great struggle of July, he obtained a county vote. Upon that property, which, as opportunity occurred, was extended into a spacious domain, he erected the mansion known to the present generation as Jesmond Park. In this suburban retreat he spent much of his time, occupying himself in the intervals of business with literary recreations, the formation of a library, and the reception of his friends. Being a bachelor, he was able to exercise a generous hospitality without derangement of his domestic affairs, and the entertainments which he gave to members of his social circle every Saturday were appreciated far and wide. Few strangers of eminence came to Newcastle without partaking of the hospitalities of Jesmond Park. Among his chosen friends were Baily the sculptor, Ramsay the painter, and that delightful essayist, Leigh Hunt. It is said that he contributed occasionally to Hunt's *London Journal*; it is certain that he contributed liberally to the editor's somewhat slender resources. In one of his *Journal* articles Hunt refers to invitations that it was not possible for him to accept, instancing a pressing call from Mr. Donkin (whose identity he veils under the initials "A. D."), and describing him as "one of the men we love best in the world." To him the versatile journalist dedicated a play, the "Legend of Florence" (published in 1840, and acted with some success at Covent Garden), stating that to his practical wisdom and generosity he was indebted for health and leisure to indulge in its composition. In the "Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," edited by his son, Thornton Hunt, the owner of Jesmond Park is noted as one of the friends who were "most generous in the manner, as well as the amount, of their sacrifices"; and a letter of his to the departed author is quoted in which appears "a formal debtor and creditor account, setting off against a sum of money advanced at a pinch, the same sum—By value received in full, per pleasure in reading Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*." All this, and much more, we read in a charming little book—



and unwearied application to their development soon won public confidence. In 1824, we find him acting with his friend Mr. Armstrong as a member of a committee appointed to inquire whether a railway or a canal was the most desirable means of effecting communication between Newcastle and Carlisle; in 1826 assisting to found the Newcastle and Gateshead Law Society, of which four years afterwards he became the President; in 1829 accepting the post of director of the Newcastle New Gas Company; and, later on, drawing up the prospectus of the Brandling Junction Railway.

Upon his return to the North, Mr. Donkin had taken up his freedom of the town and of the Hostmen's Company, and about the time that Municipal Reform became imminent, he was elected a member of the Common Council. Entering the Corporation as a

"Characteristics of Leigh Hunt"—from the facile pen of "Launcelot Cross," the *nom de plume* of our townsman Frank Carr.

Alderman Donkin retired from the active pursuit of his profession in 1847, and died on the 14th of October, 1851. A writer in the *Newcastle Chronicle* pays the following tribute to his memory:—

For thirty years he stood at the very head of his profession, conducting a large and varied practice; and his clients were not confined to this town and neighbourhood alone, but many of the principal families in the neighbouring counties confided their properties and their interests to his skill and protection. In personal appearance he was stout, and in his latter years somewhat corpulent. His head and face, though not handsome, were cast in a noble and massive mould; and a look of peculiar intelligence, mingled with good humour, and great self-possession, generally lighted up his countenance. A hearty joyousness, and desire to communicate the pleasure he felt, were the prevailing features of his address. The beautifully chiselled bust of him by Baily, the Royal Academician, and the admirable portrait, painted by his old friend Ramsay, will long preserve amongst those who knew him the remembrance of what he once was; but neither marble nor canvas can delineate that kindness of heart and inimitable sauvoy of manner for which he was singularly remarkable.

In the shaded enclosure known as the "East Mound" of Jesmond Cemetery, side by side, and identical in form, rise two granite monuments. Beneath one of them repose the remains of Alderman Donkin; beneath the other, placed there barely six years later, lie those of his friend and associate, Alderman Armstrong, father of Lord Armstrong.

Matthew Duane,

CONVEYANCER AND ANTIQUARY.

Local annalists are singularly reticent about the life and labours of the eminent lawyer and accomplished antiquary who bore the name of Matthew Duane. All that can be gathered concerning his career from the voluminous resources of local history may be briefly summed up in a statement that he was a member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, a trustee of the British Museum, and a most successful collector of rare coins and medals; that he married a Newcastle lady—Dorothy, daughter of Thomas Dawson, and granddaughter of Henry Peareth; that he had his chambers in the old home of the Peareths in Pilgrim Street (now the offices of the Newcastle Board of Guardians); and that he was buried in St. Nicholas' Church.

From other sources, however, we obtain an insight into the character and pursuits of this celebrated man. We learn that he was a polite scholar, a man of high culture, of acknowledged taste in painting and music, of European reputation as a medallist, and one of the most eminent conveyancers of his time. His collection of coins and medals was unequalled, being especially rich and valuable in specimens from Syria, Macedonia, and Phœnicia. To art and artists he was a most liberal patron. A number of his rarest coins he caused to be

engraved by Bartolozzi, and he also paid for several engravings of drawings by Giles Hussey, of whose work he was an ardent admirer. One of his friends, Louis Dutens, the eccentric rector of Elsdon, compiled an elaborate catalogue of his treasures, and wrote a quarto volume, which ran into a second edition, about his Phœnician medals.

In his practice as a conveyancer, Mr. Duane occupied a high position. He supplied the article "Common" for one of the editions of Matthew Bacon's "Abridgment of the Law," and edited "Reports of several cases argued and adjudged in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, by John Fitzgibbon." Lord Eldon was indebted to him for the opportunity of studying conveyancing free of charge when, poor and unknown, he was preparing for



Matthew Duane.

the bar. Writing to his brother Henry at Newcastle, in December, 1775, he states that his prospects of success had been greatly improved by Mr. Duane's generosity. Later in life his lordship expressed himself in equally complimentary terms respecting his old friend and tutor:—"I was for six months in the office of Mr. Duane, the conveyancer. He was a Roman Catholic—a most worthy and excellent man. The knowledge I acquired of conveyancing in his office was of infinite service to me during a long life in the Court of Chancery."

Lord Eldon was only one of many persons who owed acknowledgment to Mr. Duane for valuable services rendered during critical periods of their lives. James Macpherson, the historian, states that when he was busy with one of his books ("Original Papers, containing the Secret History of Great Britain from 1688 to 1714") the great conveyancer discovered and purchased for him

ten quarto volumes of papers relating to the House of Brunswick, which were of inestimable value. Thomas Bedingfeld, one of the minor local poets, owed to Mr. Duane an introduction to London practice as a conveyancer and chamber counsel when his religious principles (Roman Catholic) deprived him of the privilege of the English bar. No trouble was too great, no labour too long when Mr. Duane had the opportunity of serving a friend. Dr. Ducarel, writing on the 19th May, 1767, to M. Grente de Grecourt, at Rouen, in reply to some inquiries respecting judicial procedure in England, names him as the one man in the country capable and willing to impart the desired information. To Mr. Duane, also, Samuel Pegge, A.M., publishing in 1766 an essay on the coins of Cunobelin, addressed a special dissertation "On the Seat of the Coritani."

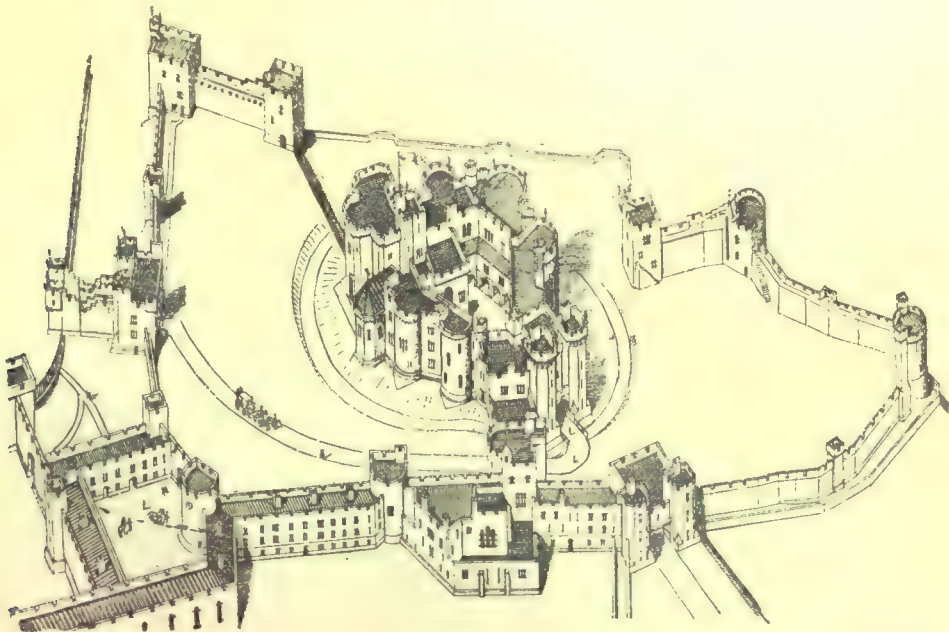
How much of his time Mr. Duane spent at his chambers in Newcastle, and how much of it in London, cannot be ascertained. He does not appear to have taken much interest in the public life of Tyneside, but that may be accounted for by the exacting nature of his profession and the absorbing occupations of his leisure. That he was partial to Newcastle seems probable from the fact that he purchased landed estate in the neighbourhood (262 acres at Wideopen, and 283 acres at Dinnington), and that he desired to be buried in St. Nicholas' Church, among his neighbours and his wife's kindred. To that great place of sepulture he was borne in February, 1785, having died suddenly a few days before in London, from a stroke of paralysis. In the south aisle of the church, on an entablature

crowned by a female figure leaning upon a funeral urn, visitors may read an affectionate tribute to his memory.

After his death, Mr. Duane's collection of coins and medals, &c., were sold by auction. He had parted with his cabinet of Syriac coins some time before to Dr. Hunter, who bequeathed them to the University of Glasgow. The fine series of plates engraved by Bartolozzi were purchased by Richard Gough, the historian and antiquary, who issued them to the public, in 1804, under the title of "Coins of the Seleucidæ, Kings of Syria; from the Establishment of their Reign under Seleucus Nicator, to the Determination of it under Antiochus Asiaticus: With Historical Memoirs of each Reign. Illustrated with twenty-four Plates of Coins from the Cabinet of the late Matthew Duane, F.R. and A.S., engraved by Bartolozzi." The principal part of his fortune, which was considerable, he settled upon his nephew, Michael Bray, also of Lincoln's Inn, subject to the jointure of his widow, who survived till the 11th of April, 1799.

Alnwick Castle.

IN the same way as the stirring though mournful cadences of Chevy Chase ever recur to the ear of North-Country folks with strange and strong appeal, every particular concerning the great stronghold of the ancient Percies on the south bank of the Alne, must have a special charm for us all; and although a few jottings have been given



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ALNWK CASTLE, BY F. R. WILSON.

concerning it from time to time in these pages, it is with pleasure an opportunity is now taken to survey the stately pile under more favourable circumstances.

A glance at the bird's-eye view of the Castle, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, will show that it consists of a mighty Keep formed by an irregular ring of towers, which adjoin each other and surround an inner court-yard: which Keep is placed almost in the centre of a wide and large enclosure encompassed by a curtain-wall, strengthened at intervals with towers and garrets. This vast area is divided into two portions by buildings which connect the Keep with offices and business departments beyond the eastern portion of the curtain-wall, or behind it; and there is, moreover, beyond the ancient walls, southwards, a large space occupied as a stable yard, with divisions containing a riding school and other conveniences. The ancient curtain-wall has two strong entrances. The first is the noble Barbican; the second is the Warder's Tower, or garden gateway, sometimes, too, called the Lion Gate House, by which access is given to and from the grounds and gardens; and there is, besides, a small sallyport opening out of the Postern Tower on to the green slope between the Castle and the river. Within the curtain-wall there are, also, two strong gateways to pass before the inner courtyard can be entered, the first being the Middle Gate House in the line of buildings connecting the Keep with the rooms and offices behind and along the wall above-mentioned, and the second, defended by two polygonal towers, at the entrance to this innermost space, which was once further guarded by a moat and draw-bridge. Bearing this contour in view, the strength of

the building as a fortress in the days of old will be perceived. The stones of the fabric give incontrovertible evidence that this was the original plan of the Castle as built by Eustace Fitz-John, in what is called, architecturally, the Norman period, and maintained and strengthened by Henry de Percy on his acquisition of the estate from Anthony Bek, in the third year of the reign of Edward the Second.

On approaching the Castle, the visitor's attention will be drawn to the stone figures of warriors on the Barbican and towers. These are life-sized, and are represented as hurling stones down on assailants, and in other ways resisting an attack. Two of the figures on the Octagon Tower are represented in the accompanying engravings. They were probably intended to confuse besiegers as to the number of the garrison; and that they, doubtless, had this effect was apparent during the progress of the great works commenced in 1854, when it was, occasionally, as in the dusk, for instance, difficult to distinguish them from living figures at the same elevation.

The Barbican is of great interest. It is about fifty-five feet in length and thirty-two in width. On its front, over the archway, is a panel charged with the Percy lion, below which is the Percy motto, "Esperance." It is boldly thrown out beyond the walls, and consists of an advanced court surrounded by battlemented walls wide enough to be manned, with two turrets at the western end and two towers at the inner or eastern end. There are seven of the figures mentioned upon it. (An eighth was blown down a short time ago.) In the days of old, an enemy would be deterred by outworks from approaching it so easily as we do now, and, probably, by a moat as well. Should a besieger have



ALNWICK CASTLE: THE BARBICAN.

succeeded in crossing the drawbridge and entering the court, he would have found himself between the portcullises in a trap, in which he could have been assailed on all sides from above with ropes of lighted flax, hot

lead, stones, or such other means of defence as were in use. On passing through the Barbican now it is impossible not to be impressed with its sombreness and gloomy grandeur.

All the more charming, however, is the first full sight of the noble Keep on emerging from it upon the enclosure or outer bailey. The grey and grand pile, not so wind-worn and wind-bleached as the masonry of the surrounding curtain-walls and towers, has an aspect of strength, repose, and endurance that is alto-

gether majestic. Its setting of bright green grass, and its surroundings of towers, garrets, embrasured parapets, and indications of the contrivances in vogue in old times, such as bolt-holes for shutters from merlon to merlon,

cross-bow slits, arrow slits, and the old stone steps to the tops of the walls, are full of attraction for us. We can only gaze upon the picturesque scene of departed chivalry and military prowess with admiration. Of all

the towers on the walls, perhaps the Constable's Tower, with its three entrances, one on each stage, its cusped windows, corbelled projection, the gabled turret of its newel staircase, leading to the roof, and outer stone stair from the ground to the middle storey, in which are kept the arms and accoutrements of the Percy tenantry, is the most captivating. And of all the garrets the one raised upon the portion of old Norman walling, incorporated with the Plantagenet masonry, is the most interesting. In the

view, on page 308, which is, like all the work of the artist, Orlando Jewitt, very carefully drawn, will be noticed the difference in the sizes of the stones used by the Norman and Plantagenet masons.



ALNWK CASTLE: THE WARDER'S TOWER.

Passing under the middle gateway the visitor sees before him the inner portion of the area encompassed by the Castle walls. Round a green grassy court passes the great wall with its towers at intervals on the one hand, and on the other stand two fine polygonal towers, which guard the gateway through which lies the road into the innermost court-yard, and which form part of the ring of towers of which the Keep is composed. The archway into the court-yard is a portion of the first old Norman castle, very massy and hoary, and very rich with Norman ornamentation on the inner face. In the course of the way through it is a door giving access to the underground dungeon in which prisoners were once secured. The arms on a line of shields ornamenting these polygonal towers show they were a part of the extensive works carried out by Henry de Percy on his acquisition of the Norman structure, for the purpose of strengthening it. Their details are shown but dimly in the moonlight view given.

Within the court is the ancient well, of which an illustration, taken from a photograph by Mr. W. N. Strangeways, is lent us by the Society of Antiquaries. And it is here, too, the chief additions made by Algernon, the fourth Duke of Northumberland, are most apparent. Projecting upon piers and corbels is a corridor following the curved line of the Keep, made for the purpose of giving convenient access to the State apartments; and abutting into the court-yards also is a fine double stone-groined porch, large enough to admit of carriages setting down their occupants under cover, both of which are portions of his well-planned improvements. The leading

feature, however, of this nobleman's additions is the portion of the Keep known as the Prudhoe Tower. Old prints show us the old sky-line of the Castle was low and level. The Prudhoe Tower was designed to break this low level line in a masterly manner, and it now rises in a central mass to an altitude of ninety-eight feet, with an effect that is extremely fine from whatever point of view it is seen. The sketch given, showing the Castle from the river, affords a fair realization of its "pride of height."

Before mentioning any details of the arrangements in the interior of the Keep, attention may be drawn to the view on page 310 of the saloon in the last century, which is reduced from a drawing made by Charlotte Florentia, Duchess of Northumberland, and for which we are also indebted to the Society of Antiquaries. It will give sufficient realization of the style of decoration removed by Duke Algernon in the course of the changes he effected in his ancestral home. It will be perceived that the ceiling has somewhat the same effect as that of King Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey; but, instead of being constructed and carved in stone like that masterpiece of Tudor splendour, it was made of light, frail plaster-work. When first completed, judging from the correspondence of the day, it was considered as elegant as similar work carried out at Strawberry Hill by Horace Walpole. The fashion that led to admiration for this kind of ornamentation, however, passed away in due time; and the great inconvenience of having to pass through one room to enter another calling imperatively for alterations, it



ALNWK CASTLE : THE KEEP.

was resolved, after much consideration and many consultations with authorities of weight, to re-model the interior, and substitute for these fragile adornments the artistic magnificence of Italian art in the Cinque-Cento period. There were, as many readers will remember, conflicting opinions expressed in the art-world as to the propriety of treating the Border fortress of the ancient Percies in the same way as Italian princes decorated their palaces, but in the end the duke carried out his resolution on a kingly scale.

Starting with the determination that simplicity should reign on the threshold, and richness gradually increase till it culminated in the state apartments and the boudoir of the Duchess, the walls of the entrance hall were made of plain masonry; those of an inner hall somewhat richer, being panelled; and those of the grand staircase still more so, being lined with choice marbles and granite. The ceilings were also equally gradually enriched. Ascending the staircase, each step of which is twelve feet long, and the landing stone twelve feet square (the feat of conveying this stone from Rothbury will be long remembered), a vestibule about thirty feet square is entered, which is paved with Venetian mosaic work, and decorated with a frieze painted by Herr Gotzenberg, with incidents from the poem of Chevy Chase. One side of it consists of an open arcade looking down upon the sumptuous staircase. From this vestibule depart corridors giving access to private apartments, and to the

chapel, and from it also an ante-room opens into the suite of state apartments. In these magnificent chambers all that art has to deal with—colour, form, and richness and fitness of materials—is dealt with in a superb manner. Whilst the mellowed hues employed are the same throughout them all, library, saloon, drawing-room and dining-room, variety is gained by predominating a different one over the rest in each apartment except in the matter of the carved work in the dining-room, which is left in the natural tint of the woods employed, pine-wood, cedar, and walnut. The chimney-pieces were wrought by Signori Nucci, Strazza and Taccalozzi, in Rome; the friezes painted by Signor Mantovani, who journeyed from Rome for the purpose; the ceilings carved by Signor Bulletti, accredited by Cardinal Antonelli as the best carver in Italy, assisted by a staff of about twenty-five carvers, under the superintendence of Mr. John Brown; the medallions of Duke Algernon and Duchess Eleanor, sculptured by Signor Macdonald in Rome; and the whole scheme was arranged by the lamented Signor Montiroli, and approved by the great Italian antiquary, the Commendatore Canina—artists not likely to be forgotten. And underlying all the artistic sumptuousness of the choice woods, the Bolognese damask hangings, the rich Indian carpets, the costly furniture, the delicate combinations of gold and colours, all the Cinque-Cento associations, and the Italian atmosphere created by the presence of the works of some of the most



ALNWK CASTLE : THE CONSTABLE'S TOWER.

famous of the old Italian masters (for Titian's work has an honoured place in the drawing-room, and there is



ALNWICK CASTLE: GARRET AND FRAGMENT OF
NORMAN MASONRY.

work from the hands of Giotto, Giorgione, Guido, Sebastiano del Piombi, Bellini, Caracci, Correggio, Poussin, Perugino, Raffaello, and Claude Lorraine, also, in these apartments), are the old belongings of the ancient Percies, the solid stalwart masonry of their vaulted cellars, their traditions, and the memory of their valour and piety.

The chapel is about forty-six feet long. Here the feeling in favour of English architecture for ecclesiastical purposes has prevailed. It is lighted by five narrow lancet windows, and covered with a high-pitched roof, and altogether, on the exterior, made to harmonize with the rest of the work of Mr. Salvin, the architect of the structural portion of the restorations, and with the

aspect of the ancient portions of the fabric, as far as may be. In the interior the walls are lined with Italian work in *pietra dura*. There is a gallery in it on a level with the state apartments for the occupation of the ducal family and guests; and it is seated on the ground floor for the use of the household.

The kitchen must be mentioned. It is ribbed, and groined in stone, and has a lofty "lantern" after the mediæval manner. Notwithstanding its antique character, it is furnished with every modern appliance, such as a hydraulic roasting jack and hydraulic lifts. It is also provided with every requisite in the way of larders, scullery, pantry, butteries, an office for the *chêf de cuisine*, marble slabs for coolness, hot tables for heat, vast ovens, and streams of running water, for the proper perfection of banquets. Below the kitchen and its adjuncts is a vast vaulted receptacle for coals, as well as boilers, gas-meters, and hydraulic engines.

It was characteristic of Duke Algernon to command that the first banquet prepared in these kitchens should be for the regalement of the 600 workmen who had assisted in the great works.

Altogether, there are about 400 apartments in the Castle. In the stable courts (the stables, with their bright order and cleanliness, are a sight apart) are many chambers for coachmen, grooms, and stable-men, and a large coach-house with an open-timbered roof, which also serves as a guest-hall upon occasions. There is, besides, a laundry replete with every convenience. Over and above all



ALNWICK CASTLE: THE WELL.

all that is required for a residence on so large a scale, such as ale and wine cellars, ice-house, a confectionery, servants' hall, steward's rooms, housekeeper's room, still room, plate room, and all that is requisite for the conduct of the business of the vast estate, such as offices for the commissioner, accountants, clerks, bailiffs, and clerk of works, there are various museums. These occupy some of the towers in the length of circumvallation. One is a fine Egyptian museum, containing relics that were for the most part collected by Duke Algernon in Egypt. Another, in the Sallyport Tower, consists of a collection of British, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and mediæval antiquities. The name of the Record Tower indicates its contents. And a geological collection was gathered together by the late Duchess Charlotte Florentia in the Abbot's Tower.

Taking a farewell look in the outer bailey at the silver-grey masonry, the grassy spaces fringing the paved paths and roads, the embattled walls, the cavernous gateways, the proud height of the Prudhoe Tower, we see the curious blending of antiquity with modern contrivances strikingly apparent in the contact of the Percy pennoncelle with the revolving wind-gauge that testifies to the velocity of the wind, and in connection with an anemometer records its pressure for reference in the luxurious library.

F. R. WILSON.

An American Poem on Alnwick Castle.

HITZ-GREENE HALLECK, an American poet of considerable repute in his own country, is the author of the following half-heroic, half-humorous verses on Alnwick Castle, which were written in October, 1822 :—

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial-place,
Their cradle, and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene,
As silently and sweetly still,
As when, at evening, on that hill,
While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side
His Katherine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruin'd pile;
Does not the succouring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,



ALNWICK CASTLE FROM THE RIVER ALN.

The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percy's proudest Border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch ;
Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
The music of the trump and drum ;
And babe, and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom ;
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long gone hours,
A Templar's knightly tomb.
He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,
Where the Cross was damped with his dying breath ;
Where blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here,
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
The Norman's curfew bell.

I wandered through the lofty halls
Trode by the Percy of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high, historic name.
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons ;
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A Major of Dragoons.

That last half stanza—it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank note world, is gone ;
And Alnwick's but a market town,
And this, alas ! its market day,
And beasts and Borderers throng the way ;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boers, and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line ;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy.
Ours are the days of fact, not fable.
Of Knights, but not of the Round Table,
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy ;



ALNWK CASTLE : THE SALOON.

'Tis what our President, Munro,
Has called "the era of good feeling."
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle stealing.
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings;
And noble name, and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal band
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come; to-day the turbaned Turk
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart,
Sleep on, nor from your cerements start)
Is England's friend and fast ally:
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And on the Cross's altar stone,
And Christendom looks tamely on,
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
And sees the Christian father die;
And not a sabre blow is given,
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state.
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving men
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chamber-maid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke nature's aristocracy;
And one, half-groom, half-seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon keep to turret wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

Blagdon Gates.

BLAGDON HALL, the seat of Sir Matthew White Ridley, now member of Parliament for the Blackpool Division of Lancashire, stands on the west side of the great North Road, about nine miles from Newcastle and five miles from Morpeth. It was built by Matthew Ridley, a Newcastle merchant, in the early part of the eighteenth century. In 1826 and 1830 additions were made and porticos added from designs by Bonomi. The south portico has its intercolumniation closed with a screen of stained glass, beautifully enriched with classical figures by Mr. John Gibson, of Newcastle. The hall contains, together with many valuable pictures, a large collection of marble and bronze statues by J. G. Lough, purchased by the late Sir Matthew White Ridley, who was a patron of the sculptor. The pleasure grounds and gardens are tastefully laid out, and are ornamented with a small lake. (See vol. i., p. 287.) In the grounds is preserved the ancient Cale Cross, which once stood at the foot of the Side in Newcastle (see vol. iii., p. 314), and the portcullis of the Newgate. The lodge gates, surmounted with finely-sculptured white bulls, have, as may be seen from our engraving, a stately

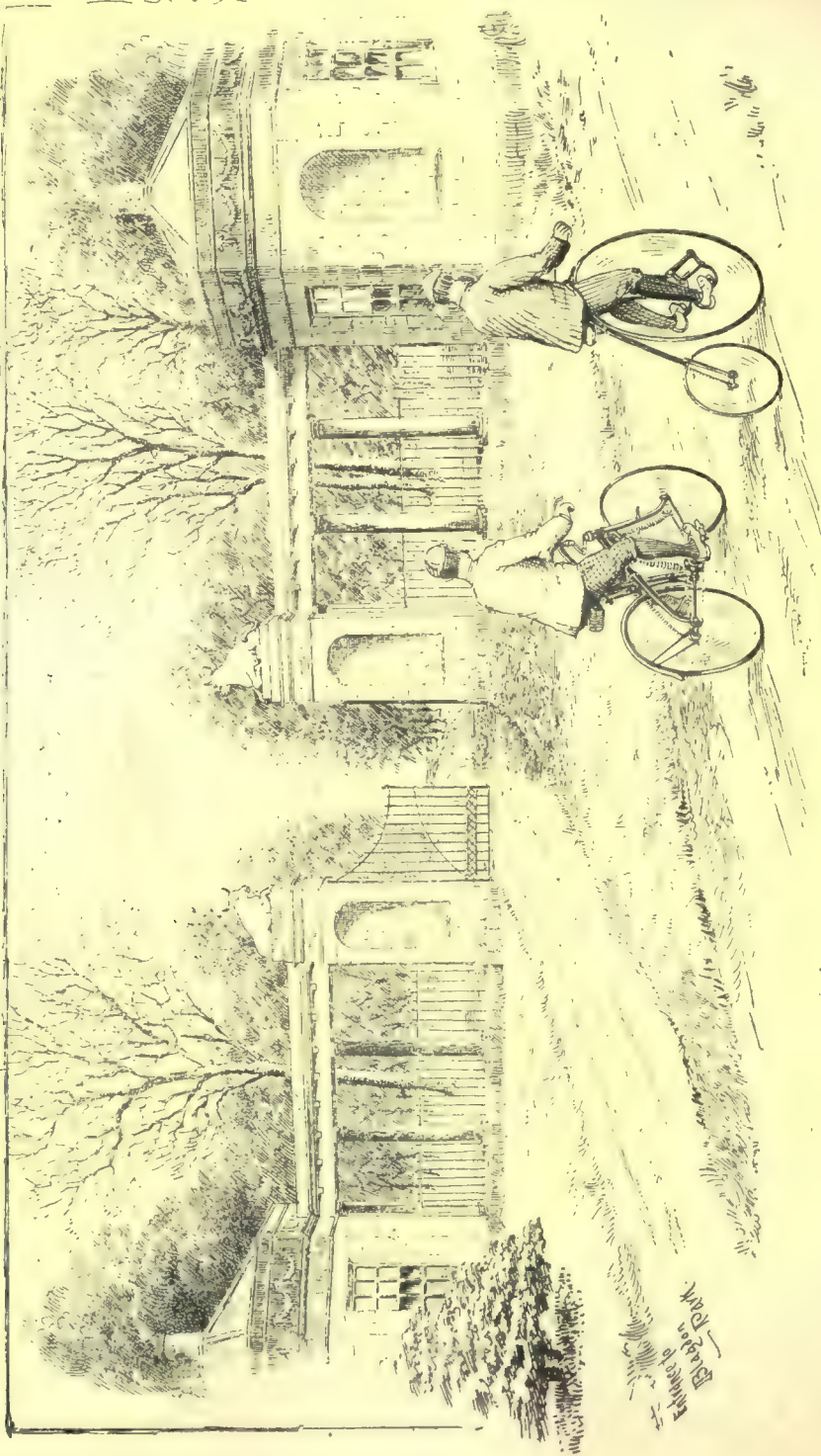
appearance. The manor of Blagdon, formerly Blakedene, was held of the barony of Morpeth by John de Plessis in the time of Henry III. In 1567 it belonged to the Fenwicks, who, after disposing of Little Harle, had their residence here until they sold it to the Whites. On the marriage of Elizabeth, eldest daughter and at length heiress of Matthew White, November 18, 1842, the estate passed into the possession of the Ridleys, whose ancient seat was Hardriding, near Haltwhistle. A celebrated member of the family was Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who suffered martyrdom in the time of Queen Mary.

Kirkley Hall and Obelisk.

KIRKLEY HALL is situated on the river Blyth, two-and-a-half miles north by west from Ponteland. Over the door of a lodge at the entrance to the park are the arms of the Ogles. The two stone pillars of the gateway are crowned, the one with an antelope's head, the other with a bull's head. The mansion is a handsome square building, commanding extensive and picturesque views.

From Mr. Tomlinson's "Guide to Northumberland" we gather that Kirkley manor was held by the family of Eure in the reign of Edward II., by annually presenting a barbed arrow at the manor court. The lands of Sir John de Eure were seized by the Crown in the reign of Edward III., because his father, John de Eure, had aided the Scots in the preceding reign; but they were afterwards restored to the family. Sir Ralph de Eure was Lord Warden of the East Marches in the reign of Henry VIII., and his power and authority were such that during the whole term of his government he was able to maintain peace and order in a district often exposed to the ravages of the Scots. It was this Sir Ralph who burnt the town of Jedworth in 1544, and who, re-entering Scotland with 4,000 men in 1545, was slain at Halidon Hill. Sir Ralph is accused of great barbarity in the course of his invasion—such barbarity, in fact, that the memory of it inspired a woman known in legend as Fair Maiden Lilliard to lead a victorious attack on the English forces. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 245.) Sir William de Eure, son of Sir Ralph, was raised to the peerage in the same reign. Kirkley became the seat of a branch of the noble family of Ogle in the reign of James I. Here was born Sir Chaloner Ogle, admiral and commander-in-chief of the fleet, who, when in command of the Swallow man-of-war, captured the squadron of Roberts, the famous pirate, on the coast of Africa, 5th February, 1722.

An obelisk in Kirkley Park, erected by Dean Ogle in 1788 (anno centesimo), commemorates the landing of





William III. in 1688. It stands out prominently at the crown of a grassy knoll, overlooking the mansion and the surrounding country. The inscription upon it is as follows :—

Vindictæ Libertatis Publicæ
Anno Centesimo
Salutis MDCLXXXVIII.
Newton Ogle
— — P.

The Strange Robbery at Kirkley Hall.

KIRKLEY HALL was the scene of a mysterious robbery in the early years of the present century. Particulars of the affair are given in an eighteenpenny pamphlet, printed by J. Mitchell, at the *Tyne Mercury* Office, Newcastle, which bears the following title:—“Trial of James Charlton, at the Northumberland Assizes, held on the 29th of August, 1810, before Sir Robert Graham, Knight, one of the Barons of His Majesty’s Court of Exchequer, at the prosecution of Michael Aynsley, the elder, on the charge of robbing Kirkley Hall, on the 3rd of April, 1809, and feloniously stealing therefrom the sum of £1,157 13s. 6d., the property of Nathanael Ogle, Esq.”

Mr. Aynsley, the prosecutor, was land-steward to Mr. Ogle. Having received that gentleman’s half-yearly

rents on Easter Monday, the 3rd of April, 1809, he deposited the money, amounting to the sum stated on the title-page of the pamphlet, in a closet in the office of Kirkley Hall. The money was amissing next morning, having been stolen during the night; and from the circumstances developed in the investigation of the case it appeared evident that the robbery must have been committed by some one well acquainted with the house and with the place where Mr. Aynsley had deposited the cash.

Suspicion soon fell upon James Charlton, who had for more than four years lived at Kirkley Hall, in the capacity of hind, during the time of the last proprietor, Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester, and who had, therefore, a good knowledge of the whole place, and particularly of the steward’s office, as he had been in the habit of getting his accounts settled in that room.

Charlton, who up to this time had borne the character of an honest, industrious man, worked occasionally at St. Crispin’s gentle craft, but was only an indifferent shoemaker, not having begun the trade till late in life. At the period of the robbery he was a labourer “at his own hand,” doing odd jobs for the farmers round about, contracting to harvest corn for so much per boll, and cobbling shoes between whiles. He lived at a place called Milburn, about two and a half miles from Kirkley Hall.

The office broken into was a place where a stranger would have been completely at fault. For there were



two closets or presses in it, exactly alike outside, one of which contained a chest or safe for valuables, and the other a bed, the image and counterpart of the safe until it was turned down. In the first closet there was a concealed well, where anything could be stowed away out of sight, the well being covered with a tightly-fitting shutter. There was, moreover, a writing desk with locked drawers in the room, as likely a place to keep money in as either of the closets. It was a fair inference that the burglar, whoever he was, must have been some person thoroughly familiar with these particulars. Now Charlton had often seen the press open, and as often seen Mr. Aynsley both put money into the well and take it out. But others had witnessed the same thing, and some of these persons were likewise suspected. One of them was a man named Clifford, living at Kirkley; another a horsebreaker of the same surname, residing at Morpeth. Against neither of these, however, was more than a bare hint of possible guilt or complicity ever brought.

Charlton had the misfortune to have been all his life steeped to the lips in poverty. He was therefore more likely to be tempted to steal, as Agur the son of Jakeh was afraid he might be. By an untoward condemnatory coincidence, too, he became flush of money, all of a sudden, the day after the robbery. For, on the afternoon of Easter Tuesday, 1809, when he went into a public-house at Ponteland, kept by a man named Barny Shotton, the people who were drinking there were surprised to see him with money in both pockets—a thing most unusual with him. One of the company, Robert Wilson, keeper of the neighbouring turnpike-gate, happened to have a bill against him from Mr. James Sillick, leather-cutter, Newcastle, for £6 14s. 4½d. for leather, which had stood a long time over, and which Charlton had always pleaded inability to pay, even in instalments of ten shillings at a time. On that Easter Tuesday, however, Charlton said he would treat Wilson and the rest of the company to a crown bowl of punch. But Wilson observed that *thrashing* must be better than *shoemaking*, and Charlton swore by his Maker that it was. Then, putting his hand in his breeches pocket, he pulled out some gold, and said "Seest thou!" Afterwards, tapping Wilson on the shoulder to follow him to the other side of the room, he told him he was going to settle Sillick's bill, and that not by instalments, but altogether—which, on the Saturday, four days afterwards, he did. Margery Harbottle, whose husband kept a shop at Ponteland, and sold groceries, meal, and flour, received 13s. 5d. from Charlton on the same day, in payment of goods got some time the winter before. Richard Reed, miller, Ponteland, also had his bill, which had been owing near twelve months, honourably settled. On Saturday, the 8th of April, Charlton paid Sarah Kyle, of Ponteland, £3, which he had owed her fourteen months. On the same day, at Newcastle, he paid Edward Challoner, butcher, Morpeth, £2 1s. 6d., which had been

due about three years, and which the man had despaired of getting. Several other persons, in whose company Charlton had been during the Easter week, stated that he was then in possession of what seemed a good sum of money, in bank notes, gold, and silver, the gold being a guinea, a half-guinea, and several seven-shilling pieces. In one place, where there happened to be some people playing at cards, he wanted to bet a guinea on one man's hand, for which he was told he was only making a fool of himself, as he certainly could not afford to lose such a sum: whereupon he said he had plenty of money, and pulled a handful of gold out of one pocket, and a handful of silver out of another.

These facts becoming known, Charlton was apprehended on the 17th of May, at the instance of Mr. Aynsley; and the local magistrates, after hearing what they deemed sufficient evidence, committed him for trial at the forthcoming assizes.

Before proceeding further, it will be best to give some particulars concerning the robbery.

Mr. Ogle, the proprietor, did not reside at Kirkley Hall, his usual place of abode being somewhere about Southampton. He only came to the North occasionally for a short time in summer. The old mansion was therefore left in charge of the servants. Mr. Aynsley, the steward, then 75 years of age, lived at Newham, three miles off, and was a man of some property, having a small estate of his own at Matfen, worth a little better than a hundred a year. The money stolen was made up as follows:—A bundle of five and ten pound notes, together amounting to £1,020, a five guinea note, 126 one pound notes, one guinea in gold, a half-guinea in gold, six seven-shilling pieces in gold, and £1 14s. in silver. All this was enclosed in a canvas bag, and deposited in the well above mentioned, a place where, as Mr. Aynsley remarked to the housekeeper, "the devil himself could not find it," though he afterwards denied that he had said this.

In consequence of receiving an intimation that the mansion-house had been broken into, Mr. Aynsley went next morning thither. Arriving at Kirkley Hall before eight in the morning, he went into the office to examine the press, and found that the outer door had been forced open, the drawers pulled out, and the books and papers thrown upon the floor. Three panes of glass were broken in one of the windows in the servants' hall. These windows were two in number; one of them had been fastened overnight, the other not; but the window which was fastened was the one broken. It had been fastened with a nail, which had been pulled out and was found lying on the floor. The broken glass was mostly inside. The sash had been thrown up with violence. There had also been violence offered to the door leading out of the servants' hall, by which alone access could be got to the office.

As soon as the news reached Mr. Ogle, he sent down

a Bow Street officer, named Lavender, to inquire into the particulars; and immediately after that inquiry, the results of which were not made public, he dismissed Aynsley from his service. The steward was greatly blamed for leaving the money in the office, and he was told that his employer would certainly look to him for it; but he pleaded Mr. Ogle's own written instructions in exoneration, as well as the fact that cash had often been deposited there, when access could not be had to another place, called "the stronghold," of which Mr. Ogle had the key at the time; so that, unless he had carried the rents home with him, which he did not consider safe, he had no alternative but to deposit the cash where he did.

Whoever the guilty person was, his mind must have been soon alarmed; for, on the following Saturday morning, one of the female domestics, named Dorothy Hodgson, a steady woman who had been in Mr. Ogle's service twelve years, having got up at six o'clock to go to one Matthew Smith's, who lived in a plantation near the hall, observed a parcel lying close beside a door in the shrubbery, and brought it home, fancying it had something to do with the robbery. And so it actually had. Dorothy, sick with excitement, fainted away on arriving in the house. The parcel was found to contain bank notes amounting to £510. The place where it was picked up was close to the public road, and a person on horseback could easily have dropped it there, without getting off his horse. Mr. Aynsley, it turned out, had gone to Newcastle that morning by way of Kirkley, though it was a mile or two out of his direct route, and part of it a very bad road. Only the day before, moreover, Dorothy had had some conversation with him about the robbery, when he said to her, "Keep a sharp look-out, Dolly; perhaps the money will come back." And the next day (Sunday) after that on which the kitchen-maid had picked up the parcel, Mr. Aynsley repeated these words, or terms to the same effect, to the gardener, emphasizing the word *all*—"all the money." When afterwards questioned about this, he explained that his reason for saying so was that it was too large a sum for any person to conceal. However this may have been, on Monday, the day following, another paper parcel was found, again near the shrubbery door, with £485 in it. But the remainder (£162) never came up. The bag which had contained the money was returned to Mr. Aynsley empty, on Tuesday, the 4th of August, by a woman of the name of Rachael Hall, who found it on the west area of the house, not far from the garden.

These are the main facts.

At the Assizes, in 1809, the bill presented against Charlton was thrown out by the grand jury, and the fact was immediately communicated to him by one of the turnkeys, Ralph Sprunston, who told him through a grating in the keep of the old Castle at Newcastle, then

used as a place of temporary detention during the Assize week, and known as the Castle Garth Prison, that Mr. Blake, the gaoler, would very soon come and take off his irons. In Charlton's ignorance, he confounded the rejection of the bill with an acquittal by a common jury; and in the confidence of his good fortune he confessed to a fellow-prisoner, one William Taylerson, that he was the thief. Becoming subsequently wiser, he would fain have bribed his confidant by the sum of eighteen-pence! But Taylerson repeated the conversation, and it came to the ears of the gaoler, who took steps to secure the re-arrest of Charlton; and meanwhile a pardon was got for the informant, who had been sentenced to death at the same Assizes for burglary and horse-stealing, and who was thus restored to competency as a witness.

The Assizes were at that time held only once in the year (August) at Newcastle and in Northumberland; and a new bill could not be preferred until 1810. It was then returned by the grand jury as true. The judges on this occasion were Sir Allan Chambre and Sir Robert Graham, and it was before the latter that Charlton was tried. Mr. Topping, for the prosecution, addressed the jury, detailing the facts as summarised above, and then called as witnesses Michael Aynsley, Dorothy Hodgson, Jane Pybus, Rachael Hall, Samuel Davidson, Robert Wilson, Elizabeth Sillick, John Phillips, Margery Harbottle, Matthew Mackie, Robert Reed, Sarah Kyle, Edward Challoner, and William Taylerson. The examination was conducted by Mr. Topping and Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, who had that year for the first time assumed the position of a leader in the circuit, though, while still a junior counsel, he had acquired the epithet of "verdict-getter," owing to his tact in managing juries. The counsel for the defence were Messrs. Raine, Bullock, and Losh, who cross-examined the witnesses with great ability. The solicitor for the prosecution was Mr. P. Fenwick; for the prisoner, Mr. Matthew Forster.

Taylerson's evidence was to the effect that, on the forenoon of the day on which the bill against Charlton was thrown out, they, being together in the same cell, got into casual conversation. Taylerson having mentioned that he came from Stockton-upon-Tees, Charlton said his wife came from the same place, and so they became acquainted. He did not talk about his own case in the morning, but after Sprunston had delivered his message he said he was very happy he had not gone before my lord, as he feared his own conscience would have condemned him. Taylerson replied, "Why need your conscience condemn you, so long as you are clear?" Charlton replied that there were more than sixty witnesses against him, but added, "If I had known as much as I know now, I should not have given up a halfpenny of the money." "Were you, then," said Taylerson, "guilty of breaking the house?" Charlton confessed he was, stating the amount of money he had taken, explaining

how he knew it was there, and summing up by saying he knew the house as well as if he had been born and bred in it. He entered it in the dead hour of the night, carrying a dark pocket lantern. He tried many doors and windows before he could get in, but at length his wife entered by a broken pane in the window and admitted him. He had not much difficulty in finding the money, but had many books and papers to turn over before he came to it. He said he had been examined four times, and would not have been committed the fifth time if his story had agreed with his brother's relating to some money the latter was alleged to have lent him. He added, however, that if he and his brother had gone to the bar, their stories would now have agreed, as they had had many conversations with his attorney. That gentleman had often asked him to confess, but he was determined not to do so. None of the notes were backed, and he was not much afraid of being detected; there was one five-pound note only of which he was afraid, which he had paid to a woman in Newcastle for leather, and which was torn; it had been inquired about among all the farmers in the rounds, so that it might be brought against him, and he was afraid the woman would be brought forward to identify it. He went on to say that he got up on the Saturday after the robbery between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning, went to Kirkley Hall, and flung some of the money on to the garden walk. He then proceeded on his journey to Newcastle, and met the steward on the road; but, to avoid confronting him face to face, he got over the hedge and hid himself till Aynsley had passed.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, he said he was innocent, but left himself entirely in the hands of his counsel. Mr. John Wilson, of Morpeth, a confidential friend of Mr. Ogle's, proved that he had found fault with Mr. Aynsley for putting the money in such an insecure place. Then William Hannington, bricklayer, who had been working at Milburn Hall during Easter, 1809, swore that he saw Charlton on the night of Easter Monday in his own house between 8 and 10 o'clock, and next morning again, about 4 o'clock, coming out of his room, with a skeel under his arm, going to get water. He owned, when cross-examined, that he had been at Ponteland at a dance that night, and that he had had a good deal of drink. Robert Dickson, David Taylor, William Howison, and Andrew Murray, masons, who all lodged in the same house with Charlton, had heard no noise during the night of the robbery, and did not think any person could have gone out and come in without their hearing him. They could hear noises distinctly from the prisoner's room, but did not hear any that night. If there had been any noise, a terrier dog, which was in the house, would have been sure to rouse them. Robert Dees, alehouse-keeper, who lived at Newham Edge, a mile from Newham, where Mr. Aynsley resided, and about two miles from Kirkley,

deposed that on the Saturday after the robbery he had some conversation with Aynsley on the subject. It began on that gentleman's side, for, said the cautious Boniface, "it would not have been decent, after the stories I had heard, for me to have begun it." He remembered perfectly Mr. Aynsley saying that the greatest part (or all) of the money would come back. Mr. Thomas Gillespy, farmer, Haindykes, said Charlton had been his barnman, got his victuals in the house, always behaved well, and made a good deal of money.

William Charlton, the prisoner's brother, deposed that he lent him ten pounds a fortnight or three weeks before Easter, in small notes; he also lent him ten pounds more, in a five-pound note and five small notes, in Easter week. This witness had previously told several different stories, both as to the days on which the money was lent, and the currency in which it was paid; but he now tried to explain the contradictions by saying: "I was never before a magistrate before, and Mr. Clennell threatened me so much that I did not know what I was saying or doing, and might then give a different account, and even swear to it." "Mr. Fenwick put the questions to me, and said, if I did not sign the paper, they would send my brother to prison immediately, and I was so frightened that I signed it."

The prisoner had gone to his work as usual on the day after the robbery. So swore Joseph Emmerson, whose shop fronted the barn at Haindykes.

A man named William Oliver, who was in confinement at the same time with Taylerson, remembered having some talk with him in Morpeth Gaol about Charlton, three weeks or thereabouts after the previous assizes. Taylerson said Charlton had got discharged without a bill being found, and "the odd money" had fetched him through his troubles, but he (Taylerson) would gain his own liberty by fetching him in again. Oliver made answer to him, "Would you, for the value of your liberty, hang another man?" "Yes," said he, "liberty is sweet." "So," rejoined Oliver, "for your liberty you would hang a man?" "Yes," repeated he, "I would hang a man for my liberty."

At the close of the evidence, Sir Robert Graham, the judge, summed up the evidence, commenting on it as he proceeded. This occupied him at least three hours, and he finished his charge to the jury about 1 o'clock in the morning. The jury then retired, and, after a consultation of five minutes, brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

When the verdict was pronounced, Charlton gave a convulsive sigh, and exclaimed, in a low tone, "Dear me!" But that was all. He had been perfectly composed while the trial was going on, and he was equally unmoved when called up some hours afterwards to receive sentence.

His lordship remarked that, if the prisoner was guilty of the crime, as the jury had found him to be, his case

was attended with considerable aggravation, from the nature of the strong circumstantial evidence which had been adduced in his favour. The whole trial, indeed, presented such an immense variety of evidence, that it required men of no ordinary talent to weigh the circumstances with due consideration, in order to obtain a complete development of the case. After a full and fair investigation, however, the jury had pronounced a verdict of guilty, and it only then became his imperious duty to pass that sentence which the law enjoined as the penalty for such offences. He thought it necessary, however, to observe that a variety of circumstances, favourable to the prisoner, had transpired which the more he considered led him to think there was still a mystery about the whole case that he could neither unravel nor understand. These favourable circumstances, said his lordship, would necessarily have the effect of postponing the execution of the sentence till the case should be submitted to the consideration of his gracious Majesty. Sentence of death was then passed in the usual form.

Four prisoners in all were cast for death at these assizes. But, before the judges left Newcastle, they were pleased to reprieve all who had been sentenced to be hanged, except John Bowman, a horse-stealer, who was left for execution, but who also was afterwards reprieved.

The sentence on James Charlton was commuted to some penalty short of death; but we find no record of the particulars, and what became of him ultimately does not seem to be known.

At the request of several respectable persons, who felt for Charlton's distresses and those of his family, a subscription was opened for the purpose of defraying the expense of an application for his Majesty's pardon, and also for the support of his family—a wife and four helpless young children. Subscriptions were received by E. Humble and Son, booksellers, Newcastle; but as to the precise amount raised, or the way in which the money was spent, it would perhaps be impossible at this distance of time to discover.

And who it was that really robbed Kirkley Hall is still a mystery, and will most likely ever remain so.

oaths he soon after determined to disregard. It is said he secretly fomented the disunion between the nobles and the inferior orders of the people, so that the business in the Diet came to a deadlock. Having thus prepared the ground, Gustavus effected, in a manner similar to that afterwards adopted by Napoleon the Third, the complete overthrow of the Constitution.

It was on the 19th of August, 1772, that the Swedish *coup d'état* was accomplished. Massing in and around Stockholm a great array of officers and soldiers in whom he could place reliance, Gustavus seized the absolute power he coveted, and that without shedding so much as a single drop of blood. All the members of the Senate who were obnoxious to him were, however, made prisoners. A new Constitution was proclaimed, and an assembly of the States invoked. The new Diet accordingly met on the 21st of August, but the hall in which the members assembled was surrounded by troops, while loaded cannon were planted in the streets commanding it. Seated on his throne and protected by his guards, Gustavus, after addressing a speech to the Diet, ordered a secretary to read the new form of government offered for its acceptance. This new form of government made the king absolute master of all the powers of the State. The members of the Diet, knowing that they were at the mercy of an armed force, thought it prudent to comply at once with what was required of them. The marshals, acting for the nobles, and the speakers of the inferior orders, acting for their respective constituents, accordingly signed the Constitution in due form.

The system which was established in this arbitrary fashion lasted for twenty years. Gustavus is alleged to have exercised his despotic power with creditable moderation. Under his "firm but wholesome rule," we are told, Swedish industry, commerce, credit, and political influence revived. The abilities he displayed in the course of a war which was waged in Finland against Russia in the autumn of 1788, helped to consolidate his authority. But great discontent was aroused against him four years later when he announced that he had matured a plan of coalition between Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, against Revolutionary France. Discontent took the form of conspiracy. Seeing no chance of relief through the ordinary processes of agitation, since Gustavus was absolute master of the State, the conspirators, most of whom were members of the aristocracy, entered into a scheme for removing the king himself.

Repeated warnings, it seems, had been sent to Gustavus of the danger which threatened him. One of these warnings reached his Majesty on the 16th of March, 1792, when he was about to attend a ball at the Opera House. Disregarding the information he had received, the king entered the ball-room, whereupon he was instantly surrounded by a crowd of maskers in black dresses, one of whom lodged the contents of a pistol in his left hip. The king immediately removed his own

The Assassination of Gustavus of Sweden.



USTAVUS THE THIRD ascended the throne of Sweden in 1772. The king, who was then in his 25th year, solemnly swore at his coronation that he would support the government of the kingdom as then established; that he would maintain the rights and liberties of the States, consisting of the four orders, nobles, clergy, citizens, and peasants; and that he would reign over his subjects with gentleness and equity, according to the laws. But these

mask, asked his master of the horse to take him back to his apartment, and a fortnight later expired of his wounds.

Terrible was the punishment that befel the assassin and his accomplices. As soon as the fatal shot had been fired in the Opera House, an officer of the guards ordered all the doors and gates to be shut. Two pistols were found in the hall, the one lately discharged and the other loaded with points and heads of nails. There was also found a large carving knife, sharpened on both edges, and full of hacks, rendering a wound from it the more dangerous. It was ascertained that these weapons had belonged to Johann Jakob Ankarstroem, who had formerly been a captain in the Swedish service, and who was known to be violently opposed to the measures taken by the king to curtail the power of the nobles. Ankarstroem was arrested, confessed his guilt, and, when threatened with torture, implicated some of his accomplices, among them Count Horn, Count Ribbing, Baron Ehrensward, Baron Bjelke, and Major Hartmanstroff. It transpired at the trial that the principal conspirators had drawn lots to determine which of them should assassinate the king, and that the duty of discharging this dreadful office had fallen to Count Ankarstroem. Several of the conspirators were condemned to death, accompanied by barbarous and degrading circumstances. Ankarstroem himself was conducted to the Knight's Hall Market, fastened by an iron collar upon a scaffold for two hours, and afterwards tied to a stake and whipped with a rod of five lashes. The punishment inflicted on the first day was repeated on the two following days—first at the Haymarket, and then at the Market of Adolphus Frederic. A few days later his right hand was chopped off by the executioner, who subsequently beheaded him, and then divided his body into four quarters, which were hung up at different parts of the city, there to remain until they rotted away. Four of the other prisoners were treated in much the same manner. It is stated, however, that Ankarstroem, instead of being executed in the way just described, was fixed alive to a gibbet in the Market Place, where he was compelled to remain till he died of starvation.

But what has all this to do with North-Country lore and legend? Well, one of the officers of the Swedish guards who was on duty at the Opera House when Gustavus was assassinated, and who was afterwards present with his regiment when Ankarstroem was barbarously punished, became in later years a well-known resident of Newcastle. Of this gentleman, of Major Thain (his father), and of Lord Dundonald, the father of the celebrated Lord Cochrane, some reminiscences were supplied to the *Weekly Chronicle* in 1876 by the late Mr. John Theodore Hoyle, then coroner for Newcastle. Mr. Hoyle prefixed to these reminiscences the following statement:—"You may place implicit reliance on the memorandum I have drawn up, for I had

every word of it from Major Thain (the father) himself." We now subjoin Mr. Hoyle's narrative:—

About the year 1800, the Lord Dundonald of that day paid great attention to, and was well acquainted with, chemistry, and studied it with the view of its application to arts and manufactures. About that time he resided at Scotswood, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in a respectable brick house there, facing the river, and not far from the place where the well-known Kitty's Drift, which was made for the underground waggon-way from Kenton, discharged itself on to the Tyne. He had a small manufactory near there, which was more for experimental purposes than anything else.

A gentleman, who afterwards became well known on the Tyne, connected with chemical works, resided for some period with Lord Dundonald. This gentleman's name was James Thain, and his father resided for some time in Wales, and his will is proved there.

Mr. Thain's career was a remarkable one. In early life he was an officer in the Swedish Guards, and was on duty at the opera at Stockholm the night Gustavus was shot by Count Ankarstroem, and was afterwards present with a guard of his regiment when Ankarstroem, after he had been tried and condemned to death, was affixed alive to a gibbet in the Market Place at Stockholm, and allowed to remain there till he died of starvation.

We then find Mr. Thain at Scotswood, where, after devoting himself for some time to learning chemistry, he became an officer in the Northumberland Militia, where he attained the rank of major, and for some years accompanied the regiment to various parts of England and Ireland.

Mr. Thain had a son and daughter. The son became an ensign in the same militia, and obtained his commission in the Line by getting the requisite number of Northumbrians to volunteer with him into the regulars. He accompanied his regiment, and was present at the storming of Bergen-op-Zoom, and he was also present at Waterloo; and at the end of the war he was quartered with it at Sunderland and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was much in society in the North of England, and was highly esteemed. The sabre he wore at Waterloo is now in possession of the writer's family.

In the summer of 1839 he went out to the East Indies as aide-de-camp to General Elphinstone, who had been his colonel when in the 33rd Regiment, and was killed, as appears by all the narratives of the Afghan war, at the retreat through the Cabul Pass, from which there were only two survivors of all the Europeans who attempted to make their escape by that means.

Major Thain, the father, was for many years the superintending manager of the Walker Alkali Works when belonging to the Losh family. He passed the latter part of his life in Newcastle, and translated "Frithiof" and other poems from the Swedish, and died about 1837 or 1838 at his lodgings in Brunswick Place. He was buried in St. Andrew's Churchyard. The writer was much with him for ten or twelve years, and was greatly indebted to him in the direction of his studies.

The Tyne-mouth Volunteer Life Brigade.

IT is needless to remind those who, twenty-five years ago, witnessed scenes of shipwreck and death at the mouth of the Tyne, of the motives and feelings that induced a party of compassionate gentlemen to band themselves together just after the lamentable wreck of the steamship Stanley, to obtain a knowledge of the use of the rocket apparatus, and thus be enabled to render efficient assist-

ance to the coastguard in their praiseworthy, but often powerless, efforts to save life. Of the original members—one hundred and forty—only fifteen yet remain who are able and willing to work and muster for duty in stormy weather. It is gratifying to find, however, that, as from various causes the original members have fallen away, their places have been filled by young and active men, and the work which the brigade seek to accomplish seems likely to go on so long as gallant ships sail the seas and men's lives are in jeopardy. The philanthropic work is one of the most popular institutions in the borough of Tynemouth. All along the coast similar brigades have been established, but Tynemouth was the first to unfurl the flag of humanity to our seafarers. The loss of life previously had been appalling, as may readily be conceived when it is placed on record that at one time no fewer than thirty vessels were to be seen ashore at the mouth of the Tyne as the result of a single gale.

Mr. John Morrison would appear to have been the first, through the medium of the press, to put suggestions for the benefit of our seafaring community into tangible form. He at once found willing coadjutors in Mr. John Foster Spence and the late Mr. Joseph Spence, two most estimable Quaker gentlemen, who took kindly to the scheme, expressing the opinion that "this was a sort of volunteering which even they might encourage." Public meetings followed, and in the end, as the result of the agitation, Mr. J. F. Spence, under date November 30, 1864, intimated in the local newspapers that names of intending volunteer life-brigadesmen would be received by Mr. Kilgour, Custom House; Mr. Greenhow, Shipping Office; Mr. Messent, Tyne Piers Office; Mr. John Morrison, 54, Front Street, Tynemouth; and Mr. George Hewitt, police superintendent, North Shields. Mr. Joseph Spence was appointed treasurer (a position which he filled with indefatigable energy and

much credit up to the time of his regrettable death, which occurred at Tynemouth on December 17, 1889, after an honoured and active public life extending over seventy years); Mr. J. F. Spence was appointed secretary, and the first committee con-



Mr John Morrison.

sisted of Messrs. James Gilbert, James Blackburn, Edward Fry, John Morrison, James Hindmarsh, H. A. Adamson, Joseph Menzies, Stanley Kewney, Michael Detchon, Thomas Taylor, and the Rev. H. S. Hicks. A



FIRING THE ROCKET.

code of rules was drawn up, and submitted to the Board of Trade by Mr. John Morrison, and that authority instructed Captain Robertson, R.N., inspecting commander of the district, to take the matter up. From this time Alderman John Foster Spence conducted all the correspondence with the Board of Trade, whilst Mr.



Alderman John Foster Spence.

John Morrison carried on an active and successful canvass for members. The code of rules was soon afterwards approved by the Board of Trade, who, indeed, thought them so admirable that even to the present day they are annually printed and circulated in all the Life Saving Apparatus Reports of the Board as a guide to similar bodies.

For long the members of the brigade experienced much difficulty in successfully carrying on their work, owing to the want of knowledge regarding the apparatus among the crews of stranded vessels; but this difficulty has



COMING ASHORE IN BREECHES BUOY.

since been met by the "instruction boards" which are now placed on all vessels by the Board of Trade.

Our portrait of Mr. J. F. Spence is copied from an oil painting by Mr. F. S. Ogilvie, of North Shields, while that of Mr. John Morrison is reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Auty and Ruddock, of Tynemouth.

The other sketches which accompany this article show how the rocket apparatus is worked. When the apparatus—which is transported in a waggon specially provided for the purpose—has arrived at the scene of action and is got into position, a rocket, with a thin line attached, is fired over the wreck. This line is secured by the crew on board, who, at a given signal, make fast a block to the highest secure part of the wreck. Another signal is then made, and the coastguard, by means of an endless line, haul off a hawser, which is made fast on board about eighteen inches above the block. If the wreck is stationary, and circumstances permit, the shore end of the hawser is passed over a crutch, and set taut with a tackle, which is generally hooked into an anchor buried in the beach for the purpose. A breeches-buoy, which travels suspended from the hawser, is then hauled backwards and forwards between the vessel and the shore until all the passengers and crew are landed, the persons to be saved sitting in the buoy with legs thrust through the breeches.

Whitefield in the North.



GEORGE WHITEFIELD, the fellow-labourer of Wesley, was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable preachers England ever produced. From a memorandum book in which he recorded the times and places of his ministerial labours, it appears that from the period of his ordination to that of his death, which was thirty-four years, he had preached upwards of eighteen thousand sermons. He had a fine, clear, audible voice, and such a distinct articulation that it is said he could be heard nearly a mile off. On one occasion, at Cambuslang, in Lanarkshire, he preached to between thirty and forty thousand people, of whom three thousand afterwards sat down at the Lord's table. In Moorfields, London, and on Kensington Common, he frequently preached to twenty thousand people. Benjamin Franklin, who was present at one of his great gatherings in America, calculated that he could be heard by thirty thousand at once. He preached almost by preference in the open air. On such a place as Newcastle Moor he was far more at home than in a church, chapel, or meeting house. The rude coal-miners flocked to hear him wherever he went, at Bristol, Kingswood, Cardiff, Wallsall, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Cambuslang, or Dunfermline. The effect of his fervid eloquence was magical. Five persons are said to

have been driven mad by one sermon with fear and excitement; and it was jocularly remarked as to his rhetorical power, that if he only pronounced the word "Mesopotamia," it was almost enough to make a sensitive soul cry! His success as a popular preacher, however, was due, not to his talents, which were mediocre, nor to his learning, which was small, nor to his worldly knowledge or prudence, which were far inferior to Wesley's, but to the earnestness of his faith, the fluency and ready strength of his homely speech, the singularly sonorous and expressive tone of his voice, and the vehemence and impetuosity of his nature.

One of Whitefield's most famous missionary journeys was that which he made to Scotland in 1741. He went thither on the invitation of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine (whose father, Henry, was imprisoned at Newcastle in 1685). The two brothers flourish in ecclesiastical history as leaders of the first great secession from the Church of Scotland; but, comparatively liberal-minded men as they were, Whitefield's notions were too catholic for them; for he was as ready to preach in an Established Church as to a seceding congregation, and more ready still to preach in the open air. Nine of the seceding ministers met in a sort of synod at Ralph Erskine's house to set the Southern stranger right about Church Government and the Solemn League and Covenant. Whitefield bluntly told them that they might save themselves the trouble, for he had no scruples either about the one or the other. They begged that he would preach only for them till he had got further light. "And why only for you?" said he. "Because," replied Ralph Erskine, "we are the Lord's people." "Are there no other Lord's people but yourselves?" inquired Whitefield: "if not, they are the devil's people, and so have all the more need to be preached to. For my part," continued he, "all places are alike to me, and if the Pope himself would lend me his pulpit, I would gladly preach in it the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." The ministers contended that the Presbyterian form of Church Government was of divine institution, and all others human inventions. Whitefield, laying his hand on his heart, said, "I do not find it here." Whereupon Alexander Moncrieff replied, as he rapped the Bible that lay on the table, "But I find it here." Finding their guest incorrigible, they had no alternative but to leave him to his own devices, which accordingly they did.

On his second visit to Scotland he found the Associate Presbytery still full of wrath. Even the Erskines were unfriendly. One reverend gentleman, named Gib, went the length of preaching a sermon at Bristo, then a suburb of Edinburgh, to warn his flock "against countenancing the ministrations of Mr. George Whitefield." In this discourse, which was immediately afterwards printed, Mr. Gib denounced the "latitudinarian" Englishman as one of the false Christs of whom Christ forewarned the Church. When a revival broke out among the

coal-miners in Lanarkshire, the seceders convened a Presbytery meeting, which appointed a fast "for the diabolical delusion, which had seized the people." Nor was the dislike to Whitefield's bold preaching confined to this new sect. The Cameronians, too, called him "the most latitudinarian prelate priest that ever essayed to expand and unite into one almost all sorts and sizes of sects and heresies whatsoever with orthodox Christians." He had come to the North, they averred, "to pervert the truth, subvert the people, and make gain to himself by making merchandise of his pretended ministry." They expressly protested, testified, and declared against the delusion of Satan at Cambuslang and other places, and against "all the managers, aiders, assisters, countenancers, and encouragers of the same."

Whitefield's visits to Scotland were both by sea, and the return southwards by land through Carlisle. His first visit to Newcastle was in August, 1749. On his way thither from Leeds he met Charles Wesley going South. They had not seen each other for a good while, and there had never been anything like cordial union between Whitefield and the Wesleys since the time when the doctrinal split took place between them on the knotty subject of Calvinism *versus* Arminianism. On this occasion, however, they embraced each other as friends, and Charles Wesley, turning his horse's head round, came back immediately to Newcastle to introduce Mr. Whitefield to the Methodist body there, which was already numerous. "Honest George," as he was familiarly called, preached for several days in the Orphan House in Northumberland Street, and never, we are told, was he "more blessed or better satisfied." "Whole troops of the Dissenters he mowed down," Charles Wesley wrote. "The world was confounded," he went on to say. Here, as at Leeds and other places in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, through which "Brother Charles" and "Honest George" rode in company, we are told the Established and Dissenting clergy were very angry, and "their churches and chapels echoed with the thunder of their displeasure."

On their way south from Newcastle, Whitefield and Charles Wesley visited their little flock in Sheffield, who were "as sheep in the midst of wolves," the ministers having so stirred up the people that they were ready to tear them in pieces. "Hell was moved from beneath" to oppose the Methodist preachers. "The whole army of the aliens" followed them. As there were no magistrates in Sheffield, which was then a small town of ten thousand inhabitants, every man did as seemed good in his own eyes. "Satan now put it into their hearts to pull down the Society House." And they set to their work while the Methodists were singing and praising God. Charles Wesley says he could compare them to nothing but the men of Sodom, or those coming out of the tombs exceeding fierce. They pressed hard to break open the door. Charles would have gone out to them, but the brethren

would not suffer him. The mob laboured all night, and by morning had pulled down one end of the house. Before long they had not left one stone upon another. At length some one came and read the Riot Act, and the mob dispersed. Whitefield afterwards preached to these sons of Belial, "and some of them were convinced by him, some converted and added to the Church, and the remainder mostly silenced."

Whitefield's third visit to Scotland was more to his satisfaction. He was much better received than before. Larger congregations than ever waited on his word. Ralph Erskine and he met, and shook hands. The pamphleteers were quiet. And many of his enemies were glad to be at peace with him. "I shall have reason to bless God for ever," says he, "for this last visit to Scotland."

In the summer of 1752, he went on a preaching tour through the provinces. His progress through the North of England was "a sublime march." From Sheffield he wrote that since he left Newcastle he had sometimes scarce known whether he was in heaven or on earth. "As he swept along from time to time, thousands and thousands flocked twice and thrice a day to hear the Word of Life. A gale of Divine influence everywhere attended it." He continued his work until he reached Northampton, where he took coach for London.

It was to be expected that one who eclipsed the best actors of the day in grace of action and naturalness of expression, and who, at the same time, assailed theatre-going with unsparing severity, would be attacked in turn. In Glasgow he warned his hearers to avoid the playhouse, which was then only the wooden booth of some strolling players, and represented to them the pernicious influence of theatres upon religion and morality. About the same time—we know not whether in consequence of Whitefield's remarks—the proprietor of the booth ordered his workmen to take it down. This simple affair was thus reported in a Newcastle journal when he had got as far south as that town:—"By a letter from Edinburgh we are informed that, on the 2nd instant, Mr. Whitefield, the itinerant, being at Glasgow, and preaching to a numerous audience near the playhouse lately built, he inflamed the mob so much against it, that they ran directly from before him and pulled it down to the ground. Several of the rioters are since taken up and committed to gaol." Rumour was a sad exaggerator and distorter of fact in those days.

Whitefield, now an old grey-haired man, paid his farewell visit to the North in the summer of 1768. The congregations he drew were as large and attentive as those which he addressed twenty-seven years before, when he was called a goodly youth by his friends and an imp of the devil by his enemies.

The Captured Prelate.



AFTER the defeat of the English at Bannockburn, the North of England was exposed to repeated inroads by the Scots, who pillaged, burnt, and destroyed everything in their way. Famine naturally followed in the track of war, and the Marches of the two kingdoms were reduced to a state of desolation such as had not been seen since the days of William the Conqueror. Prisoners, we are told, devoured each other in the gaols, and mothers hid their children, as at the Siege of Samaria under Ahab, lest they should furnish a repast equally horrid. The greater part of the sheep, cattle, and horses died of murrain. The arable land lay fallow. A dreadful plague carried off tens of thousands of the people. Many fled to inaccessible places beyond the enemy's reach, and maintained themselves there by brigandage, preying equally on Scots and English. In the midst of these calamities, the Prince-Bishop of Durham, Richard Kellow, died, and the see became the object of contention among various claimants.

Four competitors for the vacant see appeared, and each of them was supported by powerful interests. The Earl of Lancaster recommended his chaplain, John de Kinardslee; the Earl of Hereford brought forward John Walwayne, a doctor of civil law; the King (Edward II.) recommended Thomas Charleton, also a civilian, and keeper of the royal signet; and the Queen (Isabella) supported the interest of her kinsman, Lewis Beaumont, who claimed to be a descendant of the royal families of France and Sicily, and could, at least, trace back his genealogy as far as Humbert I., who lived in 1080.

The election was fixed for the feast of St. Leonard (November 6th), and the monks of Durham, who, during the sort of anarchy that prevailed, were bent on vindicating their independence of every secular or lay power, determined to choose a man to their own mind, and fixed, accordingly, upon Henry de Stamford, the venerable prior of Finchale, a man recommended only by the mild dignity of age and of virtue.

On the election day, the Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Pembroke waited within the church during the whole time the conclave sat; Henry Beaumont, a brave and successful soldier, well-known on the Borders, was also there to support the interests of his brother; and some of the savage nobility of the County Palatine threatened, in the spirit of a Front de Bœuf, "if a monk was elected, to split his shaven crown." The monks, however, bravely maintained their equanimity, though surrounded on every side by violence and intrigue; and it was announced in the course of the afternoon that their unanimous choice had fallen on Henry de

Stamford, to the bitter chagrin of the imperious but divided nobles.

The King, who was at York, would have confirmed the choice of the convent and admitted the bishop-elect, who had been canonically and honourably chosen; but the Queen fell on her knees before him, saying, "My liege, I never yet asked anything for my kindred. If you bear me affection, grant me that my cousin, Lewis de Bellemonte, be Bishop of Durham." Overcome by this petition, which the fair adulteress well knew how to fortify by hypocritical arts, the King refused his confirmation, and sent letters to Pope John XXII. in favour of Lewis, for whom the King of France, the Eldest Son of the Church, also used his influence.

Despairing of justice at home, Stamford, with three companions, undertook a painful journey across the Appenines; but the royal letters far outstripped the tedious footsteps of age and infirmity, and Stamford, on his arrival at Rome, found that the Pope had already, at the joint request of the Kings of England and France, irrevocably bestowed the See of Durham on his powerful rival. As, however, he had documents to show that he had been duly chosen by the monks, and as nothing could be justly said against him, his Holiness gave him a grant of the priory of Durham, on the next vacancy, by way of compensation for the lost bishopric. But the poor old man did not live to reap any benefit therefrom. Exhausted with the fatigue of the voyage and the vexation of mind he had undergone, he only managed to reach the cell of Stamford, where he had formerly lived; and there he remained till a general decline brought on his dissolution, which took place on the day of St. Gregory, 1320. Robert Graystones, the historian of Durham, says a light was seen descending from heaven, like the rays of the sun, upon his tomb.

Lewis Beaumont, having been consecrated at Westminster, proposed to have himself installed at Durham on the festival of St. Cuthbert, in September, 1318. He accordingly began his progress to the North, attended by a numerous and splendid retinue. Two Roman cardinals, Gancelinus and Lucas, who were on their way to Scotland on a pacific embassy to King Robert Bruce, accompanied him northwards, and his brother Henry, with a small troop of gallant friends, formed what was deemed a sufficient escort.

At Darlington the bishop was met by a messenger from the convent to warn him that the road was in possession of marauders; but the high rank and sacred dignity of Lewis and his companions seemed to place danger at defiance, and the friendly notice was treated with neglect or suspicion. But a few hours verified the prediction that the party would be attacked. At the Rushy Ford, about midway betwixt the small villages of Wottouen or Woodham and Fery or Ferry Hill, the road crosses a sluggish and swamp-girt rivulet, in a low and sequestered

spot, well calculated for ambush, surprise, and prevention of escape. There a desperate band anxiously waited the arrival of their prey, and the bishop and his companions had no sooner reached the ford than they were enveloped in a cloud of light horsemen, under the command of Gilbert Middleton, a Northumbrian gentleman whom the necessities of the times had driven to adopt the lawless life of a freebooter. The Churchmen, having been taken at a disadvantage, while picking their way through the miry bog, unsuspecting of danger near, could make but a slight show of resistance to the onslaught, and were soon dismounted and secured. The whole party were then rifled, after which Middleton directed their horses to be restored to the two cardinals, and suffered them to proceed on their journey to Durham. Arrived there, their influence was successfully used in exciting the liberality of the monks, so as to raise money enough to ransom the captured prelate, who was meanwhile carried off, along with his brother, across a tract of sixty miles, through the heart of Durham and Northumberland, to the castle of Mitford.

The bishop himself, scion of royalty though he was, had not the wherewithal to redeem his own and his brother's liberty; for Pope John had made him pay so large a sum to the Holy See, before he would consent to his consecration, that he was never able entirely to discharge the debt in which it involved him. Middleton compelled the monks of Durham to lay down so large a ransom that the prior was forced to sell the plate and jewels of the Church in order to raise a part of it. For the rest, they were thankful to be allowed to give security—an exceedingly hard fate, considering that they did not want to have anything to do with Lewis de Bellemonte, who was more of a fine gentleman of the period than a learned and devout clerk.

Beaumont seems to have remained in durance vile from the month of September till the following May, on the 4th of which month he obtained possession of his temporalities. But these, alas! were woefully reduced; for only a short time before (anno 1317) two hundred men habited like friars had plundered, according to Stowe, the palaces of the Bishop of Durham, leaving nothing in them but bare walls. For this sacrilegious outrage the ringleaders were afterwards hanged at York, but that was a poor compensation indeed to St. Cuthbert's successor for the time being.

Of the bishop's temporary prison, Mitford Castle, Middleton was, says Graystones, the keeper only, not the proprietor. He was an unscrupulous freebooter or moss-trooper. He did many injuries to the priory of Tyne, mouth and other sacred places, no locality within reach being exempt from his ravages. At length he was taken and the castle dismantled by Ralph Lord Greystoke and others. Middleton was carried to London and there executed, but Lord Greystoke was soon after poisoned at Gateshead by some of his confederates. The entire

barony of Mitford was then the property of Adomer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, one of the three earls who were present in Durham on the day of the bishop's election to overawe the monks; and nothing is more likely than that Middleton had his cue from him to pounce on Beaumont on his journey north. But Middleton is also said to have had an incentive in some fancied slight to a kinsman of his, Adam de Swinburn, whom the King had, it seems, used harshly in some business regarding the Marches.

On account of his ignorance of the Latin tongue the new bishop made a despicable figure at his consecration while trying to read the papal bull, which he had been taught to spell for several preceding days, but could not, after all, utter intelligibly. When he came to the word *metropolitano* he scratched his head over it for some time, and at last cried out, "Let us suppose it read" (in his mother-tongue, *seit pur dite*). Then, reading to the word *enigmaté*, he could proceed no further, but with a vacant grin, which was intended to express facetiousness, he exclaimed in Norman French, "By St. Lewis, it is not courteous that this word is written here."

It was the duty of the prince-bishop, in consideration of his palatine rights, to raise, marshal, and lead the fencibles of the country, in case of invasion by the Scots. But, during the early part of Bishop Beaumont's reign, the northern enemy made an irruption into the district, laid great part of it in ashes, and penetrated to within twenty miles of York. King Edward II. reproached Beaumont for his supineness, but the prelate had his own irons in the fire. He was engaged in a dispute with the Archbishop of York concerning the right of visitation in Allertonshire, which involved, of course, revenue as well as dignity; and instead of husbanding his forces to resist foreign invasion, he preferred being on the alert to oppose his metropolitan whenever he came into the disputed district to maintain his alleged right and collect his dues. The King's reproaches, therefore, fell upon deaf ears, and Edward was too weak to force the haughty prelate to make any real amends. Indeed, during the whole fifteen years while Beaumont held the see, he was more occupied in providing for his own relations than in promoting those higher interests of which he was theoretically the guardian. On the accession of Edward III., he claimed in Parliament the restitution of the churches of Barnard Castle and Hartlepool, which had fallen into lay hands during the long troubles; but though he obtained a mandate for that purpose, these places were not surrendered to him. The King was well enough pleased to keep the lord bishop within moderate bounds, particularly as his whole conduct was rather that of a bold baron than a humble priest. Beaumont's ingratitude to the monks who had redeemed him from captivity was displayed by the most capricious exercise of power and the most childish expressions of enmity.

Do nothing for me," he said, "as I do nothing for you.

Pray for my death, for whilst I live you shall have no favour from me." He was only prevented by his council from seizing a large portion of their possessions. In short, his folly was equalled by his rapacity on the one hand and his prodigality on the other.

Contemporary historians tell us that "his person, being lame, was undignified." He died at Brentingham, in the diocese of York, in the month of September, 1333, and was buried before the high altar under the steps in Durham Cathedral. Over him was placed a large marble slab, whereon was his effigy engraven in brass in his episcopal habit, and round him the portraits of the twelve apostles. The slab bore several inscriptions, the first of which was his epitaph in very barbarous Latin. The latter part may be thus translated: "Stop, passenger, and consider how great a man this was, how worthy of heaven, how just, pious, and benign, how bountiful and cheerful, and what a foe to all misers."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

SAIR FEYL'D, HINNY.



OF the ballad "Sair Feyl'd, Hanny," Sir Cuthbert Sharp, in his "Bishoprick Garland," remarks:—"This song is far North: it is admitted into Bell's 'Northern Bards,' and may possibly belong to the bishoprick, where it is well-known." Whatever doubts might have been entertained as to the birthplace of the song, there can be none respecting the music, which is a well-known Northumbrian melody often met with in old local manuscript music books, and sometimes also entitled "Ma Cannie Hanny."

Our venerable townsman, Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce, when introducing this quaint old song in his lectures on Northumbrian Ballads, speaks pathetically of it and its relation to human life. "Autumn," says he, "with all its fruitfulness, is depressing: it has as much beauty perhaps as spring, but it has none of its gaiety. And, with reference to human life, however sweet 'the fields beyond the swelling flood' may appear, the three score years and ten bring solemn thoughts with them. One of the painful incidents of advanced life is that the friends of our youth have nearly all left us; and we cannot at that period form new ones. There is something natural, therefore, and highly poetical, in the old man in his solitary musings pouring out his soul to the scarred but well-known form of the oak tree, as though it, at least, was a friend of his youth that had not left him."

The melody has been beautifully harmonized by Dr.

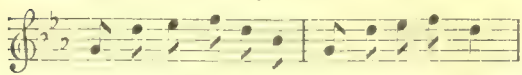
Armes, organist of Durham Cathedral, and was a great favourite when sung at Dr. Bruce's Lectures on Northumbrian Ballads.



Sair feyl'd, hin - ny, Sair feyl'd now,

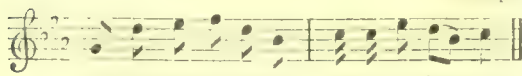


Sair feyl'd, hin - ny, Sin'aw ken'd thou.



Aw was young and lusty, Aw was fair and clear;

Da Capo.



Aw was young and lusty Mony a lang year.

Sair feyl'd, hinny,
Sair feyl'd now;
Sair feyl'd hinny,
Sin'aw ken'd thou.

Aw was young and lusty,
Aw was fair and clear;
Aw was young and lusty
Mony a lang year.

Sair feyl'd, hinny, &c.

When aw was young and lusty

Aw cud lowp a dyke;
But now aw'm awd an' stiff
Aw can hardy step a syke.

Sair feyl'd, hinny, &c.

When aw was five an' twenty

Aw was brave an' bauld;

Now at five an' sixty
Aw'm byeth stiff an' cauld.

Sair feyl'd, hinny, &c.

Thus said the awd man

To the oak tree;

Sair feyl'd is aw

Sin'aw ken'd thee.

Sair feyl'd, hinny, &c.

"The Old Highlander," North Shields.

THERE has lately been removed from a position in which he has held watch and ward for half-a-century past over the ever-changing vicissitudes of the low-town portion of North Shields the figure represented in our sketch, familiarly known far and wide as the "Old Highlander." Many, many years ago, when Spencer's tobacco was known from John o'Groat's to Land's End, the figure was bought by the head of the firm, and placed in the shop in front of the manufactory at the bottom of the Wooden Bridge Bank, North Shields. It was bought at an old curiosity shop in London. The "Old Highlander" is perhaps one of the best examples of the wood carver's art to be found in many a long day's march. His life-like appearance never failed to attract

the attention of the many thousands who, in his heyday, thronged the locality which his noble presence graced, until he became almost as familiar a landmark as his ancient neighbour the "Wooden Dolly" herself. (See *ante*, page 161.) There he stood, complacently gazing with undisturbed serenity upon the rolling tide of human affairs for over half a century; the "mull" in one hand, and the forefinger and thumb of the other poised elegantly on its upward course to the delicate aquiline nose it never reached. Standing, as he did, at a corner that abutted right upon the most crowded thoroughfare in the town, the "Old Highlander" was frequently made the subject of practical joking. "The way to Tyne-mouth, hinny? Aye; gan alang till ye cum tiv a Heelander at a corner; he'll mebbe ax ye te tyek a snuff wiv him; if he dis, divvent refuse. an' he'll put ye reet for Tyne-mouth." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the joke "came off." Mr. Elsdon, who succeeded the Spencers in the tobacco trade, has removed the "Old Highlander" to his premises in Charlotte Street, where, after an eventful career in the low part, he now looks so hearty and fresh in the higher and more salubrious part of North Shields, that, as Mr. Elsdon, his custodian, puts it, "It will take money to buy him."



The First Public Concerts in Newcastle.

IT is to Charles Avison—whose tombstone in St. Andrew's Churchyard has just been restored with befitting ceremony—that the people of Newcastle are indebted for the first public concerts held in the town. In 1736 a party of gentlemen in Newcastle established a series of subscription concerts, under the leadership of Mr. Avison, who had recently been appointed organist of St. Nicholas'. They were held in the Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market, commencing soon after Michaelmas, and were continued during the winter. In 1737 there was a concert on the Wednesday

of the Race Week, and again on the Wednesday of the Assize Week, the latter for the benefit of Mr. Avison, besides which the subscription concerts were repeated on the plan of the previous year. In 1738 Mr. Avison had again a benefit concert in the Assize Week, and in that year he took upon himself the sole liability of the subscription concerts. The hour of commencing, which had previously been 9 p.m., was changed to 6. The subscription was 10s. 6d. for a ticket which admitted one gentleman or two ladies to the whole series. Admission to the concerts in the Race and Assize Weeks cost 2s. 6d. each person. The following year the concerts were conducted with increased success. On the 29th of November "there was a grand performance of three celebrated pieces of vocal and instrumental music, viz.:— 'To Arms' and 'Britons, Strike Home,' the oratorio of 'Saul,' and the 'Masque of Acis.' There were twenty-six instrumental performers and the proper number of voices from Durham. There were the greatest audiences that ever were known on a like occasion in Newcastle." The concerts continued under the management of Mr. Avison till his death in 1770, and were afterwards under that of his son Edward. The latter died in 1776, and was succeeded as organist of St. Nicholas', and also as conductor of the concerts, by Mr. Mathias Hawdon. In 1783 Mr. Ebdon, of Durham, was associated in the concerts with Mr. Hawdon. In 1786 Messrs. Ebdon and Meredith occur as conductors. The latter had been for several years the principal vocal performer at these concerts. In 1790 Messrs. Charles Avison and Hawdon were joint conductors. In 1796 a grand musical festival was organized by Messrs. Meredith and Thompson, at which three oratorios were performed in St. Nicholas' Church, and concerts were given in the evening at the theatre. Mr. Thomas Thompson, the organist of St. Nicholas', the son of one of the conductors, continued the subscription concerts till 1813, when they ceased, after having been carried on for nearly ninety years from their first establishment by Mr. Avison. They were originally held in the Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market, but occasionally, when that room was otherwise engaged, in the Free Grammar School. After the building of the Assembly Rooms in Westgate Street, they were transferred thither, being held on a few occasions in the long room at the Turk's Head. After the establishment of Avison's concerts, musical performances were occasionally given by other parties, but none of an earlier date, nor, indeed, for some years after the commencement of his. These occasional concerts were generally given by performers on their route to Edinburgh. In 1763, weekly concerts were established at the Spring Gardens, head of Gallowgate, and were held for several years on Thursday evenings during the months of May, June, July, and August. It is stated that William Shield, the composer, was at one time connected with these entertainments.

Oriel Window at Kinton.



DRAWING is here given of a fine oriel window which is to be seen in the west wall of a farm-house at Kinton, near Newcastle, now occupied by Mr. Potts. It is a relic of a



far older building than the present homestead, but has been built into it and left as a relic. Local historians do not refer to the window, which bears the date 1650.

Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse.



ORTHUMBERLAND has long been famous for having produced eminent mathematicians. Not the least distinguished of these is the gentleman whose portrait is here printed.

Mr. Wesley S. B. Woolhouse, now a well-known actuary, was born at North Shields on May 6, 1809, and received his education under the Rev. William Leitch, of that town. Young Woolhouse was remarkable for his precocity. It is recorded that when he was only thirteen years of age he won a mathematical prize offered by the

Ladies' Diary, many of the competitors being men of mature years. But he soon manifested greater power to deal with abstruse subjects. At the age of nineteen he published a work on geometry in two dimensions, without ever having seen a treatise on the subject, thus rivalling the exploit of Pascal.

While still very young, Mr. Woolhouse became connected with the office of the "Nautical Almanac." Here he constructed new formulæ by which the tables were calculated with greater accuracy and speed. His discoveries and improvements in astronomy were generally published as appendices to the "Nautical Almanac." At a later period, when he had entered upon his profession as an actuary, he published some most valuable papers, among which may be mentioned one on eclipses, and another on Jupiter's satellites.

But perhaps Mr. Woolhouse's most remarkable intellectual feat was the solution of a problem in probabilities in connection with the great struggle



W. S. B. Woolhouse.

for the Ten Hours Bill. The question was how far the factory girls had to run in a day when attending the "mules," and trotting backward and forward to tie the threads, which were constantly breaking. Mr. Woolhouse was engaged by Lord Ashley (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury) to go down to Manchester and obtain the necessary data for the solution of the problem. He performed the journey, obtained the data, solved the problem (which required the highest application of the calculus), wrote his report, and sent it off by the same evening's post. Mr. Woolhouse's calculation showed that the thread-girl ran upwards of thirty miles each working day!

A remarkable paper by Mr. Woolhouse, "On the Deposit of Submarine Cables," was inserted in the *Philosophical Magazine* for May, 1860. About two years before, in the same scientific periodical, the subject had been treated by the late Astronomer Royal, Sir George Biddle Airey (also a native of Northumberland), who had graphically described the problem as one "of a most abstruse nature, far exceeding the complication of the motions of a planetary body through the heavens, and probably not even solvable." Immediately after Mr. Woolhouse's paper was published, the author received a complimentary letter from the Astronomer Royal, stating that he had "completely mastered a rather difficult investigation."

Mr. Woolhouse has contributed numerous valuable articles to the *Journal of the Institute of Actuaries*, and is known as the author of a work on the *Differential Calculus*, now used as a text book in many colleges. He is also the author of a "Treatise on Musical Intervals, Temperament, and the Elementary Principles of Music," of which a second edition was published in 1888. Amongst his possessions is a collection of violins, which is said to be one of the rarest in England.

Ogle Castle.



LL that remains of Ogle Castle is incorporated with a manor house of the time of Charles I., which is situate about seven miles south-west of Morpeth. There is little in the external appearance of the place (as seen in our engraving) suggestive of a quadrangular building, with towers at the four corners, surrounded by a moat; but a plate which is inserted in the west wall bears the following inscription:—"Ogle Castle, for the building whereof a patent was granted anno 15th Edward III., Anno Domini 134 which, together with the barony of Ogle, now belongs to the Ogles of Kirkley, who are descended from the third Baron Ogle." A castle of considerable dimensions occupied the site of the present building; besides, at the west end, there are remains of the walls and moat, and within the edifice is part of a tower. What was once the old kitchen fireplace may be seen in the dining-room.

According to Froissart, John de Coupland, with eight companions, after the battle of Neville's Cross, rode off with David, King of Scotland, and, carrying him 25 miles, arrived about vespers at Ogle. For this exploit Coupland received many rewards from the English King, who was then in France with his son, the Black Prince, fighting the battle of Cressy.

Mackenzie's "Northumberland," second edition, published in 1825, contains the following note on the subject of Ogle Castle:—"It was thus described forty years ago:—'Part of a circular tower adjoins to the east of the

present farm-house, which stands on the scite of the castle: the windows of this tower are very small, topped with pointed arches, the whole remains carrying a countenance of very remote antiquity. The ground wherein the chief part of the castle has stood is square, guarded by a double moat, divided by a breast-work of mason-work. The walls are quite levelled with the ground, and the moat almost grown up."

The Ogles were seated here before the Conquest; and so proud were the members of the family of their long ancestry that when a Milburn in 1583 protested that the Dacres were of as good blood as the Ogles, "four of the Ogles set upon him and slew him." Thomas de Ogle, adhering to the barons in their rebellion against Henry III., his estate was seized by the Crown; and it was not returned to the family till the reign of Edward III., who, in 1340, granted license to Sir Robert Ogle to convert his manor house into a castle, and to have free warren through all his demesne. Robert was high bailiff of the dominion of Tynedale. His brother, Sir Alexander Ogle, knight, was slain in the defence of the Castle of Berwick-upon-Tweed, of which he was captain. The lordship of Ogle was possessed by the family down to the year 1809, when Ogle was sold to Thomas Brown, a London shipowner, for £180,000.

About a couple of miles south-west of Ogle is Milbourne Grange, which is associated with the early history of Nonconformity in the North. In August, 1684, Mr. Robert Leaver, who had preached at a conventicle under George Horsley (a supporter of the ejected ministers)

at the above place, was apprehended at an inn in Gateshead. Many of the Nonconformists in this locality, having conscientious objections to the use of the ritual for the burial of the dead, preferred to be buried in unconsecrated ground. The grave of George Horsley is in a plantation not far from the site of the old hall.

Notes and Commentaries.

EMBLETON BOG.

Dr. Bruce stated at a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries that a piece of land near Newham Station, on the North-Eastern Railway, is marked in the ordnance map as "Embleton Bog," that when the railway was being made a locomotive left the line there, and that it "not only disappeared in the morass, but nothing has been seen of it from that day to this." I have been in conversation with an old gentleman who is probably the only surviving witness of the incident mentioned by Dr. Bruce. Within five minutes before the accident, my informant, along with another man, was engaged in cutting a ditch at the side of the railway—the very spot where the locomotive left the line. This occurred either in 1846 or 1847, and the engine, which was running between Berwick and Chathill, was No. 104, built by Stephenson. The driver's name was Mann, and the fireman, who was killed, was called White. Only one passenger was injured. This



Ogle Castle
R. L. L.

passenger was the late Isaac Milburn, the bonesetter. Dr. Bruce was in error when he said that "nothing had been seen of the engine from that day to this." My friend states that, after hard work, it was extracted from the bog within two weeks of the occurrence.

CHRISTIAN DECEMBER, Newcastle.

SMOLLETT AND AKENSIDE.

Peregrine Pickle, the hero of "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle," a novel by Smollett, is a caricature of Mark Akenside. Disraeli, in his "Calamities of Authors," says:—"From a pique with Akenside, on some reflections against Scotland, Smollett exhibited a man of great genius and virtue as a most ludicrous personage; and who could discriminate, in the ridiculous physician in Peregrine Pickle, what is real, and what is fictitious? Of Akenside few particulars have been recorded, for the friend who best knew him was of so cold a temper in regard to the publick, that he has not, in his account, revealed a solitary feature in the character of the poet. Yet Akenside's mind and manners were of a fine romantic cast, drawn from the moulds of classical antiquity. Such was the charm of his converse, that he has even heated the cold and sluggish mind of Sir John Hawkins, who has, with unusual vivacity, described a day spent with him in the country. As I have mentioned the fictitious physician in 'Peregrine Pickle,' let the same page show the real one. I shall transcribe Sir John's forgotten words—omitting his 'neat and elegant dinner.' 'Akenside's conversation was of the most delightful kind, learned, instructive, and, without any affectation of wit, cheerful and entertaining. One of the pleasantest days of my life I passed with him, Mr. Dyson, and another friend, at Putney—where the enlivening sunshine of a summer's day and the view of an unclouded sky were the least of our gratifications. In perfect good humour with himself and all about him, he seemed to feel a joy that he lived, and poured out his congratulations to the great Dispenser of all felicity, in expressions that Plato himself might have uttered on such an occasion. In conversations with select friends, and those whose studies had been nearly the same with his own, it was an usual thing with him, in libations to the memory of eminent men among the antients, to bring their characters into view, and expatiate on those particulars of their lives that had rendered them famous.' Observe the arts of the ridiculer! He seized on the romantic enthusiasm of Akenside, and turned it to the cookery of the Antients!"

C. H. STEPHENSON, Southport.

A WEARDALE HOLY-STONE.

I remember being, in the year 1874, in a farm-house not far from St. John's Chapel, Weardale, when, on holy-stones being mentioned as charms, a member of the family forthwith took down from a nail in a joist in the kitchen two holy-stones, one of which is shown in the accompanying illustration. They had then almost been forgotten,

but the goodwife said that her husband, then dead, prized them very much, and was very particular about having



them replaced in the old spot near the door, whenever they had been taken down for the spring or summer cleaning. The farmer's wife, then in her 77th year, had known one of the stones almost all her life, and that shown in the illustration had been picked up by her late husband about the year 1850. It was found

about four feet beneath the bed of Middlehope Burn, a tributary of the Wear, and was highly valued as a charm against witchcraft and otherwise as a protection to the owner against evil spirits. It appears to be a manufactured article of about two inches long, rather more than an inch thick and an inch broad. The front forms a rude human face of the gargoyle stamp; but the back shows evidence of the charm having been broken off, conveying the idea of a rudely formed idol in its complete form. The front and sides of the face, and even the hole, are enamelled or covered with a sort of yellow glaze, showing fire to have been used in its manufacture. This charm, known by the name of holy-stone, lucky-stone, self-bored-stone, adder-stone, hag-stone, witch-stone, holed-stone, and so on, was once exceedingly common in the dales of the North of England, and small holy-stones were sometimes worn about the person.

W. M. EGGLESTONE, Stanhope.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

PROMOTION.

Two old women met in the City Road. "Aa's glad to see ye, Mary," observed the one, "for aa heor that yor son Jimmy, that's in the Pioneers, is gettin' promoted." "Aye," replied the other, "he's been promoted to be a corporal or a colonel—aa divvent knaa which!"

A TRAMP'S TRICK.

Late one night during cold weather a man, who had been dining "not wisely, but too well," was leaning against a lamp post. A tramp came up and gazed for a moment at the inebriate. "Hey, man," hiccupped the latter, "aa's in a bonny plight." "What's the matter?" "Wey, if aa leave lowse, aa'll faall doon; and if aa stop here aa'll be run in by the pollis." "Well, then," said the tramp, "aa'll hev yor hat." And he had it.

SPECTACLES.

The other day two men were having a "bit crack" in a public-house in Walker when one of them observed:—"Jack, dis thoo knaa what aa did yestoday?" "Aa divvent," said Jack. "Wey, aa bowt the wife a pair o' spectacles." "Thoo wes a fyul; she'll elwis be yebble noo te see when thoo gets ower much te drink!"

MR. GLADSTONE'S CHIPS.

The other day an ardent admirer of the "Grand Old Man" was showing his wife some chips he had gathered from a tree felled by the ex-Premier. The wife, who cared more for religion than politics, addressed her husband thus:—"Aye, a lot of good them things will de ye! If ye paid as much attention te yor Bible as ye de te Gladstone, ye might hev a chance of ganning tiv a plyce whor yor chips waddent born!"

FOOD FOR OARSMEN.

After Chambers, the famous Tyneside oarsman, had defeated an opponent on the Thames, he made his appearance on the stage of a metropolitan music hall, where he addressed the audience. He was followed by the vanquished Londoner, who, in a very defiant style, stated that he did not consider that he was beaten, and would post a five-pound note and pull the race over again. One of Chambers's supporters at once shouted out:—"Whaat d'ye knaa about rowing? Ye feed upon nowt but cockles and parriwinkles. Come doon te Newcastle and train alongside o' Bob, an' he'll larn ye te eat scrap iron!"

A PICTURE SALE.

Some years ago, a local auctioneer, who had imbibed more than was good for him, was offering some pictures for sale. After descanting upon their beauties, he turned to an oil painting, and said:—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is an excellent drawing of mountains and dogs." Then, after a few bids had been made, he requested his assistant to come up, observing:—"John, take this fine work of art round the room, and point out to the company which are the mountains and which are the dogs!"

THE PITMAN AND THE LOCAL PREACHER.

One Sunday morning, at a colliery village, not far from South Shields, a group of pitmen were standing discussing various questions. A young local preacher was passing at the time, and, no doubt thinking it a grand opportunity, commenced to distribute tracts very freely. Addressing himself to one of the most prominent of the pitmen, he said: "I should like to see you come to chapel this morning." Pitman: "Wey, lad, aa hev ne desire te cum te chapel." This answer caused a long discussion, wherein the preacher seemed not to have any the best of it. At last he put the following question, which he appeared to think would completely floor the pitman:—"What comes after death?" Pitman: "Wey, man, onnybody can ansor that. Monny a time a good row ower the few bits o' aad claes an' other things that might be left!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Thomas Trehwitt Wharrier, who for twenty years held the office of surveyor to the Walker Local Board, and also served as a member of the same body, besides being people's warden at Christ Church for a considerable period, died on the 11th of May, at the age of 66.

The Rev. Mortimer L. J. Mortimer, vicar of North Stockton, died suddenly on the 20th of May. The deceased, who was between 50 and 60 years of age, came from Tranmere, near Birkenhead, in 1836.

On the 22nd of May, Mr. W. L. Dobinson, who had represented the Bishopwearmouth Ward on the Sunderland Board of Guardians for 15 years, died at his residence, The Esplanade West, Sunderland. The deceased was 55 years of age.

On the same day, Mr. Thomas Davison, long a member of the firm of Pattinson, Davison, and Co., of the Hexham Ironworks, died at his residence in that town, in the 77th year of his age.

At a meeting of the Chester-le-Street Guardians, on the 22nd of May, it was reported that Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Washington, a conscientious and painstaking member of the Board, had died on the previous day.

The death was announced, on the 23rd of May, of Mr. William Wilson, who for about fifty years had carried on an extensive hatting and furrier's business in Newcastle. He was 73 years of age.

Mr. John Atkinson, who had long taken a prominent part in the co-operative and other social movements, died at Wallsend on the 25th of May.

Mr. Robert A. Allan, chief magistrate of Eyemouth, died on the 27th of May.

Mr. David McNab, house painter, &c., and a prominent politician, died at Monkwearmouth on the 27th of May.

On the 29th of May, the death was announced from Haswell of Mr. Ralph Dove, one of the oldest carriers in the district. The deceased, who was 72 years of age, had travelled twice weekly between Newcastle and Haswell for the long period of 45 years.

The death was reported on the same day, from Dunedin, New Zealand, of Commander Patrick Johnston, of the Royal Navy, only son of the late Dr. Johnston, of Berwick-on-Tweed, the founder of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Field Club. The deceased gentleman was in the 65th year of his age.

The death occurred on the 29th of May, after a brief illness, of Mr. Thomas T. Clarke, formerly Borough Accountant for Tynemouth. On the occasion of his retirement from that office, which took place a little over two years ago, a complimentary dinner was given in his honour, and he was the recipient of a handsome testimonial, subscribed for by the Mayor and members of the Corporation and other prominent local gentlemen. A year later he was chosen to represent the Collingwood Ward in the Town Council. Mr. Clarke took an earnest interest in the old Mechanics' Institute, as he did in all the educational institutions of the borough, and up to the time of his illness he was one of the most active of members of the Free Library Committee. He was secretary of the Master Mariners' Asylum, president of the Tynemouth Art Club, and auditor of the River Tyne Commission. The deceased, who was a native of Whittingham, was about 60 years of age.

On the 30th of May the death was announced as having taken place at Alnwick a few days previously, of Mr. John Crisp, a well-known Northumbrian agriculturist and shorthorn breeder. The deceased, as manager to Mr. A. H. Browne, first at Bank House, and afterwards at Doxford, selected the cattle which formed the beginning of the famous Doxford herd.

On the 29th of May, Mr. Alfred Legge, who was 65 years of age, died at his residence in Alexandra Place, Newcastle. Mr. Legge was at one time a partner with Mr. George William Cram, who practised law in the city for many years.

Another local solicitor, Mr. Robert Dickinson, died at his residence, Rose Villa, Gosforth, on the 30th of May. Mr. Dickinson, who was 52 years of age, was connected with various local building societies, and for a period acted as deputy-coroner for South Northumberland.

On the 1st of June, there died at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. William Watson, of Whiteridge Row, Seaton Delaval, Mr. Alexander Wilson, one of the oldest inhabitants of that district. He was born at Berwick in 1798, and was consequently in his 92nd year. He was originally a sailor, but afterwards followed land occupations. The deceased was engaged on the screens at Hartley Colliery when the memorable catastrophe took place in 1862, and had a narrow escape from death on that occasion.

Mr. William Curry, aged 54, a noted cattle breeder, agriculturist, and land agent, well-known in the North of England, died rather suddenly at Hurworth on the 5th of June. Mr. Curry was a leading member of the Darlington Chamber of Agriculture.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MAY.

11.—The steamer *Cleanthes*, of Sunderland, bound to the Tyne from Flushing, grounded, during thick weather, on the rocks off Souter Point, and became a wreck; but the whole of the crew were saved.

—Sarah Inns, or Merryweather, 19 years of age, was murdered in a lodging-house at Stockton, and a young man named Frederick Terry, who had been spending the night with her, was at once arrested on the charge. The Coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Terry, who, on the 15th, was committed by the magistrates for trial on that charge.

—The body of Mr. Robert Gibson, the unfortunate man who was drowned between Holy Island and the mainland on Easter Tuesday, was washed ashore at Bamburgh. The remains were removed to Newcastle, and were interred in Jesmond Cemetery. (See *ante*, p. 240.)

12.—It was announced that Count Herbert Bismarck, son of Prince Bismarck, the ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, had arrived on a visit to Wynyard Park as the guest of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

13.—The Rev. Dixon Dixon-Brown, of Unthank, was appointed chairman of the Northumberland Sea Fisheries Committee.

—Mr. R. O. Lamb and Mr. L. W. Adamson, representing the North of England United Coal Trade

Association, were examined before the Royal Commission on Mining Royalties at Westminster.

—Miss Eleanor Burnett gave a vocal recital in the new Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. There was a large and fashionable audience, and the concert was in every way a success. Miss Burnett is a daughter of Mr. James Burnett, chemical manufacturer, Bill Quay, near Gateshead. She received her musical education under the best connoisseurs in Italy.



—Dr. Westcott, the new Bishop of Durham, proceeded to Windsor to do homage to the Queen on his appointment to the See. On the following day his lordship, accompanied by Mrs. Westcott, entered the diocese, and at Darlington was presented with addresses of congratulation and welcome by the Mayor and Corporation, and by the local clergy. He afterwards journeyed to the episcopal residence at Bishop Auckland, where he was also cordially received. On Ascension Day (May 15), the enthronement of the Bishop took place, in presence of a crowded congregation, in Durham Cathedral. The oaths of allegiance and for preserving privileges having been taken by Dr. Westcott, Dr. Lake, the Dean of Durham, placed him on the episcopal chair, and formally inducted him into the Bishopric. The newly-enthroned Bishop afterwards preached an eloquent sermon, from the 25th verse of the 5th chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians. The ceremony was very imposing and impressive. (See *ante*, page 237.)

14.—The ceremony of turning the sewage of the South Gosforth Local Board district into the sewer passing down the side of the Ouseburn was performed at the new sewer near the sewage tanks, Gosforth, by Mr. S. H. Farrer, chairman of the Gosforth Local Board.

—Miss Donkin, daughter of Mr. R. S. Donkin, M.P., opened a Northern Wheeleries, Cycling, and Athletic Exhibition in the Tynemouth Aquarium.

15.—A little girl, named Catherine Garven, four years old, was knocked down and killed by a passing tramcar in Scotswood Road, Newcastle.

—At the annual meeting of the Distribution Committee of the Newcastle Hospital Fund, it was resolved that a sum of £400 be awarded to the Infirmary as a special gift, and that £1,600 be distributed as a free gift among the medical charities on the committee's list.

16.—A meeting, called by the Mayor in response to a requisition signed by upwards of 400 inhabitants, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, for the consideration of the compensation clauses of the Government Licensing Bill at present before Parliament. His Worship (Mr. Thomas Bell) presided, and a resolution condemnatory of this feature of the measure was ultimately carried by a large majority. At a conference and public meeting held under the auspices of the North of England Temperance League, in Newcastle, on the 27th, a similar resolution was adopted.

—A Convalescent Home, consisting of a cottage,

kindly offered rent-free by Mrs. Williams, a well-known philanthropic lady, was formally opened at Grange-over-Sands for the North-Eastern Counties Friendly Societies.

17.—The Rev. J. C. Weir, pastor of the Ellison Street Presbyterian Church, Jarrow, dedicated a memorial window which Mr. Alderman Price had caused to be put in that place of worship in memory of his wife, son, and daughter.

—Five gentlemen were elected to constitute a newly-formed School Board for the parish of Washington, in the county of Durham. The successful candidates were—Messrs. Robert Fowler, viewer, Washington Colliery; Henry Robinson, colliery manager, North Biddick; Joseph Cook, ironfounder, North Biddick Hall; the Rev. Father Poupaert, Washington; and Mr. John Robinson Dixon, grocer, Washington Village.

—The men employed in the bill-posting business in Newcastle and Gateshead came out on strike for an advance of 3s. per week, and also for the twelve o'clock day on Saturdays.

—Mr. Thomas Foggitt, a well-known Stockton gentleman, who was engaged in the musical profession, was knocked down by a goods train and killed near Eaglescliffe Junction, on the North-Eastern Railway.

—Mrs. Lane, wife of Mr. C. S. Lane, timber merchant, of Newstead House, Grange Road, West Hartlepool, fell over an unprotected part of the pier and was drowned.

—It was announced that Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, was about to marry Miss Dorothy Tennant, daughter of the late Charles Tennant, of Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, London. Miss Tennant is not unknown in Newcastle. Two or three years ago she paid a visit to Mr. Burt, M.P. During her visit to Newcastle, Mr. Burt told his guest that one of his little girls had a decided preference for a walk with her father alone—"Only you and me and ze umbrella." The story so struck Miss Tennant's fancy that she made a pretty little drawing in black and white of the party—the father, the child, and "ze umbrella." And this drawing now occupies an honoured place in the hon. member's house. A sister of Miss Tennant's is married to a gentleman who is also not unknown in Newcastle—Mr. F. W. H. Myers, noted for his interest in psychical researches, who has once or twice lectured in the Tynes Theatre.

19.—Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen, an eminent pianist, gave a pianoforte recital in the New Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. There was a large audience, and the playing, which was that of a consummate artist,

elicited unqualified expressions of admiration. Herr Stavenhagen, who was born at Greiz, the capital of the small principality of Reuss, began his musical education at a very early age. After studying under Professor Rudorff, second director of the Berlin Academy, and Keil, the famous theory professor, he gained the Mendelssohn prize at the age of eighteen. For two

or three years afterwards he studied alone, and was then



introduced to Liszt, with whom he remained as a pupil until the death of the celebrated abbé.

—Mr. T. H. Faber, solicitor, was appointed clerk to the South Stockton justices.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Hogan, who had reached the extraordinarily advanced age of 102 years, died in the house of the Little Sisters of the Poor at High Barnes, Sunderland.

20.—Mr. J. W. Bowman, B.A., late of Lancashire Independent College, was ordained to the pastorate of West Clayton Street Congregational Church, Newcastle, in succession to the Rev. Walter Lenwood.

—At a meeting at Newcastle of the iron and steel employers and delegates of the North of England iron and steel district, the representatives of the men agreed to accept a reduction of 10 per cent., to take effect from June 2nd.

—Mr. W. Y. Campbell, honorary vice-president of the Witwatersrand Chamber of Mines, Transvaal, lectured in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society, on "Transvaal Affairs, and the Development of British Interests in that Region."

—The marriage of the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., minister of St. James's Congregational Church, Newcastle, to Miss Lizzie A. Winpenny, youngest daughter of Mr. F. Winpenny, of Barnard Castle, was celebrated at the Congregational Church at the latter place.

—In the list of the Queen's birthday honours, issued to-night, appeared the name of Mr. William Gray, of West Hartlepool, on whom her Majesty had conferred a knighthood. The new knight is a son of the late Mr. Matthew Gray, of Blyth. He was educated at Dr. Bruce's school in Newcastle. Mr. Gray first followed the business of his father, that of a draper, and afterwards commenced business for himself at Hartlepool. About twenty-eight years ago he joined the Denton Shipbuilding Company in that town, and eventually became the sole partner, the business being subsequently transferred to West Hartlepool. During his residence at Hartlepool, Mr. Gray was twice Mayor; and on the incorporation of West Hartlepool, in 1887, he was chosen as its first Mayor. The new knight is, in religion, a Presbyterian, and his munificent gift of £10,000 for church-debt extinction in the Darlington Presbytery was the subject of a special vote of thanks at the Synod at Liverpool. (For portrait of Mr. William Gray, see vol. for 1889, page 280).

—Mr. T. Burt, M.P., Mr. W. Crawford, M.P., and Mr. C. Fenwick, M.P., were present at an International Miners' Congress at Jolimont, Brussels, Belgium, the proceedings in connection with which were opened by Mr. Burt.

21.—A conference on the subject of allotment culture and small fruit farms was held in the Vegetarian Restaurant, Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. W. C. Gibson. It was resolved that an association be formed for the purpose of disseminating knowledge relative to *petite culture* in all its branches, and the promotion of combined effort in connection therewith.

—The Rev. Walter Walsh, of Ryehill Baptist Church, was presented with a safety bicycle by the Ryehill Guild C. C., of which he is president.

22.—It was stated that a duck, in the possession of Mr. William Forster, platelayer, Ryton Station, had hatched duckling with four legs, three feet, and two backs.

23.—Mr. H. H. Emerson, the eminent local artist, opened a Shakspearian and Dramatic Art Gallery, into which Mr. T. B. Appleby, the lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, South Shields, had converted the corridor of that establishment.

—The Earl Ravensworth was elected president of the Royal Agricultural Society.

—The Royal assent was given by commission to the Tyne Improvement Bill.

—Dr George Macdonald, the eminent novelist, lectured on "Hamlet" in the Town Hall, Gateshead.

—At a meeting of the ratepayers of Westgate township, Newcastle, Mr. Joseph Forster tendered his resignation as assistant-overseer, and the resignation was accepted.

—A conference was held in Bishop Cosin's Library, Durham, to discuss the movement called "Churchmen in Council," which is established for urging upon those in whom the authority of the Church is vested the need of giving a clear and unmistakable definition of the ritual directions of the Prayer Book.

—The King of the Belgians passed through Newcastle, *en route* for Balmoral, on a visit to Queen Victoria.

—An advance of 3d. per ton to puddlers, and an increase of 2½ per cent. to all other forge and mill workmen, were found to have accrued under the sliding-scale arrangement in the iron and steel trades of the North of England.

—The house carpenters and joiners in the Tyne district accepted an advance of a half-penny per hour.

—Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., delivered a political address in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Irish Institute.

24.—It was announced that a skeleton of the great grey seal, a large specimen of the Greenland shark, a full-grown male of the Chacma baboon, a young alligator, and three boas had been added to the Natural History Museum at Barras Bridge, Newcastle.

—A little girl, named Mears, eight years of age, fell over the cliff at Marsden and was killed.

—An exhibition of photographs by Mr. J. P. Gibson, of Northumberland scenery and antiquities, was opened in the Town Hall, Hexham.

—The ninth annual session of the Northern Counties' Christian Lay Churches Confederation was opened at Spennymoor by Mr. James Mowitt, of Newcastle.

—A man named Charles Walker was accidentally killed by falling from his seat on what was known as "the corkscrew," or "spiral switchback," at the "hoppings" in the Haymarket, Newcastle.

25.—A handsome memorial window to the memory of the late Dr. Rutherford was unveiled in Bath Lane Church, Newcastle.

—Mr. J. T. Owen, formerly a journalist, was ordained to the pastorate of Enon Baptist Chapel, Monkwearmouth.

26.—The Rev. Hugh Rose Rae was inducted into the pastorate of Ryton Congregational Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Lacy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Middlesbrough, laid the foundation stone of a new church in Westbury Street, South Stockton.

—A conference in connection with the Northern Association of Baptist Churches was opened in Westgate Road Baptist Chapel, Newcastle, Mr. G. W. Bartlett, of Darlington, being Moderator.

—The season of the Boys' Seaside Camp was opened at Hartley.

—The members of the Tyneside Geographical Society, accompanied by several friends, paid a visit to Chillingham to see the famous herd of wild cattle, on the invitation of the Earl of Tankerville, one of the vice-presidents of the society. (For description of Chillingham Castle and Cattle, with view of the Castle, see vol. for 1887, pp. 272-273.)

—An unusually large number of holiday-makers visited Tynemouth and other popular resorts, on the occasion of Whit-Monday.

27.—The new Union Congregational Church at Sunderland was opened by the Rev. Dr. Allon, of London.

28.—The students of Durham University presented an address of welcome to the Bishop of the diocese at Bishop Cosin's Library, Durham. There was a very large attendance, and Dr. Westcott met with a very enthusiastic reception. On the same day his lordship held his first confirmation in Durham Cathedral.

—A new tombstone erected to the memory of the Novocastrian musician and composer of the last century, Charles Avison, was unveiled by Judge Seymour, in St. Andrew's Churchyard, Newcastle. The stone bore the following inscription:—

H.R.I.P.
CAR. AVISON } denati { 9 Maii, 1770 } AO. Æ LX.
CATH. UXOR } { 14 Oct., 1766 } LIH.
Simul cum filia
JANA conjugi mostissimo
ROBERTO PAGE
immature crepta
14 Julii MDCCCLXXXIII
Annos Nata XXVIII.
CHARLES AVISON, late organist of St. Nicholas' Church,
son of the said
CHAS. and CATHERE, died 6 April, 1793.
Aged 43 years.
Hic Situs est
ROBERTUS PAGE, ARMIGER,
Vir virtute et rectefactus insignis
Diutissime languescens morti succubuit,
A.D. 1807. Ætatisque 69.
CHARLES AVISON, son of the above CHARLES AVISON,
organist, departed this life Feby. 19, 1816.
Aged 25 years.
Restored by Public Subscription 1890.
In memory of
CHARLES AVISON,
Musical Composer and Organist of this City.
"On the list
Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire,
Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire,
Thou whilom of Newcastle organist."

—Browning.

Dr. Bruce, Dr. Hodgkin, and the Vicar of Newcastle also spoke on the occasion. (See vol. for 1888, p. 109; a portrait of Avison will be found in vol. for 1889, p. 570.)

—The first meeting of the season of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club took place at Beanley, Northumberland, and was marked by the presentation of a handsome testimonial, consisting of a cheque for a sum of over £400, to the secretary of the society, Dr. James Hardy, of Oldcambus, Cockburnspath.

—The dispute between the billposters of Newcastle and their employers was amicably settled by arbitration through Mr. J. Baxter Ellis, the terms of arrangement including a week of 53 hours.

—A man named Carlisle, who had arrived in Alnwick with a peep-show a few days previously, completed a 48 hours' walk, without sleep, between Alnwick and Newton-on-the-Moor, the number of miles accomplished being 148.

—A party of excursionists, including the Rev. J. S. Rae, who had proceeded from Sunderland, arrived at St.

Kilda, in the Hebrides, with a view of taking part in the marriage of Annie Ferguson, popularly known as the "Queen of St. Kilda," to John Gillies, but the expected wedding did not take place. The Wearside visitors were the bearers of many strange presents, among which was a gold ring—an article hitherto unknown in the island.

29.—A handsome new organ was opened in Jesmond Presbyterian Church, Newcastle.

—It was intimated that the Lord Chancellor had appointed the following gentlemen to the Commission of the Peace for Newcastle:—Messrs. Thomas Bell (Mayor), William Sutton, William Mathwin Angus, James Edward Woods, Utrick Alexander Ritson, Edward Eccles, Robert Thomas Jackson Usher, William Dickinson, and Richard Henry Holmes.

30.—The Rev. Canon Tristram was re-elected president of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club.

—A letter was received from the Rev. Canon Trotter, Vicar of Alnwick, dated Trinidad, Rogation Day, 1890, to his parishioners, intimating his determination to take up a permanent residence in the West Indies, where he went with Mrs. Trotter nearly twelve months ago.

31.—Band performances of a more than usually attractive character were given in the Bull Park Recreation Ground, Newcastle. The bands which took part in the evening entertainment were the 1st Newcastle Royal Engineers, under Mr. W. Ure, and the Royal Exhibition Band, under the direction of Mr. John H. Amers. The latter body of instrumentalists has been performing at the Leeds Exhibition to the delight of large crowds. Mr. Amers remembers the time when the only band in Newcastle was that of the Yeomanry Cavalry, mounted and dismounted, under the direction of Mr. Matthew Liddle, the head of a Newcastle musical family. Young Amers played in this band when a boy. His father was the band sergeant for a period of thirty years, and to him he owes his musical education.

—A horse procession was held, for the first time, at Berwick-on-Tweed.

—On the occasion of the twentieth annual meeting of the institution, Mr. Alderman T. P. Barkas announced his retirement from the responsible management of the Central Exchange Newsroom and Art Gallery, Newcastle.

—Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Watson held a garden party at Bensham Grove, Gateshead, where a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen assembled to meet three representatives of the Indian National Congress—Mr. A. H. Hume, general secretary of the Congress; Mr. Mudholka; and Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee, B.A., principal of the Ripon College at Calcutta, municipal commissioner, and editor of *The Bengalee*. On the 2nd of June, a public meeting in furtherance of the same object was held in Ginnett's Circus, Bath Road, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. T. Bell).

—On the occasion of the first anniversary of the Choppington District Liberal Club, a banquet was held at the

Queen's Head Hotel, Choppington Guide Post. Mr. R. H. Wheatley presided. Amongst those present were Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., Mr. Burt, M.P., Mr. Fenwick, M.P., and others.

JUNE.

1.—The new Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady and St. Oswin, Front Street, Tynemouth, was opened by the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

2.—The men employed at Monkwearmouth Colliery came out on strike for a seven hours' shift.

—A meeting to protest against betting and gambling was held at Houghton-le-Spring, under the presidency of the Hon. and Rev. Canon Grey, and among the speakers was the Bishop of Durham.

3.—A sturgeon, weighing 14 stones, was captured in the river Tees by Mr. Goldie, at Yarm.

4.—The Rev. John Hallam, of Newcastle, was elected President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, which was opened at Sunderland.

—The screw-steamer Rangatira, the largest vessel ever built at the port, having a dead-weight carrying capacity of 6,250 tons, was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. W. Gray and Co., West Hartlepool.

—The Board of Trade, in pursuance of applications from the County Councils in the localities, gave official notice of their intention to create a sea fisheries district, to comprise the whole of the seaboard of Durham, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire, and to be known as the North-Eastern Sea Fisheries District.

—Mr. James Annan, aged 54, a lithographic artist, carrying on business in Grey Street, Newcastle, was drowned from a boat off Cullercoats.

—The Rev. A. M. Norman, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., rector of Burnmoor, near Fence Houses, and honorary Canon of Durham Cathedral, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

5.—The annual survey of the Whickham parish boundaries was made by the members of the Local Board.

—Mrs. Schoefield, wife of the Mayor of Morpeth, gave birth to a daughter; such an event having occurred only once previously, viz., in 1873, in the family of a Mayor of that borough.

—Miss Sophie Wylde Stobart, second daughter of Mr. William Stobart, of Pepper Arden Hall, near Northallerton, was married to Mr. Harry Huxley, youngest son of Professor Huxley.

6.—Mr. Thomas John Des Forges was elected assistant-overseer of Westgate township, Newcastle.

7.—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Mason Watson, of Newcastle, land agent, had been proved; the gross value of the estate being £2,790 2s. 9d., and the net value £1,385 11s. 6d.

—The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund was held at Durham.

8.—The consecration ceremony in connection with the new church of St. Columba, Southwick, Sunderland, which, owing to the death of the late Bishop of Durham, has been delayed for some considerable time, was performed to-night (St. Columba's Day) by Dr. Lightfoot's successor, the occasion being Dr. Westcott's first official visit to Sunderland. The new church, which is built of brick, has cost, with furnishings, about £5,500, and is capable of holding 850 persons.



JOHN H. AMERS.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley, the eminent explorer, and party passed through Newcastle, *en route* for Edinburgh.

—The foundation stone of a new Sunday School in connection with the Salem Baptist Chapel, Salem Street, Jarrow, was laid by Miss D. D. Price, daughter of Ald. Price, J. P., of Jarrow.

10.—An exhibition, under the auspices of the Newcastle Sketching Club, was opened at the rooms in Collingwood Street, by Mr. G. R. Hedley.

General Occurrences.

MAY.

12.—Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter, M.P., was presented with an address from the members of the Cobden Club, in recognition of his services to Free Trade.

—The Queen unveiled a bronze equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, which had been presented to her Majesty as a jubilee offering by the women of England.

13.—Fifty-one of the crew and passengers of the schooner *Eliza Mary* were killed, roasted, and eaten by cannibals at the island of Mallicollo, New Hebrides.

—It was announced that Mr. H. M. Stanley was engaged to be married to Miss Dorothy Tennant.

—Lord Alcester, who commanded the English fleet at the bombardment of Alexandria, was seriously injured in Piccadilly by being knocked down by an omnibus.

14.—The trial of Major Panitz and others, for conspiring against the life of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, commenced to-day at Sofia, and terminated on the 30th. Major Panitz was sentenced to be shot, and some of his companions in crime were sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

16.—Thirty-six children were drowned through the overturning of a ferryboat at Siarkan, Silesia.

17.—A monument to the Right Hon. W. E. Forster was unveiled at Bradford.

20.—An International Miners' Conference was held at Jolimont, Belgium, and lasted several days. The British representatives consisted of forty delegates, including Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., Mr. William Crawford, M.P., and Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P.

23.—It was announced that the Queen had conferred the dignity of a peerage of the United Kingdom upon Prince Albert Victor, by the name, style, and title of Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone.

27.—In the United States Senate during the debate on the Naval Supply Bill, Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, moved a proviso that the vote should not be available until the British Government had been requested by the President to withdraw all its naval forces from American waters and dismantle its fortifications in both North and South America. The proviso was negatived.

28.—The picture entitled "1814" by the French artist, Meissonier, representing Napoleon on horseback surrounded by his generals on the eve of his abdication, was sold for 850,000 francs—the highest price ever given for the work of a living artist.

29.—A number of Russian anarchists were arrested in Paris. Bombs and explosive materials were found in their possession.

30.—A Louis Quinze clock, which was to be seen at

Milton Hall, the Northamptonshire seat of the Fitzwilliam family, was sold to one of the Rothschilds for the princely sum of £30,000. The clock is said to have been a wedding present from a foreign potentate to a former Countess Fitzwilliam.

—Victor Rolla, a professional aeronaut, lost his life while attempting a parachute feat in Sweden. The balloon fell into the sea, and Rolla was drowned.

—The last stone of the spire of Ulm Cathedral was laid amidst general rejoicing. The cathedral is now the highest in the world, having an altitude of 530 feet.

31.—A railway train was completely blown over by a hurricane at Belgaum, near Calcutta. Some of the passengers were injured, but there was no loss of life.

JUNE.

3.—A tornado destroyed Bradshaw, a hamlet with some 500 inhabitants, in Central Nebraska, United States, eighty persons being killed and twenty-two wounded.

4.—The Duke of Orleans was released from Clairvaux prison, and conducted to the French frontier.

7.—The metropolitan temperance organisations and other societies opposed to the compensation clauses of the Government Licensing Bill held an imposing demonstration in Hyde Park. The number of persons present was between 100,000 and 150,000.

—The French Government issued a decree granting a partial or full pardon to 72 persons undergoing sentence for offences committed in connection with strikes.

—Miss Philippa G. Fawcett, only child of the late Professor Fawcett, Postmaster-General, obtained a



MISS PHILIPPA FAWCETT.

higher position than the Senior Wrangler in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos. This was the first time that a woman had attained this honour.

10.—Daniel Stewart Gorrie was hanged at Wandsworth for the murder of Thomas Furlonger at a bakery in Brixton on April 12 last.



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Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD."

William Durant,
PURITAN PREACHER.

FOREMOST among the "godly and faithful" ministers of religion who found their way to the banks of the Tyne in the early days of the great Civil War, stands William Durant. Whence he came has not been ascertained. He united the culture and refinement of a scholar with the tastes and habits of a gentleman, but how and where he acquired them are unknown. Dr. Ellison, Vicar of Newcastle at the close of the seventeenth century, claimed to have discovered that he was "of University education, bred up in University College, Oxford," where he took "one or more degrees"; yet Anthony Wood, the industrious biographer of Oxford men, knows him not; and Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham at the Restoration, "reduced him to silence" because satisfactory evidence was not forthcoming of his having received either Episcopal or Presbyterial ordination. He married Jane, sister of James (afterwards Sir James) Clavering, of Axwell, and in the Clavering pedigree he is entered as "William Durand, of county Devon," an assignment of origin which finds colour, if not substance, in the fact that during the ejection of the clergy in 1662, a Nathaniel Durant was turned

out of the living of Cheriton Fitzpaine, in that county. It is known that John Durant, of Canterbury, who after the ejection became a Dissenting minister at Maidstone, was his brother, but no other of his relations have been traced. Whencesoever he came, whatsoever may have been his credentials, he was a Puritan of high repute, who, amid the distractions and persecutions of his time, lived a life of consistency and rectitude; a preacher of eminence who, gathering around him devout and earnest people, is reputed to have founded the first settled Nonconformist congregation in Newcastle.

It was in the year 1645, a few months after the storming and capture of the town, that Mr. Durant made his appearance in a local pulpit. The Corporation selected him in February of that year to officiate at All Saints'; in May they appointed him one of the lecturers at St. Nicholas'; and in July, 1646, they installed him at St. John's. At St. Nicholas' he had for a colleague silver-tongued Cuthbert Sydenham, who, writing in 1653 a controversial treatise on "Infant Baptism and Singing of Psalms," dedicated it to his "dear and honoured Brother, Mr. William Durant," his "faithful Fellow-labourer in the Gospel, and the Church of Christ, over whom the Holy Ghost hath made us Joynt-overseers." Ministers like-minded filled other pulpits in the town,

differing in opinion as to forms of Church government—some favouring Independency, others leaning towards Presbyterianism—yet pronounced Puritans each and all. Durant himself was of the “Independent judgment”; among his colleagues the Presbyterian order predominated; but against prelacy and heresy—against Episcopalians and Arians, Arminians and Quakers, they were one.

The unity of spirit which prevailed among the Puritan preachers in Newcastle had the merit of continuance. With Dr. Robert Jenison, a member of an old and high-placed local family, at their head (he died in November, 1652), and Mr. Durant, related by marriage to another eminent local house, they worked in unison and good fellowship, “preaching in the same places, and fasting and praying together in heavenly harmony.” If there were any doubt or misgiving amongst them it arose from a fear that the Presbyterian element might gain too much ascendancy. That such fear was entertained is evident from a letter which, in 1656, the Corporation of Newcastle addressed to the Lord Protector. Cromwell was suspected of leaning too much towards the Presbyterian form of worship, and the Corporation, echoing the apprehensions of Mr. Durant and his Congregational brethren, considered it proper to express their suspicions in writing. Cromwell wrote a pacific reply, and with its reception the affair was supposed to have ended. But the following letter from Mr. Durant and other Puritan pastors (copied by the Rev. John Brand from the original MS., and now published from Mr. Brand’s transcript) shows that the dissension continued, though it was not of a serious character:—

Newcastle, January 12th, 1656 (57).

For His Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, and the Dominions thereunto belonging: These Humbly Present.

May it please your Highness,

That the Congregational Churches of Christ in these parts have not made any solemn addresses to your Highness, thereby to make knowne the reall sense of the good hand of God upon us in raising you upp in the midst of the divisions of Saints to be instrumentall for the repairing of breaches among us, hath not proceeded from any dissatisfaction in our Spirits to the wonderfull out-goings of Providence in these latter dayes, in throwing downe one and setting upp another; but lookeing upon it as our proper duty to submitt to you in the Lord, and pray for you, judging ourselves and our Applications not worthy your Highness’ cognizance. Though by your Highness’ Letter to the Mayor of Newcastle communicated to us, wee cannot but read your singular affection and most Christian tenderness to us in the Lord Jesus; which exceeding greate act of Love, as little sought for as merited by us, but flowing (as we believe) from that divine principle which God hath endowed you with for the protection of his people will not be unrequited in that day when Christ will reward any kindness shewed to the least of Saints.

Sir, your many inculcated Exhortations to love the whole flocke of Christ, though not walking in the same order of the Gospell, wee receive with all gladness, resolving in the strength of Christ as hitherto, soe for the future to endeavour to keepe the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of peace; a frame of heart, which, as wee believe to be acceptable to the Lord Jesus, soe wee desire to be

found in, whatever provocations wee may meeete with to the interrupting of it.

When wee consider how many of the pretious Sonnes of Zion have fledd into a roaring Wildernes to enjoy the Tabernacle of God, and were glad of it, and that wee should under our Vines and Figg trees, not onely enjoy the privileges of the Gospell, but have the protection and encouragement of the supreme powers of the Nation, our hearts are drawne out to bless the Lord, and pray for the church with David: Psalm 20—The Lord heare thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee helps from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Sion, &c. Which Blessing that the Lord may poure upon your Highness’ head shall be the prayer of Your most obedient servants and Remembrancers with the Lord.

Signed in the name and with the consent of the Church at Newcastle.—WM. DURANT, Pastor; R. RIGHE, THO: YOUNG, Deacons.

[Signatures of five other ministers and deacons or elders follow.]

At the ejection of 1662, Mr. Durant, who had been “silenced” the year before by Bishop Cosin, cast in his lot with the retiring clergy. Dr. Richard Gilpin, Dr. John Pringle, Henry Leaver, and he became “the four leaders and abettors” of Nonconformity in Newcastle, and upon them the persecuting spirit of the time fell heavily. When the Indulgence of 1672 came out, William Durant applied for a license to be an Independent Teacher at the chapel of the Trinity House, Drs. Gilpin and Pringle to hold Presbyterian services in the Moot Hall, and Henry Leaver to officiate among Presbyterians in the chapel at the end of the Tyne Bridge. Their applications were refused, but a month later they all obtained the necessary permission to preach in private dwelling-houses. Thus were formed four Nonconformist congregations in Newcastle, though neither of them had a special or suitable place of worship.

Mr. Durant’s house in Pilgrim Street was situated near the entrance to the great mansion known in after years as Anderson Place. In that abode the stern and unflinching Puritan lived the greater part of his life in Newcastle, and in 1681 died. A few weeks before his death some trouble had occurred at St. Nicholas’ respecting the interment of his son Benezers’ wife, for in the Burial Register of that church, under date December 10, 1680, we find the entry—“Mary, wife of Benezers Durant, mercht. (who dyed excommunicate), was buried contrary to Act of Parliament for burying in woollen, her husband paying the penalty by that Act required.” And now, when the old Puritan had departed, the Church would not acknowledge him. His remains were, however, reverently buried in the garden attached to his house, and there a stone, bearing a Latin inscription, was erected by one of his sons to mark his resting place. By and by the garden was annexed to the mansion, and over the spot where his ashes lay a stable was constructed. In this “Dead Man’s Hole,” as the stablemen called it, the tombstone was preserved, and when Major Anderson acquired the property he found it lying under the staircase leading to the lofts above. From him the Rev. William Turner, pastor of the congregation

which Mr. Durant founded, obtained the precious memorial, and, removing it to his church in Hanover Square, placed it against the outer wall. In that appropriate location it remained till the removal of the congregation in 1854 to their new place of worship, the Church of the Divine Unity, New Bridge Street, where, set up in the vestibule, the filial inscription may still be read :—

Parentis venerandi
Gulielmi Durant A.M.
Ecclesiae Christi
D.V. hac in urbe
Pastoris vigilantissimi
Officii pietatis ergo
Funeri subiacenti
Sepulchrale hocce marmor
Lu. mæ posuit
Johannes Durant F.
Joshuæ cap. ult. ver. 29, 30, 32, 33.
1681.

The Cuthbert Ellisons.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE ELLISON FAMILY.

The ancestry of the great local family of Ellison has been traced as far as the beginning of the sixteenth century. A little license, not at all rare in genealogical investigation, would have carried it back to the time of Henry the Third. For in the Pipe Rolls of that monarch's reign the name of "Rob. fil. Elye" frequently appears, and what transition more natural than from Robert, the son of Elye, or Elyas, to Robert Elyason, Elyson, and Ellison? Indeed, two hundred years later, a "Robert Elyson" occurs—Robert Elyson, of Hawkwell, near Stamfordham, whose son, Rowland Elyson, transferred (1494) his share in the town fields of Hawkwell to John Fenwick and others. Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, who had access to the family archives, and Surtees, the historian of Durham, who was similarly favoured, did not, however, venture to treat either the Hawkwell yeoman, or Robert, son of Elyas, as common progenitors. Both historians commence the pedigree of the Ellisons with Cuthbert Ellison, of Newcastle, who was born about the time that Henry VIII. came to the throne.

It is a notable circumstance that the Ellisons make their appearance in Newcastle history all of a sudden as it were. The books of the Company of Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle contain entries of the apprenticeship of John and Cuthbert Ellison, dated respectively 1523 and 1524; the books of the Trinity House show that in the last-named year "Sir" Robert Ellison was chaplain, and John Ellison an alderman of the fraternity. Six years later, Robert Ellison occurs in the Merchants' books as entering upon his apprenticeship. Thus, in the space of seven years, we have evidence of five Ellisons living in Newcastle, of whom no previous notice occurs—a chaplain, an elder brother of the Trinity House, and three young men just commencing life as merchant adventurers. From that time down to a recent period

members of the family filled conspicuous positions in various spheres of public usefulness. They were governors of the Merchants' Company and justices of the peace, clergymen and military officers, sheriffs, mayors, and members of Parliament. Acquiring landed estate, as at Hebburn and Otterburn, Lintz Green and Gateshead, they founded county families, formed alliances with other great county houses—Carr and Jenison, Clavering and Fenwick, Bates and Lambton—and finally married into the peerage.

The history of the Ellisons is, in great part, the history of Newcastle.

Cuthbert Ellison, 1510-1557.

Cuthbert and Robert have been favourite names in the Ellison family, Cuthbert having the preference. Robert was the name of the chaplain of the Trinity House in 1524, Cuthbert was the name of the common ancestor who was beginning his servitude in the same year, of the master of St. Thomas's Chapel upon Tyne Bridge in 1556, and of numerous other Ellisons, prominent and obscure, down to our own day.

Cuthbert Ellison, the apprentice of 1524, with whom the family pedigree begins, having served his time and taken up his freedom, commenced business in Newcastle as a merchant adventurer. When a muster of the male population of the town capable of bearing and providing arms was taken, in 1539, he was a substantial householder, and appears in the ward of Alderman Thomas Baxter, with Andrew Bewick, the mayor, George Seiby, the sheriff, and representatives of the great local families of Ord, Fenwick, Riddell, Shafto, Carr, and Liddell as "well appoynted, with one seruant, iaks, bowys, and salletts," ready for the king's service. Introduced to municipal life, he became sheriff at Michaelmas, 1544, and was in office when the Scots won the battle of Ancrum Moor, and the Earl of Hertford, in revenge, marching through Newcastle, destroyed Dunse and Kelso, Melrose and Jedburgh, and laid waste nearly two hundred and fifty Scottish villages. In 1547, when Edward VI. came to the throne, and granted a new charter to the Merchants' Company, he was one of twelve members who were appointed assistant governors of the fraternity. Two years later he was elected governor of the company and Mayor of Newcastle, in which capacity he would probably hear John Knox preach at St. Nicholas', and listen to the great Reformer's trial before the Bishop of Durham, the Council, and congregation, for teaching that the mass was idolatrous. He filled the double office again in 1554, when the Merchants' Company issued their famous bye-law about the apparel of apprentices. It was during this mayoralty that the Bishop of Durham, "for the benefit and commodity" of Newcastle, granted "to Cuthbert Ellison, now Mayor, and to the burgesses of the same town of Newcastle

and their successors, all that his piece of ground or meadow called Salt Meadows, containing by estimation 34 acres of ground, be it more or less, within the county of Durham," &c., for 450 years—a "piece of ground" which, enlarged to 82 acres, the Corporation still retain.

The last act in which Cuthbert Ellison figures is the making of his will. That document, dated February 24, 1556-7, is printed at length in vol. ii. of the Surtees Society's Publications, and exhibits the testator as a man

of wealth, owning houses in the Bigg Market (his residence), the Windaes, Middle Street, and Gowler Rawe, Newcastle, lands at Bamborough, leases of a farmhold and mills at Heworth, half a salt pan, a quantity of plate, &c. When he died is not known, but, as his name appears no more in local history, it is probable that he did not long survive his will-making. On the floor of St. Nicholas' Church a tombstone bearing a merchant's mark and the following inscription, indicated his resting place:—

Jhu have mercy of the sowlle of Cuthbert Ellison, Marchant Adventurer, some tyme mai. of this towne, and Isabell and Anne his wyves and yr children.



Cuthbert Ellison,

1684-1744.

During the next hundred and twenty years, two or three Cuthbert Ellisons lived upon Tyneside who took little or no part in the public movements of their time and locality. There were, for example, Cuthbert, son of the founder, who married Elizabeth Metcalf, of Warkworth, inherited most of his father's estate, became an alderman of Newcastle, and was buried in 1581; Cuthbert, his son (married to a daughter of Christopher Ile), a member of the Merchants' Company, who died in 1626; Cuthbert (son of Robert Ellison, M.P. during the Long Parliament), who married Jane, daughter of William Carr, of Newcastle, and sister of Sir Ralph Carr; and Cuthbert, his son, B.D., who was a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and died in November, 1719, leaving £500 to his college, and founding prize orations in praise of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud.

Passing over these, we come to Cuthbert Ellison, cousin of the last-named, and a notable cleric and rhymist. His

father was Samuel Ellison, Merchant Adventurer, third son of Robert Ellison, M.P.; his mother, Barbara, daughter of Cuthbert Carr; his grandmother, Elizabeth, sister of William Gray, author of the "Chorographia." Baptized on the 27th February, 1683-84, he went as a boy to the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle, then under the headmastership of the Rev. John Cotteral. From thence he proceeded to Lincoln College, Oxford (where he took his degrees in arts), and returning to Newcastle obtained from his uncle, Dr. Nathaniel Ellison, vicar of the town, the curacy of All Saints'. At All Saints' he remained till 1722, when he was presented by Talbot, Bishop of Durham, to the vicarage of Stannington, near Morpeth. At Stannington, in February, 1744, he died, and on the 15th of that month he was buried among his ancestors in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle.

This Cuthbert Ellison was a man of eccentric, not to say underclerical humour. His celebrity is founded upon a very coarse book published anonymously under the title of "A Most Pleasant Description of Benwel Village, In the County of Northumberland, Intermix'd with several diverting Incidents both Serious and Comical. Divided into Two Books. By Q. Z., late Commoner of Oxon. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Printed and Sold by John White, 1726. Price 4s." The volume is a small 12mo. of 581 pages, resembling in appearance an old-fashioned hymn-book, and it has for sub-title, "A Merry Description of a Sunday's Trip to Benwel." As originally published, it was dedicated—the first book to Robert Shaftoe, Esq., of Benwell, the second part to Ralph Jenison, Esq., M.P., of Elswick; but shortly after it was issued the author quarrelled with Mr. Jenison, and tore out the second dedication, so that copies containing it are exceedingly rare. The book in any form is now scarce. At Brand's sale, in 1807, a copy with an MS. note by Brand was bought by a Mr. Sancho for £2 12s. 6d.; at the sale of Mr. John Trotter Brockett's books, in 1823, a copy brought 35s., and a perfect edition is worth perhaps three guineas. Truth to tell, however, the scarcity of the volume is its chief merit. Collectors prize it for its rarity, and that is all. Although it contains 2,290 verses of six lines each, amounting altogether to 13,740 lines, there is not a quotable passage in the whole book. Thus it begins:—

Speak, Goddess Muse!
As wond'rous News,
In humble Doggrel Rhimes,
Things yet un-sung
By Mortal Tongue
In North, or Southern Climes.

Let great Renown
Of BENWEL Town
Employ thy tuneful Lays;
If British Wight
Can in just Light
Display her juster Praise.

The final verse, unfortunately, cannot be printed, on account of its coarseness.

After his death, was published "The Babler, in Two Sermons on Acts 17 and 18 preached in St. Nicholas' Church, before the Corporation of Newcastle, May 15th, and Nov. 27th, 1726. Newcastle: 1745. Price 6d." Brand states that he was also the author of an anonymous "Pastoral between Corydon and Thyrsis," in which, under the assumed character of a lover of the clergy, his "Sunday's Trip to Benwel" is censured, though, as the Rev. Hussey Adamson has pointed out, a sort of apology is attempted in the lines—

If I may judge, his work should be defined
A harm unthought, a scandal undesigned.

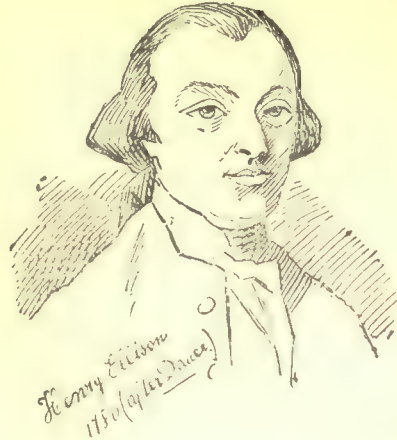
Cuthbert Ellison,
1783-1860.

Another Cuthbert Ellison, son of Robert Ellison, of Hebburn, and great-grandson of Robert Ellison, of the Long Parliament, was a military officer, and for a short time one of the M.P.'s for Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. He died, unmarried, on the 11th October, 1785, aged 87—the oldest general but one in the British army. Of this Cuthbert Ellison little is recorded, and we pass on to the last of his name, Cuthbert Ellison of our own time, the father of Lady Northbourne, and grandfather of the Hon. W. H. James, M.P. for Gateshead. He was the second son of Henry Ellison, Esquire, of



Hebburn Hall and Gateshead Park, by Henrietta, daughter of John Isaacson, of Newcastle, and was born on the 12th of July, 1783. His father died at Bath in October, 1795; his elder brother followed three years later; thus at the age of fifteen he became heir to the valuable estates of the family. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he marked out for himself a

political career, and at the general election of 1807, when he was twenty-four years of age, an opportunity arose through which he was enabled to attempt the gratification of his ambition. A political contest of great bitterness



was being fought in the county of Durham, and at the last moment, only a day or two before the nomination, two of the candidates, Sir T. H. Liddell and Rowland Burdon, retired in Mr. Ellison's favour. The fates, or rather the electors, were, however, unpropitious; he did not succeed in realising his wishes. But four years later, having in the meantime (1808) filled the office of High Sheriff for Northumberland, he was fortunate in obtaining a seat as the colleague of Sir Matthew White Ridley in the representation of Newcastle. That was thought to be a thoroughly safe position, and so, for eighteen years, it proved to be.

When George IV. came to the throne, in 1820, Newcastle was in the enjoyment of an unbroken record of forty years' freedom from political strife. The friends of the rising family of Scott determined to break it, and they induced William Scott, son of the future Lord Stowell, to contest the seat. Mr. Ellison had given offence by the exercise of his patronage in some petty local appointment; he had been abroad from ill-health for a time and was still absent; the opportunity seemed to be favourable for an effort to replace him. At the nomination the show of hands was in favour of his colleague and Mr. Scott; when the poll closed, Mr. Scott was nowhere; Mr. Ellison and Sir Matthew were returned by large majorities. In 1825 he was re-elected with Sir Matthew unopposed, and the following year served the office of High Sheriff of the county of

Durham. Upon the accession of William IV. in 1830, Mr. John Hodgson (afterwards Hodgson Hinde) was brought out with the avowed intention of breaking down the Whig influence of the Riddleys. That, however, was too firmly rooted in Newcastle to be disturbed, but the movement so seriously endangered the seat of Mr. Ellison, who was a Liberal-Conservative, that he declined to go to a poll.

Mr. Ellison had married, 21st July, 1804, Isabella Grace, daughter and co-heir of Henry Ibbetson, Esq.,



of St. Anthony's, near Newcastle, and after his retirement from the representation of the town, he withdrew from public life, and devoting himself to the management of his extensive estates, lived to the good old age of 77 years. He died in London on the 13th June, 1860. His family consisted of seven daughters, two of whom died young; the other five were united to representatives of illustrious houses—Isabella Caroline to the fifth Lord Vernon, Louisa to the fourth Earl of Mansfield, Laura Jane to the third Baron Kensington, Henrietta to W. H. Lambton, Esq., brother of the first Earl of Durham, and Sarah Caroline to Sir Walter C. James, Bart., now Lord Northbourne.

For the portraits which accompany this sketch, we are indebted to the kindness of the Hon. W. H. James, M.P.

John Ellison, M.A.,

VICAR OF BEDLINGTON.

The Rev. John Ellison, eldest son of Dr. Nathaniel Ellison, vicar of Newcastle (sixth son of Robert Ellison, M.P. for Newcastle in the Long Parliament), was not a

man of mark in the ordinary meaning of the term. He was a well-to-do clergyman, belonging to a good family, and, it is to be presumed, doing his duty like many other ministers of the Church, faithfully and well. The place which he occupies in local history is due, not so much to his own merits, as to the malign influence of an anonymous versifier who used his name, or rather his office, after he was dead, as a peg upon which to hang a long string of defamatory rhymes, that by virtue of their coarseness attracted attention, and through their pseudonymous character baffled curiosity.

Mr. Ellison was born in Newcastle in December, 1694, a few weeks after his father had been appointed vicar. He was educated, it is supposed, at the Royal Free Grammar School, and went from thence to University College, Oxford, where he took his Arts degrees. The influence of his father and his family soon obtained for him a valuable preferment. In April, 1719, when but a young man of four-and-twenty, he was inducted to the vicarage of Bedlington, and in September, 1725, he was appointed to the curacy of St. Andrew's, Newcastle. Notwithstanding the distance of Bedlington from Newcastle the fortunate holder of both livings was allowed to retain them. Curates were cheap in those days. One at St. Andrew's would be "passing rich" on about forty or fifty pounds a year, and the Vicar of Bedlington could enjoy the remainder. Such methods of holding Church preferment were common enough in his time, and indeed for long after.

Mr. Ellison held the curacy of St. Andrew's for forty-one years, and then retired "in favour of his son," Nathaniel Ellison, afterwards Vicar of Bolam. The vicarage of Bedlington he retained till his death in December, 1773, having then occupied the living for the long period of fifty-four years. By his marriage with Mary, daughter of Richard Jedidiah Bates, of the Milbourne and Holywell family, he had several children, most of whom survived him, amongst them being Nathaniel, above named (father of the late Commissioner Ellison and of the late Peregrine George Ellison, of St. James's, Newcastle); John, a London merchant; Isabella, second wife of the famous Grammar School master, the Rev. Hugh Moises; and Margaret, who married George Clavering, of Greencroft.

Some years before Mr. Ellison's decease appeared the scurrilous pamphlet referred to in the opening paragraph. It was entitled "Parson Jock's Will," but it is better known in its second edition, dated 1765, the title of which runs:—

The Will of a certain Northern Vicar, to which is annex'd a Codicil. "Here's that wou'd sack a City." London: Printed for the Author, and Sold by W. Bunce, in Russell Street, Covent Garden; the Booksellers at Durham and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; W. Tessyman, at York; J. Leeke at Bath; Bristol, Tunbridge, &c., &c., MDCCLXV. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

The frontispiece, here depicted, is supposed to represent Mr. Ellison dressed in full canonicals, with his wig on (which is said to have weighed at least a pound) dictating his will to a lawyer. The lawyer is described



as suggesting to the vicar that before he deals with money matters it is customary to dispose of "goods of greater worth, as sermons, essays, and old tracts," and then the fun, such as it is, begins:—

Then be it so, cried out the Vicar,
First in the list we'll place Wm. Parker; (1)
To him (as he's so very callous)
I give my lecture on the gallows.

I leave my essay upon Jaw
Unto my rev'rend son-in-law; (2)
And to his wife (3) (the present load)
My smart remarks on large Wm. Boag.
To brother Bob (upon my life) (4)
I give my essay upon strife;
And to my learned brother Nat (5)
My curious sermon on the Bat.

My Art of Building (by his leave)
I give to Master Dicky Grieve (6)
And washballs, too, a curious stock,
Wou'd scent the devil and all his flock:
And all my Epicurean Pans
With a Cambrick cloth to wipe his hands:
My beautiful remarks on slaving
I give the wise Sir Thos. Clavering;
And to my jolly friend, Tom Liddell,
My art of playing on the fiddle.
I give my essay upon Bacon
To the facetious Nat. Clayton. (7)

1. William Parker, landlord of the Turk's Head, Newcastle, and afterwards Postmaster.

2. The Rev. Hugh Moises, who married for his third wife, August 16, 1764, (3) Ann, widow of William Boag.

4. Robert Ellison, wine merchant, afterwards of Otterburn.

5. Rev. Nathaniel Ellison, Vicar of Kirkwhelpington, and of Leebury.

6. Richard Grieve, of Alnwick, the Political Reformer.

7. Curate of St. John's, Newcastle, 1736 to 1786.

I give my family cheese toaster
Unto the Reverend Mr. Brewster; (8)
And to the Reverend Mr. Darch (9)
My curious essay upon Starch.
As to that Pedant, Mr. Hall, (10)
By Jove—I'll give him nouse at all.
To Askew, (11) too (by way of sport)
I give my essay upon port.

I give to Alderman Jack Blackett (12)
My favourite essay upon Claret;
And to my good friend, William Ord, (13)
The use (and so forth) of a cord.

To Avison (14) (by way of reading)
I give my essay on good breeding;
Then to his wife, the gentle Kitty,
My doleful essay upon pity;
And to his matchless children three
My quaint remarks on Tyburn tree.

But as to all my stock of wealth,
By G—— I'll keep that to myself.—
Sign'd, seal'd, delivered in Sixty-One,
By me, the Vicar of Bedlington.

The codicil is much longer than the will, more scurrilous, and therefore less quotable. Upon Avison, Matthew Ridley, the Claytons, Sir Thomas Clavering, the Duke of Northumberland, and one or two others, the

writer discharged copious venom with little regard to decency, and less for either rhyme or sense. Who he was has never been ascertained. Nobody would admit having written such trash. An attempt was made to fasten it upon the Rev. William Cooper (son of William Cooper, M.D., Newcastle, by Mary Grey, of the Howick family), but by advertisement in the *Newcastle Courant* of the 7th December, 1765, he disowned the impeachment. So the author's secret died with him, and the pamphlet itself would probably have died out of remembrance if some local printer had not in the year 1824 issued an anonymous reprint of it.

Mr. Ellison does not appear to have indulged in the luxury of authorship himself, not even to the extent of publishing "by request" a volume of pulpit discourses. The only printed publication that bears his name is a sermon entitled, "Our Obligations to do Good, and the Manner of Doing it. A Sermon preached at the Anniversary Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy within the Diocese of Durham, at St. Nicholas's Church, in Newcastle, on Thursday, the 6th of September, 1750, by John Ellison, &c. Newcastle: Printed and sold by J. White, and to be had of M. Bryson, R. Akenhead, Senr., J. Fleming, J. Barber, and H. Reed, Booksellers, in Newcastle."

8. Assistant curate of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, 1741 to 1750.

9. Vicar of Long Benton, 1757 to 1767.

10. Afternoon lecturer of St. Anne's, Newcastle, 1773 to 1781.

11. Dr. Adam Askew, the famous physician, or, possibly, John Askew, B.A., assistant curate of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, 1756.

12. John Erasmus Blackett, father of Lady Collingwood.

13. William Ord, of Fenham, who is said to have had a passion for hanging himself for amusement.

14. Charles Avison, organist and composer.

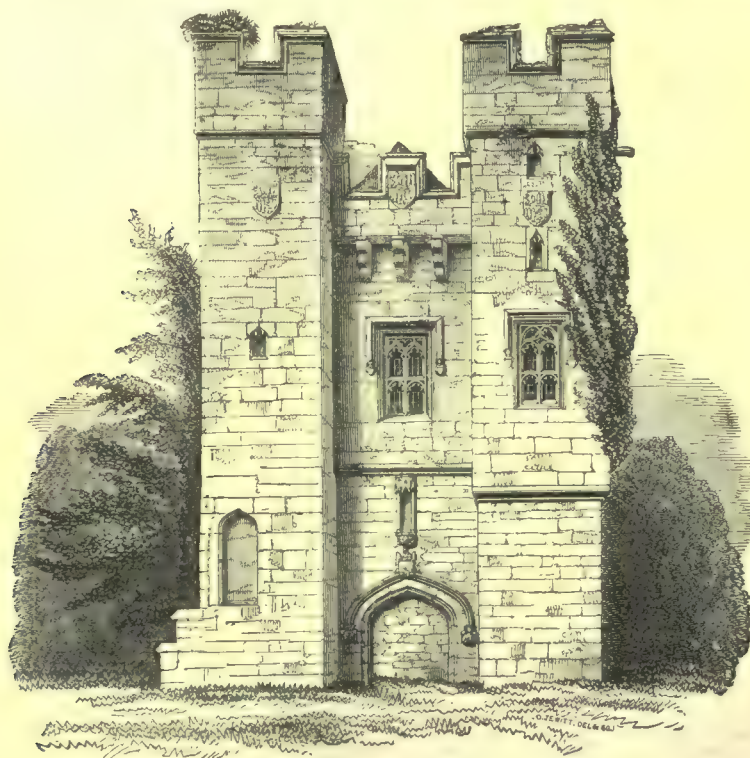
Alnwick Abbey.

ABOUT seven hundred and fifty years ago Eustace Fitz-John, the builder of Alnwick Castle, founded an abbey on the north bank of the Alne, on a sheltered spot encircled by a bend of the river which he could probably see from some of the towers of his stronghold. It was titled "The Abbey and Convent of the Blessed Mary of Alnwick." Eustace endowed it with many possessions. These endowments consisted chiefly of land, the services of tenants, five churches in the neighbourhood, with their appendages and tithes, privilege to erect a corn-mill, and a tenth part of all the venison, wild cattle, and boars killed in his forests and parks, and of all the fish taken in his fisheries. To these, from time to time, and from other benefactors, were added further privileges and more property, till in the end the abbey became one of the richest in the land. The abbots were summoned to Parliament as men of consequence; and the community, generally, prospered. For four hundred years, under a succession of thirty abbots, the establishment was maintained, when the suppression of monasteries brought its tenure to a close. A memorandum is preserved in the Close Rolls, stating that Richard Layton,

a Chancery clerk, received a deed of surrender from the abbot, William Hawton, in the chapter-house, on December 22nd, 1539.

A copy of the chronicle of the abbey is still in existence among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, which mentions many interesting facts concerning the benefactors of the convent, as, for instance, that Eustace Fitz-John made his clerk, or chaplain, Baldwin, the first abbot; that he and his wife associated the memory of their parents with the foundation; that their son, in his turn, mentioned them when he confirmed their charters of endowment; and that he eventually retired to the convent, and was buried near the chapter-house door by the side of Burga, his wife. It also mentions the indebtedness of the pious community to several generations of the Percies, who bestowed upon it many gifts of value. The chronicle further states that the first Earl Percy took the brotherhood of the chapter in 1372, and that his son and two brothers did the same in the following year. There is mention, moreover, of a great banquet, when Walter Hepescote was abbot, in the days of the fifth Lord Percy. This document, which is written in Latin, is printed at length in Hartshorne's "Feudal and Military Antiquities of Northumberland."

Of this ecclesiastical establishment only the gateway remains, if we except a well, and a hedge of yew thought likely from its age and growth to have been planted in those old times. When surrendered to Richard Layton, the Chancery clerk, some portions of it may have been demolished; but there was accommodation enough left for the owners of the site to reside on it in the next century. In 1608, it belonged to a Brandling; in the next century, to the Doubledays; in our own, to the Hewitsons; and, finally, the Dukes of Northumberland purchased the great bulk, if not the whole, of the abbey possessions, as portion after portion was for sale. The remains of the buildings, probably in dilapidation, were removed on the acquirement of their site, and the land was levelled and grown with grass. But six years ago interest was revived in the former existence of the abbey by the discovery of a fine tomb-slab below the surface, and orders were given to make further researches,



ALNWK ABBEY GATEWAY.

which resulted in tracing most of the foundations of its walls. Edgings of cement have been placed on the ground-lines of these foundations, that the grass may not obliterate them again. We may, therefore, examine the situation of the cloisters, note the fine size of the church, the proximity of the chapter-house, and puzzle over the purposes of the numerous other buildings disclosed.

The great gateway, though probably nearly new at the surrender, is yet old enough to be furnished with means of defence. It is embattled and machicolated. It con-

sists of a great covered archway with a lofty chamber above it, and a tower at each angle. In these four towers are small chambers or closets, and in two of them stone stairs, one from the ground to the large chamber mentioned, and the other from the ground to the roof. The windows have mullions, transoms, and tracery, and are finished with labels terminating with angels bearing shields. There are niches placed for ornament; as well as shields, displaying the arms of the De Vescies and Percies. The archway passes from north to south. Our view represents the eastern front. The low four-centred




DUNGEON GILL FORCE, LANGDALE, LAKE DISTRICT.

arch on this side has also a label with angels for terminals. From the roof, the seclusion of the site, the curve of the river, and the luxuriance of the foliage of the trees dotting the low-lying meadow land so pleasantly sheltered by the banks and slopes around, are strikingly apparent.

S. W.

Dungeon Gill Force.

NE of the sights of the English Lake District is Dungeon Gill Force. If visitors who climb the rocky ravine experience a certain amount of disappointment on first beholding the object of their journey, they may derive consolation from the fact that the beauties of the fall have been sung by two great poets—Wordsworth and Coleridge. The former tells a story of two “idle shepherd boys” playing on “pipes of sycamore” beneath a rock overlooking Dungeon Gill. One boy challenges the other to a feat of daring:—

“Now cross where I shall cross—come on,
And follow me where I shall lead”—
The other took him at his word;
But did not like the deed.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go—
Into a chasm, a mighty block
Hath fall’n, and made a bridge of rock:
The gulf is deep below,
And in a basin, black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand, across the cleft
The challenger began his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gain’d
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan—
Again!—his heart within him dies—
His pulse is stopp’d, his breath is lost,
He totters, pale as any ghost,
And, looking down, he spies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

When he had learnt what thing it was
That sent this rueful cry, I ween,
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferr’d their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid:—
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages’ books,
By chance had thither stray’d;
And there the helpless lamb he found,
By those huge rocks encompass’d round.

He drew it gently from the pool,
And brought it forth into the light;
The shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Said they, “He’s neither maim’d nor scarr’d.”
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother’s side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle shepherd boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.


Coleridge’s lines refer to a legend of the locality, and run thus:—

In Langdale Pike and Witch’s Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll as foully rent,

With rope of rocks and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons’ ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t’other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft, too, by their knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks their doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrodaile.

The force is fed by a stream which issues from between the Langdale Pikes. The quantity of water is inconsiderable; but the aspect of the cleft, which is only nine feet in width, is gloomy in the extreme. The feature which distinguishes the force from others in Lakeland is the natural arch that spans it, formed by two rocks which have been doubtless rolled into the position from neighbouring heights during some mighty convulsion of nature. Adventurous young people of both sexes, like the “idle shepherd boys” in Wordsworth’s poem, have crossed the bridge; but the feat is not unattended with danger. By far the best view of the waterfall is obtained from below. It is from this point that our sketch on the previous page has been taken.

The Hermit of Warkworth.

ALES of eremites or hermits are found on every page of mediæval history, from the days of Augustine to those of “Tom Tiddler’s Ground.” In the majority of cases disappointed affection or baffled ambition has led men to retire from the world’s routine into a sort of semi-solitude; and with few exceptions hermits have professedly devoted themselves to a life of holy meditation and prayer. In England, and also in some other countries, these religious “solitaries” were specially licensed by the Crown, under which gaberlunzie sort of charter the pious lieges of the locality in which the retreat had been fixed were encouraged and urged to make the temporal wants of the holy man their sacred care. But as this casual pittance was apt to prove irregular, the holy men generally fixed upon some spot near well-stocked rivers or in the depths of forests abounding in game, so that the default of piety might be made good by skill and toil. There have been many famous and some little known hermits in the North of England. When the old Tyne Bridge was pulled down, above a century ago, there was discovered the wasted skeleton of one who had long lived the life of an anchorite—a sort of Sineon Stylites—in a little den on one of the pillars of the bridge. Tradition says that he died there some 400 years ago. Not much more than a century back there lived in Gateshead one Edward Train, who through a love-bligh was led to separate himself from the world and its luxurious habits so far as to live in his garden instead of his house, and never go to bed for twenty years. But perhaps the best known story of hermit life in the North is connected with Warkworth

and the Coquet, although it is difficult to say how much is truth and how much is fable in the story as it is now enshrined in Percy's exquisite ballad.

By patent from the ancient Earls of Northumberland, a chanting priest was maintained in the Warkworth Hermitage down to the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. The last patent was granted in 1532 by the sixth Earl of Northumberland; but because it was a private and continuing benefaction in the shape of a voluntary charge on the rent roll of the Percy, there was no formal sequestration of the endowment—only a simple relapse to the lords of the manor; consequently, there is no public memorial of the nature and objects of the modest establishment in its original form. The tale, however, was told from sire to son substantially as the balladist has rendered it, and the subsidy of the noble Percy must be regarded as a voucher for the singular worth of the recluse who made the Hermitage his oratory while he lived his life of tearful expiation, and his memorial when he had left this vale of weeping behind him for ever.

Sweeter spot for retreat from the world, meditation, and prayer could not be found in all the North Country than that wherein nestles the Hermitage of Warkworth. The silver Coquet glides gently along the base of the rock in which the romantic chapel has been patiently wrought with skilful hands, with loving care, and with holy purpose. The site is embowered amidst rich foliage, and the lapsing centuries have each bequeathed some touch of mournful beauty to the ruins, while gently crumbling them to waste and dust. The lonely watcher in this rocky cell escaped the notice of merry huntsman and marching soldiery; but he could look upon the fair landscape beyond the stream, and follow afar with his gaze the wanderings of the quiet and beautiful river. Generation after generation of suffering and sinful men has sent its quota of wistful visitors to explore the sacred cave, and few of those who have climbed into its strange recess could say that they had no wish to know the legend of the builder of this forest sanctuary. How came the thought of such a place into heart of man? The days of deep faith and ecstatic religion witnessed, as we have said, many such experiments to sever the ties that bind man to his kind and his age. In the village hard by, almost beneath the shadow of the once princely castle, there was a convent cell—a place of summer retreat, or a chantry of special sanctity, connected with the monastery of Durham, or, perchance, of Lindisfarne. But, if tradition tells true, the sequestered Hermitage on the river bank had a solemnity and romance in its origin that were lacking to the sister cell nearer the sea. There is, however, but little matter of fact to serve as a thread for the pearls of poetic fancy strung together by the famous Dr. Percy; but, indeed, it is neither easy nor pleasant to discriminate between the old tale of the Hermit and the beautiful ballad by which it is now com-

pletely superseded. To analyse and criticise such a myth would be like grasping the rainbow-tinted bubble as it floats slowly heavenward. But we can add a sober tint of fact, perhaps, without marring the poetic interest of the story as told in the ballad.

Sir Bertram was a knight in the retinue of Percy, handsome, valiant, all ways accomplished, universally beloved, but singled out for special affection by the great lord whose banner he followed alike to the feast and the fray wherever it was unfurled. He owned great estates within sight of the spot where a sad mischance doomed him to spend the remnant of his days. He was worthy of the fairest damsel in the shire, and, emboldened by the encouragement of his liege lord, he sought the hand of Isabel, daughter of the Lord of Widdrington. The father gave his consent to the suit of the brave Sir Bertram, and it seemed that the maiden, though coy and wilful, cast no unkindly glance upon her anxious suitor. But she dallied with her true knight's passion, holding him captive thereby as if with chain of gossamer that he could have broken, but loved too well to break. She had been taught that maiden's love, lightly won, was ever lightly thought of; and she would test her gallant's worth and vows before she blessed him with her trust. She was wilful in her sport with Bertram's deep affection, yet her heart was neither cold nor all untouched. It was the sprightly girlhood budding into womanly strength and graciousness, and the angel of love as yet nestled in the shade of fancy. Her father, the good old Knight of Widdrington, loved his daughter, and would fain have crowned the faithful suit of his neighbour's son.

Once upon a time Lord Percy made a great feast, bidding the country squires of all degrees to his hospitable halls. The Lord of Widdrington, with his lovely child, and Sir Bertram of the Hill, were among the most welcome and honoured of the party. Wine and wassail were not wanting; and minstrelsy, such as only a Percy could supply and the legends of the Percy inspire, filled the guest chamber with song and the gentle melody of harp. The liveried singers chanted the ancient lays which told of the glories of war and the valiant deeds of Northumbria's mighty lords. These recitals of valour and famous deeds fired the sleeping love of fair Isabel to a wakeful and yearning ambition. Oh! could she but mate with one whose name would thus echo in the songs of distant ages, how happy would she be! And so she singled from her maidens one pleasanter to look upon and smarter of address than many a high-born dame, and, placing in her hands a plumed casque with golden crest, she bade her carry it to Sir Bertram as a token of acceptance of his love—of acceptance, however, only when he should bring it to her feet dented with many a foeman's blow. Sir Bertram was a very star of chivalry. Thrice he kissed the sacred pledge, and in reverent tones vowed to test the helm wherever blows rained fastest in the field. The great Lord Percy would not, for his knightly honour, gainsay

the maiden's bond or hinder his friend and follower from the fray that was to crown his life with joy. So he passed the word; the bugles sounded; the eager warriors marshalled swiftly on fair Alnwick's slopes. The times were wild. Old scores of cruel wrong were waiting to be washed out in blood.

The restless Scots had ravaged the marches and harried the flocks of the Percy. Now was the hour of reprisals, and in the struggle young Bertram was to win fresh fame and a darling bride. Not long had they to look. The Douglas were never far to seek when a Percy was the seeker. Sir Bertram sees the clustering foes, and at his chieftain's summons rushes to the strife. Short and sharp is the shock. His stalwart arm wields a trusty blade, and he mows down his foes like poppies in a field. But they gather round him, press upon him, hem him in on every side, until a giant hand is lifted and a deadly blow cleaves the shield he bears. A second blow cuts through the golden crest and iron casque. He totters, faint and stunned. Down upon the sward he falls, his rich blood bedabbling the trodden grass. Then "Ho! to the rescue!" good Lord Percy cries, and his yeomen sweep like the wind, scattering the crowd that gathers densely round the fallen knight. They take him up tenderly, and laying him on their shields carry him forth to the safe retreat of Wark. The old Knight of Widdrington had witnessed the gallant deeds of his daughter's lover, and now, when he looked upon his stricken form so white and weak, he solaced him with the promise that Isabel herself should be his nurse and soon his wife. But the coy maiden—why came she not at the bidding of her father to bind up the wounds her own pride had inflicted on her lover?

Come she did not, though the stricken knight looked ever wistfully forth for her pleasant form and listened painfully for her musical step. So he moaned through days of sickness, and tossed in restless fever through the weary nights. Yet his vigorous frame repelled the fever, and the flush of returning health spread across his wan face. Still weak as a child, he rose from his couch, girded on his armour, placed the dinted helm on his brow, and went away, through forest and fell, in search of his truant bride. Night had fallen when he reached the hall of Widdrington. With all his strength he thundered at the gate. Long he waited before an aged dame thrust her head from the lattice and asked who was abroad in the dark and silent night. He told his name and errand. The woman shrieked in terror, and with great labour gave him to know that the fair Isabel no sooner heard of his mischance than she bade them caparison her palfrey that she might haste on the wings of penitent love to tend the couch of her faithful knight. She had gone from her father's home with slender retinue, so great was her haste; and her old nurse deemed that she was long since and all these days by the side of her lover. Oh, woe for the day, and woe for the maiden fair,

and woe for her suffering knight! Whither had she gone, and what evil chance had befallen her? Wild beasts and wilder men roamed the forests and the moorland. Could it be that she had fallen a prey to their ravening? would he never see her more? would no gentle fairy, no guardian spirit, guide him to his dear one? To Our Lady of Lindisfarne he lifted up his petition and vows, then sadly bent his steps, he knew not whither, but away through the sombre glades of the forest in search of his lost Isabel.

Sir Bertram had a brother strong, faithful, and fair, who loved and was loved with truest affection. This youth grieved for Sir Bertram's sore affliction, and tendered his services as a searcher for the lost one, thinking only of the solace he might bring to his kinsman. So they parted to make the quest more extensive and thorough. Sir Bertram guessed it was some Scottish earl who had seized his betrothed and borne her away to his distant den. He doffed the well-hacked armour and the dinted casque—love's fatal gage of battle—and donned the humble garb now of holy palmer, now of minstrel old and weary. Long and far he roamed, and many a castle did he enter, and many a hut, yet found not what he sought. One day his heart was heavy with dolour, and his limbs were worn with walking. As he sat at rest beneath a flowering thorn, an aged pilgrim passed, and, greeting him with pleasant benison, he started to see a minstrel weeping, it was so rare a sight. He asked him whence and why those tears. Then up rose Bertram and told him how he sought a maiden who had been torn from father and bridegroom on the very eve of her nuptials, and how he had sought her over hill and dale with never a trace or a sound of her flight to console him. Then the aged pilgrim bade him not despair, and told him of a captive maiden in some not distant tower. It might be Isabel. It must, it should be Isabel. So once more with lissome limbs and buoyant heart he went upon his travels. He reached the lonely fort, played his harp before the gate, and charmed the listening menials of the absent lord. The ancient seneschal himself was moved, but, sworn on the holy rood to give no entrance to a stranger till his lord came back, what could he do? He bade the pleasant harpist betake himself to a cave hard by, and there he would bring him meat and wine. And there he rested night by night, plying his sweet minstrelsy at times by day at the castle gate. In the watches of the night he heard the voice of Isabel singing within the song of captivity, and his heart leaped joyously yet angrily within his breast. Another night, and he caught a glimpse of her beauteous form, as of moonbeams through a cloud-rift. Another night, when he would fain have watched, sleep laid him low, and the dawn was high before his dream was ended. But was it ended? Was he not dreaming still? There was the castle wall, gleaming white in the dim morning; there—did his eyes deceive him?—was the lovely Isabel, and she was picking her frightened steps down a silken

ladder, held firm by a waiting knight. Now she is on the sword, and as she grasps the arm of her deliverer she pours out her heart in thanks, and they hurry from the scene. Sir Bertram can scarcely believe his eyes; but the rising day reveals the knight and maiden too plainly for mistake. Enraged, he grasps his poignard and pursues. A few swift strides brings him athwart the course of his rival, and with a yell of vengeance he bids him yield his prize. The stranger turns with equal rage; blow for blow, in mad fury they assail each other: but Sir Bertram's is the stronger arm and sharper weapon—the other falls. Sir Bertram is in the act to strike the fatal blow. The maiden cries—"Stay, stay, Sir Bertram, it is thy brother!" and as she rushes in to save from fratricide, the poignard of the lover strikes her to the heart. Too late, too late, to save the generous brother; for his life was ebbing fast away, and Sir Bertram held in his arms the form of the dying Isabel! Not long she lived, but as she drooped and swooned her sweet life away, she sought to comfort her beloved.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove
Which here was not to be."

"Bertram," she said, "I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

"For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief:

"Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn;
He slew thy guards and seized on me
Upon that fatal morn.

"And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confined,
And fondly sued and warmly pressed
To win me to his mind.

"Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

"He quickly formed his brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

"Then haste, my love; escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think of her
Who should have been thy bride."

But there was to be no earthly answer to the benediction of the dying bride. "It was sacrilege," thought Sir Bertram, "to take another love into this smitten heart of mine; no human love shall nestle in the ruins of such affection as I did bear my brother and my bride. Stained with the blood of all I loved most dearly in this accursed world, I leave the world for ever. My loved lands and fair castle I consecrate to God and to his poor forever." And so it came to pass that the good Lord Percy, in pity for the broken heart of his faithful follower, gave him a quiet resting-place by the riverside, and in the

frowning moss-clad rock the mournful alien from his kind hewed out a place of rest that might serve him in his stricken life for the death that would be so welcome when it came. There for fifty years he sighed, and wept, and prayed. Ever and again the lords of the Percy would seek his holy retreat to beg a blessing from the holy man, or perchance to add to his scanty store of roots and forest fruits some dainty morsel fitted to soothe his mellowing age. When at last sweet death released the mourner from his life-long penance, the Percy endowed the scene of so much sorrow as a charity, that mass might never be wanting for the man they had loved and mourned in life.

Jingling Geardie's Hole.

IN the *Monthly Chronicle* for July, 1887, (vol. i., page 218) appeared a very interesting article, by Mr. William Brockie, giving an account of this singular cave in the cliff under the Priory of Tynemouth, of the traditions connected therewith, and of an exploration of the hole made "about forty years ago." Curiously enough, I am in the position to place on record an earlier expedition of discovery, conducted, unfortunately, without accurate observation, and described in crude, not to say illiterate, fashion.

Through the kindness of a relative, who is aware of my hereditary predilection for anything curious in connection with local lore and legend, I have before me a dilapidated and much thumbed copy of Bourne's "History of Newcastle-upon-Tyne." The book has evidently belonged to a circulating library of days gone by, kept by "Edward Humble, Corner of Dean Street," and has at an early period been bound interleaved. Advantage has been taken of the space thus provided by successive generations of readers to record contemporary events and fresh information in connection with the adjoining text. Opposite to page 180, on which the Curate of All Hallows' treats of the famous monastery and castle of Tynmouth, an amateur Belzoni of the last century has entered his experiences and impressions of a visit to "the Jingling Man's Hole," doubtless feeling that the history was incomplete without mention of this mysterious feature. The date of the entry is September 21st, 1780, the ink is faded and the writing difficult to decipher, whilst it abounds in capital letters and has no attempt at punctuation; nevertheless, I propose that the anonymous writer shall relate his adventure in his own words. Here is what he says:—

On the side next the German Ocean is a place called by the common people the Jingling Man's Hole which it is pretended was enchanted. Curiosity led me and two more to go, accordingly the 2 August 1778 having provided ourselves with candles, ropes etc. we entered a small arch door going straight forward, turned West a few yards where we found a small square hole sufficient to let only one at once down. Having fixed all ready we

descended one by one and found it to be about twelve foot deep, we crept through a small square hole stoped almost up with stone about 3 yards further we found another but not being able to get further being so choaked with stones but throwing several stones to the far end which was about 2½ yards it went down into a low vault—from hence it appears these holes have been to let in air for at the bottom we could plainly discern an arched door—but finding it impossible to get those stones up as it would have been a great fatigue and labour—it is a pity so many boys, nay old people, should constantly be throwing stones down which when I was at Tinemouth about 16 years ago at school if we had as we frequently did throw stones down we could hear it fall down step by step for a considerable time but now if one is thrown down it will fall with a “Todd” (? thud) amongst the rest of them from hence I am certain there has been a way out here from the Garrison we search every part of the Castle to find but could not find any satisfactory one wearied with pursuit we gave over.

Newcastle, Sept. 21st, 1780.

The agreement between this story and Mr. Brockie's remarkable narrative undoubtedly points to its being the same cave which was explored on both occasions. The arched door of the one writer agrees with the entrance partly formed by masonry of the other. The distance to the well is similar, and its depth (12 feet) identical in each narrative, although the one describes the aperture as square, the other as circular. It seems, however, that the earlier explorer penetrated to the greater distance, because the inner “arched door,” which he could plainly discern, although he could not get to it, is not mentioned in the later account. No doubt the mischief which drew forth a protest in 1778 was continued by “many boys” and by adults also in the interim, and three-quarter of a century's accumulation curtailed the opportunity of the more recent and more intelligent observer.

I will only make one further remark, which is with reference to the name popularly applied to this cave. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Brockie that the “Geordy” is comparatively a recent innovation, possibly of the early part of the present century. The school days of the anonymous writer I have quoted take us as far back as the middle of last century, and it will be observed he distinctly states that the name in general acceptance in his time was the Jingling Man's Hole. PERSEVERANTIA.

* * *

Mr. Hugh R. Rodham, of North Shields, lately sent to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* the following copy of an old bill in his possession:—

The Public are respectfully informed that the
SIEUR ABDAHALLA
will
ON EASTER TUESDAY, April 13th, 1819,
Display from His
MAGICAL CHAIR
the
WHOLE ENCHANTED SECRET
of
JINGLING MAN'S HOLE.

He will before Sunset astonish every Beholder by producing, by three waves of his Magic Wand, the long-heard-of chest at the Mouth of the Cave. By a second three Waves of the Wand, he will produce the Lady that has been confined since the Reign of Severus, the Roman Emperor. By a third Movement, he will command them from whence they came.

Peace Officers will attend to preserve Tranquillity.

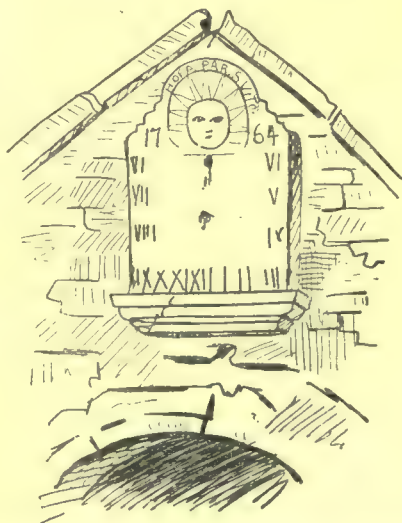
Pollock, Printer, 15, Union Street, North Shields.

Referring to the above announcement, Mr. Horatio A. Adamson, the respected Town Clerk of North Shields, wrote subsequently as follows:—

Some years ago I read the account of how the people of Tynemouth had been hoaxed, and how a great number assembled hoping to see the long hidden chest, but were greatly disappointed at the non-appearance of Sieur Abdallah. I cannot lay my hands on the newspaper account. As a boy I went to visit this cave, and I remember crawling on my hands and knees along a passage until I came to a door blocked up with dirt which I thought would be the entrance to the cave that contained the treasures; but nothing came of it. The old cave is much altered.

Kirkwhelpington Church.

FORTY years ago the late Dr. Raine wrote thus:—“The parish of Whelpington occupies upon the map of Northumberland precisely the situation in which, like similar districts in Yorkshire, Durham, and other counties, touching upon either side of the great line of hills, commonly called the Backbone of England, there is not only a great, but almost invariably a beautiful variety of surface—hills gradually sloping downwards, and dying away in level ground; and streams, in general extremely picturesque in themselves and in their accompaniments, struggling to escape from rocks and cliffs



and natural woods, to flow on at ease through pastures and meadows and arable land, which they frequently overflow and enrich by their fertilizing contributions. The village of Whelpington itself stands upon high and dry ground, and is of the usual character of Northumbrian hamlets; its houses mean and straggling, picturesque from their thatch of ling, and giving no external indication

of what they seldom possess—internal comfort. The church . . . is placed upon a sunny elevation in front; and abutting upon the west side of the churchyard are the vicarage house and garden, the latter terminated on the south-west by a rugged precipice, finely fringed with timber, beneath which flows the Wansbeck, that lively streamlet of which Akenside sung."

The church of Whelpington owes its chief interest at the present day to the fact that it still remains just such a church as the ecclesiastical authorities a hundred years ago loved to have. A flat, whitewashed ceiling, square high-backed pews, much like cattle-pens, and of the rudest carpentry of a country village, pulpit and sounding board of the same type of art, flat-headed cottage windows, sashed, and glazed with large square panes, and a large melancholy gallery at the west end, are the predominant characteristics of this church. Such churches as were built in country villages in the eighteenth century were almost always of this type, and rare indeed were even the ancient churches which escaped being transformed to such a pattern. The church at Whelpington is one of the very few that are still left as they were in the days when George III. was a young king.

But the church is ancient, dating from the closing years of the twelfth century. Till the alterations of last century it seems to have been left much as it was when originally built. Its length, even now, is remarkable, although there is evidence that it has been curtailed at its east end. The nave is 68 feet long, and the chancel 34 feet, or 102 feet in all, whilst its greatest breadth is only 20 feet. Hodgson believed it to have "been a cross church," by which he means a church with transepts, and he speaks of "the lower part of the walls of the transept," on the north side, having been "taken up" early in the present century. Such a transept, however, is quite incompatible with the present structure, and must, if it ever existed, have belonged to an earlier edifice. But probably the foundations referred to were those of some outhouse or other extraneous building. Hodgson himself never saw them, and writes about them only from hearsay.

Of the original church the portions now remaining are the north and south walls of the chancel, the north and part of the south wall of the nave, and the lower stages of the tower. The tower is low and massive. Its original buttresses, of slight projection, are still visible at its north-west corner, and on the middle of its north and south sides, but at all the other angles they have been covered by later and extremely heavy buttresses, the latter being rendered necessary by the outward thrust of the vault of the lowest stage. On the west side of the tower there is an original doorway, now partly walled up, and partly open as a window. On the east side, and above the vault, there has been a pointed opening into the nave, the character and purpose of which it is not easy to determine. A portion of it may be seen from the belfry. This arch or doorway, or whatever else it may be, is

adorned with a very peculiar and rude type of chevron moulding. The upper stage of the tower appears to have been rebuilt in the last century.

The nave possesses none of its original features except its south doorway and a solitary lancet light near the east end of the north wall, the position of which entirely dissipates the theory of a north transept. The doorway just mentioned is the best architectural feature in the whole building. Its arch is of two orders, which rest on engaged nook-shafts, in the capitals of which the nail-head moulding appears. The doorway is covered by a porch, as to the date of which I will not hazard a conjecture. Over the porch door is a sun-dial, whereof the gnomon is lost, but the motto, "*Hora pars Vitæ*" (The Hour is a part of Life), still remains legible, and might have reminded the villagers of Whelpington of an important lesson had it been sensibly inscribed in English.

The chancel has a lancet light, shown in our sketch in its south wall, and beneath this window is a walled-up priests' door. In the interior there are two sedilia at the extreme east end of the south side, in such a position as to show that formerly the chancel extended considerably further eastward.

In the fourteenth century the appropriation of the church of Whelpington passed into the hands of the abbot and convent of the Cistercian house of Newminster, near Morpeth. We are unfortunately not in possession of the whole of the documents relating to the transfer, and there are difficulties in the historical sequence of those that we do possess which it does not seem possible to explain. In 1334, Edward III. granted a license to Gilbert de Umfraville, Earl of Angus, empowering him to assign the advowson and appropriation of Whelpington church to the abbot and convent of Newminster. The reasons given for this grant are "the injuries and destructions which our beloved in Christ, the abbot and convent of Newminster, have suffered by the frequent arrival of the Scots in those parts, coming recently to make war." This grant the monks were able to acquire by paying Umfraville £100, and this sum was supplied to them by Thomas de Heppescotes, then Rector of Morpeth, on the condition that they should find a priest to say mass in Morpeth Church every day, for his health whilst he lived, and for his soul after his death.

The King's grant seems afterwards, for some reason, to have been set aside, and in 1349 we find the abbot and monks petitioning Bishop Hatfield for the same rights in Whelpington Church which it was supposed they had acquired fifteen years before from Umfraville. In their petition, they set forth that their house and other buildings were almost entirely destroyed by fire, through no fault of theirs; and their other places destroyed and reduced to ashes and cinders, by the invasions of the Scots, and various wars and depredations; their goods, of which they were accustomed to live, so consumed and devastated and diminished by recent

pestilence that not sufficient was left wherewith to maintain the professions of their life, nor to rebuild and repair the houses and other places of their monastery, nor even to afford their accustomed hospitality and alms, unless suitable remedy be opportunely provided. The petition mentions that their monastery was situated near the great highways, and that to its gates there was every day a great confluence of noblemen and others needing its hospitalities. For the reasons just stated, Hatfield granted them the appropriation of Whelpington Church; this grant to take effect at the removal or death of the then rector. He reserved to himself and his successors the collation to the vicarage, and provided that the vicar should have a third part of the rectory ground; whereon the first vicar, within six months after his appointment, should have for his residence a suitable house, to be erected at the cost of the abbot and convent, wherein he might be able to live comfortably and receive visitors honourably.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the rectory passed into lay hands. After being held by the Shaftoes, the Delavals, and the Widdringtons, it came into the possession of the Radclifes of Dilston, and from them passed, with the rest of their estates, to Greenwich Hospital, the commissioners of which sold it, in 1799, to Sir J. E. Swinburne, by whose representative it is now held.

The later history of the Whelpington Church possesses little or no interest. It was, as we have seen, sadly defaced in last century, when the south wall of the nave seems to have been almost entirely rebuilt. Its time of restoration will come, I suppose, sooner or later, when in all probability it will be brought up to the ecclesiastical taste of the present day. Its sashed windows, plain pews, and plaster ceiling will be swept away. Well will it be if what yet remains of really ancient work is not destroyed,

or defaced, or supplanted by modern imitation at the same time.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Workington Hall.

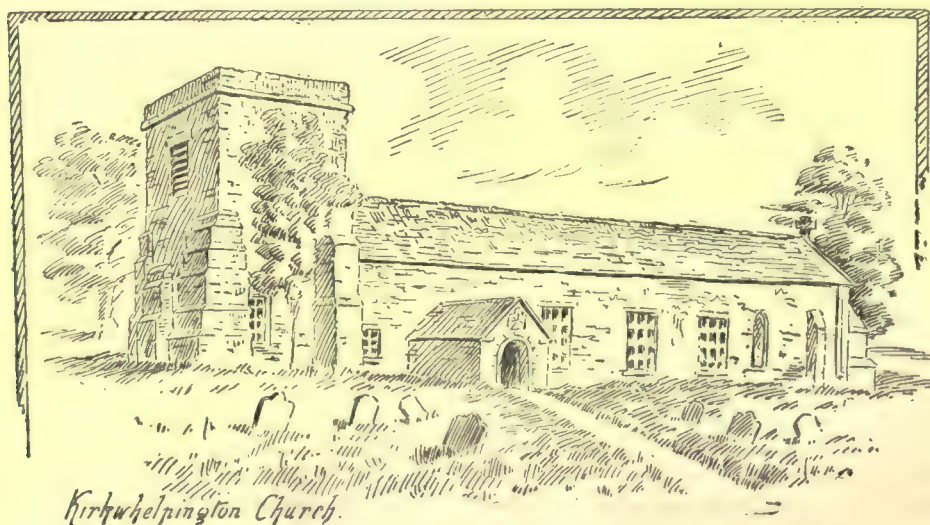


THE modern compiler of the Curwen pedigree in the "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society" complains that "scant justice has hitherto been accorded by the genealogists to the Curwen family . . . a family which for antiquity can be equalled by few and surpassed by none."

If the antiquity of one's family be a matter for pride, then surely the present representative of the Curwens should be proud enough, for he can trace his ancestry back in one long unbroken line for nearly nine hundred years; back indeed to Ethelred II., King of England, called the "Unready," on the one hand, and the Royal House of Scotland on the other; and all along the line are armoured knights, brave warriors, and noble dames.

Workington Hall stands on a slight eminence on the eastward side of the town, and overlooks the Solway Firth as well as the river Derwent. It is of rectangular shape, and dates back to the eleventh century, though the west side with its gateway and some of the interior parts of the hall are the only portions of the original structure now standing.

Entering by the old gateway and the main door, almost the first thing to attract the visitor's notice is a beautiful shield carved in marble and let into the wall at the foot of the grand staircase. This is quite a curiosity, being in fact composed of four distinct coats of arms. The one in the left hand bottom corner is the coat of arms of the



Kirkehelpington Church.

Curwen family, the cockle shells denoting that some of its members had fought in the Holy Wars.

Further up the staircase is a stone medallion of Queen Mary, said to be an authentic portrait.

The "Justice Hall" is at the foot of the grand staircase, a small quadrangle, with the "bar" at which the prisoners stood still preserved, and branching off from it are the cells or dungeons in which the prisoners were confined. Dark, damp, and "uncanny" looking places these, that would take the labour and ingenuity of Monte-Cristo and the Abbé Faria to escape from, the walls being something over eight feet thick.

Ascending the staircase once more, we pass a side-face portrait of a lady, which is said to be that of Mary Queen of Scots, but which is so unlike what might be expected from the full face portraits which are so common that the statement seems doubtful. However, the portrait has been in the family for 300 years, and tradition says that it was left at the Hall by the unfortunate Queen when she took temporary refuge there at the time of her flight from Scotland.

Whatever doubt there may be about the portrait, there is none whatever about two other souvenirs of Mary which are kept in the drawing-room, along with many other interesting heirlooms and relics. The first is a small brass clock about six inches high, apparently of French manufacture, which, notwithstanding its age, can yet truthfully tell the time-o'-day. The other is a lovely and delicately veined agate cup. In the "History of Mary Stewart" by her private secretary, Claude Nau, there is the following reference to the Curwens of Workington:—"When the Queen had crossed the sea and was getting out of the boat, she fell to the ground, which many persons accepted as an augury of good success, interpreting it, according to the common form, to mean that she had taken possession of England, to which she

laid claim as a right. She arrived at a small hamlet where supper was being prepared. Lord Herries sent a message to the Laird of Curwen, who was a friend of his, to the effect that he had arrived in England, and had brought with him a young heiress, whom he had carried off in the hope of causing her to marry Curwen's son. Lord Herries asked, therefore, that he might be received in the laird's house. The answer which was returned stated that the laird was in London, but the house was offered by one of the laird's principal servants, amongst whom was a Frenchman, who recognised Her Majesty as soon as she had crossed the threshold, and remarked to Lord Fleming that he had formerly seen the queen in better plight than now. In consequence, the report got abroad, and well nigh four hundred horsemen arrived next morning. Seeing that she was discovered, her Majesty thought it prudent to let it be known that she had come in reliance upon the promise of the Queen of England, who was immediately apprised of her arrival."

Amongst the other relics at Workington Hall is a document (the oldest in the possession of the family), dating back to 1340, granting the family permission to castellate the building. Between 1399 and 1403 William de Curwen had a grant from Henry, Earl of Northumberland, Constable of England, and Hotspur, his son, of all their rights "in the manors of Wyrkyngton, Seton, and Thornthwaite in Derwent felles." This document, too, is still in possession of the family, and the two great seals upon it are pronounced by competent judges to be the best preserved and most perfect of any in the kingdom.

A sight worth going a long way to see is the lovely mantel-piece in the billiard room. It is of pure white marble, with figures in relief representing Apollo and the Muses. The carving is perfect, even to the most delicate details, though the figures are but a few inches in height; and each goddess is depicted holding some representation



of the art over which she presided—Calliope with stylus and tablets; Melpomene with a dagger; Thalia with a mask, &c. Another mantel-piece of exceeding beauty and value is to be seen in the dining-room. In addition to the figures and fruit which are carved upon it, it has pillars of the almost priceless Derbyshire spar, and is altogether a most magnificent affair. In the billiard room is a portrait of Henry Curwen, known as "Galloping Harry," a dashing young blade who was so attached to James II. that he followed him into exile. He was absent so long that a jury declared him dead, and the next of kin took possession. Not for long, though; for, like Alonzo the Brave or the murdered Banquo, "Galloping Harry" returned, but, unlike them, he came in solid flesh and blood, upset the find of the jury, and ousted the "man in possession." Henry reduced the property considerably by leaving all his estates not entailed to outsiders.

All along the corridors and in the rooms are the portraits of family ancestors, valiant knights in armour, and worthy dames and beautiful damsels in frills, farthingales, and lace. There are two immense portraits of John Christian Curwen and his wife Isabella, which are at present on view in London at the exhibition of modern paintings. This John Christian Curwen is specially remembered for his active Parliamentary life and the great services he rendered to agriculture in the neighbourhood.

In the entrance to the parish church of Workington stands the monumental tomb of Sir Christopher Curwen and Elizabeth his wife. It was this Sir Christopher Curwen who, in July, 1418, formed one of that gallant party who embarked at Portsmouth for France. That his assistance must have been of great value may be gathered from the fact that there is still to be seen at the Hall a deed of Henry V., dated at Rouen, January 30, 1419, granting the castle and domain of Canny, in the province of Caux, "to my good friend and faithful knight Sir Christopher Curwen, for his good services," &c.

It was this same gallant knight who, in 1417, took part in the great tournament on the Castle Green at Carlisle between six English knights, the challengers, and an equal number of Scottish knights. The English company consisted of Ralph de Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, John, seventh Lord Clifford, Ralph, sixth Lord Greystoke, William, who became fifth Lord Harington, John de Lancaster, and Christopher Curwen, who, "accoutred much as you see him to-day on his monument, ranged himself alongside his fellows, and when the trumpets blared forth the charge, hurled his adversary, Sir Halyburton, from his horse, severely hurt in the neck. It needs but little stretch of the imagination," continues Mr. Jackson, the modern historian of the family, "to see the victorious knight bearing a scarf of scarlet and silver, the colours of Elizabeth de Hudelston, bending to his saddle bow before that fair girl, the hue of whose face was changing from the pallor of terror to the crimson of joy and pride."

The Curwen family are directly connected with Newcastle, for in 1619 Sir Patricus Curwen "married at Houghton House, in the parish of Houghton-le-Spring, Isabella, daughter and co-heiress of Sir George Selby, of Whitehouse, Durham, the representative of a family which had been very successful in trade in Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the mayoralty of which city several of them had risen." His only son Henry was baptised at St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, on March 23, 1621.

Well fitted, indeed, is Workington Hall, with its ivy-covered battlements, its splendid associations, its oaken furniture, and relics of by-gone days, to rank among the "stately homes of England." SERGEANT C. HALL.

The Mossraopers.

I.

THE BORDER LINE.



HE present boundary line between North and South Britain is comparatively modern. In former times, the frontier shifted according to the surging tide of war or diplomacy.

For several ages, during the Heptarchy, the Anglo-Danish kingdom of Northumbria, forming a part of what we now call England, included all that portion of Scotland south of the Frith of Forth as far as Stirling, while Cumberland, Westmorland, and North Lancashire were comprehended in the kingdom of Strathclyde or Cumbria, which was an appanage of the Scottish crown, just as Wales now is of England. But in the eleventh century (A.D. 1018), the Lothians, the Merse, and Teviotdale were ceded to Malcolm III., King of Scots, and ever since the Tweed, in its lower part, and a line drawn along the summit of the Cheviot hills, have been the boundary on the East and Middle Marches. On the other hand, William the Conqueror wrenched Cumbria from the Scottish sovereign and incorporated it with England, so that the boundary on the Western March was settled as it has since remained with little intermission, along the line of the Solway, Sark, Esk, Liddell, and Kershope Water. The counties lying on the English side are Northumberland and Cumberland; on the Scottish side, Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Dumfriesshire.

THE BRIGANTES.

From the first dawn of authentic history, the wild mountainous and moorish region extending from the sources of the Tyne, Rede, Teviot, and Liddell to the neighbourhood of the Peak of Derbyshire, had been inhabited by a race of restless, turbulent people, known as the Brigantes or Brigands. The name in Welsh signifies "highlander," and is applied by Pausanias to the whole nation of the Caledonians or Scotch Highlanders; while on the Continent, amid the Rætian and

Cottian Alps, and also among the Cantabrian mountains in the North of Spain, there were likewise tribes known as Brigantes. Those in our part of Britain were partly subdued in A.D. 50, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, by P. Ostorius, the pro-prætor. Shortly afterwards, however, the Brigantes broke out in open revolt, not only against the Romans, but against their own Queen Cartismandua, whose name, being interpreted, may signify "the darling of two nations." That lady, who seems to have been a bit of a voluptuary as well as a coquette, had treacherously delivered up Caractacus to the Romans, when, after bravely making head against them for many years, he had at length been driven to seek an asylum in her dominions. This disgusted the bulk of her subjects, who took up arms against her, under the generalship of her own husband, Venusius, whom she had wantonly repudiated in order to marry his lieutenant. The Romans marched to Cartismandua's aid, and protected her from the rebels. But the result was only a sort of compromise. Venusius was allowed to retain the kingship which the Brigantes had conferred upon him, but Cartismandua likewise kept her queenhood, while the Romans agreed to defray their own charges. Under the Emperor Vespasian, the Brigantes again misbehaved themselves, and they suffered sore chastisement at the hands of two of his generals, Petelius Cerialis and Julius Frontinus, after whose time they apparently gave the conquerors less trouble. These incidents are interesting, as showing the character of the race from which sprang the Border Mostroopers of whom we are about to write.

BORDER HARDIHOOD AND CUNNING.

For many ages after the departure of the Romans, the country adjoining the Cheviots was a vast waste. Moor, marsh, rock, and forest overspread the surface. The monks from Iona, Melrose, and Lindisfarne found it in this state when they wandered over Northumberland intent on their apostolic mission to the Pagan nations. And five hundred years later, though a sort of incipient civilization had taken root in a few favoured centres, such as Bamborough, Alnwick, Morpeth, Newcastle, and Hexham, the bulk of the people were still as ignorant, rude, and barbarous as before Cuthbert and Paulinus attempted to Christianise them, or Edwin and Oswald ruled beneficently over them. During the Heptarchy, Northumbria was scarcely ever free from invasion, either by the Picts, the Mercians, or the Danes; and from the eleventh to the end of the twelfth century—that is to say, from the establishment of the present boundary between England and Scotland till more than a hundred years after the union of the crowns—there was almost constant disturbance and misrule and misery on the Border. Ruthless wars on a great scale between English and Scots sometimes caused frightful devastations during the earlier part of the time; and these became the source of lasting

ill-will and hatred on both sides, that led to interminable feuds, frays, raids, harryings, burnings, and other outrages as bad as anything ever heard of in any heathen land. As Gray says, in his "Chorographia" (A.D. 1649), "the Scots, their neighbouring enemies, made the inhabitants of Northumberland fierce and hardy, . . . being a most warlike nation, and excellent good light-horsemen, wholly addicting themselves to wars and arms, not a gentleman amongst them that hath not his castle or tower." Nor were their cousins-german on the north side of the Border a whit behind them in turbulent self-reliance. Camden, in his "Britannia" (A.D. 1586), quoting Lesley, Bishop of Ross, tells us the people that inhabited the valleys on the marches of both kingdoms were all cattle stealers. They used to sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refreshed themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrived in the dark at those places they had a design upon. As soon as they had seized on the booty, they, in like manner, returned home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain was to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation was the greater, and he was looked upon as "a man of an excellent head." And they were so very cunning that they seldom had their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, tracked by sleuth-hounds, or bloodhounds, they might chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. Being taken, says Camden, "they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth, insinuating words at command, that, if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries, notwithstanding the severity of their natures, to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion." A curious illustration of this is furnished by a story long current in Peeblesshire.

DICKIE O' THE DEN.

Vietch of Dawick, a man of great strength and bravery, who flourished in the upper part of Tweeddale in the sixteenth century, was on bad terms with a neighbouring landowner, Tweedie of Drumelzier. By some accident, a flock of his sheep had strayed over into Drumelzier's ground, at the time when Dickie o' the Den, a Liddesdale outlaw, was making his rounds in that quarter. Seeing the sheep without a shepherd, Dickie drove them off. Next morning, Dawick, discovering his loss, summoned his servants and retainers, laid a bloodhound upon the traces of the robber, by which they were guided for many miles along "the Thief's Road," up Manor Water, across the head of Meggatdale, and over the Strypes past Herman Law, the Pike, the Black Knowes, and Tudhope Fell, to the head of Billhop Burn and the water of Hermitage. At last, on reaching the banks of the Liddell, not far from the Thief Sike, the dog staid upon

a very large hay stack. This seemingly stupid pause surprised the pursuers not a little; but Dawick, suspecting there was something hidden inside the stack, set to and pulled down some of the hay that seemed to have been recently moved. He soon discovered that the stack was hollow, a *kiln* having been artfully constructed within it with fir poles; and there lay the robbers and their spoil, secure, as they fancied, from pursuit. Dawick instantly flew upon Dickie, and was about to poinard him, when the marauder, with much address, protested that he would never have touched a *clout* of them if he had not taken them for Drumzelier's property. This dexterous appeal to Vietch's passions saved Dickie's life.

MAN-HUNTING WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

The parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of last century could well remember the time when these ferocious dogs were common. Yet, even with such auxiliaries, it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses. For the topography of the country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George the Third, the path, over the Cumbrian fells from Borrowdale to Raven-glass was still a secret, carefully kept by the dalesmen, some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road. In the Corporation Records of Newcastle, quoted in "Richardson's Reprints," we find, under 1598, that some one who had escaped from the judgment of the Council of the North at York, and fled into the county of Northumberland or Durham, was the cause of some charge to the town, the Mayor having sent in all directions—to Darlington, Stockton, Shields, Seaton Delaval, and Alnwick—in the hope of obtaining tidings of the fugitive. It sounds startling to modern ears that "a sloe-hound and man which led him (went) to make inquiry after him." The powers of one dog were judged sufficient, it seems, in this particular case, with which the Corporation had only to do as an intermediate agency; but two had been obtained, three years before, "to follow the scent and trove of those which broke the town chamber doors," in 1595. Denton, in the county of Northumberland, and Chester-le-Street, in the county of Durham, appear to have been the places where the owners and probably breeders of these hounds lived. Newcastle, not being on the Border, though sufficiently near to be much plagued through its vicinity to it, was perhaps exempted from the bounden duty on the parishes close to Scotland of keeping a sleuthhound of its own. When pursued by these much dreaded brutes, the Border thieves, if they could not reach some impenetrable bog, or get into some impregnable hold, had no chance of escape without fighting for their lives, unless they could throw the dog off the scent by wading up or down a

stream for a good way, or baffle it by spilling blood on the track, which had the effect of destroying for the nonce the creature's discriminating instinct. The injured party and his friends followed the marauders with hound and horse, as if they had been wild beasts. This was called the *hot trod*. He was entitled, by long-standing international Border law, to follow them into the opposite kingdom, if his dog could trace the scent the whole way—a privilege which often led to bloodshed, and which was ultimately withdrawn. The breed of the sleuthhound has long been extinct, or nearly so, in the Border districts. It was kept pure till after the Forty-five in the Highlands of Scotland, where the people called it the "foot-print tracking dog" (*cu luirge*). The last of the breed in the Scottish Lowlands gave a touch of their blood to the Mellerstain fox-hounds, kept by that famous Nimrod of the North, old Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode. On one occasion, it is said, this pack got upon the scent of a poor wayfaring woman, crossing Earlstown Moor, and had not Andrew Lumsden, the huntsman, called them off in time, they would most likely have treated her as unceremoniously as her progenitors, a couple of hundred years before, would have treated a lifter of cattle or other common thief from Rothbury, Otterburn, Bellingham, or Bewcastle. But the blast of the hunter's horn, which in former times announced the *hot trod*, and summoned the hardy Borderer to rise and follow the fray, is now only heard echoing among the hills when a party of gentlemen-farmers, with a miscellaneous pack of terriers, collies, curs, and half-bred fox-hounds or *jowlers*, assemble to chase the fox which has been making free with their lambs or poultry.

THE BORDER WARDENS AND WARDEN COURTS.

From an early date, during the brief and insecure intervals of peace between the two monarchies, commissioners were appointed from time to time to repress such incursions as were constantly taking place, and to punish the mounted brigands, bandits, or thieves, commonly called *mosstroopers*. The East, Middle, and West Marches respectively had also wardens set over them, whose business it was to decide summarily in all cases of dispute or outrage, in conjunction with the wardens on the other side. The residence of the English warden of the Middle Marches was commonly at Harbottle Castle, on the banks of the Coquet, a fortress held in grand serjeantry, as were likewise the castle and manor of Otterburn, by the service of keeping the dale free from thieves and wolves. This officer, together with the Scottish warden of the opposite march, used, in times of peace, to hold warden courts at certain places on the Border, usually at Heppeth-Gate-Head, or at Gammelspeith, on the Watling Street, near Coquet Head, for the purpose of trying those Englishmen and Scotchmen against whom bills were filed for offences—generally cattle-stealing, assault, and fire-raising—committed by them on the opposite frontier. The

Warden of the Middle Marches had two deputies under him—the keeper of North Tynedale and the keeper of Redesdale—together with two subordinate officers, called warden-serjeants, whose duty it was to serve warrants and apprehend offenders. On the Scotch side, there were similar officers, commonly called country keepers, of Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the Forest respectively.

CASTLES, PELES, AND BASTLE HOUSES.

Every dwelling in the county of Northumberland, in North Cumberland, in the Merse and Teviotdale, in Liddesdale, Annandale, Ettrick Forest, and Tweeddale, above a mere hut or *shiel*, was obliged in those days to be a tower of defence, if not a regularly fortified castle. Almost all had exploratory turrets on account of the mostroopers, and they were generally vaulted underneath, for the purpose of securing the flocks and herds of the owner and his tenants and dependents in the hour of assault. Besides the great baronial castles, of which there were several, the number of small castles, *peles*, or *bastle-houses*, belonging to the inferior gentry, was very great. The walls of some of these were nine feet thick, with narrow apertures for windows, and strong doors, either of iron or wood studded with nails, and defended by portcullises. Hugh stones and boiling water were kept in readiness to crush and scald any plunderers who might dare to assail the garrison, whether by night or day. Every evening the sheep were brought in from the hill and the cattle from their pasture, to be secured from robbers in the lower floor of the tower.

COTTAGES, HUTS, AND SHIELDS.

Of the houses or rather hovels occupied by the common people, not the least vestige remains, owing to the slender way in which they were constructed. A few upright poles or stakes were fixed in the ground, the open spaces between them being filled with stones and sods or *divots*, layer about, or wattled and plastered with mud or *clatten-clay*, and the roof formed of unpeeled branches of trees, covered with turf or rushes. A cow's hide generally supplied the place of a door. The windows were a mere hole, covered with a rough board at night, or when rain or snow drifted in. There was no grate or chimney, the fire, which was of peat or turf, being lighted on the damp earthen floor, and the smoke passing through a hole in the soot-begrimed roof, which admitted the rain as it fell. The only seats were rude wooden benches, called *lang settles*, with a sort of awning overhead occasionally, to ward falling soot and rain off the Goodman's head—a few clumsy three-legged stools for the lads and lasses to sit on—and two or three crickets, about eighteen inches high, to accommodate the old women and bairns. A single iron pot, with a crook to hang it on, and a few wooden dishes, including perhaps a trencher, completed the culinary apparatus. Men who had a score of cattle, besides sheep and horses, would have only some ten shillings worth of inside gear,

reckoning all they had in their house. When the probability was that the place would be sacked and rifled, if not burned down, before the lapse of a twelvemonth, it would have been folly to build more substantial houses.

ROBBERS PERFORCE.

Bearing these conditions in mind, the reader will see that the Borderers could not well be anything but what they were, utterly lawless. Rude as Red Indians, they were the creatures of circumstances. Subsisting by rapine, which early training and life-long habit made them deem lawful and honourable, they blotted honesty towards strangers out of the list of virtues. But it would be absurd to judge of them by any modern standard of morality; for when war was the normal state of things, and every householder on either side, from Soltra Hill to the Tyne and the Blyth, was liable to be harried any night out of house and home, industry and thrift were out of the question, and predatory habits and tastes were sure to be engendered. With human nature such as it is, it could not be otherwise. Every able-bodied man was a fighting man. Each chief of a clan was a military captain, and more or less of a strategist and diplomatist, according as God had given him ability. A pacific temperament in such a country was wholly out of place. Nor could it with truth be said that honesty was the best policy there. He who could not both strike and thrust, fence and parry, and take what he needed and keep what he had got, was just like a poor sheep among ravening wolves, sure to be torn to pieces and devoured. Most fathers of families were occasionally necessitated to shift for their wives' and children's living by taking advantage of the long moonlight nights to cross the dreary fells in quest of something to eat. Even when there was nominal peace, both sides of the Border were ever and anon desolated by armed bands of marauders, whom the stern necessity of hunger, as well as the almost equally strong impulse of hate, had driven to systematic brigandage.

"RIDE, ROWLEY, RIDE!"

A saying is recorded of an old dowager to her son: "Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot!" meaning, "The last piece of beef is in the pot boiling for dinner, and, therefore, it is high time for you to go and fetch more." The Charltons of Hesleyside still possess the spur with which the ladies of that house hinted the necessity of the chief going forth, without an hour's delay, to replenish the exhausted larder. The same mode of housekeeping characterised most of the Border families on both sides.

WAT O' HARDEN.

Old Wat of Harden, up Borthwick Water, the ancestor of the Scotts of Mertoun, Raeburn, and other noble and gentle families of that name, and particularly of Sir Walter Scott, was one of the most renowned freebooters Teviotdale ever produced. He lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, before

the rash-bush had been made to keep the cow, and when it was every man's look out to defend his own head. He used to ride with a numerous band of followers, as rough and reckless as the worst Highland caterans. The spoil which they carried off from England, or from neighbours with whom the laird chanced to be at feud, was concealed in a deep and nearly impervious glen, on the brink of which the tower of Harden stood. From thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the laird's rude and plentiful table. When the last bullock had been killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom, just as at Hesleyside, to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs, a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal. Tradition has it that, on one occasion, when the town herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to drive out Harden's cow. "Harden's coo!" echoed the affronted chief: "is it come to that pass? By my faith, they sall sune say Harden's kye!" Accordingly, he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day with a bow of kye and a basent (brindled) bull. On his way home with his gallant prey, he passed a very large haystack. The thought naturally flashed across his mind that this would be very valuable if he only had it at Harden for winter fodder; but as there was no means of transporting it thither, he was forced to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial, "By my saul, an ye had but fower feet, ye sudna stand lang there!" The motto of the clan Scott, given in the vernacular, was, "Ye'be want ere I want," and their Latin motto, borne on their coats of arms and signet rings to this day, is "Reparabit cornua Phœbe"—"The

moon will repair her horns"—clear, frosty, moonlight nights being evidently the best for pricking their way across the moors, through the mosses, and over the fells, in search of plunder.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

Wallington, Northumberland.



SIR JOHN FENWICK, the owner of the manor of Wallington in the time of Henry IV., obtained it from William del Strother, who got it by marriage with the heiress from the family of John Grey, who was its possessor in 1326. A later Sir John Fenwick—he who built the great dining hall in Christ's Hospital—was executed for high treason, and the estate was bought by Sir William Blackett, then of Newcastle. Sir William's granddaughter, Elizabeth Ord, married Sir Walter Calverley, of Calverley, in Yorkshire, and that baronet took the name of Blackett. Sir Walter Blackett left the estate to his only sister Julia, wife of Sir George Trevelyan, of Nettlecombe, Somerset, and on her death to her eldest son, Sir John Trevelyan, his nephew, the great-grandfather of the present baronet, Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

Wallington is not difficult to find. Two roads from the Belsay-to-Kirkwhelpington turnpike, one just north of Shafthoe Crag, and the other a mile or so further north, join shortly before reaching the Wansbeck, and debouch from a country of green hedges and pastures into the beautiful demesne of Wallington quite suddenly. The gently descending road gives a sharp turn, and you find yourself on the very fine stone bridge which crosses the river at a most picturesque spot. From the bridge



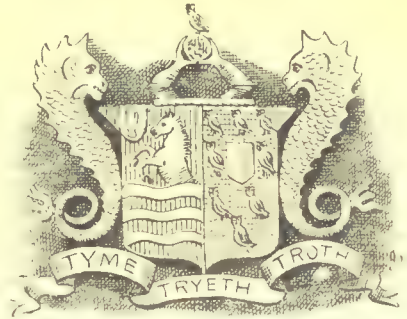
the ground rises sharply straight up the hill that faces us, and on the left we see the beautiful park of Wallington, and the hall higher up, in a cluster of trees, with a commanding view of the valley to the east, west, and south.

First, however, we visit the courtyard behind. It is a large quadrangle, with a block of stables and coach-houses surmounted by a clock tower of very elegant architecture. This courtyard was built by Sir Walter Blackett as a shooting box, and there are yet to be seen on the walls the rings to which the guests from Newcastle fastened their horses. The stables have not been changed, and stand just as they did a hundred and fifty years ago.

The present hall is built on the site of an ancient pele or castle. Some of the walls of the old tower still remain. The hall originally enclosed a small open courtyard, but this is now covered in, so that the interior is not so very dissimilar in plan from the old dwelling house of the Greeks and Romans. It is a plain rectangle, and is totally in opposition to the inclination of modern times, which often sacrifices the utility and comfort of the internal arrangements to an imposing frontage, in order that a splendid external effect may be produced. No effort has been made to give the entrance an important appearance, and, indeed, the pleasing aspect of the building is in no way due to the architecture, but to the fine trees and well-kept lawns which surround it. But if little attention is called to the external view of the house itself, the interior displays rare excellence of

arrangement and beautiful design of decoration and furnishing.

The arms of Sir George Trevelyan—the Wallington Trevelyans—of which we give the accompanying illustration, as taken from the carving in stone above the terrace drawing-room window in the south front of Wallington Hall, are the same as those of the older



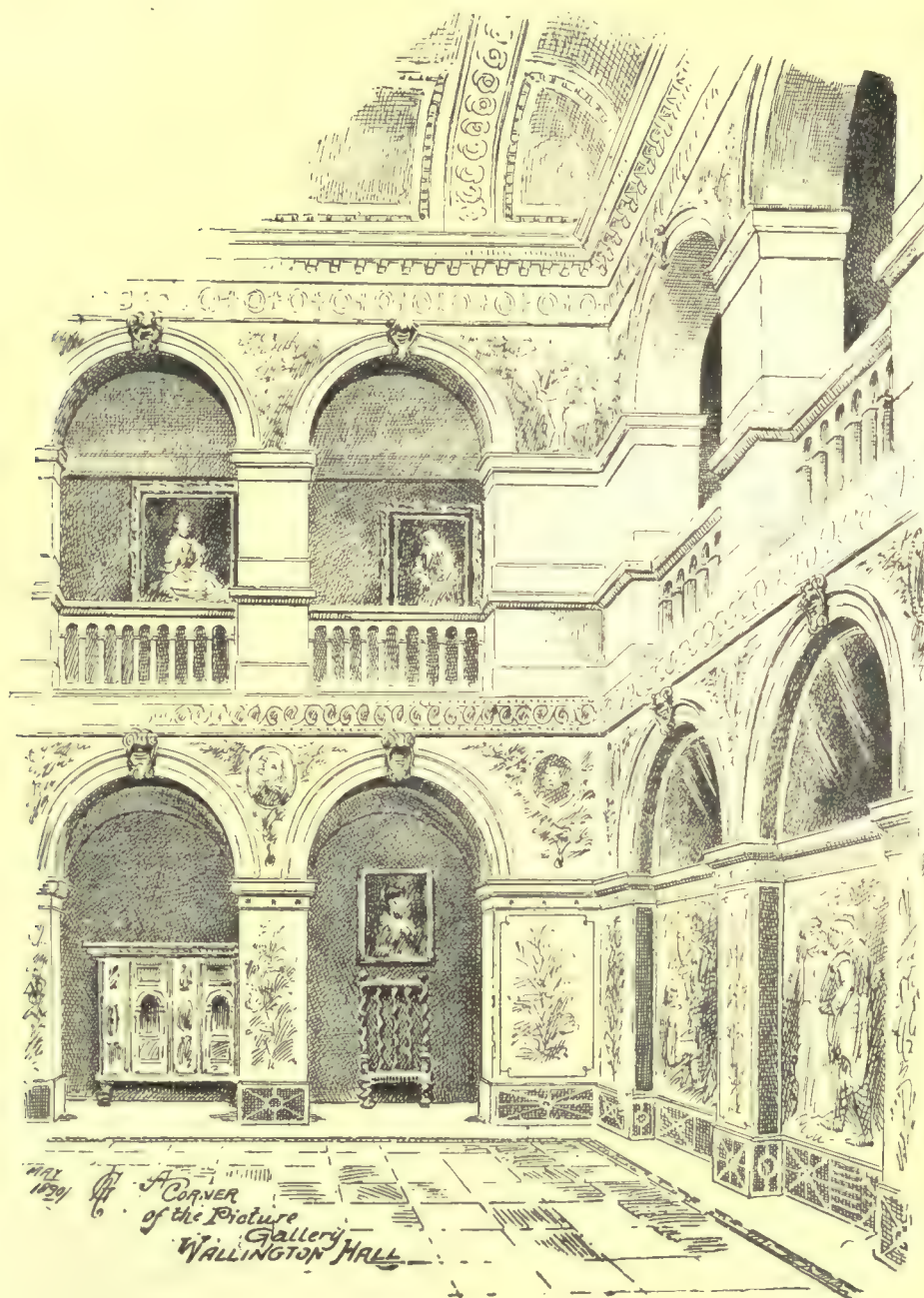
branch of Trevelyans—those of Nettlecombe: gules, a demi-horse argent, hooved and maned or, issuing out of water in base proper, with the motto "Tyme tryeth troth." They were adopted by the first of the Nettlecombe baronets, Sir George, son of George Trevelyan, who suffered so much for his loyalty to the Crown during the civil war.

The principal feature of Wallington is the central





South Front.
WALLINGTON HALL
G. Hall



hall, or loggia, the old courtyard covered in and beautifully embellished, so that it now seems like an old Roman or Greek atrium, adapted to the severer climate of the North of England. It rises to the full height of the building, being well lighted from the roof, and around it are placed the dwelling rooms.

On entering, we find ourselves in a rectangular entrance hall, which opens on one side into an adjacent apartment and on another into the colonnade which surrounds the central hall. And it may be remarked here that this is one of the very few houses of any age in the county that is now inhabited in which the rooms are lived in exactly as they were first built, without rearrangement or rebuilding. Passing at once into the grand hall, we are pleasantly surprised at the full light which fills the apartment, flooding in from the top through twelve circular sunlights of clouded glass. In the piers of the colonnade, on both sides of the hall, are introduced a series of most beautiful frescoes by William Bell Scott, representing typical events in various periods of Northumbrian history.

Starting with Roman times, the first picture bears the following inscription:—"Adrianus murum duxit qui barbaros Romanosque divideret," and the scene is that of the Roman wall being built, with Crag Lough and the west Northumbrian moors in the background. The second is a scene bearing the inscription "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." We are on Holy Island, with the distant Farnes rising from the sea, and King Egfrid and Bishop Trumwine are shown trying to persuade St. Cuthbert to accept the Bishopric of Hexham. The third view is one of the Tyne mouth, where the Danes are seen descending on the coast. In the foreground the men of the place are rushing down in the misty morning to oppose the landing of the invaders, whilst the women hurry up the cliffs, carrying all their movable possessions, children, household implements, &c., to a place of safety. The fourth is a picture of the interior of the old monastery at Jarrow, where the Venerable Bede is finishing his life and his life's work. The grief-stricken monks surround him in his cell, and one of the brethren has just written the last verse of St. John's Gospel at his dictation. The fifth painting—"Ride, Rowley, ride, noo the hough's i' the pot"—shows a Border chieftain's wife demonstrating to her husband and his men that the larder is empty, and that it is time for another foray. This she does by bringing up in the dish which should have held the dinner a large spur, indicating that they must "ride and reive" before they get another repast. The sixth displays the famous Bernard Gilpin, in 1570, preventing a Border feud by taking down the challenge glove in Rothbury Church. The seventh is a representation of Grace Darling's heroic deed, the girl and her father being watched by the survivors from the wreck of the *Forfarshire* on the Farnes Islands. The last is a painting of Newcastle in the nineteenth century,

showing the High Level Bridge, and giving specimens of the different industrial toilers that help to make the fame of the city.

Between and above these frescoes are wall paintings and decorations of exquisite elegance, done straight upon the white stone, which takes the colours admirably. Many of these were the work of the present baronet's mother, sister of Lord Macaulay, whilst a neat and careful painting of a corn-flower on one of the walls will perpetuate for future Trevelyans the memory of John Ruskin. Above are medallion portraits of men celebrated in the annals of Northumberland—Hadrian, Severus, Alcuin, Duns Scotus, Bishop Bury, Bishop Ridley, Belted Will Howard, Sir John Fenwick, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Crewe, Sir Walter Blackett, Lord Collingwood, Lords Eldon and Stowell, Thomas Bewick, Earl Grey, Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan, Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, and George Stephenson. On the upper part of the wall, too, in the spandrels, are a number of paintings by W. B. Scott, illustrative of "*Chevy Chase*."

The family portraits at Wallington, which are found around the central hall both upstairs and downstairs and in several rooms in both storeys, are of great interest; they comprise canvases of the Calverleys, of Calverley, near Leeds, the Blacketts, and the Trevelyans, and among them are works by such masters of portraiture as Sir Peter Lely, Gainsborough, Cornelius Jansen, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The painting of Miss Sukey Trevelyan by Gainsborough (1761) is curious from the fact that it was "touched up" afterwards by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Arthur Young remarked that it was all hat and ruffles—most of Gainsborough's were—and so Miss Sukey's head adornments were painted out, and nothing was left but the natural coiffure. There are also several pictures of the Italian school, including an early painting either by Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci, and others by Petro della Francesca, Lorenzo da Credi, besides which English art is also represented by examples of Turner and Rossetti.

The Trevelyan china is, as a private collection, probably unique, much of it being, in point of fact, priceless. It is a very large collection, and comprises some of the rarest and most perfect of Sévres, Dresden, and English manufactures, and there is some china belonging to extinct British makes which cannot be replaced. Vases, bowls, services, and bric-a-brac of immense value are to be found in almost every room.

Another interesting feature of Wallington was formerly the museum, remarkable for its shells, which were as comprehensive and valuable as any possessed by private individuals at the time they were brought together—early this century. In the museum, as in the china collection, were to be found objects so rare that their places could not be refilled. Among these was a great auk's egg, a thing as inaccessible to any but the most wealthy as first editions of Caxton, tenth century missals, first folio

Shakespeares, or "grand mandarin" vases. Other rarities there were, such as a Scandinavian almanac, a lock from the Faroe Islands, similar in construction to those used by the ancient Egyptians, boots taken from Bonaparte's carriage after Waterloo, an old Exchequer tally, &c. The late Sir Walter Trevelyan added much to this collection, but it was dispersed at his death, the principal objects being presented to the British Museum. The collection was contained in a large upper room at the south side of the house.

But not even a public collection can boast of such interesting personal relics as those of Lord Macaulay, whose sister Sir Charles Trevelyan married. Sir George Trevelyan has, in his private sitting-room, Lord Macaulay's writing table, on which most of the history was written, as well as the inkstand he used. In another room is Lord Macaulay's bed. There are in Lady Trevelyan's sitting-room several of Turner's water colours. In the tapestry room is as elegant and well-preserved a piece of lady's handiwork as could be seen. The tapestry is a beautiful floral design worked by Miss Julia Blackett getting on for two hundred years ago, and yet it has preserved its texture and colour in a most wonderful degree.

These are some of the features of Wallington, a beautiful house in as beautiful a demesne, and the demesne is in a country equally beautiful. The view of it from the high ground at the south side of the Wansbeck, standing surrounded by its hosts of tall, swaying trees, the wooded river below, the picturesquely sloping ground rising up to and above it, and the wild moorlands beyond crowning the prospect, with Rothley Castle, built on the summit of its stately crags, over a hundred years ago, by Sir Walter Blackett, for the simple purpose of lending additional ornament to the landscape, is one that gives entrancing pleasure.

A Nook of the Borderland.



N adventurous career came to a sudden and melancholy end at Alnwick in the early days of the present year. John George Donkin, as recorded on page 93, finished his earthly pilgrimage in that town on the 4th of January. A member of a well-known Northumbrian family, son of the late Dr. A. S. Donkin (formerly of Newcastle), and grandson of Mr. Samuel Donkin, the celebrated auctioneer, whose curious and eccentric advertisements had caused him to be called the "George Robins of the North," Mr. Donkin was a man of very considerable ability himself. He was, too, a man of wayward and roving disposition. Although he was educated for the medical profession, he seems to have preferred a wandering life. Thus, some years ago, he

took part in the Carlist war in Spain. Afterwards he settled down for a short time in Rothbury, but soon migrated to the Far West of Canada. There he joined the North-Western Mounted Police Force, and remained in the service for some years. Numerous contributions from his pen relating to life in the distant parts of the colony appeared from time to time in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Mr. Donkin returned to England in 1889, published an account of his experiences entitled "Trooper and Redskin in the Far North-West," and wandered hither and thither for a few months till he finally died on the day mentioned at the early age of thirty-seven. Among the fugitive pieces he wrote not long previous to his death was a graphic description of the Cheviot district. It is this paper, which originally appeared in the *Weekly Chronicle* at the beginning of 1889, that is here reprinted. EDITOR.

I often wonder how many of the dwellers in the Northumbrian lowlands—when they cast their eyes in the direction of the dim, blue outline of the far Cheviots—give a thought to the rich mines of romantic memories hidden away amid those deep glens and pastoral valleys. It is a fairy land of ballad and legend, the land of song, of raid, and foray; the fruitful theme of many a minstrel and *raconteur*. Almost every foot of ground—brown, heathery moorland, or braeside green with bracken—is hallowed by some tale of bloody feud, when steel-clad mosstroopers rode spear in hand to harry and burn. Vivid pictures rise before the mental vision of solitary pele towers in the darkness of night; the cresset fire blazing from lofty turret; the lowing cattle in the arched vaults; and the stern faces peering forth from under the heavy morions, keeping watch and ward against marauding horsemen from over the Borders.

And what stubborn fights they were! Of course Chevy Chase is familiar to Macaulay's celebrated school-boy. That was a big business, a sort of general engagement, a battle royal. But there were countless lesser skirmishes, so common as to pass unrecorded, like a Saturday night's brawl in Belfast. One of the most famous of these Scottish inroads was the raid of the Kers. What native of Upper Coquetdale does not feel his blood course more swiftly through his veins as he reads Hogg's spirit-stirring verses on that ill-starred expedition? The memory of that bold foray is still preserved in the fact that every left-handed man in the country of the Upper Coquet is styled "Ker-handed." Fifty-one of this celebrated family, "all bred left-handed," rode into Northumberland down by the Usway Burn, and on by Biddlestone to Thropton, where they "lifted" a herd of Widdrington's cattle—Widdrington was Warden of the Middle Marches—with the intention of driving them into Roxburghshire. But they made a "sair mistake." It was a sadly disastrous day for them when they set off from Faldonside upon this determined *razzia*. Their two

leaders, Mark Ker and Tam o' Mossburnford, were slain, and only seventeen sorely wounded men made their way back to their own stronghold.

Of one-and-fifty buirdy Kers,
The very prime men of the clan,
They were only seventeen return'd,
And they were wounded every man.

Forced to abandon their prey during their retreat, they cut the neck sinews of the herd, and left them in a gory heap at Shilmoor, above Alwinton.

That raid it fell on St. Michael's eve,
When the dark harvest nights began:
But the Kers no more overcame that day
While they remained a warlike clan.

It was a reckless dash, worthy of the freebooters of that lawless time!

Over the whole of the Borderland, at one period, there reigned a continual warfare, which only ceased at the union of the two kingdoms. But even then the pastime of cattle-lifting, with its inevitable skirmishes, was not abandoned. All the farm-houses and the very churches were fortified, and the villages were surrounded by triple walls. Indeed, at the present day, old people in the remote hamlets of this region speak of the entrance to their one street as the "town gate," thus preserving the tradition of past fortifications. The Borderers were all, by birth and education, soldiers and foragers. What says Scott?

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joyed to hear it swell.
His peaceful day was slothful ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
Like the loud slogan yell.

But war's the Borderers' game,
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor.

When more meat was required to replenish the larder of one of these reivers, a spur was served up on a dish by the lady of the house, as an intimation that the male members of the household must ride and seek out some cattle from the "other side." Sometimes they preyed on their own countrymen. These mosstroopers all wore the same kind of armour, called a jack; hence the title of jackmen. They acted in war as light cavalry, and were armed with lance and a long sword. Sometimes they carried a species of battle-axe, called a Jeddart staff.

With Jedwood axe at saddle-bow.*

"Each clan was commanded by a Border chief, who, when any of his clansmen sustained injury, was bound to seek revenge, and defend 'all his name, kindred, mountaineers, and upholders,' and, on the other hand, to retaliate whatever the injured party might in their thirst for vengeance commit. By this barbarous system, a ferocious animosity, or, as it has been very appropriately designated, a deadly feud, was cherished on the Borders.

These martial clans were always eager and prepared for war, and at the sound of their slogan were speedily gathered together. It is said of the Borderers, 'that though they would steal without compunction, yet they would not betray any man who trusted in them for all the gold in England and France.'" They were very particular in the choice of their wives. It is stated that a stout man would not wed a small woman, however rich she might be. Perhaps this accounts for the extraordinary build and stature and longevity among the hillmen of the present time. Religion was very much at a discount among them. Quaint old Fuller remarks:—"They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes in the Kalendar." Many rigid laws were made to repress these freebooters, but without avail, until time and the spread of education gradually eradicated the evil.

The hill-shepherds, who have taken the place of those mailed marchmen of Eld, still preserve a character of their own. Tall as the sons of Anak, they may be seen, with plaid on shoulder, stalking over the hills, or driving their fleecy flocks to some fresh district. A quiet, observant race they are, much given to a certain philosophy peculiar to themselves, evolved from their solitary musings among the wild mountains. Battling often with fierce, howling storms, they spend their long, dreary winters far away up the glens, besieged often for weeks with snow, unable to hold any communication whatever with the outer world. Frequently they relieve the monotony by a night's salmon spearing. A shrewd race they are, too, these hillmen, with a singularly grim, quaint sense of humour. In order to create a test case for the courts, the late Mr. Carr-Ellison told one of his tenants to turn a few head of sheep upon some debatable land on the Border line. A little time afterwards, meeting the farmer, he said:—"Well, Thompson, I suppose you turned half-a-dozen sheep or so on to the Plea Shank!" "Oh, no, sor!" was the ingenuous reply, "as just 'wysed' on fifty score." It requires a Northumbrian mind to appreciate fully the peculiar flavour of this remark.

The whole of the round-topped range of the "Cheviots grey" is devoted to sheep pasturage, and the mossy turf is peculiarly adapted to the production of the fine, well-known wool. There are numerous peat mosses, which furnish the dwellers in this wilderness with their winter fuel. Before the advent of railways, these people lived a most secluded life, seldom straying far from their native heath. There is a legend told regarding the Linnbriggs herd, when he first caught a glimpse of the German Ocean. It was lying hazy and still under a summer noon-day sun, and a few lazy fishing-boats lay without motion on its glassy bosom. "Aye," he exclaimed, "that's a grand blue muir ower there wi' a few scraggy bushes on't. A grand place yon for simmerin' lambs."

* See *ante*, page 294.

The cottages in this lone Arcadia are hidden away in remote, sleepy hollows, while the babbling of some brown burn makes music by the door. The steep hillsides are dotted with the tiny black-faced sheep. The long bracken waves by the side of the brawling stream, dark olive shading into lighter green. In the glory of autumn the purple heather throws its imperial robe over craggy cliff and curving hollow. And here and there in one's wanderings one comes across some great grey homestead, with its folds and byres and out-buildings, where Border hospitality reigns unbounded. It is a hard life they lead, these shepherd swains. Sir Walter Scott well describes the danger of the winter storms in the introduction to the fourth canto of "Marmion." And then he asks :—

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

A branch of the North British Railway brings the traveller to Rothbury, a prettily-situated market town, lying at the foot of the towering summits of Simonside. Nine miles up the lovely vale of the Coquet is Harbottle, the gateway to this enchanted land—the highlands of Northumberland. It is a delightful little village, with the most romantic surroundings; with pine trees that fringe the heath-clad crags. In its dark and sombre setting of serrated peaks and feathery firs, from certain points it reminds one of some place in the Tyrol or the Schwarzwald. No scene in famed Coquetdale can equal Harbottle for gem-like beauty.

The Coquet is the most beautiful of all Northumbrian rivers; and many are the songs that have been written in its praise. A perfect garland of poetry is woven around its beauties. During the first miles of its sparkling course it is shut in by lofty hills, bare and scarred. Then come level haughs and fertile slopes, till below Weldon Bridge it rushes through woods, and flows on to Hotspur's hold at Warkworth. The views around Harbottle are exquisite. On coming by road from the eastward, and on reaching the edge of the Sharperton Bank, the happy valley bursts at once upon the enraptured eye. The green background of the Cheviots, the woods that wave and climb the lower slopes—brown and purple in autumn or emerald in golden summer light—the sharply-defined ridges stretching from the Drake Stone, the silvery gleam of the winding river, the smooth lawns around the hall, and the grey ruins of the castle, all combine to make a landscape of rare and sweet delight.

In the blest land of heaven, they say,
Are rivers fair beholden,
That by God's throne flow murmuring on
O'er opal sands and golden :
My lot may be those streams to see ;
But ah !—dear son and daughter—

Shall I ne'er cast a backward glance
To Coquet's lovely water?

The village houses cluster around the venerable ruins of the ancient keep, giving it an old-world, feudal air. This fortress was in existence as early as the 10th year of William the Conqueror. In the reign of Elizabeth it was in possession of the Crown; and was recommended as the fittest place for the residence of the Warden of the Middle Marches :—

The warden of the Meddell Marches to lye at Herbottell in tyme of warres, and to have accustomed fee for his enterteynement, besides the profotte of the demeanes of Herbottell for keeping of his house, etc. The castell of Herbottell is a most convenient place for the warden at the Meddell Marches to lye at, for the orderyne of the mesdemende Contries of Tendale and Reddesdale, which pertene both to that marche.

The walls of this "castell," by their solidity and thickness, attest its former strength. Now very little of them remain; only a few fragments crowning the verdant eminence which overlooks the Coquet. The site is to the north-west of the village. It was dismantled by the Widdringtons to provide building materials for their manor house. Margaret, Queen Dowager of Scotland, resided here in the reign of Henry VIII., and here her daughter, Lady Mary Douglas, was born. The name *Here bottel* is Saxon, signifying the station of the army.

I count it happiness beyond all words to sally forth on a fine breezy morning in the glad time of spring—rod in hand—to spend a day far up the Coquet among the lonesome glens and slumbering mountains. How wildly the blood courses through the veins; how the laughing winds scurry past frolicsome and fast, bearing life in every breath! Scent of springing heather and moorland; perfume of the everlasting hills comes floating by. The fleeting clouds throw shadows evanescent upon the towering acclivities on either side; and the cry of the curlew comes piping over the moss. There is rapture and music in the very air. And after a glorious day of sport and meditation, how pleasant to wander back to the comfort of Cherry Tree Cottage in the blushing, magic hush of the gloaming! And the slippere ease thereafter! Ah—

If life were like a day in June,
As I hae choice o' England wide,
Wha wadna spend the afternoon,
And gloamin' too, by Coquetside?

There are some very charming rambles around Harbottle. One delightful, antepandrial little walk is to stroll down the village, over the swing bridge, up the north side of the river, crossing it again by the upper bridge, and back through the avenue, as the road leading through the pine woods is called. There is a magnificent view from the rising ground on the left bank of the Coquet. The precipitous cliffs opposite are marked with dark hanging woods of oak, and the brawling river rushes over the rocks many feet below. The hoary ruins of the castle crown the smooth green

mount, and from behind the leafy screen the smoke from the village curls gracefully into the air. The nearer range of hills—crag and boulder standing in deep silhouette—rise sombre and clear and sharp; and everywhere the evergreen olive-hued pines climb their slopes. In the far south-eastern distance the faint and misty ridge of Simonside frowns above the billowy curves of the landscape; and to the westward the emerald Cheviots, clad with bracken, lie peaceful and calm under the pellucid sky. Sheep are quietly grazing, and over all is a ruby-golden haze and holy calm. There are many longer excursions from this favoured bower of Nature. You can, in a few hours, reach the remote "high lands" and climb the Windy Gyle, whence a splendid prospect can be had over the whole of the Scottish Border, which is spread like a fertile garden at your feet. Wave on wave of rounded hills are tossed in wild confusion all around. A ride on horseback to Yetholm, with its colony of gipsies—the Faas—is a glorious trip upon a mellow autumn day. Kalewater will vie with Coquet in its piscatorial and artistic seductions. And in the sunset glow of a summer eve you can wander up to the Drake Stone, with its lonely mere; and away into the mystic purple atmosphere of the lonesome moors beyond.

The Drake Stone is a huge mass of rock, thirty feet in height, standing on the backbone of the watershed, about one thousand feet above the level of the sea. No one knows the origin of the name; but no doubt it is a deposit of the glacial period. Antiquaries connect it with Druidical worship; and at one time a custom prevailed of passing sick children over it, to facilitate their recovery.

A deliciously rural road leads from Harbottle to Holy-stone, a small collection of low thatched houses, buried in a hollow about two miles to the south-east. Here there is St. Mary's Church, and a snug hostelry, the Salmon Inn. This place is commonly known by its Saxon name of Halystane. Very few names are familiar to the Northumbrian peasantry when pronounced as spelled. Alnham in the vernacular becomes Yeldom; Alwinton, Allenton; and so on. Holystone is a very quaint little hamlet, and reminds one very forcibly of Scott's description of Tully-Veolan in "Waverley." The sunburnt children sprawl about the straggling, half-ruinous street; and now and then a frenzied sibyl makes a fierce dash and rescues some urchin from the hoofs of a passing horse. "Ma sang; you're warkin' weel for your skelps!" cries she in the Northumbrian dialect, with a sounding burr, to her screaming charge as she bears him off to punishment condign. The windows of the humble cottages, of thick glass, are mere peep-holes; and a deserted look hangs over everything. In Norman times there was a small convent of Benedictine nuns established here. The parish was united to that of Alwinton in the Pontificate of Gregory XI., and this union exists to the present day.

The church stands on the site of the old monastic building. The holy sisterhood were so frequently harassed and pillaged by the Scots that they were compelled to petition the Pope for assistance.

The principal object of a modern pilgrimage to this out-of-the-way place is to visit Our Lady's Well. This is of historic interest. It stands in a grove of firs and laurels near the village, and is an oval basin ten yards by six in area, fed by a copious spring discharging about sixteen gallons of water per minute. The sides of the well are built of stone, and the water is clear as crystal. On the brink is a moss-grown statue of Paulinus in his episcopal robes; but the features have been damaged by vandals. Rising from the centre is a stone cross, bearing upon its pedestal the following inscription:—

In this place Paulinus, the Bishop, baptised 3,000 Northumbrians. Easter, 627.

But we find in the "History of Northumberland" the following remark:—

The tradition is an old one, and there may possibly be some truth in it, though the date is certainly an anachronism, as the venerable bishop was on the Easter Day of 627 A.D. not at *Sancta Petra* (Holy Stone), but at *Sancti Petri* (St. Peter's Church, York).

Away above Harbottle, from Rowhope on the Scottish Border eastward to Welhope, a distance of eleven miles, and from the western extremity of Cheviot southward about eight and a-half miles, stretches a mountainous tract known as Kidland Lordship. Here the Cheviot sheep attain their greatest perfection, grazing upon the sweet, moist herbage which clothes the hillsides. In the unsettled times along the Borderland, when Dick o' the Cow, Kinmont Willie, Jock o' the Side, and other "minions of the moon," ranged this district, the whole area of 11,825 acres was let for £5 per annum. The highest peaks of this region are Cheviot, Cushat Law, Flint Crag, Haydon Law, Maiden Cross, Milkhope, Rookland, Shilmoor, &c. Cairns and the remains of ancient camps are scattered all around.

The Alwine joins the Coquet a mile or so west of Harbottle. At the junction of the two streams stands Alwinton, upon a broad level haugh. Here are two inns, and a church, with the vicarage. Surrounded by Alpine hills, a narrow pass leads up the glen to Scotland. It is a great trysting place for the hill folk; and in the kitchen of the inn may be heard much gossip anent Cheviot ewes and black-faced gimmers. Many anglers stay here during the season. The manor-house of Clennell, only a mile distant up the Alwine, was once a celebrated stronghold. Above the door is a stone bearing the date 1365, though scarcely legible. The walls are between six and seven feet thick in places. In the dungeon below, many a bold reiver has been imprisoned, then taken out and hanged to the nearest tree.

The whole of this Northumbrian Borderland is hallowed with romance, and wears a beauty all its own.

It lacks the magnificence of the Scottish Highlands, but its quiet pastoral simplicity grows upon one's feelings. The Coquet is famed for its trout fishing; and, as I have remarked, its glories have inspired many a poet. And its lassies, too, buxom and fresh as the moorland breezes! I recall to mind the following verses that speak their charms:—

The lassies of Tyne, that fearlessly shine,
Are mirrors of modesty too;
The lassies o' Coquet put a' in their pocket—
Gan ye then to Coquet and woo.

There's wine in the cellars o' Weldon,
If ye ken but the turn of the key;
There are bonny, braw lassies on Coquet,
If ye ken but the blink o' their e'e.

People who scamper away to the Continent, and follow the noisy, beaten track of travel, sometimes little think of the picturesque scenery and "haunts of ancient peace" they have left behind them. And I would here remark that the Northumbrian Borderland is peculiarly adapted to those who wish for a quiet, contemplative holiday. Coquetside is the heart of this little-known region—the Mecca of the true Borderer.

The lambs they are feeding on lonely Shilmoor,
And the breezes blow softly o'er dark Simonside;
The birds they are liting in every green bower,
And the streams of the Coquet now merrily glide.
The primrose is blooming at Halystane Well,
And the buck's on the Saugh, and the bonny birk tree;
The moorcocks are calling round Harbottle Fell,
And the snaw wreaths are gane frae the Cheviot saie hie.
The mist's on the mountain, the dew's on the spray,
And the lassie has kilted her coats to the knee;
The shepherd he's whistling o'er Barraburn brae,
And the sunbeams are glintin' far over the sea.
Then we'll off to the Coquet, with hook, hair, and heckle,
With our neat taper gads, and our well-belted creels,
And far from the bustle and din o' Newcastle,
Begin the campaign at the streams o' Linnshiels!

JOHN G. DONKIN.

Egglescliffe Church.

EGGLESLIFFE is a quiet and secluded village, clustering for the most part round its own ample green. It is a village of old-fashioned, red-roofed cottages, with deep over-hanging eaves and peaked dormer windows; with doorways overshadowed by trellised porches, and the clambering branches of the honeysuckle and the rose, and with gardens, too, stretching down to the roadway, all well kept, and liberally stocked with the flowers that were favourites in England before tulips were known, and will still be favourites when the passion for orchids shall be a thing of the past.

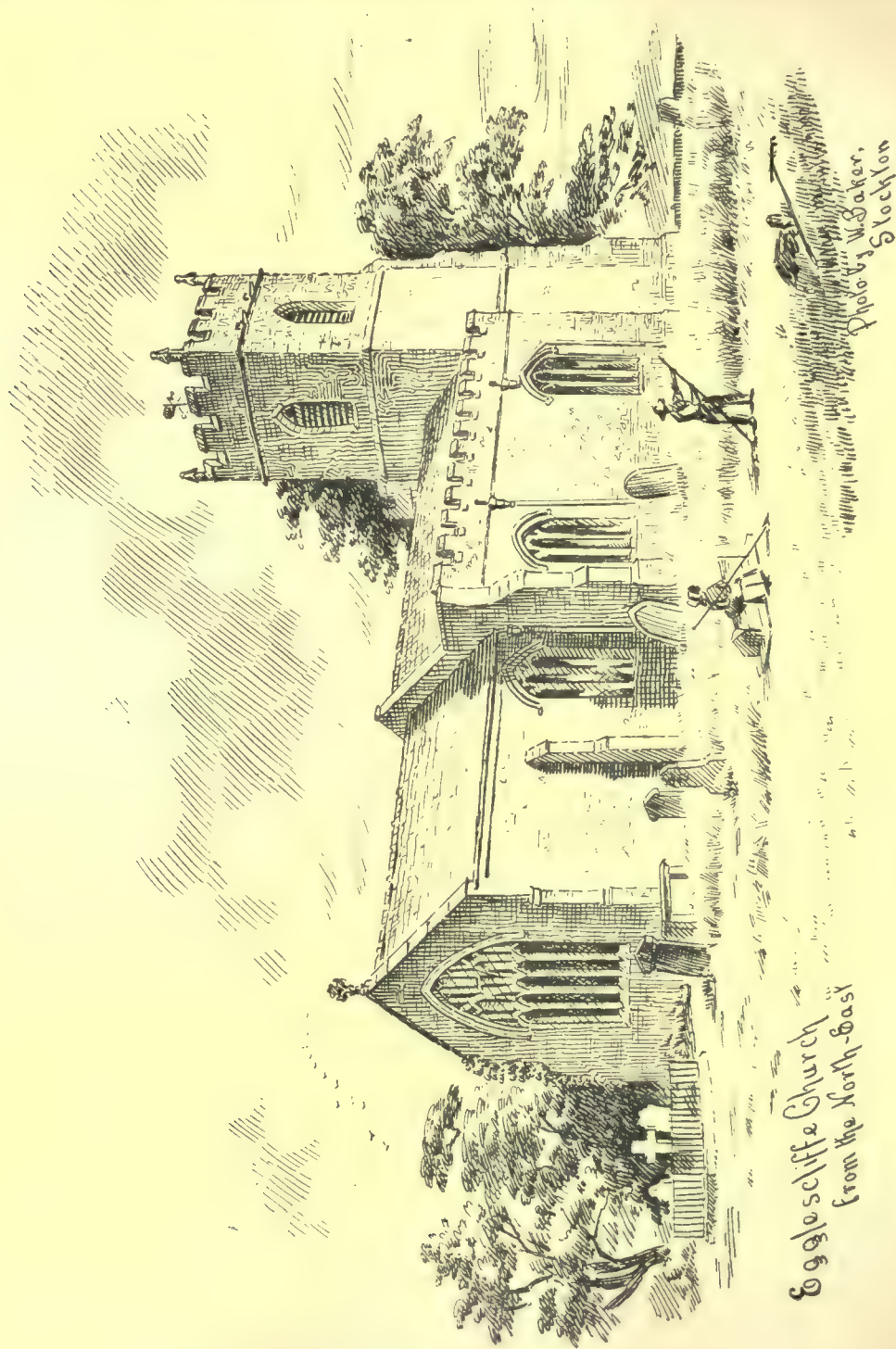
From the village green a road leads past the church and the rectory, over the brow of the hill whence Egglescliffe derives its name, and past the Blue Bell, to the famed Yarm Bridge. Standing on the hill-side, above the inn just named, we have a magnificent view of the

neighbouring reaches of the Tees, of the sleepy old town of Yarm, with its one extravagantly wide street, and its great venerable orchards, of the fertile fields of North Yorkshire stretching away beyond, and of the Cleveland hills in the distance, with Roseberry Topping, really "over-topping" the rest, standing out bold and clear against the sky, or wearing the unmistakable "cap," which has been a weather-warning to the people of the whole district whence it can be seen from time immemorial.

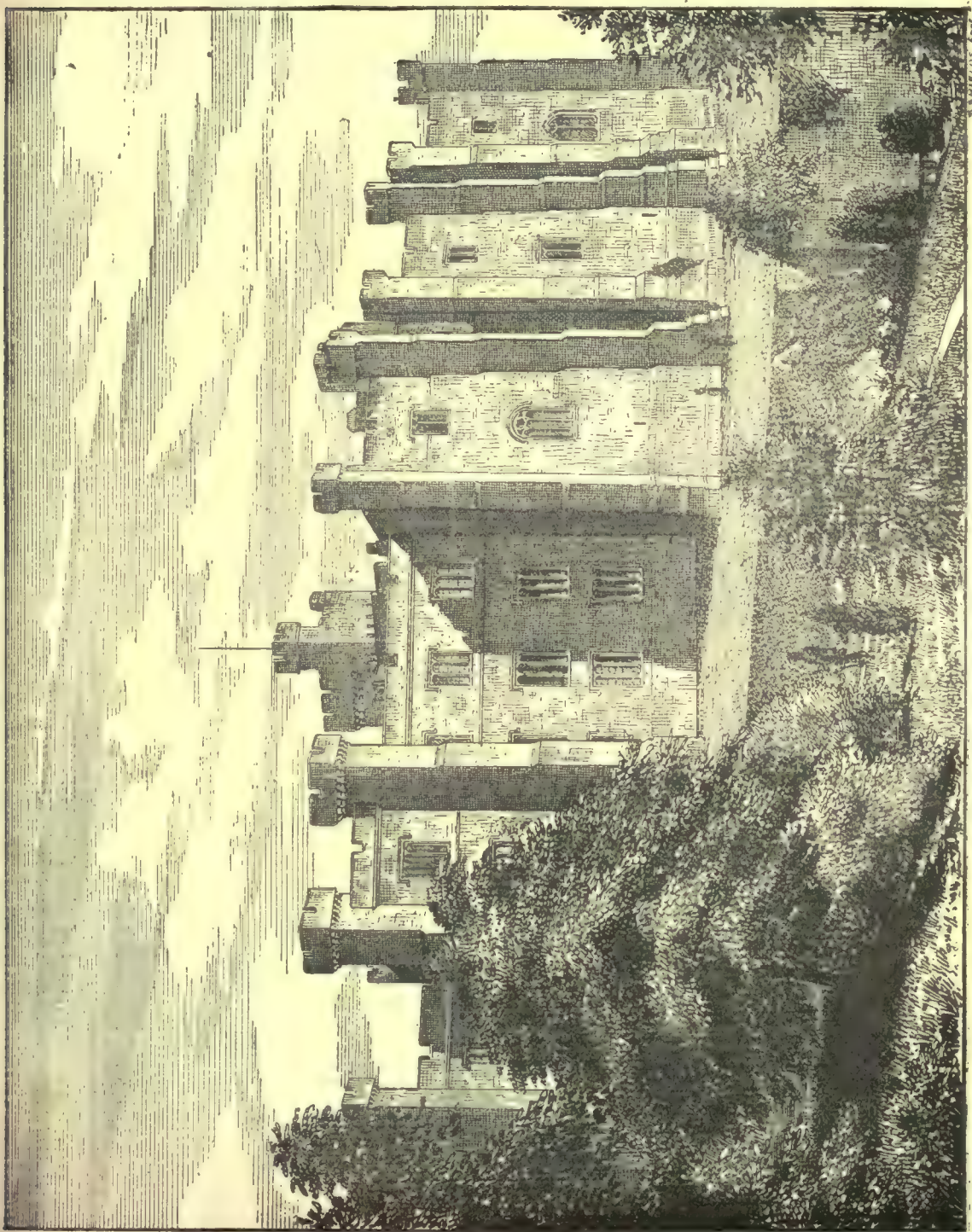
That the latter syllable of the name, Egglescliffe, alludes to the bold, river-side headland on which the village is built, there can be no doubt. The first syllables may be a corruption of Eccles, an adapted form of the Latin *ecclesia*, of which we have an example in Ecclesfield in South Yorkshire. In this case the name means "the hill of the church," or "the church-hill." But I am disposed to consider the word as an evidence of the former presence and resort of the eagle.

The records of Egglescliffe church are scanty. We know nothing, in fact, of its early history beyond what is revealed by the architecture of the edifice. It bears, however, most unmistakable evidence of having been built in the early Norman period, or, let us say, about the end of the eleventh century. The most marked and interesting feature of this date is the south doorway of the nave, of which the capitals of the nook-shafts, with their rude but most characteristic sculpture, deserve especial notice. The only other portions of the original church which now remain are the north wall of the nave and the jambs of the chancel arch, but these possess no special features.

The whole chancel was rebuilt in late Perpendicular times, and may safely be ascribed to the latter half of the fifteenth century. The fine east window, of five lights, is filled with clear glass, and the ivy which covers the east and south walls of the chancel is seen through it as a fringe of living green, through which, as the breeze moves gently, the sunlight falls in quivering beams, with peaceful yet incessant change, forming altogether an adornment compared with which the finest stained glass window in the world is poor and meaningless. Long may the unpolluted beams of the morning sun shine through the east window of Egglescliffe church! There are three other windows in the chancel, two in the south wall and one in the north, each of three lights, and all of them, as well as the east window, save for some restoration, are of the same date as the chancel itself. In the south wall, too, there are three sedilia, or priests' seats, and a priest's door. The principals of the chancel roof are of the latter part of the seventeenth century, and may, like much other work of a similar kind in various parts of the same county, be ascribed to the episcopate of Bishop Cosin. Several of the bosses of the roof are angels holding shields, but all the shields are blank. The stall work of the chancel, and



Egglecliffe Church
from the North-East



BRANCEPETH CASTLE.

the chancel screen as well, are of the same period. Within the chancel rails are two old chairs, one of the time of Charles II., and the other of that of Queen Anne.

About the middle of the fourteenth century a chapel was built out on the south side of the nave, to which it is open by two arches, which rest on a central octagonal pillar. This chapel is lighted by two windows in its south wall, each of two lights. Between the windows there is a recess in the wall, in which lies a recumbent stone effigy. The figure is that of a man, apparently of advanced years, dressed from head to foot in ring mail. Over his armour he wears a long surcoat, which is gathered round his waist by a belt. His head rests on two cushions. His right hand grasps the hilt of his sword, whilst his left hand holds the scabbard. His knees are guarded by caps of plate mail, technically called *genouillieres*. He wears spurs, and his feet rest on an animal, which *Surtees* describes as a lion. Over his left arm is a shield, which is suspended from the right shoulder by a belt. The shield is charged with three lozenges—the arms of the ancient family of Aslakby, formerly lords of Aslakby, now called Aislaby, in the parish of Eggescliffe, and about a mile west of the village. A sort of winged lizard is represented biting the lowest point of the shield. The effigy cannot be assigned to a later date than the early years of the fourteenth century. It is evidently that of some member of the family of Aslakby, but the early descents in the pedigree of that house are too vague to enable us even to hazard a guess as to the name of the Aslakby whom it represents. There is a second effigy in the porch, which bears many points of resemblance to the one just described. Very probably this figure is also that of an Aslakby.

But to return to the chapel. On a desk over the first named effigy are two chained folio books, both considerably dilapidated. One is "The Works of King Charles," and the other Bishop Jewell's famous "Apology."

At or about the time when the chancel was rebuilt, the nave was considerably altered. A doorway, now built up, was inserted in the north wall. There are two windows of the same period also in that wall. At the same time the chancel arch was rebuilt.

The tower is of the fourteenth century. The tracery of all the four belfry windows, each originally of two lights, is broken away. In the west wall of the lowest stage there is an inserted window of Perpendicular character. The belfry contains two bells. One of these, in Lombardic capitals, bears the following inscription;—

SANCTE MARCE ORA PRO NOBIS

(Saint Mark, pray for us). As will be noticed the C's and E's are upside down. A very competent authority on bells says of this one:—"Date probably 1400, *perhaps* earlier." Very likely it is contemporary with the tower itself. The other bell bears no inscription beyond the date, "1665." The tower staircase is enclosed to the

height of the second stage in a projecting turret at its north-west corner.

The one notable name connected with Eggescliffe is that of Isaac Basire, rector from 1631 to 1676, of whom Mr. Welford gives worthy account in "Men of Mark" (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 193.) Here, however, I may be permitted to add a few sentences, supplementary to Mr. Welford's notice of him.

During the civil wars of Charles I., Eggescliffe and the neighbouring parish of Yarm, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, were the scenes of more than one important struggle. Tradition has it that the north arch of the ancient bridge was cut away and formed into a draw-bridge, under Basire's direction; and a letter addressed to the rector by Baron Hylton strongly confirms the story. "I desire," he says, "you will be pleased to take the pains to see the bridge drawn every night on Edgecliffe side; which will conduce very much to the country's and your safety." This letter was written on the 14th February, 1643. The Scots appear to have been in possession of Yarm from about the middle of September, 1640, and to have occupied it continuously. Despite the draw-bridge, the Scots entered Eggescliffe, and, in the old rectory, "in the highest story," a place in the wall, "hidden by a sliding panel," used to be shown, in which Basire was secreted when the soldiers were ransacking his house in search of him. He, however, at length fell into their hands, and was confined in Stockton Castle. He escaped, but how I do not know. He fled to France, and remained there and in other parts of the Continent till 1661. His wife stayed at Eggescliffe, tending her young family, watching her husband's interests, and maintaining such intermittent correspondence with him as the troubled times permitted. In one of her letters she tells him that "our dotter Mary is at hom with me . . . I found her all her close and paid Mr. Broune for teaching her on the verginalls." Of one of her sons she says, "John is lerning fast to red a chapte in the Bibel agens Easter, that he may have breches." In another epistle she says, "I prais God I ham very wall, and I cro fat. . . John very much desires to see his father, for he sais he is gon so far as he thinks he knas not the way bak, or els he wants a hors." One of the sons, Peter, afterwards went to reside in France, whence he writes to his mother, saying, "And I, remembering the good cheese you make; if there be any ships which doe lade coales neare your dwelling or at Newcastle, for to come directly to Roan [*i.e.* Rouen], I intreate you to send mee one as bigg as the moone."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Brancepeth Castle.

BRANCEPETH CASTLE stands about half-way between Durham and Bishop Auckland, not far from the right bank of the Wear. It is a comparatively modern structure; the old castle, which was strongly fortified, and defended by towers and a moat, having been nearly all taken down in the early part of this century, and the present edifice, which is equal in magnificence and grandeur to any of the noble residences in the North of England, erected on its site.

That portion of the old building which was suffered to remain entire contains several fine apartments, particularly the Baron's Hall, which is lighted at the sides by stained-glass windows, and at the west end by a richly painted window, representing, in three beautiful compartments, three different views of the memorable battle of Neville's Cross. These windows were inserted in 1821, by Mr. Collins, of London, one of the chief restorers of the long-lost art of glass-painting. The other windows, by the same hand, contain full-length figures of the first Earl of Westmoreland and his countess, and of the Black Prince and his wife Joanna Beaufort, styled "The Fair." The other apartments, says Mackenzie, "are of a very noble description, and furnished in the most elegant manner."

The old castle was erected, we are told, by a chief of the ancient family of Bulmer, whose descendants were seated here for many generations, till Bertram, their last male representative, died. Bertram's daughter, Emma, married Geoffrey Neville, the grandson of Gilbert de Neville, or Neuville, who came into England with the Conqueror. The issue of this match was a son, Henry, and a daughter, Isabel. Henry, having been in arms with the refractory barons in the seventeenth year of King John, gave a hundred marks to regain the tyrant's favour. As a security for his loyalty, he engaged to forfeit all his possessions, together with his castle, to be held at his Majesty's pleasure. He died without issue in 1227, and his estates devolved upon his sister Isabel, who was espoused by Robert de Fitz Maldred, Lord of Raby, by whom she had a son, Geoffrey, who, in honour of his mother, assumed the surname of Neville. From him sprang that branch whose principal seat was for many ages at Raby, and whose descendants were Earls of Westmoreland. The castle and lordship of Brancepeth continued in the Neville family till they were forfeited by Charles Earl of Westmoreland, and transferred to the Crown, in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth. The castle and its appendages were sold in 1633 by the king's commissioners to Lady Middleton, Abraham Crosselis, and John Jones, who, three years afterwards, conveyed them to Ralph Cole, of Newcastle, a successful son of Vulcan, in trust for his son Nicholas, afterwards

Sir Nicholas Cole, whose son, Sir Ralph Cole, of Kepier, in consideration of £16,000, together with an annuity of £500 secured to himself for life, and £200 to his wife for life if she survived him, conveyed the castle and estate, in 1701, to Sir Henry Bellasayse, who died in 1719, leaving an only son, William. This son died in 1769, when his estates devolved upon his only daughter, and were afterwards devised by her (1774) to Earl Fauconberg, who sold them to John Tempest, from whom they were purchased by William Russell, of Newbottle. Matthew Russell, M.P., William's son and successor, had an only daughter, Emma Maria, who was married on the 9th September, 1828, to Gustavus Frederick John James Hamilton, seventh Viscount Boyne, whose only son, Gustavus Russell Hamilton Russell, eighth Viscount Boyne, has now his residence here.

Brancepeth is supposed to be a corruption of Brawn's Path, in allusion to the number of wild boars which formerly infested the district, and for the purpose of hunting which the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., frequently resorted to this place, which belonged to his maternal ancestors, the princely Nevilles. According to an old legend, "a bristled brawn of giant size," which had long laid waste the circumjacent country, was destroyed by one Roger de Ferie or Hodge of Ferry, and gave occasion to the name. This tradition, however, is of a very doubtful nature—not that there were never wild boars more or less numerous in the county of Durham, especially after this part of the kingdom had been turned into a wilderness by William the Conqueror, but because both Brancepeth and the neighbouring township of Brandon seem really to derive their names from the Scottish or Irish abbot and confessor St. Brandan, who is said to have been able to fly through the air in his chariot, and who, moreover, setting sail on the broad Atlantic with his monks, discovered Brazil, if old annalists are to be believed, long before the days of Pedro Alvarez Cabral.

The Brawn of Brancepeth.



WILD boars were at one time common inhabitants of our British forests. The modern names of many localities attest their presence there down to a comparatively recent era.

Thus we have Brandons in Norfolk and Suffolk, Warwickshire and Northumberland, as well as Durham; Branstons in Northumberland and Yorkshire; a Bransdale, a Brandsby, a Brantingham, and a Brandsburton in the latter county; a Branthwaite in Cumberland; a Brandsfee in Bucks; a Bransby in Lincolnshire; a Branscombe in Devon; a Bransford in Worcestershire; a Bransgore in Hants; a Brantham in Suffolk; and Branstons or Braunstons in Leicester and Lincolnshires.

Then we have Wilberfoss or Wilberforce in the East Riding; Wilburton in Cambridgeshire; and Wildboar Clough in Cheshire, near Macclesfield.

It is possible, however, that some of the local names compounded with Brand may refer to the "brave Earl Brand," who, according to an old Northumbrian ballad, courted and ran off with "the king's daughter of fair England," and who was slain, while carrying the princess away, beside the river Doune, after he had killed fourteen of his assailants.

At what time the brawn ceased to exist as a wild animal in Britain is uncertain; but in the tenth and eleventh centuries it was protected by the law.

The adult male, in a wild state, was a solitary animal, and, like all creatures affecting solitude, morose and fierce. When attacked, it defended itself vigorously; and the boldest man, if unarmed, would be glad to get out of its way. A whole neighbourhood was sometimes kept in alarm by one of these ferocious animals, to despatch which was fit undertaking for a dauntless hero. The ancestor of the family of Swinton, in Berwickshire, acquired his lands there through clearing the locality of a number of wild boars with which it was anciently infested.

When the great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast, and held his royal Christmas at Carlisle, the bill of fare, we are told by old chroniclers, was suited to those plentiful old times.

They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

How long the boar's head has been the appropriate dish at an English Christmas no man can tell. According to Aubrey, before the Civil War that brought in the Commonwealth, the first dish that was brought to table in gentlemen's houses at Yule was "a boar's head with a lemon in his mouth." The inhabitants of Hornchurch, in Essex, were formerly in the habit of paying their great tithes on Christmas Day, when they were treated by the lessee of the tithes, which belonged to New College, Oxford, with a boar's head dressed, and garnished with bay leaves; as well as with a bull to bait. On Christmas Day, at the Inner Temple, writes a correspondent to Mr. Hone, "service in the church being ended, the gentlemen presently repaired into the hall and breakfasted on brawn, mustard, and malmsey; and at the first course, at dinner, was served up a fair and large boar's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." At Queen's College, Oxford, where a like custom prevails, it is represented by tradition as a commemoration of an act of valour preformed by a student of the college, who, while walking in the neighbouring forest of Shotover, and reading Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. "The furious beast," says Wade, in his "Walks in Oxford," "came open-mouthed upon the youth, who, however, very courageously, and with a happy presence of mind, is

said to have rammed in the volume, and cried *Græcum est / fairly choking the savage with the sage.*"

"The Boar or Brawn of Brancepeth," says Surtees, "was a formidable animal, which made his lair on Brandon Hill, and walked the forest in ancient undisputed sovereignty from the Wear to the Gaunless. The marshy and then woody vale extending from Croxdale to Ferrywood was one of the brawn's favourite haunts, affording roots and mast, and a luxurious pleasure of volutation (in plain English wallowing). Near Cleves Cross, Hodge of Ferry, after carefully marking the boar's track, dug a pitfall slightly covered with boughs and turf, and then toiling on his victim by some bait to the treacherous spot stood armed with his good sword across the pitfall, 'At once with hope and fear his heart rebounds.' At length the gallant brute came trotting on his onward path, and, seeing the passage barred, rushed headlong on the vile pitfall. The seal of Roger de l'erie still remains in the Treasury, exhibiting his old antagonist, a boar *passant*."

A large flat coffin-shaped stone in Merrington Churchyard, with a rude cross upon it, having a sword on the dexter and a spade on the sinister side, is supposed to commemorate Hodge's exploit; and perhaps the rustic champion lies under it. Another stone, believed to be the remnant of a cross, stands on the hill near the farm of Cleves Cross, and may have been raised on the same occasion. But more apocryphal is a rough, misshapen stone trough at a house in Ferryhill, which popular tradition declares to have been used by the boar. Mackenzie, in quoting the legend, sarcastically remarks "that the name of the good-natured person to whose courtesy so unwelcome a guest was indebted for the accommodation has not been preserved." True it is, and of verity, nevertheless, that Roger de Fery's posterity occur in the freehold records of the locality as late as 1617.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.



THE miller has been, from time immemorial, considered fair game for the satirist, and our old English poet, Chaucer, in his description of one of the trade, says:—

A thief he was forsooth of corn and meal,
And that a sly, and usant for to steal.

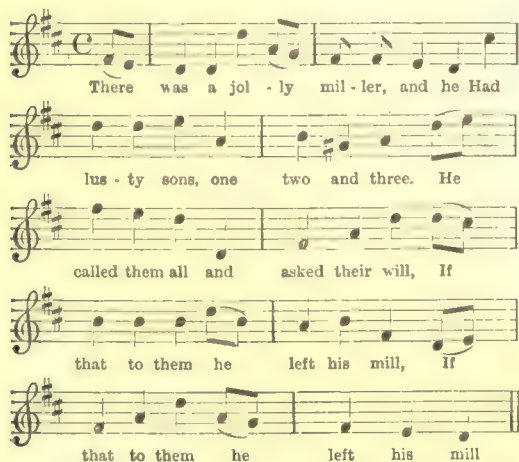
This allusion to a custom supposed to be peculiar to millers, both ancient and modern, gives the point to the following ballad, which is one of the most popular of the numerous songs written in ridicule of the trade.

Many different versions of it are in existence, and the

tune also varies in different localities. Our version differs both in tune and rhythm from the Lancashire copy, of which it may interest the reader to scan the two last verses :—

Now he called to him his youngest son ;
His youngest son was Will.
"On the answer thou does give to me,
Depends who gets the mill."
"Oh ! if the mill were mine," said he,
"A living I would mek ;
Instead of one-half, I would tek it all
And swear them out o' the seck."
Then owd Jeremy he rose up in bed
To hear him talk so smart,
Saying, "Well done, Will ! thou's won the mill,
Thou art the lad o' my heart."
The other two looked rather blue,
And swore it wur too bad ;
But little Will he won the mill,
And the devil, he got his dad.

The tune which we give is the one to which the song is sung in the Liddesdale and Border districts, and is taken from the manuscript of the late Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle. It is evidently a slightly varied copy of the old tune called "The Oxfordshire Tragedy," which Mr. William Chappell believed to have been one of the ancient ditties used by the minstrels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in chanting their lengthy narratives at Christmas dinners and bride-ales.



There was a jolly miller, and he
Had lussy sons, one, two, and three ;
He called them all and asked their will
If that to them he left his mill.

He called first to his eldest son,
Saying : "My life is almost run ;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take ?"

"Father," says he, "my name is Jack ;
Out of a bushel I'll have a peck
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool," the old man said,
"Thou hast not well learned thy trade—
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live."

He called for his middlemost son,
Saying : "My life is almost run ;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take ?"

"Father," says he, "my name is Ralph ;
Out of a bushel I'll take a half
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool," the old man said ;
"Thou hast not well learned thy trade—
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live."

He then called for his youngest son,
Saying : "My life is almost run ;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take ?"

"Father," said he, "I'm your only boy,
For taking toll is all my joy.
Before I will a good living lack,
I'll take it all, and forswear the sack !"

"Thou art the boy," the old man said,
"For thou hast right well learned thy trade ;
This mill to thee I give," he cried—
And then turned up his toes and died.

Harrison's Description of the North.

PREFIXED to Holinshed's well-known "Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland," there is an extremely curious "Historical Description of the Island of Britain," written by one William Harrison, about whom very little is known. He was a native of London, and was educated at Westminster Hall, when the noted Alexander Nowell was master of that seminary. He afterwards studied at both universities, but in what colleges is not certainly known. He himself says that both Oxford and Cambridge "are so dear to him that he cannot readily tell to which of them he owes most goodwill." After leaving Cambridge, he became domestic chaplain to Sir William Brook, who was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Baron of Cobham in Kent, and from whose patronage it is believed that he received the living of Radwinter in Essex, in February, 1558, which he held till his death in 1592 or 1593. Anthony à Wood says he obtained a canonry of Windsor, and was buried there. He married a Picardian lady, and left several children. Though he was the author of an important topographical work, he does not appear to have been a great traveller. Indeed, in the dedication of his "Historical Description," he says, "I must needs confess, that until now of late, except it were from the parish where I dwell unto your honour in Kent, or out of London, where I was born, unto Oxford and Cambridge, where I have been brought up, I never travelled forty miles forthright and at one journey in all my life."

Harrison's "Description" appears to have been written in the early years of Elizabeth's reign. It is not possible,

within my present limits, to give even the briefest sketch of its contents. They are of the most diversified character. The topography of the country, its social, political, commercial, and ecclesiastical institutions, the habits and customs of the people, the manufactures and resources of the nation, are all described. Indeed, it may be safely said that we possess no picture of England and English life in the days of "Good Queen Bess" which for completeness, accuracy, and abundance of picturesque detail can be compared with Harrison's "Description."

It is, however, with his notices of the "North Countrie" that we are now concerned. His topographical account of our island is included in a survey of the course of our rivers and their tributaries. And, although he gives a minute account of every stream which is of sufficient magnitude to be marked on a county map, his references to the character of the district through which it passes, and to the towns and villages located on its banks, are not numerous.

The Tweed he describes as "a noble stream." The Coquet is "a goodly river." The Tyne is "a river notably stored with salmon, and other good fish, and in old time called Alan," and "riseth of two heads"—the North Tyne and the South. In describing the course of the Tyne he mentions Jarrow, which he calls "Jerro or Girwie"—"where Beda dwelled in an abbey—now a gentleman's place, although the church be made a parish church, whereunto diverse towns resort, as Monk Eaton (Monkton), where Beda was born, which is a mile from thence, South Shields, Harton, Westoe, Hebburn, Hedworth, Wardley, Felling, Follonsby, [and] the Hedworths."

After mentioning Corbridge, "a town some time inhabited by the Romans," he gives the following account of the famed "thief and reaver" dales. "In this country are the three vales or dales, whereof men have doubted whether thieves or true men do most abound in them, that is to say, Reedsdale, Tindale, and Liddesdale; this last being for the most part Scottish, and without the Marches of England. Nevertheless, sithens that by the diligence chiefly of Master Gilpin—the celebrated Bernard of Houghton-le-Spring—"and finally of other learned preachers, the grace of God working with them, they have been called to some obedience and zeal unto the Word, it is found that they have so well profited by the same, that, at this present, their former savage demeanour is very much abated, and their barbarous wildness and fierceness so qualified, that there is great hope left of their reduction unto civility and better order of behaviour than hitherto they have been acquainted withall."

Harrison mentions the Wear as "a river well known unto Beda, the famous priest, who was brought up in a monastery that stood upon the banks thereof," referring, of course, to the monastic house of Monkwearmouth, wherein, there is good reason to believe, Bede spent some

time before his removal to Jarrow. The Tees is spoken of as "a river that beareth and feedeth an excellent salmon."

One of Harrison's chapters is headed "Of the Wall sometime Builded for a Partition between England and the Picts and Scots," meaning what we generally designate the Roman Wall. This great barrier, he says, was "no less famous than that which Anastasius Dicorus made afterwards from the Euxine unto the Thracian Sea." What we know as the vallum, he rightly ascribes to Hadrian, and says it "was made of turf and timber." Of its dimensions he gives a somewhat erroneous account. According to him, it was "four score miles in length, twelve foot in height, and eight in breadth." But as to its purpose he is doubtless correct. It was erected "to divide the barbarous Britons from the more civil sort, which were generally called by the name of Romans over all." In his account of the wall of Severus he makes an amusing mistake, confounding it with that of Antoninus Pius in Scotland. "He (Severus) made another wall (but of stone) between eighty and a hundred miles from the first, and of thirty-two miles in length, reaching on both sides also to the sea." The wall of Antoninus, Harrison imagines, "runneth within the wall, about an arrow shot from that of stone." As he proceeds the confusion increases, for, he tells us, "betwixt Thirlwall and the North Tyne are, also in the waste grounds, many parcels of that wall of Severus yet standing, whereof the common people do babble many things." No wonder that he should add, "This only remaineth certain, that the walls made by Hadrian and Severus were ditched with notable ditches and rampires, made in such wise that the Scottish adversary had much ado to enter and scale the same in his assaults." He sketches the topography of the walls of Hadrian and Severus, and concludes his account of them by saying, "As for the Roman coin that is often found in the course thereof, the curious bricks about the same near unto Carlisle, besides the excellent cornelians and other costly stones already entailed for seals oftentimes taken up in those quarters, I pass them over as not incident to my purpose."

Harrison entitles another of his chapters "Of the Marvels of England." The wonders he enumerates include the fabled windy cavern of the Derbyshire Peak, Stonehenge, Cheddar Cave, the one-eyed fish of the Dee, the dropping and petrifying wells of Knaresborough, and many others. Amongst the rest of his marvels he mentions the famous Hell Kettles, near Darlington, of which he gives the following account:—"What the foolish people dream of the Hell Kettles it is not worthy the rehearsal; yet to the end the lewd opinion conceived of them may grow into contempt I will say thus much also of those pits. There are certain pits, or rather three little pools, a mile from Darlington, and a quarter of a mile distant from the Tees banks, which the people call the Kettles of Hell, or the Devil's Kettles, as if he should

see the souls of sinful men and women in them. They add also, that the spirits have oft been heard to cry and yell about them, with other like talk savouring altogether of Pagan infidelity. The truth is (and of this opinion also was Cuthbert Tunstall, late Bishop of Durham, a man of great learning and judgment), that the coal-mines in those places are kindled, or if there be no coals, there may a mine of some other unctuous matter be set on fire, which being here and there consumed, the earth falleth in, and so doth leave a pit. Indeed, the water is now and then warm, as they say; and besides that, it is not clear. The people suppose them to be a hundred fathoms deep. The biggest of them also hath an issue in the Tees, as experience hath confirmed. For Doctor Bellows, *alias* Belzis, made report how a duck, marked after the fashion of the ducks of the Bishopric of Durham, was put into the same betwixt Darlington and Tees bank, and afterwards seen at a bridge [*i.e.*, Croft Bridge] not far from Master Clervaux's house." (For an account of the Hell Kettles, from the delightful pen of the late James Clephan, see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 353).

Harrison only mentions one other North-Country "marvel." Near St. Oswald's Chapel, above Chollerford, the great battle between Kings Oswald and Cadwalla was fought in the year 635. The victory of the Christian army over that of the Pagans conferred on the place the name of Hefenfelth, *i.e.* Heaven Field. Now, let us hear Harrison:—"If it were worth the noting, I would also make relation of many wooden crosses found very often about Halidon, whereof the old inhabitants conceived an opinion that they were fallen from heaven; whereas, in truth, they were made and borne by King Oswald and his men in the battle wherein they prevailed sometimes against the British infidels, upon a superstitious imagination that those crosses should be their defence and shield against their adversaries. Beda calleth the place where the said battle was fought Heaven Field. It lieth not far from the Pictish Wall, and the famous monastery of Hagulstad."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Jay, the Chough, and the Nutcracker.



THE jay (*Garrulus glandarius*), sometimes called the oak jackdaw and jay piet, shares with the magpie the dangerous distinction of being one of the most handsome of our native birds. It is also the most rigorously persecuted. Like the magpie, the jay is proscribed by game preservers, as it occasionally preys on the eggs and young of game birds; and gamekeepers have another and more sordid motive for capturing or slaughtering it—the fact that the

bird brings a good price, being much prized by collectors and professional bird-stuffers. In few localities, therefore, can the jay be said to be plentiful. Besides, it is a shy, wood-loving bird, wary and skulking in its habits, and it is oftener heard than seen in its haunts. In the Northern Counties, as Mr. John Hancock tells us, it is gradually disappearing. "This beautiful resident species," he says, "once so abundant in the district, has now almost disappeared from the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and has everywhere become rare."

An observant naturalist, who formerly resided at Shotley, writes as follows of the habits of the jays:—"A singular and cunning habit is adopted by these birds in the breeding season. From being the most noisy and demonstrative birds that frequent our coverts at all other times, when nesting they become mute, and it is very rare, at that period, to hear them utter a scream, although you may be quite close to their nests. This, no doubt, is an instinct they possess in order to conceal the whereabouts of their breeding haunts, and to preserve their helpless nestlings. Another peculiar habit of the jays is their imitating, at times, the calls of other birds, and even animals. A bird which frequented our coverts a few years ago could imitate to perfection the sharp bark of a fox terrier in full cry after its quarry. One of my men when he first heard it, made sure there were some poachers astir, and, quietly stealing through the covert in order to detect them, found the noise was occasioned by a jay, perched on the branch of a tree close by, 'barking away,' as he told me afterwards, 'furiously,' and he was so 'riled' at first at the bird so deceiving him, that he was within an ace of shooting it. However, after a little reflection, a kindlier spirit prevailed, and he left it alone. Many a time afterwards have I heard the same bird (presumably) in our coverts imitating the fox terrier, and the notes of birds besides, and I have repeatedly stopped and listened to its clever imitations of birds and quadrupeds. At times, too, I have heard it give a loud whistle, just like a man; and it could also imitate the romping noise of children well."

The male and female jays, like the magpies, are nearly alike in size and plumage. The male weighs nearly seven ounces; length, one foot two inches; bill, black; from its base a black streak extends backwards about one inch; iris, light blue. Forehead and crown, greyish and bluish white, some of the feathers longer than the rest, streaked down the middle with black, and the ends of those at the back of the head tinged with reddish purple (these form a sort of crest, which the bird can raise or depress at will; nape, cinnamon colour; chin, greyish white; breast, reddish buff colour; back, cinnamon colour. The wings extend to within two inches and a half of the end of the tail. The greater wing coverts are barred with black, white, and brilliant blue alternately, across the outer webs, the inner being nearly black; lesser

wing coverts, chestnut; primaries and secondaries, dusky black edged with white. Tail, dull black, indistinctly barred at the base, the outer feathers on each



side lighter than the rest and approaching to brown, underneath grey; upper tail coverts, white; under tail coverts, dull white; legs, toes, and claws, light reddish brown.

The chough (*Pyrrhoroax graculus*, Bewick; *Fregilus graculus*, Yarrell) has not been found breeding in Northumberland and Durham, but sufficiently near not to be overlooked. "The chough," Mr. Hancock tells us, "must rank as a resident, as it breeds in the rocks



between St. Abb's Head and Fast Castle, Berwickshire." In Cumberland, it used to breed in the cliffs on the sea shore near Whitehaven; but there, as elsewhere, it has

nearly been extirpated. On the South-West Coast of Scotland, in Wigtownshire, the choughs were formerly pretty numerous, and bred freely in the high cliffs near the sea shore. Cornwall, on the picturesque cliffs, near "dark Tintagel, by the Cornish sea," would seem to have been the head-quarters of these birds, but even there they are becoming scarcer every year, owing to persistent persecution. Amongst the popular names of the chough may be mentioned red-leg, Market Jew (the name of a town in Cornwall), hermit crow, red-legged jackdaw, Gesner's wood crow, Cornish chawk or cliff daw, Cornwall kae or killigrew, and mountain crow.

Bishop Stanley thus describes the habits of the chough when domesticated:—"On a lawn where five were kept, one particular part of it was found to turn brown, and exhibit all the appearance of a field suffering under severe drought, covered, as it was, with dead and withering tufts of grass, which it was soon ascertained the choughs were incessantly employed in tearing up the roots of, for the purpose of getting at the grub. The way they set about it was this:—They would walk quietly over the surface, every now and then turning their heads, with the ear towards the ground, listening attentively in the most significant manner. Sometimes they appeared to listen in vain, and then walked on, till at length, instead of moving from the spot, they fell to picking a hole, as fast as their heads could nod." In their wild state they are very shy; but in the breeding season they will allow of a near approach. In autumn and winter they keep together in families.

The flight of the birds is described as resembling that of the rook. They flap their wings rapidly, and then sail on outspread pinions for a considerable distance. They do not perch on trees, but rest on rocks and cliffs, where they nest; and when on the ground they walk with a stately gait. Their food consists chiefly of grasshoppers, cockchafers, and other insects, in search of which they frequent the fields and follow the plough, like the rooks. On the sea shore they feed on crustacea and garbage washed up by the tide; and they also eat grain and wild fruits.

The male is nearly one foot five inches in length; bill, red; iris, red in the centre, surrounded by a circle of blue. The whole plumage is black, glossed with purplish blue. The wings reach nearly to the end of the tail, which is of a more metallic lustre than the rest of the plumage. Legs and toes, red; claws, glossy black, large, and much hooked. The female is a trifle shorter than the male, and weighs about fourteen ounces.

The nutcracker (*Nucifraga caryocatactes*) is a rare casual visitor to this country, and it has only occurred once in Northumberland. This solitary instance is mentioned by Mr. Hancock thus:—"In 'Selby's Illustrations of British Ornithology,' vol. i., p. 368, it is stated

that this rare casual visitant was seen in Netherwitton Wood, Northumberland, in the autumn of 1819, by his coadjutor, Captain Robert Mitford, of the Royal Navy. This species is not included, however, in Mr. Selby's catalogue."

Like the *Corvidæ*, nutcrackers are shy and wary; but in their habits they more resemble the woodpecker than the representatives of the crow tribe. They climb trunks of trees, the tail being used, as with the woodpeckers, as a support. They frequent the depths of the forest, and shun observation, except when they are rearing their young. They are easily tamed, but they have the unfriendly habit of devouring any companions of their captivity. The nutcrackers may be termed omnivorous in their feeding, though their chief food seems to consist of nuts—hence their common name—which, like the nut-hatch, they fix in the crevice of a tree, and break open to get at the kernel. They also eat the seeds of pine trees, beech nuts, acorns, and the various kinds of wild berries, as well as insects, bees, wasps, and beetles. The note of the nutcracker resembles the word "crack," "crack," as also "curr." This latter is the spring, or love note, of the bird, which it utters loudly, in its forest retreats, when perched on the top of a high tree.

Mr. Hancock gives us an interesting account of the "manners and customs" of a nutcracker which he kept

places, squeezed itself out between them, and, escaping into my museum, commenced without the least delay to attack the bird cases, and would soon have done much mischief had it not been immediately discovered. I was absent at the time, and its depredations could only be stopped by not allowing it to rest on anything composed of wood. Wherever it alighted it at once commenced to test, with rapid blows of its bill, the nature of the material. It at length pitched upon a plate of guillemot's eggs, and before it could be interrupted had smashed every one. It then attacked the bones of a bird which were awaiting articulation, and dispersed them in all directions. This was the first day's work of its domestication. Before it could be made secure the wooden bars and every portion of the framework of the cage had to be covered with tin. It was extremely restless and active, and never settled when any one was present. It never became very tame, and I could never get it to look me full in the face. It always avoided my gaze by turning its head aside, as if it disliked to look directly at me. Its voice was very peculiar; it had an extremely harsh, loud cry, resembling the noise produced by a ripping saw while in full action. This cry was so loud that it could be heard all over the house. It had also a sweet, low, delicate, warbling song. This was uttered only when everything was perfectly quiet. The song was much varied, and was continued for some time. So low and delicate was it that it could only be heard when the bird was close at hand, and the note seemed as if it were produced low down the throat. The song was occasionally interrupted by a few creaking notes like those produced when a cork-screw is being used."

The male nutcracker measures one foot two inches in length. The body of the bird is slender, the neck long, the head large and flat, with a long slender, and rounded beak, the upper mandible being straight, or only very slightly curved. The wings are of moderate size, blunt, and graduated, the fourth quill being longer than the rest; the tail is short and rounded at its extremity; the feet are strong, and furnished with powerful toes, armed with strong hooked claws. The plumage is thick and soft; its predominating colour is dark brown, without spots upon the top of the head and nape, although elsewhere each individual feather is tipped with an oval mark of pure white; the wings and tail feathers are of a brilliant black, the latter being tipped with white at their extremities; the under tail-coverts are likewise white; the legs are brown, and the beak and feet black. The wings extend to a width of about twenty-two and a half inches; the tail measures about five inches. In the female the brown plumage has a tinge of red.



caged for some years. "I kept," he says, "a specimen of the nutcracker in confinement for six years; it was taken on board a ship off the coast of Russia, in 1847. Its habits were interesting and peculiar. It was put at first into a cage with wooden ends, but in a very short time it was seen with its head through a hole it had made in one of the ends. It was then removed into another cage, but from this it soon relieved itself, though the cage was composed almost entirely of wire. It broke through one of the wooden horizontal bars that held the wires in their

North-Country Wit & Humour.

RAIN.

The weather was very wet the other night when a workman stepped into a public-house in Newcastle. "Marcy on us!" he exclaimed, "if this isn't the Deluge! Wey, it's raining drops as big as shillings!" "That's nowt," said another workman; "when aa cam in, it was raining drops as big as eighteenpence!"

NOWT BUT SHOEBLACKS.

A Pelton Fell worthy went recently to Edinburgh with an excursion. On his return, he was telling some friends at Chester-le-Street that the trippers landed at Edinburgh at 4 o'clock in the morning. Being questioned as to how and where they managed to get anything to eat at that time in the morning, he said, "Wey man, there was nowt but shoeblacks!"

HEXHAM.

An old hawker was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and found it necessary to seek shelter in a farm-house near Acomb. The subject of conversation was, of course, the awful character of the storm. "It's nae wonner it's se bad," said the hawker, as a flash of lightning caused him to blink his eyes, "when ye considor the wickedness o' Hexham!"

THE PITMAN AND THE CONCERT.

A pitman, meeting a friend, gave the following description of a concert he had attended the night before:—"Man, Jack, it was really a grand affair. Ye should hev hard a lad an' a lass singing a duet on the piano. Then thor wes a chep wiv a wooden leg that played on the tin whistle. It's a varry funny thing hoo a man wiv a wooden leg or twe left airms is sae weel tyeken wi' by the public!"

THE LOST COW.

"Did thoo ever hear o' that cow—that yen thoo lost twe years ago when thoo wes sleepin' in the hedge-back as thoo wes coming hyem frae Dorham Fair?" asked a pitman of his deputy who had meditated cowkeeping. "Hear on't, man?" was the reply. "Wey, aa hear on't ivory day: watch wor wife for that. She elwis fetches her ower when thor's owt wrang!"

"TOSS UP."

On a certain race week, when most pitmen desire to be present at the competition for the Northumberland Plate, it was necessary that every man at a certain colliery should go to work. Two lovers of the turf were, however, determined to be present. As they were wending their way up the race-course, they saw the master of the colliery approaching them. "How is this?" he queried; "you ought to be at your work." "Wey," said one of the delinquents, "we wanted to gan te wark, sor; an' we wanted to come te the races tee; so we tossed up which it had te be, an' it cam doon for the races."

"That's all very well, but you probably had a two-headed penny." "No, sor, it wes a fair toss." "What did you throw up?" "Wey, we hoyed a brick up. If it stopped up, we went te wark; if it cam down, we went te the races—an heor we are, sor!"

PIPEWELLGATE.

During a recent procession in the streets of Newcastle, a policeman went up to an old woman who presided over a temporary apple stall, and told her to move on. She did not obey his order with sufficient alacrity; he therefore exclaimed: "Let's hev yor nyem and whor ye live." "My nyem's Bella Morgan," was the reply, "an' aa live in Pipewellgate, Gyetshead!" "What number?" "Thor's ne numbers." "Come, this winnet de; aa'll hev te lock ye up!" "Thor's ne numbers at aall. Wey, thor's ne doors te some o' the hooses in Pipewellgate!"

Notes and Commentaries.

A WEARDALE STAY BUSK.

The Weardale stay busk, made by some youth with his pocket knife or jacklegs 162 years ago, a sketch of which is here given, is an interesting relic of olden times. I picked up the specimen shown some twenty years ago in one of the Weardale villages. It is made of hard wood, and is bent inward. It is about thirteen inches long by an inch and three-eighths broad. A ridge runs down the centre between the double ornamentation. Like the old knitting-sticks of former times, stay busks were made by young lovers for presentation to their sweethearts, and the care taken in cutting out each device, the initials of the young woman, and the date, shows that it was a labour of love to make one of these (at that time) indispensable articles of dress.

W. M. EGGLESTONE, Stanhope.

A NORTHUMBERLAND FARMER'S WEDDING 140 YEARS AGO.

On the 7th of June, 1750, was married at Rothbury, Mr. William Donkin, a considerable farmer, of Tossion, in the county of Northumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotton, an agreeable young gentlewoman of the same place. The entertainments on this occasion were very grand, there being provided no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 40 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, a large quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens. There was also provided eight half ankers of brandy made into punch, 12 dozens of cider, and a great many gallons of wine. The company consisted of 550 ladies



and gentlemen, who were diverted with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers.

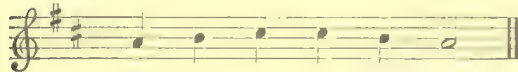
NIGEL, York.

OLD STREET CALLS IN NEWCASTLE.

It has occurred that it would be a great pity to lose entirely the musical street cries of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Few of them are heard now, compared with what there used to be twenty years ago. I recollect the following:—



Will ye buy o - ny lairge new ta - ties?



Will ye buy ony green peas?



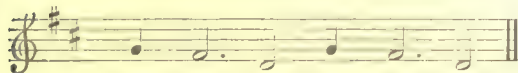
Will ye buy o - ny fish?



Here's cal-ler har-ren! here's cal-ler fresh har-ren!



Fine Bor - gun-dy pee-ors! fine Bor-gun-dy pee-ors!



Fine boiled crabs! Fine boiled crabs!

G. GREENWELL, Duffield, near Derby.

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 10th of June, Mr. Joseph Ridley, a member of the Durham County Council and of other local public bodies, died at his residence at Tow Law. The deceased was engaged in the building trade.

Mr. Percival Scott, formerly superintendent of the Castle Eden division of the Durham County Constabulary, from which position he retired about two years since, died at his residence in Grange Road, West Hartlepool, on the 11th of June. The deceased was a brother of Mr. Joseph Scott, superintendent of the Jarrow division, who was so brutally murdered at Durham about two years ago. (See vol. for 1888, p. 334).

On the same day, died Mrs. Walter Scott, wife of the well-known publisher and contractor, of Felling and Newcastle.

On the 12th, Mr. Alexander Young, an alderman of Richmond, died at the ripe age of 74. He filled the post of Mayor of the ancient borough in 1863-4.

News was received on the 14th June of the death, at Irrewarra, Colac, Australia, on April 30, of Mr. Andrew Chirnside, a member of a well-known and highly respected Berwickshire family.

Mr. Jeremiah Wear, head-master of the Throston Board Schools, Hartlepool, died on the 15th of June.

Dr. Cornthwaite, Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds,

and at one time secretary to Bishop Hogarth at Darlington, died at his residence in Leeds on the 16th of June, aged 72.

On the 16th of June, Mr. James Richardson, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. E. and J. Richardson, leather manufacturers, Shumac Street, Elswick, Newcastle, was seized with a fit of apoplexy whilst at his place of business, and died within an hour. He was 58 years of age. Like his ancestors, Mr. Richardson was a member of the Society of Friends, and occupied several positions in different agencies connected with that body.

On the 17th of June, Mr. Thomas Wakenshaw, a veteran Northumbrian miner, died at his house at Stakeford, near Bedlington, at the advanced age of 88 years. He had been identified with many of the labour struggles which occurred during the second quarter of the present century. Until his death he was the only man in the district still living who had passed through the perils and the pains of the battle for unionism sixty years ago. He was appointed the representative of Nether-ton and Glebe Collieries in 1831 and 1832 to attend the delegate



MR. THOMAS WAKENSHAW.

meetings of miners held in Newcastle. During the strike of 1844, Wakenshaw earnestly supported the efforts of Martin Jude, Mark Dent, Christopher Haswell, and the other leading miners of that day.

Mr. Walter Wilson, senior partner in the firm of Walter Wilson and Sons, tweed and hosiery manufacturers, Hawick, died at Orchard House in that town, on the 18th June, in his 94th year. Mr. Wilson, who had been a magistrate of Hawick for over half-a-century, was a leader in the Reform struggle of 1832.

Mr. Thomas Duckett died on the 23rd of June, at his residence in Wharnccliffe Street, Newcastle. Twenty years ago Mr. Duckett came to Newcastle, and found employment as a compositor in the *Chronicle* Office. During that lengthened period he remained in the same establishment; and by his urbanity and kindly, genial disposition he earned the respect and good will of those with whom he came in contact.

On the 24th of June, died Mr. Thomas Belk, Recorder of Hartlepool, at his residence in that town. Mr. Belk was born at King's Villa, Pontefract, November 10, 1808, and for over fifty years had been a leading resident of Hartlepool. In 1839 he began to practise as a solicitor at Pontefract, and soon afterwards he married Eve, daughter of Mr. John Gully, M.P., of Ackworth Park, Pontefract. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 74). In addition to his recordership, he held the appointment of Town Clerk until 1882, when he was succeeded by his son, Henry. Mr. Belk was a local historian of great celebrity, and a collector of rare coins, of which he had a splendid cabinet.

The Rev. Thomas Frederick Hardwick, vicar of Shotton, also died on the 24th of June, his age being sixty years.

On the 26th of June, news was received of the death, in Australia, of Mr. John Thomas Patterson, a native of Alnwick, and a brother of the Hon. J. B. Patterson.

Mr. Joseph Wilkinson, of the West Mill, Bishop Auckland, died suddenly on the 29th of June, at the age of 67 years. The deceased was a prominent Wesleyan, and formerly took an active part in the local affairs of the town.

On the 1st of July, Mr. John Richardson, a member of the Morpeth Town Council for a number of years, died somewhat suddenly at Morpeth.

Mr. William Crawford, secretary of the Durham Miners' Association and Member of Parliament for Mid-Durham, died at his residence in Durham on the 1st of July. Mr. Crawford was born at Whitley, in Northumberland, in 1833, his father being a miner. He gained some slight education in the village school at Seaton Sluice, but at an early age began work as a waggon-greaser in the north pit of Cowpen Colliery. While engaged in this occupation, he met with an accident, from which he suffered more or less during the whole of his life. Mr. Crawford was largely concerned in the establishment of a miners' society for the counties of Northumberland and Durham, being appointed



MR. WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

general secretary. When separate societies were formed for each county, he remained for some time secretary of the Northumberland Society; and when he resigned that post in 1865 to undertake the secretaryship of a co-operative society, he was succeeded by Mr. T. Burt, now M.P. for Morpeth. Five years later he became secretary of the Durham Miners' Union. Mr. Crawford was corresponding secretary to the Durham Miners' Federation Board, an official of the Miners' National Union, and a member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. He was returned as Liberal member for Mid-Durham at the general election of 1885, and he was also an alderman of the Durham County Council. The deceased gentleman was twice married, and left a widow with three sons and a daughter.

Mr. John Dodds, of Heathery Tops, near Berwick-on-Tweed, well and widely known as a successful farmer and

stock-breeder, also died on the 1st of July. The deceased, who was born at Milfield, near Wooler, was in his 74th year.

On the 2nd of July, Mr. Henry West, who was for a great many years directly connected with the temperance work done at the Central Hall, died at his residence, Clarence Street, Newcastle.

Mr. John Craster, superintendent of the Wellington Farm Reformatory, near Edinburgh, also died on the 2nd of July. The deceased was a native of the North of England, and was formerly head-master of the Newcastle Boys' Reformatory.

The remains of Mr. Robert Rennison, one of the last of the tanners, a once flourishing industry at Alnwick, were interred in that town. The deceased, who was 70 years of age, had died a few days previously.

On the 6th of July, Mr. John Scott, rector of the Corporation Academy, Berwick-on-Tweed, died at his residence, High Street, in that town, at the age of 57.

On the 9th of July, the Rev. J. H. Guy, formerly a Congregational minister, and a native of Newton, Northumberland, died in Sunderland.

On the same day, at the age of 60, died Mr. T. D. Pickering, assistant-overseer of St. Nicholas', Newcastle.

The death was announced on the 10th of July, of Mr. Gray, late of Hepple, Coquet Water, Northumberland. The deceased, who was for some years a bailie of Jedburgh, and had latterly lived with his son-in-law at Hawick, was 85 years of age.

The death took place, on the 9th of July, of the Rev. James Samuel Blair, vicar of Killingworth.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JUNE.

12.—It was announced that, by her will, dated 1st September, 1889, the late Right Hon. Sarah Caroline, Baroness Northbourne, of Betteshanger, Kent, and Jarroo Grange, Durham, who died on the 21st January last, had left personal estate valued at £139,997.

—During a performance at Sanger and Son's Circus at Hexham, a bear was directed to climb a ladder on to a heavy piece of wood which was supported by two uprights about 20 feet from the ground. Several times the animal refused to mount the ladder, but was ultimately persuaded to go up. The bear was in the act of leaving the last rung of the ladder when the structure and bear fell heavily to the ground. The heavy piece of wood and a portion of the uprights fell among a dense mass of people, several of whom sustained severe shocks.

—At a meeting of the Northumberland County Council, a motion was carried that the close season for wild birds be further extended to August 31, special protection being asked for the dotterel, eider duck, guillemot, gull, kittiwake, oyster-catcher, puffin, razorbill, sea parrot, sea swallow, and tern.

13.—Owing to a severe outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia at Thirsk, fifty cattle belonging to Messrs. Smith, of Holme, were destroyed.

—At a meeting at Middlesbrough between the representatives of the Cleveland ironstone miners and the

Cleveland mineowners, the employers intimated that, on the expiration of the existing wages arrangement on the 28th of June, the mine-owners would require a reduction of 2d. per ton in miners' wages, and a corresponding reduction in the wages of all other classes of men engaged at the mines.

14.—An inquest was held in Newcastle on the body of a man named William Mason, aged 43, who died from injuries received through jumping off the Redheugh Bridge into the river Tyne on the 11th.

—The annual gathering for out-door worship in commemoration of the visit of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., on June 17th, 1782, was held at Saugh House, Cambo, The Rev. James Barker, of Kirkwhelpington, conducted the service.

15.—The first of a series of Sunday musical concerts under the auspices of the Newcastle Sunday Music League, was given on the Newcastle Town Moor.

16.—One man was killed and many injured at the Newburn steelworks through the gearing of a heavy girder falling on the men.

—The new church of All Saints', Harton, and a new cemetery at Hebburn, were consecrated by Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham.

—A large party of Swedish agriculturists, numbering between sixty and seventy persons, who visited England to ascertain the requirements of this country in reference to the importation of farm produce, were entertained by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Bell) to luncheon at the County Hotel, Newcastle. In the evening the visitors partook of a cold collation in the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond.

17.—Miss Bessie May, third daughter of Sir Raylton Dixon, of Gunnergate Hall, near Middlesbrough, was married to Mr. Henry W. F. Bolckow, eldest son of Mr. Carl Bolckow, of Marton Hall.

—In Bishop Cosin's Library, Durham, the Corporation of that city, in accordance with the custom of centuries, presented to the new Bishop of Durham an address of welcome on his appointment.

—A two days' sale of valuable books was commenced by Messrs. Atkinson and Garland at their rooms in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. The lots disposed of included Thomas Bewick's "Land and Water Birds," a collection of 294 wood cuts, £7 10s.; Bewick's "Quadrupeds," 225 China paper proofs, £8; Bewick's "Land and Water Birds," and supplements, first editions, 4 vols. in 2, Newcastle, 1797-1804-21, £12; Bewick's "Land and Water Birds," thick royal paper, first editions, Newcastle, 1797-1804, £9; Bewick's "Fables of Aesop," Newcastle, 1818, £9 2s. 6d.; Bewick's "General History of Quadrupeds," Newcastle, 1807, £5 10s.; and Bewick's Works and Memoirs, only 750 copies printed, 5 vols., 1885, £6 10s.

18.—At a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, it was announced that a sufficient sum had been raised by a committee appointed for the purpose to effect the purchase of the series of water-colour drawings of shells made by the late George Gibsone, an architect and artist who flourished in Newcastle some time ago, and offered to the town, upon certain conditions, by that gentleman's representatives. It was resolved that the drawings be acquired on behalf of the town, and a committee was appointed to deal with the matter. On the 5th of July, this committee, consisting of Mr. C. M. Adamson, the Rev. B. W. Gibsone, Dr. Hodgkin, Dr.

Philipson, the Rev. T. Talbot, Mr. Alderman Stephens, and Mr. Richard Welford, awarded the drawings as a present to the Public Library of Newcastle.

—At an adjourned meeting of the Stockton Town Council, a letter was read from Major R. Ropner, offering to pay the cost of a site for a public park for the borough. A resolution thanking Major Ropner for his offer was passed unanimously. Major Ropner is a shipowner at West Hartlepool, and a shipbuilder at Stockton.

—The late Miss Robson, of Stannington Vale, bequeathed by will £300 to local charities. That sum was to-day handed over to the Rev. J. G. Potter for distribution among several local and other charities.

19.—Mr. Henry Morton Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, with Mr. Bonny, one of his associates, visited Newcastle, and was accorded a hearty reception by all classes. He was met at the Central Railway Station about 12:30 p.m. by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. T. Bell), the Sheriff (Mr. Edward Culley), and other prominent citizens. The two visitors were conducted to carriages, and the party drove to the Mansion House, amidst the acclamations of the people and the ringing of bells. Shortly before three o'clock, the party proceeded to the Assembly Rooms in Westgate Street, where a large and fashionable assembly had gathered. Here the great traveller was presented with the freedom of the city. In the evening of the same day, Mr. Stanley lectured at the People's Palace, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society. Later, he was the guest of the Mayor at a conversazione in the Assembly Rooms, at which a large company of ladies and gentlemen were present. Mr. Stanley's reception by the citizens of Newcastle was most flattering. In passing through Berwick, *en route* from Edinburgh, at an earlier period of the day, the eminent explorer was presented with an address from the Mayor and Corporation of the ancient Border town. As a memento of his visit to Newcastle, Mr. Stanley afterwards forwarded a suitably inscribed copy of his work, "Through Darkest Africa," to the Tyneside Geographical Society.

20.—The Newburn Manor Schools, erected at a cost of £4,000, defrayed by the Duke of Northumberland and Messrs. John Spencer and Sons, Limited, were formally opened by Earl Percy.

—The closing meeting of the nineteenth session of the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, was held in the Lecture Theatre, under the presidency of Dr. Hodgkin. The annual report, read by Principal Garnett, showed the satisfactory progress of the institution.

—The majority of the volunteers belonging to the Northern district went into camp at Morpeth, Newbiggin, and other places, where they remained over the following week.

21.—A special service was held in St. Margaret's Church, Tanfield, when a new peal of six bells was dedicated by the Right Rev. Dr. Sandford, coadjutor Bishop of Durham. The total cost of buying and fitting up the peal was £450, which sum was wholly raised by subscription.

22.—A man named Patrick Boyle, of 21, Church Walk, Bottle Bank, Gateshead, was arrested on a charge of causing the death of a woman named Isabella Bone, or Daglish, with whom he cohabited. He was afterwards committed for trial.

—Bishop Smythies, of Central Africa, preached to a large congregation in St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle.

On the following evening, the right rev. prelate addressed a public meeting in the Town Hall, Gateshead.

—Mrs. Head, wife of a shoemaker, residing in Ramsgate, Stockton, gave birth to triplets.

23.—It was announced that Mr. John Hancock, the celebrated naturalist, had presented 350 drawings of birds to the Natural History Museum, Newcastle.

—Information was received that the Rev. W. H. Connor, of St. Nicholas' Vicarage, Birmingham, had been appointed to the living of St. Michael's Parish Church, Alnwick, in succession to the Rev. Canon E. B. Trotter, resigned.

—Dr. Robert Spence Watson, Newcastle, was elected chairman of the committee of the National Liberal Federation.

—The Earl of Durham was the recipient of a testimonial, consisting of a purse containing £529, to defray his lordship's legal expenses in the action of *Chetwynd v. Durham*.

—The Bishop of Durham paid his first official visit to Gateshead, and was presented with a congratulatory address by the Mayor and Corporation of the borough, and with one on behalf of the clergy of the town.

24.—An inquest was held by the city coroner, Mr. Theodore Hoyle, on the body of a child named John Henry Grieves. The evidence disclosed a shocking state of affairs. The boy's body was infested with maggots. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the parents, whom the magistrates subsequently committed for trial on the same charge.

—The directors of the North-Eastern Railway contributed the sum of £250 towards the funds of the Sunderland Infirmary, in consideration of the extra expense the Institution was put to, and the additional labour and anxiety caused to the staff by the care and attention given to the cases arising out of the Ryhope railway accident. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 479.)

—The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson

of Newcastle, was celebrated at their residence, Forest Villa West, Forest Hall. During the afternoon they were surrounded by the greater part of their family, numbering 29 children and grandchildren.

—On this and the two following days the annual midsummer races were held at Gosforth Park under favourable meteorological conditions. The Northumberland Plate, which dates back to 1833, was won by a horse named Houndsditch, the owner of which was Mr. James Lowther, M.P. The attendance during the three days was the largest on record.

—The ninth annual festival on the Town Moor, Newcastle, promoted by the North of England Temperance Festival Association, was opened by Mr. Alderman W. D. Stephens, and was continued on the 25th and 26th. The gathering, as usual, took the form of athletic and military sports, juveniles' games, and treats to poor children.

26.—Amongst the visitors to the Gosforth Races was Prince Albert Victor.

27.—Mr. Augustus Harris, lessee of the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, and a member of the London County Council, was elected one of the Sheriffs of London.

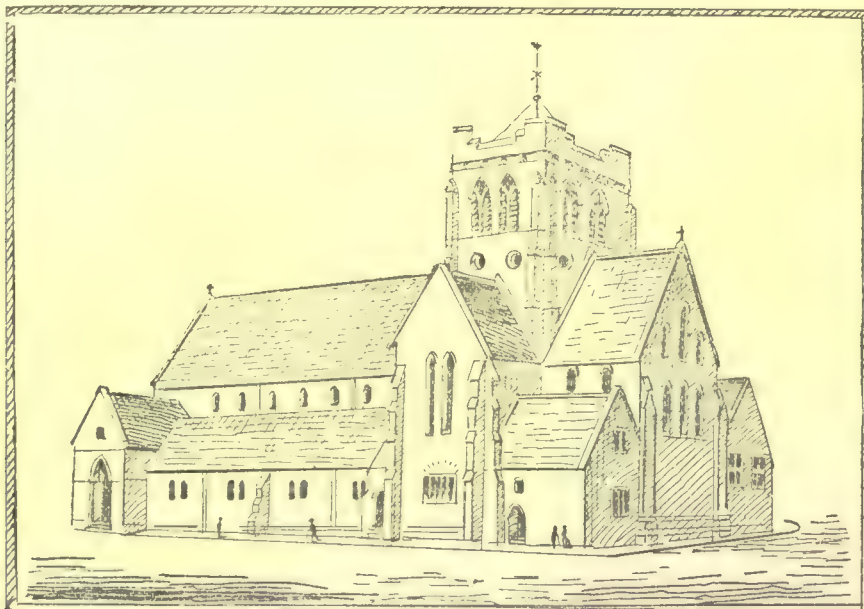
28.—The will of the late Mr. William J. Pawson, J.P., of Shawdon, Northumberland, was proved, the value of the testator's personal estate being £86,384.

29.—Two valuable cows were killed by lightning during the prevalence of a thunderstorm at Lamesley.

JULY.

1.—The foundation stone of a new church, dedicated to St. Augustine, and situated in Brighton Grove, Newcastle, was laid by Mr. John Hall, J.P., in presence of the Bishop of the diocese and a large gathering of local clergy and laity. The architects are Messrs. Gibson and Johnson, and the church, of which a drawing is affixed, is intended to accommodate 900 persons.

—The body of a man named Robert Watson, of Castle-



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, BRIGHTON GROVE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

town, Sunderland, who on the previous day had been drowned in an attempt to swim across the river Wear, was washed up by the tide near Grievson's Ferry.

2.—Agnes Pringle, a little girl 11 years of age, accidentally fell into the river Tyne while playing on Hillgate Quay, and was drowned, her brother George, aged 14, having a narrow escape from a like fate in an ineffectual attempt to rescue her.

3.—Mrs. Wilberforce, wife of the Bishop of Newcastle, laid the foundation stone of St. Jude's Church, situated at the corner of Barker Street and Clarence Street, Shieldfield, Newcastle, a large number of clergymen and others being present. A silver trowel, the handle of which was made of oak from the old Tyne Bridge, and which was the gift of the architect, Mr. Arthur B. Plummer, was presented to Mrs. Wilberforce. The cost of the building, excepting the tower, will be about £3,000. The Rev. C. Digby Seymour is vicar-designate of the new church.

A serious mishap occurred at Eston Steel Works, Middlesbrough. During a violent thunderstorm one of the iron roofs was struck by the lightning. It collapsed, and in its fall injured several workmen.

5.—An advance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was made in the wages of the Northumberland miners.

—A "maiden session" took place at the South Shields Police Court, there being no cases for trial, and the presiding magistrate was, according to custom, presented with a pair of white gloves.

—There was launched from the Elswick shipyard a gunboat, built by the Elswick firm to the order of the Imperial Indian Government. The vessel was named the

"Plassy," by Lady Lumsden, wife of General Sir Peter Lumsden.

—A reduction of $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. was found to have accrued, under the sliding scale, in the wages of the Cleveland blast-furnacemen.

7.—A new convent, dedicated to St. Anne, was opened at the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Wolsingham.

—George James Perkins, of Newcastle, beat easily George Norvell, of Swallow, in a boat race over the Tyne champion course, for £100 a-side.

—In the presence of the Mayor and members of the Corporation, a new Post Office, erected at a cost of about £5,000, was opened in Russell Street, South Shields, the ceremony being performed by Mr. J. L. Lamb, Assistant-Secretary to the Post Office, London, and a native of South Shields.

—It was stated that a model, said to be a cast of the head of the Earl of Derwentwater, taken after his execution, had been presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, by Miss Cunliffe, a Newcastle lady, resident at Brighton.

8.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the North of England Branch of the Medical Association was held at Darlington.

9.—There was captured in the salmon nets at Hallows-tell Fishery, near the mouth of the Tweed, a finely developed sturgeon, measuring 7 feet 4 inches in length, and weighing 12 stones.

—The festival of church choirs of the Rural Deaneries of Alnwick, Bamburgh, Bedlington, Bellingham, Corbridge, Hexham, Morpeth, Norham, Rothbury, and Tynemouth was held in the Cathedral, Newcastle.



ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, SHIELDFIELD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

—At the Town Hall, Gateshead, the Mayor (Mr. Ald. John Lucas), on behalf of the subscribers, presented to Mr. Stephen Renforth a beautifully designed silver



STEPHEN RENFORTH.

medal and a purse of gold, amounting to £40, for his conspicuous bravery in rescuing twelve persons from drowning in the river Tyne. The testimonial was the outcome of a recital of the hero's life-saving exploits which had been published in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. Stephen Renforth is a boatman, and is a brother of James Renforth, the aquatic champion, who died so suddenly during the Anglo-Canadian boat race on the Kennebecasis river, New Brunswick, on the 23rd of August, 1871.

General Occurrences.

JUNE.

11.—Mr. H. M. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh in the Grand Hall of the Exhibition.

17.—It was announced that an agreement had been effected between England and Germany respecting their possessions in East Africa, the German boundary being fixed on the north by a line cutting Victoria Nyanza in two, and on the south-west by the Stephenson Road, together with Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. By this arrangement the Empire of Uganda is retained within the British sphere of influence, and Mr. Stanley's latest discoveries after leaving the Albert Nyanza are also included. England assumed the protectorate over Zanzibar, while Germany relinquished the Vitu territory, north of Mombassa, thus allowing an extension of British territory as far north as Abyssinia and Egypt. Subject to the approval of the British Parliament, Heligoland was to be ceded to Germany.

18.—Mrs. Wombwell, professionally known as Miss Fanny Josephs, manager of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, died after a career on the stage of about thirty years.

20.—It was announced that Sir Edward Bradford had been appointed successor to Mr. Monro, as Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Force.

21.—Mr. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the city of Manchester.

23.—At the Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels, a general Act, dealing with the slave trade in all its phases, was signed by all the plenipotentiaries, except Holland.

—At a meeting of the Cabinet it was decided to abandon the clauses of the Local Taxation Bill relating to the licensing question.

27.—A new promenade on the north side of Scarborough was opened by Prince Albert Victor.

28.—Mr. Stanley's book, "In Darkest Africa," was issued to the public.

—Major Panitzza was executed at Sofia in accordance with the sentence passed upon him by a court-martial, which declared him guilty of conspiring to overthrow the Bulgarian Government.

29.—By the order of the Queen, the old custom of Sunday music was revived at Windsor Castle, a military band playing upon the terrace in the afternoon. The public was admitted to the grounds.

JULY.

1.—Serious riots occurred at Leeds, owing to a strike of the stokers at the gas works. The military were called out, and charged the mob. The riots were resumed again the following day; but a settlement was effected with the strikers on the 3rd.

—A man named Eyraud, on being brought before the examining magistrate in Paris, confessed to having murdered M. Gouffé, with the help of a woman named Gabrielle Bompard.

2.—Owing to Mr. W. S. Caine having applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, in order that he might test the feeling of his constituents upon the course he had pursued in the House of Commons with respect to the licensing scheme, a Parliamentary election took place at Barrow. The result was as follows:—Mr. J. R. Duncan (Gladstonian Liberal), 1,994; Mr. Wainwright (Conservative), 1,862; Mr. Caine (Independent), 1,280.

5.—Sir Edwin Chadwick, the well-known sanitary reformer, died at his residence, Park Cottage, East Sheen, in his 90th year.

—Six Russians were sentenced in Paris to three years' imprisonment each and a fine of 2,000 francs, for possessing or manufacturing explosives.

—Several London policemen refused to go on duty owing to a constable who had taken a prominent part in recent agitations being transferred to another division.

—A disaffection was shown among the Grenadier Guards stationed at Wellington Barracks, London, who, when the bugle sounded the parade, made no response to the summons. The cause of the men's action, it was said was the excessive duties they had been called upon to perform.

7.—Some 48 constables who had refused to go on duty the previous night were dismissed from the metropolitan police force. In the evening a large mob assembled before Bow Street Police Station, and serious disturbances took place. The police were unable to hold the mob in check for more than two hours, when the Life Guards appeared on the scene and cleared the street.

8.—The disturbances in London were again renewed at Bow Street, mounted police having to charge the crowd before the street could be cleared.

9.—A free fight took place at the London Parcels Post Department between the members of the Postmen's Union and the relief men that had been engaged on account of a threatened strike. The mails were delayed for several hours. About a hundred of the men who caused the disturbance were summarily dismissed.



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A Clebeland Tragedy and a Clebeland Poet.

By the Late James Clephan.

IT is now considerably more than a century since the rumour of a dreadful murder found its way to the outer world from the then secluded north-eastern nook of Yorkshire. The crime by which David Clark had perished (in 1745) at Knaresborough was committed several years before; but his body slept in St. Robert's Cave, and Eugene Aram had not yet "set out from Lynn with gyves upon his wrists." Some five years prior to that fatal march of 1758, the Clebeland tragedy had fallen out, and was followed by swift retribution. The deed done on the Nidd, commemorated by the late Lord Lytton and Thomas Hood, has a place that will never be lost in English literature, and is everywhere familiar to the human mind. The threefold horror of the year 1753, although it became the burden of a drama, is far less known.

Ingleby Greenhow, lying among the Yorkshire Hills in wooded and watered loveliness, was enrolled by the Conqueror in Domesday Book. Dromonby, and Great and Little Broughton, closely neighbouring hamlets, share its antiquity and its picturesque setting; and the market town of Stokesley, at the confluence of the Tame and the Leven, is not far away. Here, 'mid the soft shadows of the surrounding slopes, when Easter was drawing nigh, desolation overtook a happy family, by the hand of one who was bound by sacred ties to shield it from harm. Thomas Harper, a substantial farmer, dwelt at Ingleby with a son and daughter, and had also under his roof a maid-servant. A married daughter

lived with her husband at Great Broughton; and they had one child. It was a custom of the country to have on the table, on Good Friday, as Lenten fare, a plumcake of goodly dimensions, to the enjoyment of which friends and neighbours were invited. The Harpers had their cake prepared, and several of their acquaintances were summoned. Fortunately, however, as it turned out, only one guest came, who partook sparingly. The maid, distrusting the taste, advised that it be not eaten: she thought it contained something amiss. But her master made light of her fancy; and at six o'clock in the evening he died. His daughter Anne survived no more than three hours: his son William, by six in the morning, was also dead. Such was the domestic destruction of Friday and Saturday, April 20 and 21, 1753.

An inquest was held on the latter day, and a verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned; but the crime was fastened upon no one. If suspicions were entertained, the circumstances supplied no certain clue to the culprit. Conjecture was clouded and cautious. Easter Sunday came, and was passing away, when the son-in-law, William Smith, disappeared. His flight was at once construed into evidence of guilt; and instant measures were taken for his apprehension. A reward was offered in the newspapers. He was described in the advertisement as of middle stature, swarthy in complexion, sullen of countenance, and down-looking; his age about 22. The coat he commonly wore was brown; and his wig was of the same colour. Ten guineas would be given,

by Mr. Lawson, of Stokesley, to whomsoever brought the fugitive to justice. Remorse of conscience, however, and not the constable, delivered him into custody. No pursuer overtook him. Voluntarily he came home; and on Friday, the 4th of May, a fortnight after the murder, he was found near the door of his father in Broughton, at one o'clock in the morning.

At Great Ayton, on the same day, the prisoner underwent examination before a Bench of Magistrates. Mr. Beckwith was one of them; Mr. Scottowe another; and many a reader will call to mind that at this time the father of James Cook, the great circumnavigator, was Mr. Scottowe's farm-bailiff, and lived in a house he had built for himself in the village, with his initials and those of his wife Grace carved over the door. In the presence of the county justices Smith was silent. He held his tongue as to the death of his relatives, whose deplorable fate had set so many tongues in motion. He was remanded, and committed to the keeping of Henry and Samuel Hebburn and John and James Watson. At Stokesley, to which town he was forthwith conveyed, he confessed in the night that he had mixed arsenic in the flour of which the cake was made. He also stated that he had put arsenic, six weeks before, among the oatmeal used by the family in thickening their broth. Next day, May 5, he was again brought before the justices, and now repeated his acknowledgments, and said, further, that his intention had been to go to Ireland; but his mind misgave him at Liverpool, and he resolved to come back to his father's. On Sunday, the 6th, he was committed to York Castle for trial at the assizes.

There he lay prisoner over the summer, awaiting the coming of the judges; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* we find, under the date of York, August 14, a record of his trial, conviction, and execution, viz.:—"Yesterday, William Smith, of Great Broughton, farmer, was convicted before Mr. Sergeant Eyre, for poisoning his father-in-law, Thomas Harper, and his son and daughter. The witnesses fully proved the prisoner guilty; and he was executed this day, and his body given to be dissected. He absolutely denied the fact, though upon his first apprehension he had readily confessed all the circumstances of it."

His doom was pronounced under the then new statute, 25 George II., cap. 37, (1752), "An Act for better preventing the horrid crime of murder." "Whereas the horrid crime of murder," says the preamble, "has of late been more frequently perpetrated than formerly, and particularly in and near the metropolis of this kingdom, contrary to the known humanity and natural genius of the British nation; and whereas it is thereby become necessary that some further terror and peculiar mark of infamy be added to the punishment of death now by law inflicted on such as shall be guilty of the said heinous offence, &c." Sentence, therefore, to be

pronounced immediately after conviction; "in which sentence shall be expressed, not only the usual judgment of death, but also the time appointed hereby for the execution thereof, and the marks of infamy hereby directed for such offenders, in order to impress just horror on the mind of the offender, and on the minds of such as shall be present, of the heinous crime of murder." Execution to take place the next day but one after conviction. The judge to have power to appoint the body to be hung in chains. "In no case whatsoever the body of any murderer shall be suffered to be buried, unless after such body shall have been dissected and anatomized as aforesaid; and every judge or justice shall and is hereby required to direct the same to be disposed of as aforesaid, to be anatomized, or to be hung in chains, in the some manner as is now practised for the most notorious offences."

It is an instructive commentary on the expectations of the lawmakers of the reign of George the Second, who devised "some further terror and peculiar mark of infamy" for "better preventing the horrid crime of murder," that within ten days of the Cleveland tragedy Anne Williams was burnt at a stake near Gloucester for poisoning her husband, and that within eight days of Smith's execution at York seven malefactors, three of them murderers, were hanged at Tyburn. So vain is the experiment of deterring from crime by terror and severity. Time brought the legislation of 1752 to nothing; and now, when one "moral lesson" after another has had its day, not only are dissection and the gibbet unknown to our criminal code, but even public executions have ceased to be; a statute having been made in 1868—(31 and 32 Vict., cap. 24)—"to provide for carrying out capital punishments within prisons." And, moreover, the penalty of death, once inflicted for offences small and great, is now confined to the one great crime of murder.

The crime of the Broughton farmer became the subject of a drama, from which it would appear that his unhappy wife had married, unequally and unworthily, against her father's will. Harper is made to say of his unmarried daughter—

This child's obedience makes a large amends
For what another disobedient daughter did.
Ah, Rufina! thou'st wrecked a father's peace.

One or two other facts may be gathered from the poet's pen, to eke out the scant particulars we have been enabled to glean from the publications of the day. The maid-servant is represented, for example, as having seen the son-in-law in suspicious nearness to the store of flour from which the cake was made; and where reference is made, in Act V., to the recovery of the visitor—a "courteous lady" having "recovered her aid," and "relieved the swain"—a foot-note names this Good Samaritan as "Lady F—," meaning, doubtless, Lady Foulis, wife of Sir William Foulis, Bart., the Lord of the Manor. A

"sage physician" had been called in, whose good offices were not in vain.

The dramatist was Thomas Pierson, a native of Stokesley, where his first publication appeared in 1783, viz. :—"Roseberry Topping," printed by N. Taylerson. His next, a volume of "Miscellanies," was printed at Stockton, by Robert Christopher, in 1786, and contained (with "A Poem on the Late Peace" and "A Poem in Praise of Stockton") his tragedy of "The Treacherous Son-in-Law."

The "Biographia Dramatica"—(we quote the edition of 1812)—makes a note of the author's works, and states that he "was formerly a blacksmith, a watchmaker, a schoolmaster, &c., at Stokesley in Cleveland. He afterwards had a little place in the custom-house at Stockton, where he died the 8th of August, 1791." His tragedy "was performed at Stokesley under the author's inspection." His "Roseberry Topping" was reprinted at Stockton, in 1847, by Jennett and Co., under the editorship of John Walker Ord, the historian of Cleveland, who prefixed a kindly notice of the writer, in which he says :—"The style of his composition is throughout vigorous, manly, and unaffected; the versification copious, harmonious, and correct; whilst a healthful imagination and playful fancy render the poem at once elevating and attractive." Among the engraved illustrations of the little volume is one of "Ingleby Greenhow Church"; and from the adjoining pages we make the following extract :—

Fond Muse, come forward ! pass the sylvan glade
To Dromonby, and Kirby's site survey ;
At Broughton call ; from thence to Greenhow glide,
Observe its clime, its full extent, and soil.
This corner of the county, obscure nook
Of York's North Riding, cautiously describe.

"Obscure nook," indeed, "this corner of the county" was, when Pierson wrote his poem on that picturesque mount, "Roseberry's rude rock, the height of Topping." He discourses, in 1783, of the pathless desert, the imperious glen, the wilderness, the broken road :—

More to the south, rich Bilsdale lengthened lies,
A fertile vale, with sloping mountains graced.
The moor's ascent—(that craggy ridge o'ergrown
With weeds, wild fern, coarse brake, black heath, and
moss)—
Supplies the hamlet with its fuel brown.
Carlton high hill, or Kirby peak, the height
Of Broughton brow, here obvious meet the eye.
Those hills, like posterns, lead to caverns dire,
To dreary deserts, bogs, and broken roads,
Impervious glens, pits fathomless and foul ;
O'er precipice, morass, by Westerdale,
By Castleton, the pathless desert leads ;
To Farndale Gill the wilderness extends,
From thence to Whitby or to Scarborough spreads.

Smollett has told us how it fared with him, prior to 1771, in an excursion over the country described by Pierson. Leaving Scarborough betimes, he set out over the moors by way of Whitby. Not reckoning of the roads, he purposed sleeping on the Tees ; but, "crossing a deep gutter made by a torrent, the coach was so hard strained that one of the irons which connect the frame

snapped, and the leather sling on the same side cracked in the middle." The nearest blacksmith had to be called in ; and Guisbrough, not Stockton, was the novelist's resting place for the night.

The iron ore of the district was slumbering in its ancient bed. The sounds of the busy world beyond were faint or inaudible in the ears of the inhabitants. The snort of the iron horse was unknown. There was no postman's knock. Cowper, longing for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," would have found among the shadows of Roseberry the calm retreat for which he sighed. The "folio of four pages," with its news of the world, would not have broken upon his solitude. Silent and serene might have been his hermitage.

But a century has been added to the account of time ; and not the Criminal Code alone, but the whole aspect of England, is changed since the days of Cowper and Smollett. A revolution has come over Cleveland and the world in the years that have run their course from the time when Pierson wrote of Roseberry ; and the contrast is made apparent by the features that are absent from his picture. The far-stretching wires and rails have no note in the poet's song. He depicts the outspread canvas of "a fleet of sailing ships" on the ocean, and throws in the "smaller vessels" that glide along the Tees. But no steam-ship is on the waters, no locomotive engine on the land ; and the populous borough of Middlesbrough is without mention in the North Yorkshire poem. When Pierson had pen in hand, the parish by the river had but a solitary household ; and its population is now numbered by teeming tens of thousands !

Camden's Account of the Northern Counties.



WILLIAM CAMDEN, "the father of English topographers," was born in the Old Bailey, London, on the 22nd May, 1551. His father followed the occupation formerly known as that of a painter-stainer, but is believed to have died whilst the historian was yet a child. The son was admitted into Christ's Hospital within a few years after the establishment of that institution. He was subsequently placed in St. Paul's School, whence he removed to Oxford, where he appears to have studied in more than one college. He left the university at the age of twenty, and was appointed under-master of Westminster School. It was during the time he held this position that his principal works were written. They brought him fame, and the friendship and correspondence of the learned of his day. He, though a layman, was made the prebend of Ilfracombe, and in 1592 the head-mastership of Westminster School was conferred upon him. He was also

raised to the dignity of Clarencieux King-at-Arms. He was never married. He died at Chiselhurst, in Kent, on the 9th November, 1623, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His monument, adorned with his bust, yet remains. He accumulated wealth, and a little before his death founded a historical lecture at Oxford, now known as the Camden Professorship of History.

His great work is the "Britannia," a survey and topographical history of the British Isles, written in elegant Latin. It was first published, as a small quarto volume, in 1586. Successive editions, prepared under the author's hand, increased in bulk until the work became a large folio. His first translator was Philemon Holland, who was born, singularly enough, in the same year as Camden himself. Holland's translation of the "Britannia" was first published in 1610. Its great merit is that it faithfully gives us Camden's work in the English of Camden's day. The "Britannia" has had more pretentious editors than Holland, chief amongst whom are Bishop Gibson and Richard Gough, in whose enlarged folios the original Camden is almost lost. All our extracts are taken from Holland's translation, the spelling only being modernised.

The arrangement of Camden's great work is peculiar. After several introductory chapters on "The First Inhabitants of Britain," "The Manners and Customs of the Britons," "The Romans in Britain," &c., &c., he divides his account of the kingdom according to the divisions of the ancient British tribes, with sub-divisions appropriated to each county. His account of "the Bishoprick of Durham" occurs in the section of his work devoted to the Brigantes, and that of Northumberland in the section devoted to the Ottadini.

There is nothing to show that Camden ever set foot in the county of Durham. His description of the bishoprick fills ten folio pages, and it would be impossible to give even an abstract of their contents within our limits. All that we can do will be to select a few of the most remarkable passages. He speaks of the eastern side of the county as "yielding plenty of sea-coal, which in many places we use for fuel." Of this now well-known substance he gives a singular account. "Some will have this coal to be an earthy black bitumen, others to be *Gagates*, and some again the *Lapis Thracius*; all which that great philosopher in minerals, George Agricola, hath proved to be one and the same thing. Surely this of ours is nothing else but bitumen, or a clammy kind of clay hardened with heat under the earth, and so thoroughly concocted; for it yieldeth the smell of bitumen, and if water be sprinkled upon it, it burneth more vehemently and the clearer; but, whether it may be quenched with oil I have not yet tried."

Camden gives an account of the Hell Kettles, near Darlington, which differs materially from that quoted from Harrison on page 374. Speaking of Darlington, he says, "In this town-field are three pits of a wonderful

depth. The common people call them Hell Kettles, because the water in them, by the *antiperistasis* or reverberation of the cold air striking thereupon, waxeth hot. The wiser sort and men of better judgment do think they came by the sinking down of the ground, swallowed up in some earthquake, and that by a good probable reason. For thus we read in the *Chronicle of Tynemouth*: 'In the year of our Lord 1179, on Christmas Day, at Oxenhall in the territory of Darlington, within the Bishoprick of Durham, the ground heaved itself up aloft like unto a high tower, and so continued all that day, as it were unmovable, until the evening, and then fell with so horrible a noise that it made all the neighbour dwellers afraid: and the earth swallowed it up, and made in the same place a deep pit, which is there to be seen for a testimony unto this day.'

These are not the only marvels of the county. In his account of the river Wear he tells us that, below Brancepeth, it "runneth down much troubled and hindered in his course with many great stones, apparent above the water, which, unless the river do rise and swell with great store of rain, are never over covered; and upon which (a thing that happeneth not elsewhere) if you pour water, and temper it a little with them, it sucketh in a saltish quality. Nay, that which more is, at Butterby, a little village, when the river in summer time is very ebb and shallow, there issueth out of these stones a certain salt reddish water, which by the heat of the sun waxeth so white, and withall groweth to a thick substance, that the people dwelling thereby gather from thence salt sufficient for their use."

In his account of Durham he mentions the spires which formerly surmounted the western towers of the Cathedral, and which are shown in certain old engravings. He also tells us that "when the bishoprick was void"—that is, between the death of one bishop and the appointment of a successor—the keys of Durham Castle "were wont by ancient custom to be hanged upon St. Cuthbert's shrine." In his notice of the church of Chester-le-Street, he alludes to the monuments of the Lumleys. Lord John Lumley, he tells us, "placed and ranged in goodly order the monuments of his ancestors in a continued line of succession, even from Liulph unto these our days; which [monuments] he had either gotten together out of monasteries that were subverted, or caused to be made anew."

Camden concludes his section on the county of Durham by enumerating the bishops whom he considers to have been "most eminent." These are Pudsey, Bek, Wolsey, and Tunstall. To the last he bears a well-merited testimony. "And Cuthbert Tunstall," he says, "who died in our time, for singular knowledge in the best sciences, sincere holiness of life, and great wisdom, approved in domestical and foreign employments, was—without offence be it spoken—equivalent to them all, and a singular ornament to his native country."

In the section on Northumberland, which occupies twenty pages, there are several allusions which show that the great antiquary visited some parts at least of this county. He associates the character of the country with the character of the people in a singular way, "The ground itself," he says, "for the most part rough and hard to be manured, seemeth to have hardened the inhabitants, whom the Scots, their neighbours, also made more fierce and hardy." So inured are they, and necessarily so, in the arts of war, that "there is not a man amongst them of the better sort that hath not his little tower or peel."

Some of Camden's references to the Roman Wall are extremely valuable. For instance, he tells us that, in the neighbourhood of Carvoran, near Bardon Mill, "upon a good high hill, there remaineth as yet some of it to be seen fifteen foot high, and nine foot thick." In the same neighbourhood is Busy Gap, "a place," he tells us, "infamous for thieving and robbing, where stood some castles, chesters they call them, as I have heard; but," he adds, "I could not with safety take the full survey of it for the rank robbers thereabout."

Camden, like all the early topographers, has a dreary account to give of Redesdale and Tindale. The former, he says, is "too, too void of inhabitants by reason of depredations. Both of these dales," he continues, "breed notable light-horsemen; and both of them and their hills hard by, so boggy and standing with water in the top that no horsemen are able to ride through them: whereupon—and that is wonderful—there be many very great heaps of stone, called laws, which the neighbour inhabitants be verily persuaded were in old time cast up and laid together in remembrance of some there slain." He tells us of an extraordinary tribe which frequented these localities. "Here everywhere round about, in the wastes, as they term them, as also in Gilsland, you may see, as it were, the ancient Nomades, a martial kind of men, who from the month of April until August, lie out scattering and summering, as they term it, with their cattle, in little cottages here and there, which they call sheals and shealings."

At Haydon, the Tyne "runneth under the wooden weak bridge." "All the glory" that Hexham then had, in Camden's estimation, was "in that ancient abbey, a part whereof is converted into a fair dwelling-house, belonging to Sir John Foster." The abbey church is "a right stately and sumptuous building." Corbridge "can show nothing now but a church, and a little tower hard by, which the vicars of the church built, and wherein they dwell." At Bywell, "there is a very good weir for the catching of salmons; and two solid piles of most firm stone, which in times past supported the bridge, stand up in the midst of the river."

At length the antiquary reaches Newcastle, which "sheweth itself gloriously, the very eye of all the towns in these parts." It is "enobled by a notable haven,

which Tyne maketh, being of that depth that it beareth very tall ships, and so defendeth them that they can neither be tossed with tempests, nor driven upon shallows and shelves";—a very different account, by the way, from that which honest Ralph Gardner had to give less than a century afterwards. The town, Camden tells us, has "by little and little increased marvellously in wealth, partly by intercourse of traffic with the Germans, and partly by carrying sea-coals, wherewith the country aboundeth, both into foreign countries, and also into other parts of England." After being fortified, the town "hath with security avoided the force and threats of the enemies and robbers which swarmed all over the country, and withal fell to trading and merchandise so freshly, that for quick commerce and wealth it became in very flourishing estate."

Two or three brief references to other places must bring our notice of Camden to an end. Tynemouth, he tells us, "takes great glory in a stately and strong castle." The hermitage of Warkworth he describes as "a chapel, wonderfully built out of a rock hewn hollow, and wrought without beams, rafters, or any pieces of timber." The course of the Tweed "wandereth with many a crooked winding, in and out, among the rank riders and borderers—to give them no worse term—whose manner is, as one saith, to try their right by the sword's point."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Alnwick Stables in the Sixteenth Century.



CURIOUS manuscript in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland was printed in London in 1768. It was entitled "The Regulations and Establishment of the Household of Algernon Percy, the Fifth Earl of Northumberland. Begun, Anno 1512." Of this paper only a limited number of impressions were printed, and copies are now exceedingly rare. The document sets out with a list of the horses kept at Alnwick for the use of the earl and his family, and this list, apart from its local association, is interesting as throwing a side light on the habits of that time, and as showing the different sorts of horses then in use amongst the nobility.

"This is the ordre," so begins the list, "of the chequir roul of the nombre of all the horsys of my lordis and my ladys, that are apoynted to be in the charge of the hous yerely, as to say: gentil hors, palfreys, hobys, naggis, cloth sek hors, male hors. First, gentill hors, to stand in my lordis stable, six. Item, palfreys of my ladys, to wit, oone for my lady, two for her gentill-woman, and oone for her chamberer. Four hobys and naggis for my lordis oone saddil, viz., oone for my lorde to ride, oone to lede for my lorde, and oone to stay at home for my lorde.

Item, chariot hors to stond in my lordis stable yerely. Seven great trottynge hors to draw in the chariott, and a nag for the chariott man to ride; eight. Again, hors for my lorde Percy, his lordships son and heir. A grete doble trottynge hors for my lorde Percy to travel on in winter. Item, a grete doble trottynge hors called a curtal, for his lordship to ride on out of townes. Another trottynge gambaldynge for his lordship to ride upon when he comes into townes. An amblynge horse for his lordship to journey on dayly. A proper amblyng little nag for his lordship when he gaeth on hunting or hawking. A gret amblynge gelding, or trottynge gelding, to carry his male."

Amongst the horses in this catalogue are some whose descriptions seem to modern ideas as curious as the special services for which they are designated. It of course has to be remembered that in the early days of the sixteenth century coaches were unknown, and that journeys of any duration were all undertaken on horseback. When "my lordis" and "my lady" went from Alnwick to court, they were accompanied by a number of horses bearing their luggage and servants, though even the highest and wealthiest nobility in those days moved from place to place with less impediment in the way of clothes chests and portmanteaus than besets the yearly migration of the tradesman and his wife to the seaside in the present day. The "gentill hors," which heads the list, was the equivalent of our modern thoroughbred. He was the animal of superior breed and extraction, and was denominated "gentill" in contrast to nags of ordinary birth. In Italy at the present time the Italians call their families of noblest breed "*razza gentile*." These horses were kept for show and ceremonial use generally, though they were all trained so as to be available in war or in the tourney lists.

Palfreys are tolerably well known from the frequency with which this description of horse is mentioned in the history and romances of the Middle Ages. They were an easy conditioned horse, which from their gentleness and agreeable paces were used on ordinary occasions by military persons, who reserved their "gentil horses" for the battle or tournament. These qualities also made the palfrey a lady's horse, and as the fair sex, in default of coaches, were obliged to make all journeys on horseback, the palfreys were usually reserved for the ladies of the household when on travel. "Hobbys" were strong active horses of rather a small size. They are said to have originally come from Ireland, but they became so much liked and used as to become a proverbial expression for anything of which people are extremely fond. "Naggis" were very similar in size, quality, and employment to the hobbys; while the cloth sek horse was a cloak-bag horse, and the male horse one that carried the portmanteau. Horses to draw the chariot were not, as might be assumed, coach horses, but real waggon horses, the word chariot being from the French word *charrette*, from

whence our word cart is derived. A "gret doble trottynge hors" was a tall, broad, well spread horse, whose best pace was the trot—double signifying broad, big, swelled out, from the French, who say of a broad loined filleted horse that he has "*les reins doubles*" and "double bidet."

Sebenty Pears Ago in North Shields.



THE condition of society generally has changed greatly since "seventy years ago." The relations that existed between master and man, mistress and maid, families and servants, have undergone an entire revolution. Servants and apprentices were then received into the homes of their masters and mistresses, not as mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, but as component parts of the household. Under such beneficent influences, the domestic servant usually remained with the family until she married, and even that ceremony took place from the house of her master or mistress; while the apprentice remained with his old master till the latter died, when, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he succeeded him in the business. Such would appear to have been the feelings of mutual attachment that existed in the household of a good old Quaker family of the name of Flounders, who kept a butcher's shop at No. 2, Duke Street, North Shields, "seventy years ago."

The story runs that the servant maid of the family, having been sent to the neighbouring pant for water, did not return in due course. The household, becoming alarmed at her protracted and unaccountable absence, called into requisition the services of the then public bellman—George Moore—a man of most eccentric demeanour generally, and one of whose characteristic weaknesses was an inordinate indulgence of his taste for *belles lettres*. This worthy, then, having put his notice into rhyme, commenced his perambulation of the town, "crying" the girl after the following fashion:—

Lost, stolen, or strayed,
Or privately conveyed,
Mr. Flounders' servant maid:
Whoever shall return the aforesaid
Shall be handsomely repaid.

But another view of the same story is current—that the "crying" of the maid was a touch of humour on the part of Mr. Flounders to bring the girl home after an over-long gossip at the pant!

This George Moore, strange and eccentric though he was, had a rival in the "crying" profession, with whom he was continually waging war. Moore affected an official uniform of original shape and make, and stuck to the orthodox bell. Roller, his rival, was an old army man, who attracted public attention to his

announcements by means of a shrill bugle-call at the street corners. Many were the wordy collisions that occurred between the two old fellows. Roller had a stock announcement that he always delivered with much pride and in stentorian tones, something after this manner:—"On such a date, will be run from the George Tavern, King Street, a number of handsome and comfortably cushioned brakes, with pic-nic parties, to the lovely seat of the noble Lords of Delaval; whoppers so much, clappers so much"—which latter, being interpreted, was understood to mean adults and youths.

About this time, too, there was a publican named Maughan, who had a house on each side of the river—one at North Shields, the other at South Shields. Maughan sold his ale at 1½d. a gill, and was in the habit of going over periodically to his South Side house, in a sculler boat, to bring back the large accumulation of farthings to bank on the North Side. This was the circumstance that on one occasion bestowed good fortune upon one of the oldest living tradesmen of North Shields. When Maughan was stepping out of the sculler boat one day, the large brown paper bag in which he carried his farthings gave way, and the whole of the coins fell into the river. Our old friend, who was then but a very young lad, and who—to use his own expression—"could take the water like a duck," chanced to be playing about the riverside, saw the coins through the clear water, and began to make preparations to appropriate them. He had not got far with the undressing process, however, before he was hailed from the wharf, and was accosted by Maughan. "What are you up to there, young K—?" he shouted. "Them fardens is mine, and aa's watching them. You can have aall that may be left when aa've finished." The lad slowly began to don his clothing, with a disappointed visage.

Not to lose a chance of some of the much-coveted farthings, however, he told his brother of the circumstance, and together they went down after dark to the scene of the hidden treasure. They dragged and dragged till their young limbs ached again. The brother at last gave up in despair, and our friend threw his last drag before he, too, should follow his example and desist, when, lo! up came a farthing. Overjoyed even at such a measure of luck, the boys made their way home, and showed the "farthing" to their father, with a recital of the circumstance that had led to the possession of it, for a farthing was a farthing "seventy years ago." The old gentleman could scarcely control his excitement. "Come with me, lads; come with me," cried he, seizing them and carrying them off with him to Maughan's public-house. "Hev ye fund all yor fardens, Mr. Maughan?" queried the father. "Aye, aa've gotten them all tiv one, aa wad say," answered Maughan. "Wey, then, aa've gotten the one," cried the father, excitedly; "gie's a glass o' rum, and change that!" Maughan supplied the rum, and proceeded to change

the sovereign—for such the supposed "farden" was—in some astonishment. "Nay, Mr. Maughan, it's yor aan, sor; ma lad fund it in the river." And then he described the whole affair. "Wey," said Maughan, "there was ne sovereigns amang ma fardens te ma knowledge, and in any case aa towld the kid he could hev aall aa left; so here's his sovereign, and welcome, an' ye deserve the glass o' rum for yor honesty."

And so he did. The sovereign was laid by as a "nest egg" that was destined by the honest father to hatch into a fortune for our friend. That fortune, he tells us, was never realised; but he has never wanted, and now looks hearty and well in his green old age, whilst the lesson he derived from the incident has been a refreshing and encouraging influence in his daily dealings with the world.

J. H. M.

Hartburn and Balan.



HARTBURN is one of the finest little places in Northumberland. It is small as regards population and extent of dwelling accommodation, for there are in it only eight houses, one of which is the vicarage. But in romantic beauty and delicious, charming solitude Hartburn would be difficult to beat even in wide England. The village is nearly nine miles west of Morpeth, and is situated in a swelling country above the steep banks of the Hart Burn, a tributary of the Wansbeck. Hartburn is chiefly known to the outside world through two of its quondam vicars—the Ven. Archdeacon Sharp (father of the celebrated Granville Sharp), who improved and made what they are the delightful walks along the magnificently wooded banks of the Hart, and the Rev. John Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland. The present vicar is Mr. Kershaw, to whom we go for the keys of the church, and also to enjoy the view from the front door of his house. This view can be got only from the one spot, and is probably, of its kind, unequalled in the district: looking down the lawn, which is closed in on each side by fine trees and shrubberies, and the garden, which is gay with many flowers, you have the old-fashioned church, with several branching trees about it, and the pretty graveyard, and, beyond, a magnificent peep view of the distance. The vicarage itself is a very old house, and some parts of a tower are to be found in the kitchen and in one of the bedrooms. There is another Gothic tower in the village, a romantic building of great age, formerly converted into a school, now used as a residence for the schoolmaster. Its venerable appearance is rendered all the more attractive by thick ivy which covers the walls.

The church, however, to a great extent, monopolises the attention of those fond of antiquarian research, no matter in how amateurish a way. It is a spacious building, with a square tower and flat roof, the latter supported by two

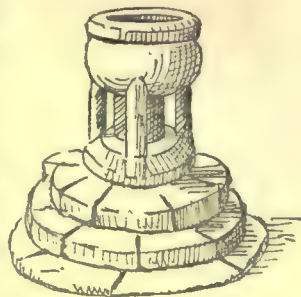
rows of very old pillars—so old that their foundations have slightly altered, so that no one pillar in the church is perpendicular and none leans in the same direction as any other. Several quaint and interesting bits of carving are found on these columns, and on one is the representation of a fish, among the earliest emblems of Christianity. The shafts also appear to have been reduced in girth by some prentice hand, and have been cut all crooked. The roof also is crooked, and it is a crooked church altogether, but none the less interesting for that.

All will admire the lovely marble monument by Chantrey in the chancel, erected to the memory of Lady Bradford, the wife of General Sir Thomas Bradford, who led one of the brigades in the Peninsular War, two of his banners, faded and tattered, being still preserved in the church. Then there is the tombstone of Hodgson, the historian:—

In cimiterio
quod extra jacet sepulti
JOHANNES HODGSON, A.M.,
Hujus ecclesie vicarius cui plurimum
debet Northumbria
qualis erat testatur vita in publicum edita
oblit XII Junii anno salutis
MDCCCLXV.
etatis sue LXV.

The font in the church is a plain and curious one, evidently of great age. It is a simple basin, unadorned by any unnecessary carving, standing on a centre shaft and

three pillars, and these rest on a base of three circular steps, the three being probably emblematic of the Trinity. In the churchyard are several interesting grave-stones, one bearing a carving of two spades, obviously being that of a sexton. Almost buried in the turf, too, is a fine Saxon stone coffin, with a special place carved out for the head. The grave of the historian Hodgson, whose memorial tablet is in the church, is to be found in the churchyard.



Leaving the church, we go towards the wood, which is part of the glebe lands. You enter by a small wicket near the Gothic tower, and immediately find yourself in a luxurious wood, the path through which takes you to the brink of a steep precipice, at the foot of which the Hart babbles in its rocky bed. All kinds of trees are in profusion, and some of the finest are firs and larch, which tower to a great height with stems perfectly straight. There are four remarkably lofty firs planted at the corners of a square, at such a distance that their branches form a canopy overhead, under which Dr. Sharp used to have a small pavilion, where doubtless he would



spend many an afternoon in reading and contemplation. Two other magnificent firs, straight as an arrow, are supposed to be the biggest firs in the county: hence they are called the King and Queen of Northumberland.

Gradually the walk brings us down the richly wooded bank to the brink of the stream, and here is the grotto, also a bit of Archdeacon Sharp's work, though it is only in part artificial, nature having suggested the idea and partly carried it out. There seems once to have been a quarry here, and a chamber has been cut out of the solid rock, and then it has been walled up, with neat masonry, to represent a hermitage. The place is most romantic and picturesque, and reminds one of the similar, though larger, hermitage at Knaresborough. It is surrounded with trees and flowers and ferns, and grasses grow on the sides of the cliff, so that the whole is now overrun by nature. Inside, the chamber is neatly built, possessing even a fireplace, and a fine one too. Underneath the footpath is a subterranean chamber leading from the grotto to the river, the place having been used as a dressing-room for bathers. A deep pool has been hollowed out in the bed of the burn, so that there is plenty of room for a cool and enjoyable bath.

Bolam, which lies a few miles to the south of Hartburn, is a small, irregular village, with nothing in it worthy of special note but the church; though the pretty woodland scenery that surrounds it on all sides and the unique view northwards must be counted among its charms. The church is an ancient one, and contains a Knight Templar's effigy in stone. The whole edifice is

very interesting, and parts of an old Norman building remain. In the village are two camps, variously conjectured to be of Roman and Saxon origin. There used to be a castle, on the site of which Bolam House now stands. This was surrounded by a double vallum and ditch, traces of which are still to be seen. Not far from the village, too, is the track of the old Roman road, the Devil's Causeway, an offshoot of Watling Street.

The view northwards and westwards from the churchyard at Bolam is splendid. No draughtsman, no painter, either in words or in oils and pigments, can at all adequately represent it as we saw it in the calm, clear light of a sweet summer's evening.

V.

The Leakes of Bedlington.



ON the 2nd June, 1827, there died, in the city of New York, an aged gentleman named John George Leake. He had for many years lived the life of a bachelor recluse, having, so far as was known, no near relatives, and maintaining but little intercourse with his neighbours. His humble wants were attended to by one male and one female servant. He had one friend named John Watts, and, with the exception of his broker and his doctor, this gentleman was the only person ever admitted to his house during the later years of his life.

The gossip of the locality set him down as a wealthy



miser, and this was true; but when his life was ended, the public had satisfactory reasons for regarding him as having been a very philanthropical misanthropist. If his iron chest contained bonds, title-deeds, jewellery, and gold, it also contained a will, over the generous dispositions of which the old man's heart must have gloated quite as fondly as it could do over the accumulated treasure. He exhibited the traditional instincts of the miser so far as to visit day by day the secret and well-guarded receptacle of his riches; but there can be no doubt that he estimated each coin and each parchment by the blessings they might bring to mankind after he was gone. Shortly before his death he had been assisted by his domestics to pay a farewell visit to his secret hoard, and on that occasion he had possessed himself of certain papers which he carefully committed to the flames. What these papers were can only be conjectured, but there is a strong probability that they would have supplied clues to his origin and connections, and by destroying them he hoped to preclude litigation when he should be no more. If that was his object, his prudent arrangement signally failed. He was by profession a lawyer, and it has almost passed into a proverb that lawyers are careless in the matter of their own testamentary arrangements.

When he died, his treasure chest was opened by his one friend, Mr. Watts, in the presence of the servants, and between the leaves of a farm book was found an elaborate and neatly-engrossed will; but, unfortunately, it was neither attested nor signed. The will purported to bequeath all his real and personal estate to Robert Watts, the son of his friend, on condition that he took the surname of Leake. Failing this, or in case of his death before attaining the years of majority, the whole of his property was to be vested in trustees for a great and noble purpose. The trustees were all official—that is to say, they were to be holders of certain offices, and their successors. These officers were the Mayor and Recorder of New York, the rector and churchwardens of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the eldest or presiding ministers of the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian Churches in that city. The whole estate was to be administered in such wise that, while the principal remained intact, the interest, rents, and profits were to be devoted to the erection and maintenance of an orphan house. All parentless children, without reference to the religion or native place of their dead parents, were to be eligible, and they were to be wholly maintained until they arrived at an age for going into trade or service. The will was, of course, little better than waste parchment as regarded the landed property held by the deceased; but, after much discussion in the law courts of the United States, it was decided that the real estate must escheat to the State, while the personal estate should pass in accordance with the clearly expressed intentions of the deviser.

Shortly after this decision, young Robert Watts died.

He had survived his majority; but, having failed to change his name, he was not in a position to devise any interest in the Leake property. His father was advised that he might inherit if he complied with the condition by changing his name; but, emulous of the fame his deceased friend would derive from the consecration of his wealth to the service of the orphan, he surrendered all pretensions to kinship; and in reward for his generous concession, his name was by Act of Congress permanently associated with that of Leake in the designation of the orphanage, which, however, owing to the restriction from using any part of the principal, the trustees were not able to erect for many years. It was not, indeed, until 1843 that the magnificent Leake and Watts Orphan House, for 400 children, was opened.

The unselfishness of Mr. Watts did not deter certain other parties from pressing their claims, real or imaginary, on the notice of the courts. From Newcastle-on-Tyne came Mr. Joseph Wilson to try his luck. From Devonshire came the Rev. W. Leake on a similar errand. Three Americans advanced pretensions more or less plausible. But the main body of claimants came from the land of clans and cousinship. Scotland furnished twenty-one relatives of somebody or other who might or might not turn out to be identified with the Leake of New York who had left such a heap of bright dollars behind him. All the claims of all the claimants were referred to a committee of the New York House of Assembly, and after eleven years of patient investigation they reported that it was impossible to say who were the grandparents of the deceased John George Leake. The English claimants were dismissed with the remark that they had no evidence of identity to offer beyond the fact that Leake's father had lived for a short time at Bedlington after his return from military employment at Cape Breton. The Scotch claimants were divisible into three classes, each of which represented a different family of Leakes, Lakes, or Leaks, and claimed accordingly. The committee declined to estimate the relative worth of the several claims, contenting itself with declaring that none of the claimants had proved any case for setting aside the informal will. Public opinion was thoroughly with the committee when it dwelt on the absurdity of surrendering the property to people who had no manner of claim upon the testator founded in natural affection, and who by their own admission never knew of his existence till he had passed away; especially as there was evidence to show that Leake himself often mourned the fact of his lack of relatives, and had sought to remedy this lack by perpetuating his name in the family of his earliest, latest, and almost only friend, John Watts, whose sister had married his brother Robert William, with whom he formed a friendship while yet they were boys at Bedlington, and who was his fellow-clerk in the office of Mr. Duane, barrister, residing in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, as far back as

1768. It was on the recommendation of this committee that the bill was passed which finally disposed of the matter in favour of the poor orphans. Thus the cloud of claimants was scattered for ever.

Yet it is scarcely conceivable that John Watts could not, if he had been so inclined, put the committee on the right track. He must have known many clues to the truth, if not, indeed, the whole facts of the case. However, he must have preserved a decorous silence, and, perhaps, all things considered, it was as well that he did. But that is no reason why others should hold their peace if they have anything to tell. Whatever is said now can have no effect on the Leake and Watts Orphanage; but it cannot fail to interest large numbers of people to learn something of the connection that existed between the benefactor of New York and the ancient shire of Bedlington. We propose, therefore, to sketch the life of the father of John George Leake, who figures alike in local and imperial history as Commissary Leake.

The fountain head of the family, so far as it can be traced, was William Leake, of Newcastle, a wealthy maltster, who spelt his name Leek, and who held landed property in the parish of Long Benton. His youngest son, by a first marriage, was Robert Leek or Leake. This youth quitted home at an early age for a military career. Probably his father's second marriage had something to do with his unsettled disposition. At all events, he was a trooper in the King's Life Guards during the Dutch campaign, and was severely wounded at the battle of Dettingen, where King George the Second was in command. The engagement had been so fearful that at nightfall both armies retired from the field without much certainty as to the real issue of the fight—the French retreating to Offenbach, and the English to Hainau. Thousands of slain and wounded were left uncared for through the stormy night. In the morning, a detachment of the French returned to bury the dead and succour the wounded. The English wounded were made prisoners. Their wounds and long subsequent exposure to the pelting rain brought on a malignant fever, and poor Leake had a narrow escape for his life. Indeed, he was accustomed to attribute his recovery to the assiduous kindness of a Dutch woman and her daughter. When at length he was restored to liberty and some measure of health, it was remembered of him that he had exhibited great valour and sustained all his injuries in his efforts to save the standard from falling into the hands of the foe. The king himself having been in command was an additional reason for marking such heroism with the royal favour. He was, however, not promoted until some time later.

Instead of returning to Newcastle, or Benton, or Bedlington, where his father was residing with his second wife and family, he retired to Campsie, near Stirling, where he occupied himself with school-keeping. Here he was quietly pursuing his new calling in 1745, when the

irruption of the Pretender into the Lowlands threw the whole kingdom into confusion and alarm. The militia were of course called out for active service, and, naturally, an old soldier, and, moreover, one who had sustained honourable wounds under the very eye of the Hanoverian king, would be sure to find something to do. He was presented with a commission as second lieutenant of the company commanded by Mr. James Dunbare of Mochrum. Events hurried to a crisis with storm-like rapidity; but the brave lieutenant was equal to the occasion. He was employed as artillerist in the defence of Stirling Castle, under the command of Major-General Blakeney. The siege being raised by the rebels on the approach of the Duke of Cumberland, the garrison was embodied with the duke's army, and Leake was transferred to field-service. It is almost certain that he distinguished himself at the decisive battle of Culloden.

When the war was over, Leake returned to England; but in the course of a few months he was appointed Commissary at Cape Breton. His commission was dated 18th February, 1747. He held this post nearly three years, when he was put upon half-pay, and on his return to England he married. After some six years of rest and domestic happiness on his small estate at Bedlington, he lost his wife. In Bedlington Churchyard is a tombstone with an inscription as follows:—"Here lieth the remains of Margaretta, the beloved wife of Robert Leake, Esq., Commissary-General of his Majesty's forces in North America, who departed this life the 12th May, 1754, aged 32 years. Also Edward, their youngest son."

Three months later, 1754, Captain Leake was once more summoned to active service, this time as commissary in the army of General Braddock. After the disaster of the Monongahela, he became Commissary-General for the Colonies.

Captain Leake had left three sons in England, of whom the eldest was John George. Of the three sons, two were educated at the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle, living with Mr. Doubleday in the Forth at the time; and John George studied for the legal profession under the celebrated Matthew Duane. (See *ante*, page 302.) These children, so far as can be ascertained, he never saw again.

When he settled in New York, he married a second time, but he had no family from this union. At the close of the year 1773 the Commissary passed away, universally respected. The *New York Gazette* of 3rd January, 1774, thus alluded to the event:—"Tuesday morning last died at his seat in the Bowery, in the 54th year of his age, Robert Leake, Esq., Commissary-General of North America. He was long a faithful servant to the Crown, a loving husband, tender parent, one of the best masters, and a friend to all tradesmen. His remains were interred in the family vault in Trinity Church yesterday evening, attended by a great concourse of the inhabitants and of the military." It would seem from this that the Com-

missary was not only a person of official importance, but also of wealth.

Some time after his decease, his son, John George, proceeded from England to take possession of his rightful inheritance, and he managed, as we have seen, to make such good use of his property that he died a millionaire some fifty-three years later.

Madame Tomsett, Vocalist.



MADAME TOMSETT, a well-known Tyneside soprano, is a native of Sunderland. At an early age she was found to possess a phenomenally full and round voice. Before reaching her teens she was taken in hand by Canon Bamber for his choir at the Catholic Church, Bridge Street, Sunderland, where she was a leading singer for some years. She first took lessons with the late Mr. Robert Ferry, a prominent local basso, who subsequently engaged her to lead the chorus of the Sunderland Philharmonic Society. On the occasion of that body giving a performance of Handel's



MADAME TOMSETT.

"Alexander's Feast," the solo soprano from London became indisposed before the concert commenced, and, at a moment's notice, Miss Tomsett was called upon to take her place, which she did with the greatest credit and to the satisfaction of the audience.

After remaining with Mr. Ferry for some time, it was decided to send the youthful vocalist to London to acquire a thorough musical training. She was placed under the late Dr. Wylde, principal of the London Academy of Music, where she also received lessons in singing from Signor Lablache, who entertained a high opinion of her vocal powers. After barely nine months tuition, she was entered as a candidate to compete for the Crystal Palace prizes at the National musical meetings, among other competitors at that time being Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Bolingbroke, Miss Adeline Paget, Miss Jessie Jones, Mr. Leslie Crotty, and Mr. Herbert Thorndike. Notwithstanding that she had had much less experience than the other competitors, she managed not only to sing into the first half-dozen who were selected for final adjudication, but carried off the certificate for "excellence in singing, voice, and expression" (similar to that won by Mr. Crotty in the baritone class), which certificate was signed by the judges, Sir

Julius Benedict, Luigi Arditi, and Wilhelm Ganz. The London papers were very lavish in their praise of the wonderful progress the Sunderland soprano had made in so short a time. *The Standard* said:—"Miss Tomsett was nervous, but the resonant qualities of her beautiful ringing voice completely filled the Crystal Hall. This young lady is a student of the London Academy, and her progress is nothing short of marvellous, considering that she has received scarcely a year's tuition. A brilliant future is before this vocalist if she but husbands the splendid resources at her command."

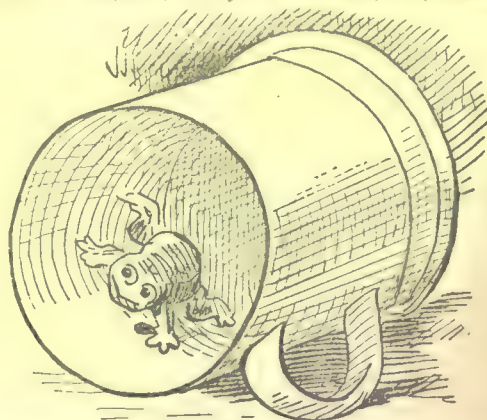
Miss Tomsett afterwards sang with great acceptance at Gresham College for Dr. Wylde; at the St. James's Hall and Crystal Palace concerts with Mr. Mann's orchestra (notably on the occasion of the first visit of the Shah of Persia); at operatic recitals with Madame Elena Corani and Mr. J. W. Turner; at Signor Arditi's, and elsewhere. Instead of remaining in London, however, she returned home, and her services have since been much in request for oratorios and concerts in the North of England and in Scotland. For some years she has been principal soprano at St. Michael's Catholic Church, Newcastle. She married a local journalist, Mr. William Heenan, and has a daughter who is already a talented pianist.

The accompanying portrait is from a photograph by Mr. James Bacon, of Northumberland Street, Newcastle.

Toad Mugs.



PRACTICAL jokes in pottery, known as toad mugs, were familiar to our grandfathers. But they are now mere curiosities, preserved here and there by old people among other relics of the past. Two facts seem to be certain about them—first, that they were largely manufactured in the North of England, chiefly in Newcastle; and, second,



that they were generally decorated with rough drawings illustrative of the naval prowess of Great Britain.

The sketch here given shows the interior construction

of the toad mug. A moulded figure of a toad was attached to the side of the vessel, so that the drinker as he drained the contents of the mug only became aware that his friends were having a joke at his expense when he had nearly finished his draught. The earthenware reptile, it will be seen, was sufficiently natural to startle and disgust the unhappy person upon whom the hoax had been played. The drawing here given was made from a mug which was lent to us by Mr. R. Sheel, of Low Fell, Gateshead.

As to the exterior decorations of these singular mugs, the following extract may be quoted from an article on "Curious Old China" which appeared in *All the Year Round* for 1875:—

In a pint mug of coarse ware, coated outside with orange-coloured enamel, appeared two full-length portraits of Lord Rodney, and an oval medallion, with a ship laid on in cream-coloured paste, tinted green. The vessel represented is De Grasse's flagship, *Ville de Paris*, taken by Rodney in 1782. The famous "Rodney jug," made at Derby, is richly ornamented, and, by a quaint fancy, the head of the hero, topped by a mighty three-cocked hat, is made to form the spout. Liverpool, Newcastle, and other English potteries never tired of doing homage to Britannia, the Wave Ruler. Punch bowls were painted with a ship in full sail, and, above it, the rather mildly punning motto, "Success to Friend"; and quart mugs were painted in black, with Duncan's ship, the Venerable, towing De Winter's ship, *Vryheid*, and inscribed with the following verse:—

Vain are the Boasts of Belgick's sons,
When faced by British ships and guns—
Tho' de Winter does in Autumn come,
Brave Duncan brings his harvest home,

As might have been expected, the gallant Nelson figured on pint and quart mugs, with "Victory," and other mottoes. His glory was also set forth in those curious mixtures of sentiment and fancy, called "frog mugs." The exterior of the Nelson "frog mug" is painted black, with monument and trophies in honour of Lord Nelson, while in the inside lurks a roughly-modelled frog-coloured "proper." The reptile is represented climbing up the inside of the vessel, so that as the liquid is drunk the creature appears to be leaping into the drinker's mouth.

Jokes against tithe-collecting clergymen, Scotchmen, and

printed on a barrel-shaped pint mug; the construction of the bridge over the Wear at Sunderland was also celebrated in poetry and pottery; the life of the sailor and eke that of the farmer were extolled in the like fashion. But the happiest efforts of the potter were dedicated to events of great national importance. A quart jug in white ware is decorated on one side with a haymaking scene; on the other side is John Bull seated on a column inscribed "The British Constitution," and looking across the Channel at Napoleon weeping at the loss of the *flotilla* by the aid of which he hoped to invade England. The Emperor cries, "Oh, my poor, crazy gunboats! why did I venture so far from home?" and John Bull replies, "I told you they would be all swamp'd, but you would be so d—d obstinate." The whole is inscribed "Patience on a Monument Smiling at Grief," with the following distich:—

The mighty chief, with fifty thousand men,
March'd to the coast, and march'd back again.
Ha! ha! ha!

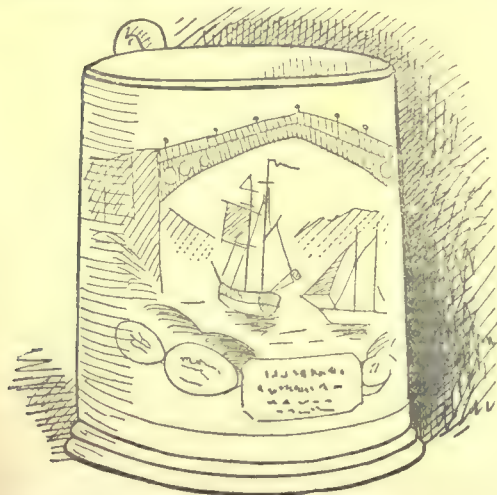
The mug figured in our third illustration was manufac-



tured to commemorate the gallant exploit of Jack Crawford, the Sunderland sailor, in nailing the colours to the mast at the Battle of Camperdown.

Pack Horses in the North.

IN the northern parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, pack horses (galloways) were used as a means of conveying merchandise, such as coal, wool, lime, malt, and corn, until about 1840, when the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway was opened. A "gang of galloways" consisted of twelve or fourteen horses. They always walked in single file, the first horse wearing a collar of bells, and being known as the "bell horse." They would start on a journey at four o'clock in the morning, each horse with a pack upon its back, secured there by a "wanta"—a broad webbing belt, with ropes and hooks at both ends. First the webbing went under the horse, for ease; then the ropes went over the



others, were embodied in china and pottery. "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen," was straightway

pack, under the horse, and fastened to the hooks. When light flag-stones or slates were required to be carried, a "hook seam" was attached to the pack saddle by means of a staple.

After starting, the horses would generally be allowed to eat grass by the roadside, or in the open spaces, as they went along; but when the drivers considered they had had sufficient, they would put on the muzzles, which were like those of dogs, only a little more square. If the bell horse, while grazing, happened to get behind the others, as soon as it was muzzled it knew that the real travelling for the day had commenced, and would bore and push until its own honoured place as leader was gained. The bells that it wore were seven in number—one ordinary shaped bell in the middle, and three round ones on each side. These had a small slit at the bottom, through which a little molten metal had been poured to form a tongue. The bells were fixed to a leather collar, which was fastened to the top of the pack saddle, and hung loosely across the shoulders, so that they rang with every movement of the horse. Occasionally the men would walk a mile ahead in order to have a pipe and pint at some well-known public-house. The "gals" quite understood this proceeding, and (if they were muzzled) would jog along as if the drivers were by their sides.

If the drivers were going on more than one day's journey, they would "put up" for the night at some wayside inn. First they would unfasten the "wantas," throw down the packs in a sheltered yard, take off the muzzles, and turn the horses into the "croft" or "paddock." Next day they would be up and away again very early. The roads they travelled were flagged in the middle with one broad stone, and were known as "Bridle Styles." I have heard them called "saddle roads," on account of the stones becoming so worn that they resembled a saddle, and also "Roman roads," because the Romans laid the long line of single stones for water to run down.

Filling the packs and loading the "gals" was very heavy work; consequently, the farmers selected strong men for drivers. Their meals consisted chiefly of hung beef and fat bacon fried together, with about two quarts of "home-brewed" and thick oat-cakes. While this was being eaten, the farmer's wife would make the "whaff." This was done by putting oatmeal, treacle, and cream into the same pan; after frying a little while, it was rolled into balls, and eaten either hot or cold. The drivers generally dressed in knee breeches and calfskin vests, and always carried a good-sized thick stick. When they were returning from a journey, their wives listened for the tinkling of the bell horse, as a sign to prepare the supper, which would be ready when they arrived home.

A friend, whose father kept pack horses, has given me most of my information. His father's "gals," he told me, generally carried malt, but sometimes they

took coals to the out-of-the-way houses on the hill-sides and on the moors, where horses and carts could not go. Such events were always marked by some little festivity by the farmers, for to have a "gang of coal" was considered quite an event. In the "clipping time" donkeys also were used as carriers, when sometimes as many as forty packs of wool would be carried at once.

S. EMILY LUMB.

Newcastle's First Postman.

JAMES ALEFOUNDER was the first postman ever employed in Newcastle. A lithograph, published in July, 1824, has preserved his dress and features. The postman is there represented to be delivering a letter addressed to H. P. Parker at the



door of the artist in Brunswick Place, where also T. M. Richardson then resided. From this circumstance it is presumed that the drawing was made by Parker. Our

sketch of Alefounder is taken from a copy of the lithograph, loaned to us by Mr. Matthew Mackey, Jun.

Agnes Pringle, Artist.



OUR North-Country records contain the names of few, or, indeed, of any, women who have excelled in painting. But within recent years



Agnes Pringle

there have issued from Schools of Art, such as that directed by Mr. William Cozens Way in Newcastle, a

number of students, who have done credit to the teachings of their masters. Amongst them may be mentioned Miss Agnes Pringle, daughter of Mr. Thomas Pringle, who was associated for many years with the Tyneside firm of Hawks, Crawshaw, and Co. Miss Pringle's first lessons were received from Mr. Way when she was about twelve years of age. She also studied under Mr. Robinson Elliott, without, however, severing her connection with her first master. Miss Pringle entered the Royal Academy in January, 1882. Towards the close of her first year she gained the first medal for the best set of drawings from the antique, also the premium for the best drawing of a statue. In 1883 she again secured the premium for the best model of a statue. Miss Pringle's pictures have since been seen in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, the Royal Society of British Artists, the principal provincial exhibitions, and many private metropolitan galleries.

Belsay Village, Castle, and Hall.



BELSAY VILLAGE, situated some thirteen miles to the north-west of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is notable for nothing in particular, except the arcaded construction of some of its houses (shown in our engraving) and the fact that the only inn it contains is a temperance hotel. It is the castle and the hall near at hand that impart interest to the village.

Though little remains of Belsay Castle but the keep,



an engraving of which appears on page 403, the massive walls, topped by turrets sixty or seventy feet in the air, have a majestic appearance. To the keep have been added residential buildings at various dates, the whole being surrounded with trees and garden shrubs. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 440.) The castle itself dates from the reign of Edward III.; but the Middleton family possessed the estate much earlier, in the twelfth century at least. In the thirteenth century Edward I. on his way to Scotland was the guest of the Middletons of Belsay; but in the next reign their relations with royalty were of a much more unpleasant nature, for Sir Gilbert Middleton rebelled against the king, and, after playing the very deuce in Northumberland and Durham, was caught and executed, and had his property confiscated. By marrying the sole heiress of the new occupants of the estate, however, a descendant regained Belsay for the Middletons, and they have been there ever since.

Halfway between the castle and the hall, there is a curious wall built of stones with interesting carvings taken from the castle over a hundred and fifty years ago. If we go close to the entrance to the gate opening into Bantum Wood by the side of the road, we can see two stone figures built into the wall. These are the *torsi* of warriors that probably stood

at one time on the battlements or over the gateway of the castle, but they have been in their present position well nigh two hundred years. To the east of the castle, also in a field, and close to the hedge-side, is an old market cross—an ancient looking obelisk that has probably been removed to its present position for the sake of protection.

In various parts of the grounds there are some magnificent trees of different kinds. At the east front of the castle is the sturdy wreck of an old walnut tree, still green and flourishing, though one-third of it has been removed. Further away is a fine hedge of holly trees over forty feet high. Round the castle there are a number of fine elms, planes, and sycamores. In the old castle garden are the remains of what must have been a very fine cedar of Lebanon. This tree still gives one an idea of how it formerly spread out its green, broad branches, covering an immense space; but the snows of the North of England were too much for it to bear, and it broke down under the burden.

Belsay Hall is south-east of the castle. It stands on rising ground, surrounded by a fine terrace; below, the ground falls away from it, opening out into a deep wooded basin, full of trees, shrubs, and rocks, with wooded hills in the distance, and, on the right, a prospect of the pretty lake and Belsay Crags beyond. Sir Charles Miles Lambert Monck, who travelled much in



Asia Minor and Greece, and lived some time in Athens, built the mansion from his own designs, and it is a building of simple beauty, one of the features noticeable in it being the large size of the stones used in its construction. It has a very fine cornice and entablature.

Close to the garden at the west end of the house is the Quarry whence the stone was hewn for building the hall. Sir Arthur Middleton, the present owner of the estate, is fortunate in having had ancestors with a taste for arboriculture; and the result of his predecessors' love of trees is seen in the present beauty of the grounds. For nearly a mile the stone has been taken out of the solid rock in deep, narrow cuttings, winding in and out, and interlacing almost after the fashion of a maze. The entrance to the Quarry is through a lofty arched tunnel in the stone, and, apparently keeping guard, several majestic trees rear their proud heads on high. Outside and inside the Quarries there is an amazing variety of tree life, and the different

tints of the foliage blend and contrast most picturesquely. Underwood, ferns, brackens, shrubs, and tall, stately trunks commingle on all sides, and are allowed to run at random, giving the place a wild and natural look, Yews, hollies, mountain ashes, silver birches, elms, planes, different firs, and other coniferæ, wave their branches promiscuously in the sweet air, laden in summer with the scent of the rhododendron. Against the black background of the yew, patches of whin and gorse stand out with a blaze of bright yellow. Vivid strong greens in astonishing variety and profusion delight the eye, and wild grasses, ferns, flowers, and tree roots fill up the crevices and hide the face of the rock.

Up and down these wooded ravines one may wander, watching how here and there the trees at the top almost meet overhead, trying to shut out our view of the sky, whilst before and behind, as the gorge winds, the colours unite and make us believe we are in some deep, precipitous cleft in the rock from which all exit is debarred save by the opening through which the sky is



visible. Here verily is Lethe, for we are oblivious of all save the surrounding beauty.

The Massraopers.

II.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE BORDERERS.

THE insecurity of their possessions made the Borderers free and hospitable in their expenditure, while the common danger bound the several clans together by assurances of inviolable fidelity, and even softened their mutual hostility by the tacit introduction of certain laws of honour and war. If they promised to conduct a traveller safely through the district infested by them, they would perform their promise, says an old writer, with the fidelity of a Turkish janissary: otherwise, woe be to him that fell into their quarters! Notwithstanding the occasional cruelties which marked their mutual inroads, the people on either side do not seem to have regarded each other with violent personal animosity. On the contrary, they often carried on something like friendly intercourse, even in times of war. The Governments of both countries were not unnaturally jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connection; and various ordinances were consequently passed in Scotland, as well as in England, against irregular traffic and intermarrying. But neither law nor gospel was of much authority within sight of the Cheviots, except only in the halidoms, where comparative peace and order reigned. Even down till the days of James the Second of England, North Tynedale was still looked upon as "a *terra incognita*, a waste of evil repute, the haunt of thieves and Border reivers, where no king's messenger dared to show himself or to display the symbols of his authority." Nay, the spirit of insubordination was not wholly quenched there till a much later date, for the king's authority was defied on several occasions during the reigns of the first two Georges; and within the memory of some who were but lately still living, as Macaulay in his "History of England" remarks, "the sportsman who wandered in pursuit of game to the sources of the Tyne found the heaths round Kieldar Castle peopled by a race hardly less savage than the Indians of California, and heard with surprise the half-naked women chanting a wild measure,

whilst the men with brandished dirks danced a war dance." Music, songs, and ballads were the chief recreation of the Borderers. The feats of their ancestors were celebrated in simple, strong, masculine rhyme, chaunted to appropriate tunes. Some of these airs, such as "Kinmont Willie," "Hobbie Noble," "Jock o' the Side," and "Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good Night," are still famous.

MISRULE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

One of the oldest documents illustrative of Border misrule is a Roll of Pleas held at Wark, in North Tynedale, in 1279, before justices itinerant commissioned by Alexander III. of Scotland, to whom that regality then belonged. From this letter it appears that plundering raids were then by no means infrequent. Thus, on the Sunday before the Feast of St. James, in the 18th year of Alexander King of Scots, John of Hamelton and Thomas of Thirlwall plundered the good town of Wark of thirty oxen, each of the value of 10s.; eighteen cows, each worth half a mark; one bull worth half a



mark; and fifteen other cattle, each of the value of 5s.; besides two hundred sheep, both wethers and ewes, each valued at twelve pence; and the said John of Hameton drove them to his park at Sewing Shields (Swyinscholes), and there unjustly detained them against the king's peace. In the township of Haltwhistle certain unknown malefactors had broken into the house of Agnes, wife of William Pulayn, and bound her and her daughter Evota, after which they carried away all their goods; and the township, not having been able to take the thieves, was placed at the mercy of the Crown for the neglect of this its duty. In the same year Thomas Russell, of Playnmellor, slew Robert, the son of Auger of Coanwood (Collanwood), in the town of Haltwhistle, and afterwards fled to the church and "abjured the kingdom," that is, perjured himself, like Cacus, in the eighth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, by denying on oath that he had done the deed. From the north side of the fells, Alexander of Lothian, Arthur of Galloway, David of Clydesdale, and Hugo the Carpenter broke into the house of William of Fenwick, in Simonburn, bound the said William, and carried off his cattle. Some other reivers, having broken into the house of Robert of Unthank in Melkridge, South Tynedale, shut up Alicia his daughter in the meal ark, probably to prevent her giving the alarm. The clergy in those days were not always free from the general failing of taking liberties with other men's property. Thus, Beatrix of Whitfield summoned Thomas the Archdeacon of Northumberland, Master Hugo of Woodhall, John of Burton, and Thomas of Haydon, chaplain, for robbery and receipt of felony, &c. And the said Master Hugo and all the others appeared, excepting Thomas the Archdeacon; but the testimony of the said Beatrix was not admitted, as it

was proved by the bishop's letters-patent that she was excommunicate. The accused, moreover, pleaded that they were clerks, and would not, on that account, answer to the court. Again:—Lymon the Clerk and Richard Alpendache, clerk, broke open the house of John the Fuller; Richard Alpendache was taken and imprisoned at Wark; but afterwards, at the assizes, was delivered over to the bishop as a clerk. William the Clerk of Whitfield, fled the country for stealing a cow, and other evil deeds. Bates, the son of William, otherwise Williamson, and Gilbert Trutle, son of Adam with the Big Nose, fled for breaking into the house of Emma of Whitcheater. A fellow, name unknown, who stole four geese in the town of Newbrough, and was taken in the fact, had his ear cut off by order of Hugo de Terewitscheles, the coroner. Further up the Tyne, they seem to have dispensed with all legal forms. For Emma of Wenhope, near Kieldar, being taken for theft at Bellingham, was there decapitated; and it was proved by twelve jurors that the townships cut off her head without first getting the coroner's order; whence they were "at the mercy of the crown." The hamlets of Donkley, Thorneyburn, and Tarsethope were amerced in twenty shillings for lynch law of the same sort, having decapitated a nameless thief without the coroner's sanction.

EDOM OF GORDON.

On the Scotch side, from the thirteenth century downwards, the people, gentle and simple, were fully as turbulent and ungovernable as those on the English side. A specimen of their ongoings there may be given in the case of Edom of Gordon, who was deputy warden for his brother, the Earl of Huntly, in the reign of James the Third. Notwithstanding his responsible office, Edom



was one of the most unscrupulous reivers of his day and generation. The stronghold of the Gordons was in the upland part of Berwickshire, on a "green knoe" on the edge of a moss, where it may still be seen; and from it Edom made frequent ravaging expeditions, mostly against rival lairds, under pretence of forcing them to keep the king's peace. In one of these he killed Arthur Forbes, brother to Lord Forbes; and not long afterwards he summoned the house of Rodes, near Dunse, which belonged to Alexander Forbes, another brother, who was then absent. The lady of Rodes, who is said to have been a very beautiful woman, refused to surrender the place without the sanction of her husband, and when summoned a second time she fired a pistol at the marauder, grazing his knee with the bullet. Whereupon,

"Set fire to the house!" quo' false Gordon,
All wud wi' dule and ire.

This order was obeyed; fuel was brought and piled up against the door; and soon every room was filled with smothering smoke. The lady, together with her children and servants, twenty-seven persons in all, thus perished miserably. Forbes, according to tradition, arrived within sight of his homestead only to see it all in a blaze; and ere the foremost of his men could get forward, riding at full speed, "baith lady and babes were brent." Gordon, however, was pursued in "hot trod." Over-taking him on his way homewards, the bereaved husband "wroke his dear lady in his foul heart's bluid."

THE BORDER CLANS.

North Tynedale, which was specially well plenished with "wild and misdemeaned people," could furnish, in case of need, some three hundred armed men, horse and foot. There were four principal surnames or clans in the district, whereof the Charltons were the chief. In all services or charges impressed upon the country, the Charltons, or such as were under their rule, were rated for one half; the Robsons for a quarter; and the Dodds and Milburns for another quarter. Of every surname there were certain "graynes," branches, or families, the "headsman" of which led and answered for all the rest. The inhabitants of Redesdale, who lived rather more by the cultivation of the soil, were richer and more numerous than those of Tynedale, but they could not raise so many able and active men. Their principal names were Hall, Reed, Potts, Hedley, Spoors, Dagg, and Fletcher. Most of these names are still of frequent occurrence in or near the localities which they monopolised three or four hundred years ago. The Ogles, Shaftoes, Fenwicks, Forsters, Claverings, Horsleys, Herons, Tates, Thirlwalls, Featherstones, Carrs, and others, who occupied different parts of Northumberland in clannish fashion, were only a little more civilized and orderly under the general leadership of the Percies than the most remote dalesmen. The Graemes, Nixons, Hallidays, Littles, Musgraves, Henslies, Pyles, Irvings, and Croziers, of Cumberland and the Debateable Land, were, on the other hand, a set of even

more incorrigible savages than the Northumbrians. The Elliotts and Armstrongs of Liddesdale; the Scotts, Kerrs, Cranstouns, Turnbulla, Rules, and Rutherfords, of Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and parts adjoining; the Humes, Cockburns, Lauders, Lumsdens, Blythes, and Gordons, of Berwickshire; and the Maxwells, Johnstones, Jardines, Glendinnings, Flemings, Moffats, &c., of Nithsdale, and Annandale, could not easily be surpassed in anything that goes to make up the full-fledged reiver.

CLANNISH FEUDS.

These clans cultivated and cherished feelings of rivalry and ill-neighbourhood that bred mutual contempt and hate, and led to constantly recurring bloodshed on every occasion when the partisans met, whether at games, fairs, trystes, wapenshaws, or warden's meetings. When vengeance was to be sought, as was almost always the case, for some real or supposed wrong or injury done to a clansman by any member, known or unknown, of another clan, no distance, whether of time or place, would excuse the party offending from the avenger of blood. No Corsican *vendetta* could be more sternly, steadily, persistently, and mercilessly carried out than a Border feud. In 1511, Sir Robert Kerr, of Fairneyhirst, warden of the Scottish Middle March, was slain at a Border meeting by three turbulent Englishmen, named Starhead, Lilburn, and Heron the Bastard. Starhead, who was the chief offender, escaped as far as York, and for a time tried to conceal himself. But he was sought out by two of Sir Robert's followers, named Tate, who brought his head to their new master, Sir Andrew or Dand Kerr, by whom it was exposed at the cross of Edinburgh, in memorial of the outrage. Lilburn was delivered up to justice in Scotland by the English monarch, and died there in captivity. Heron, who was the natural brother of Heron of Ford, escaped through a clever stratagem. He caused it to be rumoured that he was dead of the plague, got into a coffin, and had himself transported in it, so that he passed unsuspected through the party sent to arrest him, and afterwards kept out of the way till war occurred between the two kingdoms. His legitimate brother, Heron of Ford, was arrested, however, in his stead, and delivered up to James IV. as a substitute for the real culprit.

NORTHUMBRIANS AT FEUD.

Northumbrian gentlemen of family and fortune were not superior to the perpetration of murders in cases of clannish feud. In April, 1517, two members of the house of Horsley petitioned and obtained immunity of the Church (doubtless for a material consideration) for having, at Gorken, a place between Morpeth and Longhorsley, murdered Christopher Clavering, of Calaly, and John Carr, of Hetton. There was a long-standing feud between the Selbies of Norhamshire and the Reveleys of the same; also between the Rutherfords of Rochester, and the Turpins, Pawstons, and others,

for "slaughters done and not agreed for." Sir Robert Bowes, in his report upon the state of the Borders in 1550, tells us there were then two or three such "malicious displeasures" hanging amongst surnames in Redesdale, as between the Andersons, the Hedleys, the Pottes, and the Weatherheads; and he adds, speaking generally of the young gentlemen or headsmen of Northumberland in his time, that "their regard for truth in depositions about their quarrels is so indifferent that it were perilous to give credence to them, without the evidence of the complaining party being confronted with that of the accused." Gray, writing a century later, says: "The people of this country have one barbarous custom amongst them: if any two be displeased, they expect no law, but bang it out bravely, one and his kindred against the other and his. They will subject themselves to no justice, but in an inhuman and barbarous manner fight and kill one another. They run together in *clangs*, as they term it, or names. This fighting they call their *feids*—a word so barbarous that I cannot express it in any other tongue." Gray, it is plain, was no great linguist; for *clan*, or *clang* as he spells it, does not signify *name* at all, but tribe, family, children, descendants of one father, while *feid* is the same as *feud*, a good old Saxon word, signifying a deadly quarrel between families or factions, leading to a combination of kindred to revenge the death of any of their blood on the offender and all his race.

THE MURDER OF DE LA BASTIE.

In the year 1516, the Scottish Regent, John Duke of Albany, having enticed the Earl of Home to Edinburgh, and seized upon, tried, and beheaded him, upon accusations which are not known, committed the wardenry which his lordship had held to a French knight, the Chevalier de la Bastie, remarkable for the beauty of his person and the gallantry of his achievements. But Lord Home's friends, numerous, powerful, and unscrupulous, were equally desirous to avenge the death of their chief and to be freed from the dominion of a foreigner. So Sir David Home of Wedderburn, one of the fiercest of the name, laid an ambush for the unfortunate warden, near Langton, in Berwickshire. De la Bastie, seeing his life in danger, was compelled to fly, in the hope of gaining the castle of Dunbar; but, near the town of Dunse, his horse stuck fast in a bog. The pursuers came up and put him to death. Sir David Home tied the head by the long locks which the deceased wore to the mane of his horse, rode with it in triumph to Home Castle, and placed it on a spear on the highest turret. The hair is said to be yet preserved in the charter chest of the family.

A RAID OF THE KERES.

In the month of October, 1522, the little village of Whitley, on the skirts of Shilbottle Moor, was visited by a party of Merse and Teviotdale marauders, headed by Mark Kerr, of Cessford, an ancestor of the Dukes of

Roxburghe, who, in revenge for some real or fancied injury, had sent word to the Earl of Northumberland that he would come within three miles of his house of Warkworth; where his lordship then lay, and give him light to put on his clothes at midnight. The Scots intended to set the village on fire; but there was no fire to be had in any of the houses, and they had forgotten, it seems, to bring flint and fizzle with them. So they murdered a poor woman instead. The people of the surrounding district fired the beacons, which were always kept ready for such emergencies; but the ruffians managed to return home in safety.

RAIDS INTO THE MERSE AND TEVIOTDALE.

In revenge for this outrage, the earl let slip a hundred of the best horsemen of Glendale, who made a nocturnal raid across the Tweed, retiring at daybreak. This band burned the town of Coldingham, with all the corn and provisions laid up in it, to the amount of above a hundred marks sterling, and also burned two places nigh adjoining thereto, called Plenderguest and the Black Hill, and brought away 23 persons, 60 horses, and 200 head of cattle. They intended to have also burned Kelso, with all the corn in that already important market town; but day broke too soon to permit them; and they were fain to content themselves with their night's work, dexterously performed so far, and get back safe to Wooler by the nearest ford. Shortly afterwards, however, "thanks to the Holy Trinity," as a letter writer of the day expressed himself, two of the Earl of Shrewbury's captains, Lords Ross and Dacre, pillaged and burned Kelso, and in the following year Dacre returned, in company with the Earl of Surrey, with about ten thousand men, and reduced the monastery and town to ashes. Surrey likewise stormed and set fire to Jedburgh, after a desperate conflict; but a panic having taken place among his men during the night, owing to a sudden onslaught on them by the Jed foresters, after they had concluded that all resistance was over, he fled precipitately over Carter Fell into Redesdale, leaving fifteen hundred troopers' horses behind him, which the Scots secured. The tumult was so great, that the English imputed it to supernatural interference; and Surrey alleged that the devil was seen six times during the confusion, even as Castor and Pollux used to be seen in the old Roman wars. The men of Teviotdale, however, followed the flying foe right over the fells, and amply revenged the loss they had sustained by harrying the English Border, which they swept over like a flight of locusts, from Alnwick to Tweedmouth and Norham. The Southrons were not equally unfortunate, it ought to be stated, along other parts of the Border line; for the Earl of Northumberland having "let slip secretly them of Tynedale and Redesdale, for the annoyance of Scotland," praying God to send them all good speed, Sir Ralph Fenwick led the men of Tynedale, and Sir William Heron the men of

Redesdale, on a foray into Teviotdale; and on the 3rd of October, 1523, Surrey wrote from Newcastle to Cardinal Wolsey that he knew, by men of the country, but not as yet by the captains, that both Fenwick and Heron had made "very good rodes," having gotten much inside gear, cattle, horses, and prisoners, and returned without loss. Whereupon King James V. of Scotland, writing to Henry VIII., complains that the greatest of all the "attempts" that had been made against his lieges during the whole war had been committed upon the Middle Marches by certain of Henry's lieges of the surnames of Dodd, Charlton, and Milburn, under the leadership of Sir Ralph Fenwick, who had come within the grounds of Teviotdale, reft and spoiled sundry goods, murdered five men, and left others in peril of death.

SIR RALPH FENWICK IN TYNE DALE.

On this occasion, Sir Ralph Fenwick led a willing army against the hereditary foe; but, as has happened to other great leaders, his supporters were soon arrayed against him. Not ten months afterwards, he was once more in North Tynedale, on an altogether different errand. This time it was to apprehend William Ridley, who had been concerned in the murder of the chief of the Featherstonhaughs in South Tynedale. He had with him a force of eighty horsemen, and appears to have taken up his quarters in the tower of Tarsett. The North Tynedale men had no goodwill to his being there. Ridley, being an outlaw, was of course deeply sympathised with by them. So William Charlton, of Bellingham, who had two hundred stalwart retainers, "bound and bodily sworn upon a book always to take his part," assembled part of them diligently, set upon Sir Ralph, hindered him of his purpose of attacking Ridley, and chased him out of the district, "to his great reproach." But the insult thus offered to the king's majesty, in the person of Sir Ralph Fenwick, was speedily avenged by Lord Dacre, who seized the person of William Charlton, and also took, at a wedding party where he was present, Roger Charlton, his brother, and Thomas Charlton, of the Careteth, "by whom all the inhabitants were governed, led, and ready at their commandment." Dacre, in his report of this affair, describes these three as pledge-breakers, and receivers of the stolen goods procured by the other marauders; and he advises that they should be forthwith judged and executed, as they doubtless were.

THE ROBSONS.

Immediately after the seizure of these "headsmen," Lord Dacre commanded the inhabitants of Tynedale to meet him the next Sunday in Bellingham Church. The Robsons, however, one of the surnames, held out, and would not give pledges; whereupon his lordship sent out a party that night, and seized four of the surname, and among them Robert Robson, the fourth headsmen, whom he at once, and for the terrifying of the others, executed on the spot.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

The Town and Port of Sunderland.



UNDERLAND, a port of great renown, and amongst the Registrar-General's twenty largest towns, is, after all, if we are to speak strictly, one of the least of places. It covers no more than 219½ acres. Almost the whole of the great town popularly known as Sunderland is really Bishopwearmouth; but the municipal borough also includes the townships of Monkwearmouth and Monkwearmouth Shore, whilst the parliamentary boundary takes in the township of Southwick. To all this Sunderland proper bears but a very small proportion. Without seeking to be minutely accurate, it may suffice to say that the river Wear on the north, Sans Street and Numbers Garth on the west, Coronation Street and Adelaide Place on the south, and the sea on the east, are the boundaries of the ancient township of Sunderland. If it were possible to "beat the boundaries"—which it is not, since they pass through many private houses and other inaccessible places—the whole circuit could be traversed in a journey of about two miles. But whilst confining ourselves to the southern side of the river, we must include Bishopwearmouth in our present conception of Sunderland.

Bishopwearmouth emerges from the dim shades of antiquity in the will of King Athelstan, who died in 940. He says, "I give to St. Cuthbert (meaning thereby the bishop and monks then established at Chester-le-Street), the delightful town of South Wearmouth, with its appendices, that is Weston (Westoe), Offerton, Silksworth, the two Ryhopes, Burden, Seaham, Seaton, Dalton, Dalden, and Heselden, which places the malignity of evil men long ago stole from St. Cuthbert." That Sunderland is not mentioned in this enumeration of the appurtenances of Bishopwearmouth shows, I think, that it had then no distinct existence. Indeed, it is not till we reach the twelfth century that we meet with any certain mention of it, and possibly not by name even then. There is a Sunderland mentioned in Bishop Pudsey's great survey the Boldon Buke, which, from a reference to a mill-dam, I am strongly disposed to identify with Sunderland-by-the-Bridge, near Croxdale. There also we may probably seek for that Sunderland wherein a woman, named Sierith, was freed from a fever which troubled her twice every day, by the good offices of the Saint of Finchale, as we are told in Reginald's "Life and Miracles of St. Godric." Even in the important charter granted by Pudsey, between 1163 and 1186, to the burgesses of Wearmouth, which implies in some of its grants the then existence of an important port, Sunderland is not mentioned. When, in the next century, we come to the charter of Henry III., we still find that Sunderland is not named. The earliest employment of the name Sunder-

land which I have met with that can with certainty be identified with the Wearside port occurs in a monetary account of the year 1311, wherein Bishop Bek's receiver renders a statement of the sums he had received from the fee farms of the boroughs of Darlington, Auckland Gateshead, Wearmouth, Sunderland, and Stockton. In 1354 we find Bishop Hatfield leasing the borough of Sunderland, with its fisheries, to Richard de Hedworth for a period of twenty years, at an annual rent of 20s. A long series of similar leases follows.

During the civil wars of Charles I. Sunderland was a place of considerable importance. Whilst Newcastle was garrisoned by the Royalists, Sunderland was held by the Parliamentarians, whence they sallied forth to the battle of Boldon Hill. Surtees has preserved a fragment of what he calls "a genuine Sandgate ballad," which evidently alludes to the opposing military attitudes of the great boroughs of the Tyne and Wear.

Ride through Sandgate both up and down,
There you'll see the gallants fighting for the crown;
All the cull cuckolds in Sunderland town,
With all the bonny bluecaps, cannot pull them down.

Sunderland possesses few objects of antiquarian interest. The old church of Bishopwearmouth was almost totally destroyed in 1806, when the present edifice was built. Of the older structure the local historians tell us "the architecture was supposed to be as old as the days of Athelstan"; but such fragments as remain are not earlier than the thirteenth century, and from Hutchinson's description it is clear that no part was much older. In the immediate vicinity of the church is a large open space, still known as "The Green." Round this green the primitive vill of South Wearmouth gathered. The green was an indispensable feature of every village settlement; but in most cases, as the village developed into a

town, this space became too valuable to be allowed to remain unoccupied. Bishopwearmouth is fortunate in still retaining this interesting remnant of its earliest times, which also, I rejoice to add, yet retains its greenness.

The parish church of Sunderland is neither an ancient nor a modern edifice. It was built in the days of Queen Anne, and is a genuine example of the church architecture of that period. It does not occupy the site of any earlier edifice, for Sunderland itself was only made a parish by Act of Parliament in 1719. It is a large brick structure, and retains almost all its original fittings, amongst which are the royal arms and those of Bishop Crewe. A more gloomy and depressing interior it would be hard to find.

The Town Moor of Sunderland must not be forgotten—formerly an open green space, of about seventy acres, at the east end of the town, whereon the burgesses and stallingers had the privilege of stints, and whereon, too, at one time, annual races were held. The rights of the burgesses and stallingers were a repeated and fruitful cause of litigation. But the moor, at least so far as its stints are concerned, is now a thing of the past; and though a large part of it yet remains an open space—the especial freehold of the juvenile footballers and cricketers of the neighbourhood—scarcely a patch of grass is left.

Of modern Sunderland strangers are often led to form a very unfavourable impression. A guide book, which is generally considered authoritative, gives the following description:—"Sunderland ranks high among British seaports, but the whole town is black and gloomy in the extreme, and the atmosphere is so filled with smoke that blue sky is seldom seen, especially in the lower part of the town, which consists for the most part of a mass of small, dingy houses, crowded together,



SOUTH QUAY, SUNDERLAND.



UPPER HIGH STREET, SUNDERLAND.



LOWER HIGH STREET, SUNDERLAND.

H.W. B. 18



BODLEWELL FERRY, SUNDERLAND.

intersected by lanes rather than streets. Dirt is the distinctive feature. Earth, air, and water are alike black and filthy." It is needless for me to say that this account is libellous. Without claiming that Sunderland is in any sense Arcadian, or even that it is one of the most desirable places in England for residence, it is yet fair to say that sunshine penetrates its skies as frequently as it does those of most towns of its size, that some of its streets are broad, well formed, and clean, and that it has good shops, pleasant suburbs, and hundreds of excellent houses. Of other advantages I shall speak presently. Some years ago I was travelling to the North. One of the occupants of the same carriage was a Yorkshireman, whose home was in the West Riding. He was a victim of asthma. He was on his way to Sunderland, where, he told me, he had spent a few weeks in every year for many years past. The air of Sunderland did him more good, he assured me, than the air of Scarborough, Southport, or Buxton.

The principal street of Sunderland is the High Street, which stretches in a waved line from near the parish church of Bishopwearmouth, almost to the docks at the east end of the town—a distance of more than a mile. It seems hard to realize that not more than a century ago part of this street was still a country road, bounded by green hedgerows. Hutchinson, writing about the year 1785, speaks of the ground which borders High Street being "now eagerly sought after by persons of opulence and trade, who have arranged handsome villas on each side of the road, so that in a few years the buildings of these places will meet." Where are those handsome villas now? Two of our engravings are views in High Street. One of these, "Upper High Street," shows the best and busiest part of the thoroughfare. The spectator is looking westward, and a little before him, on the right, Bridge Street branches off, leading by the famous Sunderland Bridge to the neighbouring town of Monkwearmouth, and to the roads to Shields and Newcastle. Our second view of the same street, "Lower High Street," depicts a more shady neighbourhood, a neighbourhood which grows more shady still as we go forward in the direction in which we are looking. The building on our left, with the arcade

of open arches, is the old Exchange, built in 1813, and now used as a Seamen's Institute, whilst the street which branches off on the same side a little further away—Bodlewel Lane—leads down to a long, narrow, unsavoury thoroughfare, known, not inappropriately, as "Low Street." Eastward this street terminates at the commencement of the Quay, parts of which used to be designated Custom House Quay, Ettrick's Quay, and Bowes's Quay, but the whole of which is now known generally as the "South Quay." On the land side of the Quay there are a few quaint old buildings, and views may be got, looking seaward, which are worthy of the artist's attention. A view of the Quay, as seen from the river, forms one of our illustrations.

Our last engraving is a view of the stairs which lead down to the Bodlewel Ferry. Two ferries are still maintained at Sunderland, but they have lost their ancient importance. Before the erection of Sunderland Bridge they were of course the only means of transit across the river. We find, as early as 1153, the Bishop of Durham receiving a rent for a grant of the exclusive right of ferry over the river at Wearmouth. An unexpired lease of the same kind, held by one of the Ettricks of High Barnes, was purchased from the lessee by the commissioners of the new bridge in 1795.

Sunderland is as well abreast of the spirit of modern progress as any town in the North. It has not only a public park, a public conservatory, and a public library, but also a well kept and well arranged public museum and art gallery. It has even stolen a march upon the city of the Tyne and got a new Town Hall. But Sunderland has one advantage which Newcastle can never attain. Scarcely more than a mile from the bridge is the charming little sea-side village of Roker, with promenade and sands and park of its own. There, after his day's labour is over, the artisan can spend his summer's evening with his children. Roker is, of course, a delightful resort for the whole populace of Sunderland and the district, but I always think of it as especially a blessing for the toilers and the poor.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

The Nathaniel Ellisons.

NATHANIEL ELLISON, D.D., 1656-1721.



THE first of the local family of Ellison who bore the name of Nathaniel was the seventh son of Robert Ellison, M.P., and his wife Elizabeth, sister of William Gray, author of the "Chorographia." At what school he received his preliminary education has not been ascertained. The

Rev. E. Hussey Adamson supposes that he would become a pupil in the flourishing free grammar school of his native town, to the oversight of which Amor Oxley, sequestered from the head-mastership in 1645 for devotion to the Crown, had recently been re-appointed. Possibly, too, the literary uncle rendered useful assistance, imparting to the lad that passion for books and devotion to local history which characterised his manhood and old age.

Howsoever that may have been, the young man, destined for the Church, was sent in due course to Oxford and entered at St. Edmund's Hall. He was elected (June 22, 1677) on two years' probation, scholar of Corpus Christi College, the authorities there relaxing their rule as to age, and admitting him after he was nineteen, as they had done but once, a hundred years before, in the case of "the judicious" Hooker. On the 22nd February, 1678-79, according to Anthony Wood, he was admitted to the degree of M.A., and soon afterwards, Dr. Wood, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, who had married a sister of Sir James Clavering, of Axwell, made him one of his chaplains, and conferred upon him the Archdeaconry of Stafford, with a prebend's stall in Lichfield Cathedral.

Local preferment came in due course, though not in so pleasant and approved a manner as was desirable. The Rev. John March, royalist vicar of Newcastle, conceived that he had the right of bestowing as he pleased the morning lectureship of All Saints' Church, and on the 2nd of November, 1686, he gave it to Mr. Ellison. Some heat was engendered by the vicar's proceeding, for it had always been considered that the Corporation, who provided the income of the lecturer, had the right to nominate him. In a warm controversy between Vicar March and Dr. James Welwood respecting a sermon in which the former had affirmed the duty of passive obedience and non-resistance, Mr. Ellison's appointment was one of the barbs which the doctor launched at his irate clerical antagonist. It may be questioned whether, if the nominee of the vicar had not been an Ellison, the Corporation would not have showed their resentment in a tangible form. But having no objection to the man appointed, they overlooked the method of his appointment, and while Mr. March lived they took no formal step to visit upon him their displeasure. The very day after he died (December 3, 1692), they met and issued an order to stop the stipend of £90 per annum which they contributed to the vicar's income, "and not to pay to it any future vicar upon any pretence or account whatsoever." Subject to this reduction of income, Leonard Welstead became vicar; but his tenure of office was unusually brief. He died on the 13th November, 1694, and Bishop Smith of Carlisle conferred the living upon Mr. Ellison.

To mark their satisfaction at the election of a townsman to the highest ecclesiastical position amongst them,

the Corporation rescinded their sweeping resolution about the stipend, and agreed to renew their contribution of £90 per annum. Further, they undertook to repair the chancel of St. Nicholas' and to "beautify" the altar, or Holy Table, there. At the same time Mr. Ellison set the vicarage house in order. That venerable abode of the vicars of Newcastle, situated in Westgate Street, was a building of uncertain age and irregular formation, which had suffered greatly during the siege of Newcastle, fifty years before, and had been patched into a temporary but incommodious domicile. Mr. Ellison, at his own expense it is to be presumed, effected great improvements in the house, enabling Bourne to describe it in his time as being more "beautiful and convenient than it was wont to be, having been repaired and enlarged in the year 1694, by the Rev. and Worthy Dr. Ellison, the then Vicar."

Mr. Ellison took the degree of D.D. in 1702, and a couple of years later Bishop Crewe, who had already made him one of his chaplains, presented him to the rectory of Whitburn. To these preferments the bishop added, in 1712, the 5th prebendal stall at Durham, upon which occasion the Corporation again showed their gratification by addressing a letter of thanks to his lordship. They were evidently proud of the honours and preferments conferred upon their vicar. He was a man after their own heart, and they rejoiced at his aspiritual promotions; he was one of themselves, and they delighted in his prosperity. Unfortunately, their pleasures were not of long duration. He had been eighteen years vicar when he received the appointment to the stall at Durham, and for only nine years longer was he permitted to minister amongst them. He died on the 4th May, 1721, and on the 7th was buried under the east window of the south aisle of St. Nicholas'.

Dr. Ellison is described by Bourne, who knew him, as "a Man of good Learning and an exemplary Life, and was looked upon to be one of the best of Parish Priests for his constancy and usefulness in Preaching." Alderman Hornby, an antiquary and historical collector, states that he was "generally esteemed a man of learning and piety, and an excellent preacher, who made large collections of valuable books, and appears not to have done so for the sake of having a great library, but for another purpose, which there is no doubt of, from the manuscript in the blank pages of every one that I have seen, in which there is always some account of the author, and necessary references to other works, which evidently show the great reading and laborious study of the writer." The accuracy of Ald. Hornby's observations is confirmed by a couple of books formerly belonging to Dr. Ellison which are now in the collection of the present writer. In these volumes are copious MS. annotations (some in the doctor's writing, and some in that of a law

writer, but evidently penned from his dictation), accompanied by his signature in a neat and firm hand as follows:—



Some of the books he gave, a few months before his death, to St. Nicholas' Library; the remainder appear to have been dispersed. His own published writings were few and unimportant. He contemplated, like so many others, a history of Newcastle, and collected folios of material for that purpose, from which Brand, who was curate to his grandson, derived valuable information, after Bourne, whose inability to obtain the same privilege was a subject of great disappointment, had died without the sight. Three sermons constitute the whole of his contributions to local literature:—

The Magistrates' Obligation to Punish Vice. A Sermon Preach'd before the Right Worshipful the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriff, &c., at the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, October 8, 1699. Upon the Election of the Mayor. By Nathaniel Ellison, Vicar of Newcastle. Published at the Request of the Mayor and Aldermen. London: Printed by W. B. for Richard Randell, Bookseller in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c., 1700. 4to. 34 pp.

Of Confirmation. A Sermon Preach'd before the Right Reverend Father in God, the Right Honourable Nathanael Lord Crewe, Lord Bishop of Durham. At the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 23, 1700. By Nathanael Ellison, Vicar of Newcastle. London: Printed for John Wyat at the Rose in St. Paul's Church-yard. MDCCL. 4to. 24pp.

The Obligations and Opportunities of doing Good to the Poor. A Sermon Preach'd before the Right Worshipful the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Sheriff, &c., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At All Saints Church on All Saints Day, 1709. Upon the Opening of a Charity School there. By Nathanael Ellison, D.D., Vicar of Newcastle. Published at the Request of the Trustees. London: Printed for Richard Randell, Bookseller in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1710. 4to. 30pp.

In the correspondence of Bishop Nicolson, of Carlisle, are two letters from Dr. Ellison, one on the subject of the religious societies of his day, and the other relating to Robert Rhodes, the benefactor of St. Nicholas' and other Newcastle churches. Thoresby, the Yorkshire antiquary, states that the world was expecting from him a history of the Church of Durham, but there is no evidence that Dr. Ellison ever made preparations for such a work.

By his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Isaacson, of Newcastle (at St. Andrew's, April 27, 1691), Dr. Ellison had three sons and seven daughters. Of the former, John became vicar of Bedlington, as described in a previous article, Nathaniel succeeded to the living of Kirkwhelpington and Lesbury, and Robert settled at Otterburn—a country squire and justice of the peace. Three of the daughters married clergymen, another was united to her relative John Isaacson, and a fifth became the wife of William Fenwick, of Bedlington.

Nathaniel Ellison, M.A.

1737-1798.

Dr. Ellison's son, Nathaniel, the vicar of Kirkwhelpington and Lesbury, was an M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, and died on the 27th February, 1775, without issue. About him nothing of public interest is recorded. His nephew, Nathaniel, son of John Ellison, the doctor's first-born, was baptised in 1737, studied at Lincoln and Merton Colleges, Oxford, and obtained the living of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, on the resignation of his father, in 1766. He was a man of ability, and rose, partly by his own merits, and partly by family influence, to be vicar of Bolam, perpetual curate of Doddington, and domestic chaplain to the Earl of Tankerville. The lectureship, or curacy of St. Andrew's, he held for thirty-two years, during eleven of which he was assisted by the historian of Newcastle, the Rev. John Brand. Dying on the 1st August, 1798, aged 61, he was buried at St. Nicholas', where there is a marble tablet to his memory.

This Nathaniel Ellison married, January 12, 1773, Jane, daughter of Colonel Noel Furse, of Farnham, Berks, by whom he had numerous children. His eldest son, Nathaniel, to be noticed presently, was an eminent lawyer; his second son, Peregrine George, until his death a few years ago, was a well-known solicitor in Newcastle; the fourth son, Noel Thomas, fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, became rector of Whalton, Northumberland, and Hunspill, in Somerset, and died in 1859; Sarah, his third daughter, married Ralph Bates, Esq., of Milbourne, and Elizabeth married Major John Werge, by whom she had issue, Margaret, mother of Thomas Eustace Smith, Esq., formerly M.P. for Tynemouth, and Elizabeth, wife of the late Ralph Carr-Ellison, Esq., of Dunston Hill.

Nathaniel Ellison.

1786-1861.

The last man of mark in the Ellison family who bore the name of Nathaniel was the learned judge, still remembered by many readers as Mr. Commissioner Ellison of the Newcastle Court of Bankruptcy. Born in Newcastle on the 19th of March, 1786, the eldest son of the Rev. Nathaniel Ellison, Vicar of Bolam, he received his preliminary training at Durham Grammar School, and was admitted a commoner of University College, Oxford, on the 18th October, 1802. He was elected to a fellowship at Merton College in 1807, and took his M.A. degree in 1810. Being destined for the profession of the law, he became a member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar on the 22nd November, 1811.

Soon after his call, Mr. Ellison was appointed by Lord Chancellor Eldon one of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy in London, an office which he held till the establishment of a regular Bankruptcy Court there, under Lord Brougham's Act, in 1832. For the next ten years

he practised at the Chancery Bar. Upon the extension of the London system of bankruptcy to country districts in 1842, he received from the Crown the office of Commissioner of the District Court which was then first established in Newcastle, with bankruptcy jurisdiction extending over the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham. He held that important office down to the time of his death, a period of nineteen years, having for his Registrar Mr. W. Sidney Gibson, an enthusiastic antiquary, author of that magnificent work, "The Monastery of Tynemouth," and other books and pamphlets of local interest.

The writer of a biography of Mr. Ellison in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1861 (Mr. W. Sidney Gibson probably), tells us that Mr. Ellison brought to the discharge of his duties judicial qualities of a very high order. His great reading and long experience had stored his mind with a profound knowledge of the law; his retentive memory gave him a ready recollection of authorities and cases bearing on points in dispute before him; and his impartiality, urbanity, and patience were not less conspicuous than his learning. His judgment was so much respected that questions arising between the assignees and parties not within the Commissioner's primary jurisdiction were very frequently, by their consent, left to his decision; he seemed to court judicial labours, and never spared himself pains in the administration of justice.

For some time before his death, Mr. Commissioner Ellison was absent from his court through illness, but he continued to manifest a lively interest in its operations, and in discussing the altered law and procedure which the Bankruptcy Act of 1861 introduced on and after the 11th of October in that year. At length, on the 9th of December, a couple of months after the Act came into force, he could not be restrained from attending the court. He took his accustomed seat, and received from Mr. Joseph Watson, President of the local Law Society, the congratulations of the legal profession on his apparent recovery. It was his last appearance. Returning to his house at Stote's Hall, Jesmond, he sank rapidly, and on the morning of the 12th December, the third day after his visit to the scene of his judicial labours, he expired. His remains were buried in Jesmond Cemetery.

Mr. Ellison married Frances, widow of W. P. Greg, Commissioner of Bankrupts, by whom he had an only son, Nathaniel Frederick, and an only daughter, Caroline, who became the wife of the late Rev. John F. Bigge, rector of Stamfordham.

Robert Ellison,

COMMONWEALTH M.P. FOR NEWCASTLE.

Robert Ellison, kinsman and friend of the first historian of Newcastle, and a Parliamentary representative of the town during one of the most perilous periods of English

as the colleague of John Blakiston. Between these two popular representatives of Newcastle there cannot have been much in common. Blakiston was an ardent Republican, prepared to go the full length of his opinions, even though that course might overturn both Church and Crown. Ellison, from all we can learn of him, was a reformer who, while earnest in his demands for redress of grievances, hoped to obtain them within the ancient lines of the Constitution. For a couple of months after taking his seat he took no part in the proceedings of the House. His name first appears in the journals on the 23rd February, 1647-48, when he was appointed a member of a committee to which the House referred "An Ordinance for the more strict preservation of the Lord's Day, and all other days set apart by Authority for Publick Fasting and Humiliation." He occupied a similar position on the 16th June, 1648, upon an ordinance for "abolishing Deans, Sub-deans, Chapters, &c., and the sale of their possessions." In August following, the House, passing an order for payment of the garrison at Holy Island, desired Mr. Blakiston and Mr. Ellison "to take care of this business." And there his Parliamentary record ends. John Blakiston's name runs through the journals till death removed it; Robert Ellison's appears no more till the Commonwealth was dying. The omission is striking. It indicates that for some reason or other Robert Ellison ceased his attendance at Westminster within a year of his election.

What was that reason? Local history affords no clue, and conjectures are dangerous. The most probable answer to the question is that he did not approve of the course upon which, in the autumn after his election, Parliament embarked—a course which led to the arraignment, trial, and execution of the king. Many members of the House disapproved of these violent proceedings—so many, indeed, that on the 6th of December Colonel Pride, accompanied by a military force, went down to Westminster, seized forty-two representatives of the people, and stopped a hundred and sixty more from entering the Chamber. The object of this outrage, called "Pride's Purge," was to eliminate from Parliament the party who were inclined towards the monarchy. Robert Ellison, it is supposed, was one of Pride's victims, and thus the omission of his name from the journals receives an intelligible explanation. From a list of members of the Long Parliament, taken in 1652, a few months before its dissolution, it appears that both seats for Newcastle were vacant.

When the Commonwealth, drooping through three Parliaments summoned by Cromwell, and one convened by his son and successor, approached its end, and the Army invited the scattered members of the Long Parliament to resume their functions, Robert Ellison became once more a candidate for the representation of Newcastle, and was successful. Since his previous appearance in the political arena, he had devoted himself

to business, rescuing out of the wreck and ruin of civil war various commercial enterprises in which he was engaged, and building up a considerable fortune. He had acquired valuable landed estate at Hebburn and Jarrow, and at the time of his election was serving the office of High Sheriff for the county of Durham, having, a few weeks before, contracted his daughter Elizabeth in marriage to William, son of Edward Fenwick, of Stanton, High Sheriff of Northumberland.

Returning to Westminster in April, 1660, Mr. Ellison assisted in the restoration of the monarchy, and took an active part in the transaction of public business. As soon as the House assembled, he was placed upon the Committee for Privileges and Elections. Within a month afterwards he was serving upon four other committees of importance. Then the Corporation of Newcastle, who had paid him nothing for his previous attendance in Parliament, found means to recognise the value of his services. In the municipal accounts for September in that year appears the following entry:—

Paid Mr. Robert Ellison, by order of Common councell, the sum of £100 in parte payement of his sallarye the time he sate as burgesse for this towne in the longe parliament, the yeares 1647 and 1648; so paid £100.

"The time he sate as burgesse"; "the years 1647 and 1648"; these phrases, it is to be observed, indicate the duration of Mr. Ellison's first Parliamentary mission, and indirectly confirm the report of his exclusion by Colonel Pride. Curiously enough his second period of representation covered an equally short term. He helped to pass through the Commons a Bill for giving members to the county of Durham, was entrusted with the carrying up of that Bill to the House of Lords, and served upon numerous committees; but after the dissolution of Parliament in December, 1660, he appeared in the Legislature no more. Sir John Marley and Sir Francis Anderson, two uncompromising royalists, were restored to power in the municipality, and to them was entrusted the representation of Newcastle in the "Pensionary Parliament"—the first of Charles II.

In his commercial and domestic life Robert Ellison found compensation for the comparative failure of his political career. Prosperous in all his business undertakings, he gathered under his roof-tree in the Side a happy and harmonious family. With them, a welcome and honoured guest, lived, a great part of his life, the literary brother-in-law and uncle, William Gray. It was in their home, probably, that Gray planned and prepared that second edition of his book which now, by the kindness of Mr. Ellison's descendant, the late Lady Northbourne, finds an appropriate home in Gateshead Free Library. It was there too, doubtless, that he made his will, expressing his acknowledgment of the "comfort and contentment" which he had experienced in his "dwelling and cohabiting with them" and bequeathing to them the most of his property.

Fourteen children were born into the united home

circle in the Side, of whom nine were living, when, on the last day of June, 1665, the first great shadow was cast upon it by the death of the wife and mother. Seven years later, when other of his children had married, and the domestic circle was narrowed to three or four of the youngest, Mr. Ellison took a second wife, Agnes, widow of James Briggs. Bereavements followed in rapid succession. William Gray, his faithful brother-in-law, died at the beginning of February, 1673-74; his second wife departed a few weeks later; and in May, 1675, he lost his son-in-law, William Fenwick of Stanton. He did not long survive these troubles. Making his will on the 11th January, 1677-78, he expired on the 12th, and on the 15th was buried in St. Nicholas' Church.

Hulne Abbey.

IN the heart of the great parks belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, between two and three miles from Alnwick Castle, on an eminence commanding the river Alne and looking across it to Brislee Mount, stands Hulne Abbey, or, more correctly, the remains of Hulne Priory. We have before given some particulars of this fine old monastic building (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888), and are now glad to supplement them with further information and the accompanying views.

The curtain-wall is still standing, with two gateways, and with traces of corbelled turrets at the angles, and there are still three sets of the stone steps leading up to a

foot-walk on the top of it, whence a look-out was doubtless kept in seasons of danger. Near the centre of the enclosure thus fortified, adjoining the rest of the buildings, stands the additional protection of a tower, built by Henry, the fourth Earl of Northumberland, in 1488, as a tablet in the curtain wall testifies. Curiously, the accounts of the expenditure of John Harbottle, the receiver of the rents of this earl, have been preserved; and from them we have, not only corroboration of this statement, but word of the exact cost of the tower, which was £27 19s. 8d., including the construction of the archway which connects it with other portions of the buildings, the carriage of stone and lead, the price of the carpenters' work, and iron, new lock and keys. Recently the inscribed panel has been removed and placed indoors over a mantel-piece, on account of its decay from long exposure to the weather, and the increasing illegibility of the inscription; and a fac-simile has been placed in its stead in its old place. It reads:—

IN THE YEAR OF CRIST JHU MCCCCCLXXXVIII
THIS TOWR WAS BILDED SIR HEN PERCY
THE FOURTH ERLE OF NORTHUBERLAD OF GRET HON. AND
WORTH
THAT ESPOUSED MAUD YE GOOD LADY FULL OF VIRTUE AND
BEWT
DAUGHT'R TO SIR WILLIAM HARE'RT RIGHT NOBLE AND
HARDY
ERLE OF PEMBROCK WHOS SOULIS GOD SAVE
AND WITH HIS GRACE COSARVE YE BILDER OF THIS TOWER.

The arcading of the cloisters has disappeared, but we may still see the green central square, and the walls of several of the buildings that clustered round. Northwards are the remains of a long and narrow church, shown in our illustration, with its gables intact, its



HULNE ABBEY: THE TOWER.

single and double-light windows, doorways, sedelia, and part of its columniated piscina *in situ*, and a sacristy opening from the chancel on the south side. Eastwards are two long buildings, one of which is allowed to be the kitchen, and the other considered by some authorities to be a refectory, and by others a chapter-house. A chapel has been converted into a keeper's house. We may see the bath and well, the bakehouse and offices, the sites of farmery, malt-kin, mill, and other possessions. The chambers in the tower are of noble proportions, and are kept in good repair, as are some apartments west of the cloisters; and there is a charming oriel in one of them, shown in the view, from which there is a grand prospect over the sylvan scenes around. These are supposed to possess a remarkable resemblance to the characteristics of Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, which is said to have been the reason the site was selected for the foundation of the monastery. Gatherings of all kinds occasionally hold their meetings and enjoy their recreations in the prior's old apartments, owing to the courtesy of the noble owners of the possessions of the monastery; and the strong tower of the Earl of Northumberland still does good service.

It is estimated, that the paths and drives in Hulne and Alnwick Parks extend to forty-seven miles in length, and the high stone wall encompassing them measures about twelve miles in circumference. The beauty of the varied scenery is much enhanced by the Alne, which in some places flows placidly, and in others sparkles in little cascades over rocky impediments, and

in others, again, falls in dashing cataracts down deep descents. Here and there glades open among the forest trees, and in other places sheltered pastures spread out, still known by the names mentioned in old charters given to the monks hundreds of years ago. Everywhere wild flowers, ferns, and mosses are abundant. Some of the silver firs, by a spring called Our Lady's Well, or the Lady's Well, are of enormous height. Many of the monarchs of the forest have the appearance of being old enough to have seen the white-robed figures from the abbey on their errands of piety; and one old tree, specially, known as the trysting-tree, midway between Alnwick and Hulne, is accredited with being the *rendezvous* of the friars of both abbeys.

SARAH WILSON.

A Family of Artists.

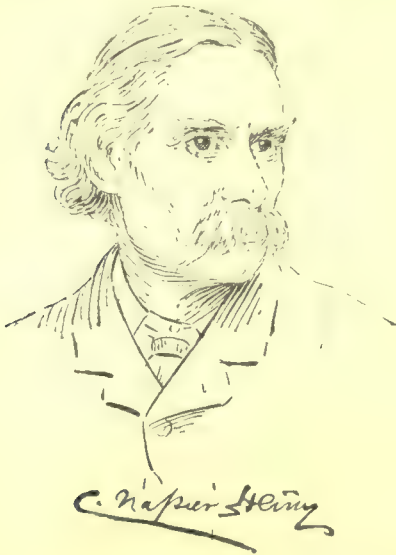
It is not often that three members of the same family acquire distinction, more or less marked, in the same profession. But this is just what has happened in the case of three of the sons of the late Henri F. Hemy, musical composer and teacher, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Charles Napier Hemy, the distinguished marine painter, the eldest of the three brothers, was born in Blackett Street, Newcastle, on May 21, 1841. It is recorded of him that he could draw before he could read. Be this as it may, at the age of twelve he



HULNE ABBEY: THE CHURCH.

exhibited so much promise that he was sent to study at the local school of art under Mr. W. C. Way. When he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, he was sent to Ushaw College, where he imbibed a devotional spirit that impelled him to join the Dominican fraternity. Afterwards he went to a monastery at Lyons, with the intention of joining the Roman Catholic priesthood. But his health proving precarious, he was obliged to abandon the idea. He, therefore, threw himself into the study of painting with greater zest than before. Mr. Hemy entered the bonds of matrimony about the age of 25, and was fortunate in the choice of a lady with ample means, thus enabling him to escape the struggles and temptations that beset the usual path of the artist. Shortly after he married he went over to Antwerp for the purpose of studying at the Academy of Arts in that city.



Here he remained for a couple of years, acquiring much valuable knowledge and experience, and associating with many rising artists, amongst them Mr. Alma Tadema. Mr. Hemy painted many pictures after the style of Baron Leys, of the Antwerp Academy, showing considerable fidelity to his master. But he subsequently returned to marine painting, for which he had always exhibited a strong partiality. Mr. Hemy's pictures have been before the public for many years. His picture "Saved," published by Bousod, Valadon, and Co., is perhaps the best known. Works by Mr. Hemy, descriptive of the Cornish coast and Cornish fishermen, have been seen on the walls of the Royal Academy and the principal exhibitions. Some years ago he went to reside at Falmouth, where he built an artistic residence, which is well stocked with bric-a-brac. Mr. Hemy's yacht, the *Van der Meer*, is well-known in every creek and cove of Cornwall. It is fitted up with a studio, and from it, in any weather, he is able

to obtain those realistic effects for which his paintings are remarkable. Our portrait is reproduced from a photograph taken in 1887 by Mr. F. Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington, London.

Thomas Maria Madawaska Hemy, who was born off Murter Var Rocks, near the Brazilian coast, in 1852, on board of the passenger ship *Madawaska*, bound to Australia, is the sixth son of the late Mr. Hemy. The early years of young Hemy, after being educated in Newcastle, were spent at sea, during which he met with many adventures, including shipwreck. Returning to Tyneside at the age of 21, he, like his elder brother



studied art under Mr. W. C. Way. Two years afterwards, we find his works hung on the line at the Dudley Gallery; the following year he was in evidence at the Royal Academy. Then he spent a couple of years at the Antwerp Academy of Arts, where he learnt figure drawing. Acting upon the advice of his friends, he went to reside at Sunderland, but has since taken up his residence in London. During one of Mr. Hemy's visits to the metropolis he received a commission to paint a picture in commemoration of Lord Charles Beresford and Engineer Benbow's gallantry up the Nile. "Running the Gauntlet" was the name given to this work, which

was a distinguished success. It was despatched on a tour in the provinces, and met with much approval, engravings of it being in great demand. The original work was purchased by Lord Charles Beresford. Another picture that has helped to build up Mr. Hemy's reputation is entitled "Women and Children First," which was reproduced by Messrs. Bousso and Valadon. "Rescue," an engraving of which appeared in the *Graphic*, has made the tour of the provinces. But his latest and most ambitious work is a representation of the heroic rescue of the passengers of the Danemark by Captain Murrell and the crew of the Missouri.



Bernard Benedict Hemy

Bernard Benedict Hemy, second son of the late Mr. Hemy, was born in 1845 in Eldon Street, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. At the age of seven years he had his first experience of the ocean, his parents having decided to undertake a voyage to Melbourne, Australia, in the clipper ship *Madawaska*, on board of which his brother, T. M. Hemy, was born. He spent about two years and a half in Australia, during which time the gold fever broke out, and he obtained his first impressions of a gold-seeker's life by going with his father to the diggings of Ballarat. When the family returned to Tyueside, Benedict also studied art under Mr. Way, but only for a time. Like his younger brother, he betook himself to the sea; like his elder brother, he prepared for the priesthood. But neither the ocean nor the priesthood seems to have suited him. So, like both his brothers, he turned his attention to art. Specimens of his works have been hung in the Dudley Gallery and the Suffolk Street Exhibition, London; also, at the autumn exhibitions at Liverpool. Mr. Hemy is married to Miss Elizabeth Tinwell, the grand-daughter of Mr. William Tinwell, author of the

well-known arithmetic. Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. H. Sawyer and Sons, North Shields.

The Buntings.



THE common bunting, corn bunting, or bunting lark (*Emberiza malaria*) is well known in the Northern Counties, as elsewhere, where the land is well cultivated and abounding in grain and grass. In summer it breeds plentifully in corn fields and meadows, where its humble and rather monotonous song may be frequently heard, sometimes from a hedge, but more frequently from a tall spike of corn or high weed in the meadows. The various members of this family are closely allied to the *Passerina*, or sparrow family, in which are included the various kinds of finches and linnets.

The male of the corn bunting weighs nearly two ounces, and is about seven and a half inches long. The peculiarly shaped bill is thick and short, of a pale yellow-brown colour. The upper part is smaller than the lower, and fits closely, groove-like, into it when closed. The iris of the eye is dark brown, and over it a faint line of pale yellowish grey. The plumage of the head, back, wing coverts, and tail much resemble that of the skylark. The chin, throat, and breast are a dull whitish or yellowish brown—the latter colour in winter, the former in summer—marked on the sides with streaked spots of dark brown, not unlike the breast of the song thrush, but more lengthened lower down. The dark brown feathers of the back assume an olive tint in



autumn. The wings have an expanse of thirteen inches. The tail, which is slightly forked, is dark brown, the edges of the feathers rather lighter coloured; legs of pale yellow brown, with a tinge of red; the toes dull yellow, and claws deep brown. In plumage the female closely resembles the male, but she is rather shorter and slimmer. The nest is built on the ground, often in

grass and cornfields, sometimes among the grass under a hedge, and occasionally even in a low bush.

The reed or black-headed bunting (*Emberiza schæniculus*), though by no means so common or well known as the yellowhammer, which will be next described, is known also as the chink, the black bonnet, the water sparrow, and the mountain sparrow. It is a bird of the waste, and frequents and breeds in wet and marshy places, by brook sides among the reeds, and peat mosses



where there is shrubby shelter. Mr. Hancock describes it as "a resident, common everywhere in both counties"—that is, in marshy places especially. It is, however, a partial migrant in different localities, and many, as the winter sets in, make their way southwards for warmer localities. The male bird, conspicuous by its black "cap"—hence one of its popular names—is larger and more handsomely plumaged than its mate. Both birds are sprightly and active in their movements, and elegant in appearance. They are wary and shy, and cannot be closely approached, except in the nesting season, when they are very solicitous for the safety of their nests and young. The length of the male is about six inches and a quarter. The short and stout bill is dusky brown above and of a paler shade beneath, and the iris of the eye is dark brown. From the base of the bill a white streak passes downwards, where it meets the white collar which cuts off the black "cap" of the crown and sides of the head. The black feathers assume reddish-brown tips after the autumnal moult until the following spring, and the colour becomes greyish white. The breast is a dull bluish grey-white, darkest on the sides, where it is also streaked with brown. The feathers on the back are blackish, bordered with a warm brown, interspersed with grey, which latter colour prevails lower down, the

shafts of the feathers being dusky. The wings expand to a width of nine inches and three-quarters. The greater and lesser coverts are dusky black, each feather being broadly margined with rufous coloured streaks, and the variegated plumage, with the glossy black "cap," gives the bird quite a smart appearance. The tail is rather long and slightly forked, the two outer feathers on each side being white, with an oblique dusky brown patch at base and tip. The legs, toes, and claws are dusky brown. The female is somewhat smaller than the male, and as she lacks the black head of her mate, she might easily be taken for a meadow pipit, as both birds sometimes breed in similar localities. The food of the black-headed bunting consists of insects and the seeds of reeds and aquatic plants. The vocal powers of the bird are small, and Meyer renders its note by the word "sherrip," pronounced quickly, not unlike that of the house sparrow. The note is most frequently heard when the bird perches on bushes or reeds. "The reed buntings," says Mudie, "are rather energetic in the air, and active in many of their motions, those of the tail especially, which are more rapid than even in those of the wagtail. The tail is considerably prolonged, spread, and forked at the extremity. The habit which the bird has of clinging to the flexible culms of the aquatic plants, with free use of its bill, so that it may bruise the husks and pick out the seeds, renders the powerful and ready motions of the tail, as a means of balancing, absolutely necessary. The security and even grace with which it rides, when the stems are laid almost level with the water, now on one side and then on the other, are well worthy of notice. It not only adheres as if it were part of the plant, but it contrives to maintain nearly the same horizontal position, with its head to the wind. In action, though not in song, it is the most interesting bird that inhabits the same locality." The nest, generally a neat structure, is usually in the vicinity of water, and seldom far from the ground.

The yellow bunting or yellowhammer (*Emberiza citrinella*) is a bird with which few schoolboys are unacquainted from of its conspicuous yellow plumage. Mr. Hancock describes it as a "resident, and common everywhere in the two counties." As might be expected, it has quite a variety of common names in divers parts of the country. It is known as the yellow bunting, yellow yowley, yellow yeldring, yellow yorling, yellow yoit, skite, &c. In the Northern Counties the most popular name of the bird is yellow yowley; and on the Scottish Border it is known as the yellow yorling and yoit. In a recent notice of a visit to the Isle of Arran, it is stated by the writer that the bird is known there as the Scottish canary. The yellowhammer was once plentiful in and around Jesmond Dene, Newcastle. The plumage of the male bird is somewhat variable, though the yellow colour predominates. The head, breast, and sides are of a bright yellow, with a

few streaks of dusky black and brown on the crown. The upper plumage and wing coverts are reddish brown, tinged with yellow. The wings extend to the width of eleven inches. The bird's song is humble and devoid of much variety. It is plaintive, and has been translated by English schoolboys into the words, "A very little



bit of bread and no-o-c-h-e-e-s-e!" The Scottish school-boys, on the other hand, translate the yellowhammer's song into, "De'il, de'il, de'il tak ye!" The yellowhammer, if not a bird of augury, is considered a bird of evil omen in Scotland, and is—or at least was—ruthlessly persecuted from ignorant motives. The "march of intellect," it is to be hoped, has now blown this cruel figment to the winds. Mudie refers to the absurdity as not being unknown in England. "The abundance and beauty of birds," he says, "do not in any way win them favour. Boys destroy the nests of yellow buntings from mere wantonness, and in some parts of the country break their eggs with a sort of superstitious abhorrence. What first gave rise to superstitions so absurd, and so contrary to all that we are taught to know of the nature of spiritual things, it is not easy to say; but, to the credit of the times, they are fast wearing out."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO WALLINGTON.



HIS favourite Northumbrian small pipes melody is, to use a colloquial phrase, "as old as the hills." The ballad that was originally sung to it is lost in hoar antiquity. The verses that were most recently sung to it are said to have been composed by a person of the name of Anderson, the miller of Wallington, who hunted with his landlord on a certain grey mare. On rent days, Anderson, who was a good piper, used to go with the other tenants to pay his rent—but not with money.

Taking his pipes under his arm, he amused landlord and tenants with his favourite tunes and songs all day long. The result of his piping was that he returned home with a receipt in full for the rent in his pocket, singing in triumph all the way to his little grey mare. The tune is in 9-8 time, and has been a favourite with small pipes players from time immemorial. It affords excellent opportunities for good players to indulge *ad libitum* in those variations they so much fancy.



O, canny lad, O,
Show me the way to Wallington.
I've got a mare to ride,
An' she has a trick o' galloping;
I have a lassie beside,
That winna give o'er her walloping.
O, canny lad, O,
Show me the way to Wallington.
Weel or sorrow betide,
I'll hae the way to Wallington.
I've a grey mare o' my ain
That ne'er gives o'er her galloping;
I have a lass forbye,
That I cannot keep fra' walloping.
O, canny man, O,
Tell me the way to Wallington.
Sandy, keep on the road;
That's the way to Wallington,
O'er by Bingfield Kame,
And by the banks o' Hallington;
Through by Bavington Ha',
And on ye go to Wallington;
Whether ye gallop or trot,
Ye're on the way to Wallington.

Off like the wind he went
Clattering on to Wallington;
Soon he reached Bingfield Kame,
And passed the banks o' Hallington;
O'er by Bavington Syke
The mare couldn't trot for galloping.
Now, my dear lassie I'll see,
For I'm on my way to Wallington.

John Clayton, Solicitor and Antiquary.

DEATH overtook, on the 14th of July, 1890, the oldest and probably best known citizen of Newcastle—the venerable John Clayton, who died on that day at his residence, The Chesters, near Hexham, in the ninety-ninth year of his age. Mr. Clayton, who was born on the 10th of June, 1792, and is believed to have been the oldest solicitor on the rolls, was the third son of Nathaniel Clayton, of Westgate House, Newcastle, and Walwick Chesters, Northumberland, Town Clerk and Clerk of the Peace for Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Claytons claimed descent from the Claytons, of Clayton Hall, in the parish of High Hoyland, Yorkshire, a family settled in that county for many generations. It was in connexion with commercial pursuits that we find the descendants of the Yorkshire squire, John Clayton, first appearing in Newcastle nearly a century and a half since. They were members of the Merchants' Company and the Hostmen's Company, and filled municipal offices in the Corporation of the town, where the names of Snow Clayton, Robert Clayton, and other members of the family figure with "credit and renown." The father of Mr. John Clayton, a man of great ability and astuteness, was, however, the person who laid the foundation of the wealth and influence of the family in Newcastle; and though, as King George the Third remarked of Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, "it is rare to find two Scotts in one family," the son was equal, if not superior, in point of ability, acuteness, industry, and intellectual power, to his remarkable father.

About the year 1796, Mr. Nathaniel Clayton purchased the estate of Walwick Chesters, on the west bank of the North Tyne, in the parish of Warden, and within a short distance of Chollerford Bridge. This estate, which formerly belonged in succession to the North-Country families of Errington and Askew, contains a part of the Roman wall, the foundations of the Roman bridge across North Tyne, and the site of a Roman station; and it is not improbable that these remains may have stimulated and encouraged in the mind of Mr. John Clayton that taste for the study of Roman antiquities which, during the whole of his life, formed his principal relaxation from the severer labours of his profession.

Mr. Nathaniel Clayton had five sons. They were all

men of remarkable natural ability, and those of them who distinguished themselves the least were always credited by the public with the possession of talent which would have made them remarkable if their easy circumstances and comfortable social position had not taken away the motive for exertion. The eldest son, Nathaniel, was educated at Harrow with Byron and Peel, and was afterwards called to the Bar. Byron mentions him in his diary as being a school monster of learning, talent, and hope, and remarks with a tone of regret that he did not know what had become of him. He became one of the London Commissioners in Bankruptcy, who from their number—seventy—were called by the legal wits "The Septuagint." When they were swept away by a newer system, Mr. Nathaniel Clayton received a retiring pension. Upon this, and the income of the large fortune he inherited from his father, he led a pleasant lounging life. His intelligence, his ability, his experience, and his wit made him the delight of his club in the season, and the much-sought guest of country houses in the autumn and winter. He hated, however, the Arctic atmosphere of country social gatherings, and made himself a little society at The Chesters, of which he was the social sun, diffusing pleasant life and warmth about him. He was never worried with the torments of matrimony, and the intelligent company of his sisters sufficed for him, with the addition of one or two intimate friends and neighbours. He died at The Chesters at a good ripe age, having won the esteem and goodwill of those who surrounded him, and having left behind him the impression that he might have earned fame, power, distinction, and the enmity of half his class had he put his powers to use. Michael, the fourth son, was bred to the lower branch of the profession, and succeeded to the head of the business which the careful forethought of his father had founded in London many years before Matthew, the fifth son, who, like his elder brothers, was an attorney and a bachelor, was one of the most capable leaders of the Conservative party in the North. He discharged, till his death in 1867, the duties of Clerk of the Newcastle Court of Conscience, in which he virtually performed the functions of a judge until the court itself was abolished. The Rev. Richard Clayton, Master of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, the youngest son, was a divine whose career has already been sketched by Mr. Welford. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 538.) His family of three sons are the inheritors of the name and reputation of the Clayton family. Mrs. Markham, one of the daughters of the first Town Clerk, died leaving a family, and the Rev. Richard Clayton left two daughters, one of whom was married to Mr. H. Allgood, and two sons, the eldest of whom, Mr. Nathaniel George Clayton, is now the head of the Newcastle firm, Mr. John Clayton having retired on the 1st of January, 1870, about a hundred years after his father entered on the study of the law.

When Mr. Nathaniel Clayton was Town Clerk, the

salary of that official was nominally £60 per annum, viz., £10 as Clerk to the Common Council, £10 as Clerk to the River Jury, £30 for attendance on the Mayor, and £10 for calling in the Corporation rents. On the appointment of Mr. John Clayton on December 22nd, 1822, it was resolved that a salary of five hundred guineas be paid yearly to the Town Clerk in lieu of the various demands for the performance of the different duties. As the Town Clerk was also the solicitor to the Corporation, a large professional income was derived by him from that source. Mr. Clayton, besides being Town Clerk, held many other offices—Clerk of the Peace, Clerk of Judicature, Clerk to the Magistrates, Registrar of the Court of Conscience, Prothonotary of the Mayor's and Sheriff's Courts, Clerk to the Commissioners of Lighting and Watching, Attorney and Solicitor to the Corporation, County Treasurer, Clerk to the Visiting Justices of Lunatic Asylums, Clerk to the Trustees of Gateshead and Durham Turnpike Road, Derwent and Shotley Bridge Road, Scotswood Road and Bridge, Steward of the Court Leet and Court Baron of the Manor of Gateshead, Steward of the Court Leet and Court Baron of Winlaton, Clerk to the River Jury, Clerk afterwards to the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, Joint Solicitor of the Newcastle and Carlisle, Newcastle and North Shields, and Durham Junction Railways; and he would no doubt have been called upon to act as Clerk of the Markets and Clerk of the Court of Pie-Powder had the occasion arisen.

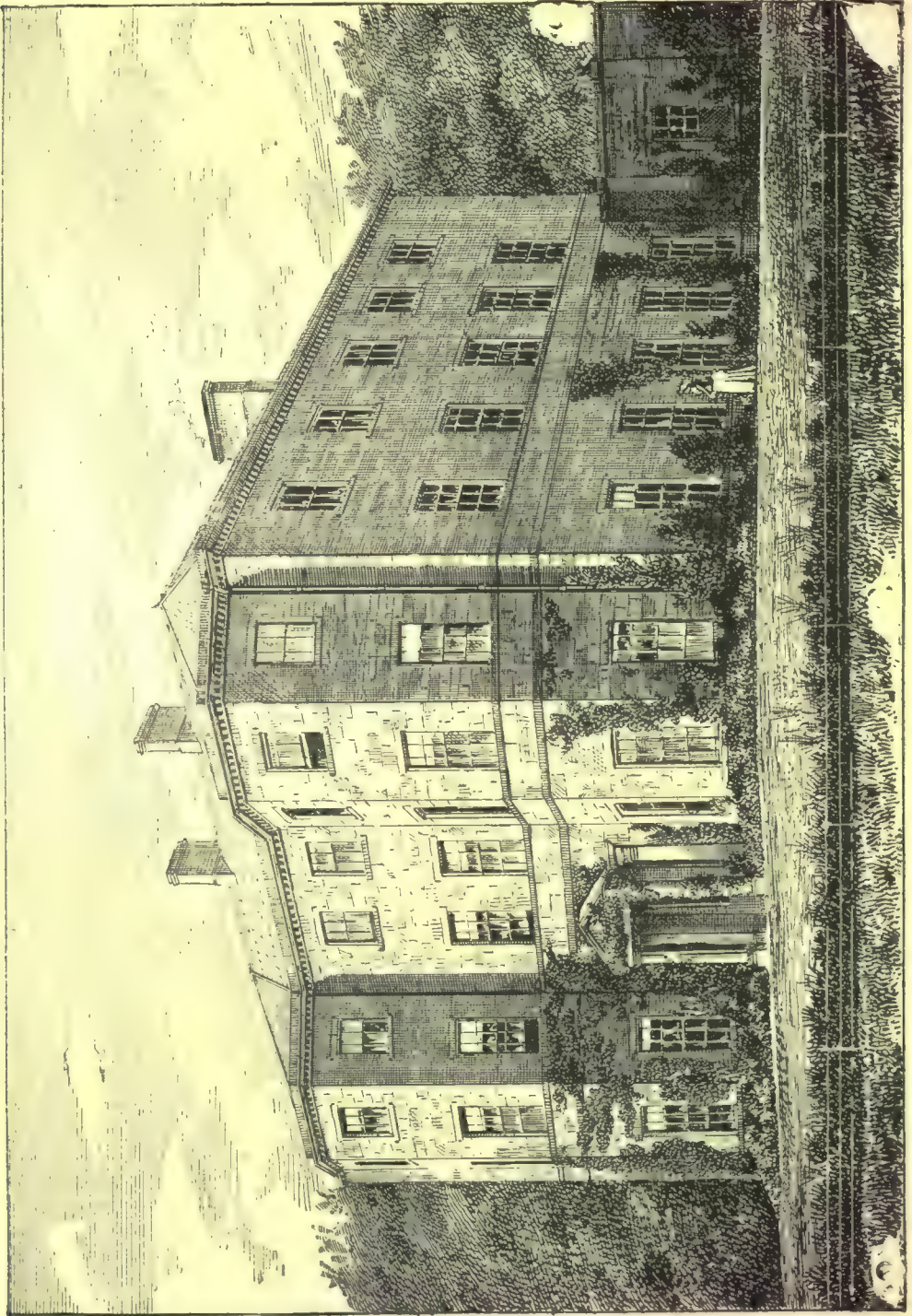
Mr. Clayton's name will be intimately associated with the improvements effected by Mr. Richard Grainger, as well as with the development of the railway system of which Newcastle forms the centre. As one of the solicitors of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company, of the North Shields Railway Company, and of the Durham Junction Railway Company, he lent all the weight of his name, his wealth, and his ability to carry through Parliament, in the face of determined opposition, the Acts necessary to authorise the construction of these iron highways which his sagacity assured him were destined to exercise a great and important influence on the destiny of the North of England. On the 22nd of May, 1834, the Blaydon, Gateshead, and Hebburn Railway Bill, intended to connect the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway with a deep-water shipping place on the Tyne, received the Royal assent. On the 30th July in the following year, Messrs. John Brandling and Robert William Brandling obtained Parliamentary powers to construct a railway from Gateshead to South Shields and Sunderland, and the company formed to carry out this scheme constructed by arrangement the western portion of the first-named line from Redheugh to Hillgate, Gateshead, which was opened to the public on the 15th of January, 1839. The line from South Shields to Monkwearmouth was opened on the 18th of June, 1839, and from Gateshead to Monkwearmouth on the 30th of

August in the same year. In 1834, Mr. Clayton, in conjunction with Mr. Harrison, the father of the late Mr. T. E. Harrison, the eminent railway engineer, Mr. Woods, Mr. Marreco, and other gentlemen, was successful in forming a company, called the Durham Junction Railway Company, to make a railway from the Brandling Junction to the Durham and Sunderland Railway, including amongst its works the Victoria Bridge and Viaduct, of grand proportions, spanning the river Wear. The Royal assent was given to the Act of Incorporation on the 30th of June in the following year, and on the 24th of August, 1838, during the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle the line was opened to the public. It was the construction of the Victoria Bridge which rendered practicable the bold scheme of Mr. Hudson for continuing the line of rails northward to Newcastle, after the cooling zeal of some of the promoters of the Great North of England Line would have allowed it to terminate at Darlington.

Of scarcely less interest than the record of his municipal career are the reminiscences of Mr. Clayton's connection with the River Tyne Commission. Previous to the withdrawal of the jurisdiction of the river from the Corporation of Newcastle, there were numerous local courts of inquiry held by commissioners specially appointed for the work. At all these inquiries Mr. Clayton had, of necessity, to appear as the defender of Newcastle and its river policy, and this very difficult task he performed with unflinching good temper and remarkable ability. When at length the struggle was over, and the authority hitherto possessed by Newcastle only passed into new hands in 1850, Mr. Clayton was at once selected to fill the onerous post of Clerk to the River Tyne Commissioners. His connection with that body continued until 1874, when the death of Sir Joseph Cowen, the chairman, and the retirement of Mr. John F. Ure, the chief engineer, impelled him to retire also.

On the 24th of August, 1852, the Archæological Institute held its meeting at Newcastle, the session lasting nearly a week. On the 30th, the antiquaries visited the Roman Wall, and were hospitably entertained by Mr. Clayton at The Chesters. Dr. John Collingwood Bruce delivered a learned explanation of the great barrier to the assembled *savants*. A few years previously Mr. Clayton had succeeded in unearthing many remains of great interest on his estate—among others some of the works of the Roman bridge over the Tyne at Chollerford, and the entrance and foundation of the Roman station of Borcovicus. The address which Dr. Bruce afterwards delivered to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, explaining Mr. Clayton's discoveries, was the beginning of the learned doctor's famous work on the Roman Wall.

Few public men in the North lived in greater privacy than Mr. Clayton. For public meetings upon any subject he had little partiality, and, as might be anticipated,



THE CHESTERS: RESIDENCE OF JOHN CLAYTON.

he seldom took part in the proceedings of such gatherings. In politics he was a Conservative; he was born in the faith, and died in it. Almost the only meetings he attended were those of the Town Council and the Society of Antiquaries, and so long as his duties called him to the former he was always at his post and always at home. The few public appearances he made as a speaker beyond the walls of the Council Chamber were chiefly at dinners. He spoke at the opening of the New Markets; he presided at the grand dinner given in Newcastle to Mr. Macready, on the occasion of that great actor's last visit to Newcastle; and he took the chair at the last of Thackeray's lectures on the Four Georges.

It was at a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Newcastle Corporation, held on Nov. 1, 1866, that Mr. Clayton first announced his intention of resigning the office of Town Clerk. It was not until several months afterwards, however, that the resolution of resignation was carried into effect, his retention of office being prolonged by a desire to carry to a successful issue the Magdalen Hospital Bill and certain other matters that were then pending. These objects accomplished, Mr. Clayton on the 5th of June, 1866, formally tendered his resignation of the offices of Town Clerk and Prothonotary of the Mayor's and Sheriff's Court, now known as the Burgess and Non-Burgess Courts, reserving, however, the office of



JOHN CLAYTON.

Clerk of the Peace for the county and town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which he retained till his death. At the following meeting, which was held on the 3rd of July, the resignation was accepted, and the late Mr. R. P. Philipson, by the unanimous vote of the Council, was installed in the vacant situation.

In personal appearance, Mr. Clayton reminded the stranger, more especially when on horseback, of the late Duke of Wellington; only his seat in the saddle was scarcely so easy and graceful as was that of his Grace. His dress was always professional. Black dress coat, black vest, and black trousers, somewhat loose fitting, were the unvarying integuments in which his outer man were wrapped up summer and winter, morning and evening, when on business and when on pleasure, if, indeed, he ever permitted himself to take pleasure. So consistently did he adhere to this style of costume that it is impossible for those who were familiar with his appearance to associate the idea of any other with him. Summer and winter he took a morning constitutional ride on the Town Moor, until old age overtook him. When the weather was unfavourable for out-door exercise, he walked an hour up and down the aisles of the New Market, or on the platform of the Central Station. Mr. Clayton was a familiar figure in the streets of Newcastle for more than three-quarters of a century. Owing, however, to his great age and accompanying infirmities, he had not, for some years before his death, been seen among the people who knew him so well.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

AN OVERFLOWING AUDIENCE.

One night, when the Wear Music Hall, at Sunderland, was crowded to excess, a man fell from the gallery into the pit. A carpenter who was sitting in the pit exclaimed, "Wey, that caps aall. The plyece is full, an' one ower!"

A HIGH WIND.

During a very stormy night, an American sailor was crossing the river Tyne on the Shields ferry. "Praise the powers," he exclaimed, "there are sufficient holes in my durned old stockings to let the wind go through without carrying off my new boots!"

REBUFFING A BACHELOR.

An old bachelor of an avaricious turn of mind came to the conclusion that, if he united his fortune with that of a certain well-to-do spinster, the result would be mutually advantageous. He therefore called upon the lady and broached the subject in this way:—"An say, canny hinny, aa think the Lord hes myed me for thoo, and thoo for me." But the good woman was not of the same opinion, for she replied:—"An can tell thoo that, if the

Lord myed thoo for me, thoo'll be flung on His hands, for aa'll hev nowt to de wi' thoo!"

COMING DOWN STAIRS.

At a village not a score of miles from Bedlington, a miner, who lived in an upstairs flat, accidentally fell down stairs. His wife, hearing the noise, ran to the scene, and called out:—"O Jack, hes thoo faallen doon stairs?" "Oh," Jack replied, "it makes ne mettor; aa wes comin' doon onnyway!"

A MELTON MOWBRAY COAT.

A Chester-le-Street character was bragging about the good appearance of a coat which had recently come into his possession. After setting forth all its superior qualities, he clinched the matter by bursting out:—"Man, it's a grand coat; a real Melton Mowbray!"

THE PITMAN AND THE MAGISTRATE.

A pitman had to cross a railway every morning on his way to work. One morning he left the gate open, for which he was summoned to the police court. On being asked by the magistrate the reason he left the gate open, the pitman replied:—"Wey, noo, luik heor, aa had buttur an' breed i' yen hand, an' ma hoggers i' t'other, an' ma picks ower ma back. Hoo could aa shut the gate, ye fond beggor?"

ROLLER TOWELS.

A young married woman who resides at Windy Nook was desirous of giving her husband a pleasant surprise. She therefore bought some new white curtains and hung them against the window. When her partner returned from his employment, she retired to the back premises, leaving him to perform his ablutions alone. After waiting for some time, she was horrified to hear him exclaim:—"Mary, these is varry bad rollor tooels; they're full o' holes!"

FUNERAL HONOURS.

A member of the Cullercoats Life Brigade called upon a gentleman in the village, who was also a member of the brigade. "Hev ye got a Union Jack in the hoose, Mr. Jackson?" "No," was the reply; "what do you want a Union Jack for?" The fisherman explained that another member of the brigade had just died, and that it was proposed to bury him with suitable honours, adding, "We will de the same for ye, when ye dees, ye knaas!"

TOOTHPICKS.

Two pitmen from the neighbourhood of Newcastle visited London, and, after "seeing the sights," they went to Spiers and Pond's restaurant. A polite waiter attended upon them. "Good evening, sir, what will you have?" "A good feed, man!" "And what may that be?" "We want a good dinner." Motioning them to one of the many small tables, the waiter next queried, "And what would you like?" "Ivverything." After going through the several courses, a glass of toothpicks was brought; whereupon one visitor, nudging his

companion, asked, "What have we to do wi' these?" "Chow 'em, like the others, man." Gravely each took a toothpick, and, after sucking it for a while, threw it under the table. The remainder were treated in the same way. As the men were leaving the restaurant, one of them remarked, "Them toothpicks wes varry tough, mistor, but we gat through 'em at the finish!"

TOO MUCH BRASS.

In the course of the performance of "The Gondoliers" at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, when the brass instruments in the orchestra were playing fortissimo, a man in the pit was heard to exclaim, "Be canny wi' them cornets thor, or we'll nivor hear a word o' the opera!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 11th of July, Mr. George Black, chief partner in the Spittal Forge, died at Berwick. The deceased was a native of Ford, Northumberland, and was about 66 years of age.

The death was announced, on the 12th July, of Mr. John Ramsay, an old pitman who, along with Martin Jude and others, was prominently identified with the miners' strike of 1832. Mr. Ramsay, who was a native of Kenton, and had latterly resided at West Cramlington, was in the 82nd year of his age.

Mr. Robert Swanson, who for a quarter of a century carried on business as a saddler in Gateshead, died suddenly at Cullercoats on the 12th of July. The deceased, who was an old political supporter of Mr. Joseph Cowen, was 64 years of age.

On the 12th of July, the remains of Mr. Slight, who had been for twenty-seven years superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School, Maple Street, Newcastle, were interred in Elswick Cemetery.

Mr. John Clayton, who for nearly half a century occupied the position of Town Clerk of Newcastle, died at his residence, The Chesters, near Chollerford, on the 14th of July, in the 99th year of age. (See page 422)

On the 15th of July, Mr. Joseph B. Simpson, a well-known tradesman in Middlesbrough, dropped down dead in his shop in that town.

On the same day, at the Chestnuts, in the city of York, died Mr. Richard Welch Hollon, J.P. In memory of his wife, who died about ten years ago, and whose family had been long and honourably connected with Morpeth, the deceased gentleman founded, in 1881, the Mary Hollon Annuity and Coal Fund, transferring to the Morpeth Council for this purpose stock valued at £7,111 1s. 2d. The fund is found sufficient to yield a revenue equal to pay, in quarterly instalments, £10 annually to each of 13 women and 12 men, "who have been of good character and are over 60 years of age." A drinking fountain was erected in the Market Place in 1885 to commemorate Mr. Hollon's name and munificence. The remains of the deceased, who was Lord Mayor of York in 1865, were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle.

Mr. John James Horsley, general grocer and provision dealer, died suddenly at his residence, Belle Vue, Alnwick, on the 16th of July. The deceased was con-

nected by membership with several public bodies in Alnwick. Mr. Horsley was the possessor of one of the finest private collections of silver and copper coins in the North of England.

On the 16th of July, there also died Mrs. Lintott, wife of the Rev. Canon Lintott, Vicar of St. Stephen's Church, Newcastle. The deceased lady took an active interest in the various organisations of the parish.

On the 17th of July, the death was announced from Bath, in his 66th year, of the Rev. John Pedder, some time Fellow and Tutor of Durham University College, and Principal of Hatfield College, London.

Mrs. Ann Snowdon, a niece of George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, died at Burradon on the 17th of July. She was the daughter of Joseph and Ann Burn, and was born at Woosingham House, near Black Heddon, on August 23rd, 1812.

Mr. James Thomson Milne, a native of Alnwick, died in Newcastle on the 18th of July, at the age of 51. The deceased was a poet of considerable merit, and was a frequent contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, winning several prizes in literary contests.

Mr. Richard Forster, of Shincliffe Hall, died suddenly on the 19th of July, aged 45. The deceased was well known in the coal trade, and for many years was consulting engineer for the South Hetton and Murton Collieries. Latterly, however, he had resided at Shincliffe Hall.

The death occurred suddenly, on the same day, of Mr. William Morton, of Gateshead, who was for upwards of twenty years in the employment of Messrs. Davison and Sons, Phoenix Flour Mills, Close, Newcastle, and as a traveller for that firm was very well known and widely respected throughout the North of England.

On the 19th, also, died the Rev. John Kelly, for many years minister of St. Andrew's English Presbyterian Church at Hebburn, and the editor of many literary works.

Mr. William Henry Atkinson, of Brighton Grove, Newcastle, a well-known artist in stained glass, likewise died on the 19th of July. He was 36 years of age.

On the 21st of July, the death was announced of Mr. John Witham Liddell, a well-known Northumbrian farmer, of Rot Hill, near Whittingham, and formerly of Middleton, near Morpeth.

On the same day, at Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, died Mr. Charles Atkinson, solicitor, of Morpeth.

Mr. T. G. Hurst, managing owner of Seaton Delaval Colliery, and one of the leading representatives of the North of England Coal Trade, died, on the 22nd of July, at his residence, The Cedars, Osborne Road, Newcastle, at the age of 66.

On the 24th July, the remains of Mr. Wm. Cole, of Low Fell, were interred in Lamesley Churchyard. The deceased, who was 82 years of age, had for well nigh sixty years occupied a prominent position in connection with the Wesleyan body.

On the 25th July, Mr. Wilfrid Tyzack, for many years manager of the South Medomsley Coal Company, died at his residence near Dipton, at the age 36 years.

On the same day, died Mr. Robert Stephenson, one of the oldest inhabitants of West Hartlepool, in which town he had conducted a successful drapery business since 1856, and in the public life of which he had taken an active part.

The Rev. Jonas Hoyle, vicar of Christ Church, Gateshead, died very suddenly on the 28th of July. The rev.

gentleman was ordained a deacon in 1865 by the Bishop of Ripon, and after working as curate in the diocese of York for four years, came to Gateshead in 1869, as curate under the late Archdeacon Prest at St. Mary's. He remained there until 1874, at which time the then new edifice of Christ Church was completed, and in recognition of his faithful work, and in response to what was known to be the desire of a large number of the inhabitants of the newly-formed district, the late archdeacon appointed Mr. Hoyle to be the first incumbent of Christ Church. Since that time he had continued to develop the work in connection with the parish, and had gathered around him a large congregation. The deceased gentleman left a widow, five daughters, and two sons.

Mr. William Aldam, of Frickey Hall, near Doncaster, and of Healey Hall, near Riding Mill, Northumberland, died at the latter seat on the 27th of July. The deceased gentleman was formerly chairman of the West Riding Court of Quarter Sessions, and at the time of his decease was chairman of the Finance Committee of the West Riding County Council. The Healey Hall estate, together with £90,000 in money, was left to him some years ago by Mr. Robert Ormston. Mr. Aldam was in the 77th year of his age.

On the 30th of July, was announced the death, as having taken place at his father's house in Manchester, of the Rev. Anthony Lund. He was born in 1860, and educated at Ushaw College, Durham, where he entered as a student in 1872. Mr. Lund was ordained to the Roman Catholic priesthood in August, 1885, since which time he had acted as assistant priest to the Rev. Philip Fortin at Waterhouses.

Mr. Robert Fairman, merchant tailor, of Blyth, died in that town on the 30th of July, aged 82. He was an ardent temperance reformer, and was one of the first to welcome and aid the initiation of the Good Templar Order in the North. The deceased was also one of the oldest local preachers belonging to the Wesleyan body.

On the 31st July, occurred the death of Mr. William Clarke, of Carr's Hill, Gateshead, senior partner in the engineering firm of Clarke, Chapman, and Co., Victoria Works, in that town. Mr. Clarke, who was 59 years of age, commenced his career at the Bedlington Iron Works, under the Longridges, who were second only to the Stephensons at that time. Coming to the Tyne in 1852, he was employed with Sir W. G. Armstrong and other firms, and founded the Gateshead business in 1864.

Mr. John Guthrie, of Hexham, died very suddenly on the 4th of August, aged 53. The deceased was a member of the Hexham Local Board of Health, of which body he was chairman from the year 1882 to 1887.

On the same day, died the Rev. Thomas Faulkner, rector of St. John Lee, near Hexham. Mr. Faulkner was in his 68th year, had held the living since 1875, and was for many years a member of the Hexham Board of Guardians.

Mrs. Sarah Bradley, widow of Mr. George Bradley, proprietor of the now defunct *Newcastle Guardian*, died on the 5th of August.

In his 73rd year, Mr. Mark Aynsley, who for almost half-a-century acted as land agent, in turn, for Sir Walter Trevelyan, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Sir George Trevelyan, died at Cambo on the 6th of August. The deceased was a great authority on the breeding and exhibition of shorthorns.

On the same day, at the advanced age of 81 years,

died Dr. William Davison, who played an important part in the public affairs of Alnwick. He was a son of Mr. William Davison, a celebrated printer and publisher, and founder of the *Alnwick Mercury*, now incorporated with the *Alnwick and County Gazette*. Dr. Davison retired from medical practice about thirty-five years ago.

Superintendent Charles Campbell, of the Westgate division of the Newcastle Constabulary, died on the 8th of August, at the age of 53 years. The deceased, who was a native of North Shields, joined the 26th Cameronians, and served five years in Bermuda, after which he bought his discharge in Dublin on February 16th, 1860. Mr. Campbell was stationed in the Newcastle Barracks during his service in the army, and was called to duty at the great fire on the Tyne in October, 1854, in which one of his superior officers lost his life. Immediately after his discharge from the army in 1860, he joined the police force, and was made superintendent thirteen years ago.

Mr. George Noble Clark died at his residence, St. James's Street, Newcastle, on the 7th of August. He was the son of Mr. Joseph Clark (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 507), who on Christmas Day, 1779, married Miss Elizabeth Hindmarsh, a cousin of George Stephenson, the



George Noble Clark

eminent railway engineer. The marriage took place in St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Hugh Moises, the famous head master of the Grammar School. On the 21st June, 1805, George Noble Clark was born in his father's residence, Newgate Street, Newcastle, so that at the time of his death he was in his eighty-sixth year. Trained to the medical profession, young Clark, after holding several appointments, commenced, in March, 1828, practice on his own account, in the house in which he was born in

Newgate Street. During the cholera epidemics of 1832 and 1853, he rendered valuable assistance in assuaging the ravages of that disease, and he was a leading witness before the Commission by which the second outbreak was followed. Mr. Clark was an active freeman of Newcastle, and he was also for a short time a member of the Town Council. He took part in the promotion of the fund to erect a monument to the late Mr. Archibald Reid, who for seven times was Mayor of Newcastle. This monument stands in Jesmond Cemetery; and the inscription, which is admired as a piece of literary work of no mean merit, was from Mr. Clark's pen. The deceased gentleman was a prominent member of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and was long identified, as treasurer and trustee, with the Newcastle Savings Bank.

On the 9th of August, Mr. Robert Spence, a member of the firm of Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co., bankers, Newcastle, died at his residence, Rosella Place, North Shields, in his 73rd year. Mr. Spence was a member of the Society of Friends, and a brother of Mr. Alderman John Forster Spence, of North Shields. The deceased gentleman was an enthusiastic collector of coins, engravings, autographs, and literary curiosities, his collection including the original MSS. of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends.

Mr. John Henry Rutherford, secretary to the Newcastle Infirmary, Dame Allan's School, and some other public institutions, died at his residence in Ridley Place, Newcastle, on the 10th of August, at the age of 58. The deceased gentleman commenced his career in the commercial department of the *Gateshead Observer*, and was subsequently connected, in a similar capacity, with the *Northern Daily Express* and the *Newcastle Courant*. For a time he was part-proprietor, and afterwards sole proprietor, of the last-named paper.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JULY.

11.—Mr. Joseph Arch, the well-known agricultural labourer, addressed a mass meeting in the Albert Hall, Jarrow, under the auspices of the Tyneside and National Labour Union of Great Britain and Ireland. On the following evening he spoke in connection with the same movement in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle.

12.—The Durham miners held their annual demonstration on the Race Course at Durham. Mr. John Forman presided at one platform, and Mr. Alderman Fowler at the other. The speakers included Mr. Pickard, M.P., and Sir J. W. Pease, while the attendance was believed to be the largest ever witnessed on any previous similar occasion. There was also a very large assemblage at the twenty-eighth annual gala of the Northumberland miners, which was held on the Castle Banks at Morpeth. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Nixon, and the speakers included Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., and Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P.

—At the Newcastle Assizes, Sarah Grieves and John Grieves were indicted for the manslaughter of their infant child, who had died from horrible neglect. The man was acquitted, but the woman was convicted and sentenced

to five years' penal servitude. On the same day and in the same court, John Melville, who was charged with the manslaughter of Ann Melville at Gateshead, was found not guilty. The man Grieves, at the age of 32, died very suddenly on the 18th of the month.

14.—The Rev. J. H. Jowett, pastor of St. James's Congregational Church, Bath Road, was presented, on behalf of the congregation, with a piece of plate and a purse of gold, in commemoration of his marriage in May last. (See *ante*, p. 333.)

—A commencement was made with the removal of the inmates and furniture from the old to the new Workhouse connected with the Gateshead Poor-Law Union. The work was completed without a hitch.

15.—A verdict for £2,150 damages was awarded by a jury at the Northumberland Assizes to Mr. Thomas Slyn, engineer, as compensation for injuries sustained by an accident on the North British Railway at Wark, on the 15th of October last. (See vol. for 1889, p. 573.)

—At a meeting in the Council Chamber, West Hartlepool, the honorary freedom of that borough was conferred upon Sir William Gray. On the same occasion, Mr. Alderman George Pyman was presented with an oil-painted portrait of himself, and Mrs. Pyman with a diamond bracelet. In the evening Sir William Gray was entertained at a banquet in the Armoury, the chair being occupied by the Mayor. (See *ante*, p. 333, and vol. for 1889, pp. 280, 313.)

—Catherine Ann Hobbs, a girl 14 years of age, died at Jarrow from the effects of injuries received by the explosion of a paraffin oil lamp.

16.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale (Prince Albert Victor) laid the foundation stone of new courts of justice at York, and opened the summer exhibition of pictures in connection with the York Fine Art Institution.

—A large number of bones, evidently the remains of persons buried a century ago, were discovered in Southgate, a narrow lane running by the south side of Bishopwearmouth Churchyard, Sunderland.

17.—The annual show of the Durham County Agricultural Society was opened at West Hartlepool.

—Mr. J. S. Foggett and Mr. William Philipson, Jun., of Newcastle, received the honorary freedom of the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers and Coach Harness Makers, London.

—Mr. John Wilson, Gladstonian Liberal, was returned to the House of Commons as member for Mid-Durham, in room of the late Mr. William Crawford, with 5,469 votes; his opponent, the Hon. Adolphus Vane-Tempest, Conservative, having received 3,375 votes.

18.—The Biscayo, a vessel belonging to the Anglo-Siberian Trading Syndicate, left the East India Docks, London, for Siberia, by way of the Kara Sea; but, owing to the unavoidable detention of his vessel at Rio de Janeiro, Captain Wiggins was unable to take command of the expedition. (See vol. for 1889, pp. 526, 547.)

19.—At Durham Assizes, Sarah Gertrude Hall, a young girl, recovered £1,050 damages from the North-Eastern Railway Company, for personal injuries sustained in the accident at Ryhope.

—A young man named Thomas Bartram, 17 years of age, belonging to North Shields, was drowned while bathing in the river Tyne at Hexham.

21.—A summary was published of the will of Mr. John Clayton, dated April 3, 1886. Mr. Nathaniel George

Clayton, Mr. John Bertram Clayton, and Mr. William Gibson were trustees and executors. The legacies to the local charities were:—Newcastle Infirmary, £500; Newcastle Dispensary, £200; Prudhoe Convalescent Home, £200; Northern Counties Orphanage, Philipson Memorial for Boys, £200; the Abbot Memorial Orphanage for Girls, £200. The testator, after devising a number of legacies to relatives, friends, and domestic servants, bequeathed the remainder of his estate to certain specified members of his family. The personality was sworn at £728,746 8s. 4d. gross, and £723,405 8s. 10d. net.

—At the Durham Assizes, Frederick Terry (21), labourer, was found guilty of the murder of a young woman, named Dennis, at Stockton; but the jury, after hearing medical evidence, being of opinion that he was insane at the time, he was ordered to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure.

22.—Mr. Justice Chitty granted a winding-up order in connection with the Newcastle, Northumberland, and Durham Permanent Building Society.

—Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Newcastle, were indicted on eleven counts at the Durham Assizes, for breaches of the Explosives Act. The breaches took place in September and October, 1889, when the defendants anchored a barge laden with ammunition at the Jarrow Slake. On the 3rd of October an explosion took place, killing one man and injuring others. The jury gave a verdict for the Crown, and a fine of £250, being £25 for each day on which the offence was committed, was imposed by Mr. Justice Charles.

—At the same Assizes, Thomas Dennison, who pleaded guilty to the embezzlement of moneys belonging to the Onward Building Society at Darlington, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment by Mr. Justice Wills, who expressed his belief that the prisoner had been an accessory in the case. A charge of attempted suicide, on which Dennison had also been committed, was withdrawn.

—John Butewright and Arthur Smith, fishermen, were capsized and drowned while crossing the bar in a boat at the mouth of the Tyne.

—By a majority of 31 votes against 8, the Newcastle City Council decided that a new Town Hall and Municipal Offices should be erected on a site yet to be defined.

—Patrick Boyle was sentenced at Durham Assizes to 18 months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of Isabella Daglish, or Bone, at Gateshead.

—The foundation stones were laid of a new Wesleyan Chapel at Stanley.

—At the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, a complimentary benefit was given to Mr. Alfred Sidney, on the occasion of the severance of his connection with the Tyne Theatre, where for a long time past he had officiated as acting manager.

24.—The annual show of the Northumberland Agricultural Society was held at Alnwick, and was in all respects a great success.

—Mrs. Hollingsworth, a working man's wife, residing in Conyers Road, Byker, Newcastle, was safely delivered of triplets—two boys and a girl; but one of the infants died in the course of the day.

—It was announced that the Board of Trade had created a North-Eastern Fisheries District, in accordance with the Sea Fisheries Regulation Act, 1888, and in answer to the application made to that effect by the County Councils of Durham, and of the North and East

Ridings of Yorkshire, and by the Borough Councils of Sunderland, Kingston-upon-Hull, and Scarborough.

—Mrs. Margaret Park, aged 36, widow of the late Councillor Park, Sunderland, died at her residence, Brookland, in that town, from the effects of blood-poisoning, caused by the bursting of a ginger-beer bottle which she was trying to open.

25.—At a conference of authorities of Miners' Permanent Societies and others at the Mansion House, London, a resolution was passed urging the committee of the Hartley Fund to maintain the surplus intact, and obtain powers to appropriate the interest to large accidents.

—A fire occurred at Sandhoe House, near Hexham, the residence of Mr. Hugh Fenwick.

26.—John George Devey, an innkeeper at Redmarshall, near Stockton, committed suicide by shooting himself.

—A vegetarian banquet, under the auspices of the Newcastle Dietetic Reform Society, was given in the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond Dene, the chair being occupied by the Rev. W. Moore Ede.

—An interesting ceremony took place at Tynemouth in the launching of three finely-modelled pleasure boats, bearing the now familiar names—"Father Chirpie," "D.B.S.," and "Uncle Toby," as additions to the fleet of Messrs. Ferguson. Besides a very large gathering of youthful members of the Dicky Bird Society, and the children from the Whitley Village Homes, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Dröge and family, Mr. Councillor Marshall, Captain and Mrs. Marshall, and many others interested in the work of the society and the welfare of young people generally. The handy little craft were gracefully christened by Miss Dröge, and cheers were given for Uncle Toby and the D.B.S.

—It was ascertained that in accordance with the sliding scale arrangement there would be a reduction of 3d. per ton on puddling, and of 2½ per cent. on all other forge and mill wages in connection with the Northern iron trade.

28.—The new No. 19 Coal Shipping Drop, constructed at a cost of about £31,000 by the River Wear Commissioners in the Hudson Dock South, Sunderland, was formally opened by Mr. James Laing, chairman of the Commissioners.

—William Hart and Walter Wilson, two young men belonging to Leeds, were drowned while bathing at Redcar.

—A boat was picked up, bottom upwards, at Whitburn, which had been hired at Roker on the 26th by five persons from Wardley Colliery. The whole of the occupants of the boat had been drowned.

—A meeting in furtherance of an allotment scheme in connection with the intakes on the Town Moor was held in Newcastle. It was decided to form a committee to attend the letting of the intakes, and to secure a suitable plot for allotment gardens.

—Mr. James Weatherston was elected assistant-overseer for St. Nicholas', Newcastle, in room of the late Mr. T. D. Pickering. The other candidates were Mr. W. J. Frater and Mr. Jonathan Cooke.

29.—Mr. George May, of Simonside Hall, near South Shields, was elected, without opposition, a member of the Durham County Council, in the place of Mr. E. J. J. Browell, J.P., of East Boldon, who had been appointed an alderman in the room of the late Mr. William Crawford.

—The nineteenth annual conference of Poor-Law Guardians of the Northern Counties was held at Gilsland.

—From the first report of the Newcastle Tree Culture and Protection Society, it appeared that 319 trees had been planted in the city through the medium of the organization.

—It was found that the chief honours at the Barry Artillery Camp, Dundee, had been carried off by the Durham detachments.

—A reduction of 5 per cent. in wages was accepted by the steelmakers of the North of England and West of Scotland; and a resolution was unanimously adopted agreeing to the formation of a board of arbitration and conciliation.

30.—It was officially stated that Mr. Cruickshanks, governor of Bristol Prison, had been appointed governor of Her Majesty's Prison at Durham, in the place of Lieut.-Colonel Armstrong, resigned.

—At a meeting held in Newcastle, under the auspices of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union and the Labour Union, a resolution was carried binding those present to refuse to purchase Danish goods from any shopkeepers, pending the Danish sailors' strike at Copenhagen.

—Judgment was delivered in the Court of Appeal, deciding that there should be a new trial in the case of the action brought by Mr. C. W. Wilson, Newcastle, against the North-Eastern Railway, for injuries sustained through the accident at Ryhope, unless the plaintiff (Mr. Wilson) agreed to reduce the verdict for £4,000 which had been given by a jury at the Newcastle Assizes to £2,000.

31.—It was stated that the living of Killingworth, rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. J. S. Blair, had been presented to the Rev. E. B. Hicks, M.A., senior curate of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle.

—The joiners employed in the Tyne-shipyards, to the number of 1,500, came out on strike against the award of the umpire, Mr. T. Burt, M.P., in the recent arbitration between the shipwrights and joiners as to the apportionment of ship work to be made to each class of men.

AUGUST.

1.—The first of a series of open-air concerts for poor people, promoted by Mr. T. Stamp Alder, was given in the grounds of All Saints' Church, Newcastle.

—The troops composing the Northumberland (Hussars) Yeomanry Cavalry were inspected on the Newcastle Town Moor by Colonel C. W. Duncombe.

—At the quarterly meeting of the Stockton Town Council, a draft agreement for the sale and purchase of the land in Hartburn fields for a public park was submitted, and the Town Clerk was directed to insert the name of Major Ropner as purchaser, it being understood that, as soon as the purchase was completed, that gentleman would execute a deed of gift to the Corporation.

2.—Mr. William Cochrane was elected president of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers.

—The Rev. W. Dryburgh, B.D., was inducted to the pastorate of Swallow Presbyterian Church.

—Mr. Charles T. Johnson, of Newcastle, was appointed assistant engineer and surveyor to the Corporation of Stockton.

4.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Sunday Music

League, it was resolved to discontinue the band performances for the present. Seven concerts had been given, and the balance sheet of the Band Fund showed a deficit of £3 16s. 2d.

—The annual meeting of delegates representing the Tyneside and National Labour Union was opened in Newcastle.

—The annual Legislative Council of the British United Order of Oddfellows was held at Darlington, under the presidency of Mr. John Purvis, Newcastle, Grand Master.

—The members and friends of the Tyneside Geographical Society had an excursion to Falloden, the company being the guests of Sir Edward and Lady Grey.

—This, as the first Monday in August, was Bank Holiday, and it was generally observed in Newcastle.

—It was concluded, owing to their non-return, that three men had been drowned between Yarm and Stockton on the previous night, by the capsizing of a small boat.

—A man named John Dinwoodie, of South Shields, was drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the river Tyne, near the Fish Quay, at North Shields.

5.—The grease and oil distillery belonging to Mr. J. B. Coxon, in Wilson Street, Monkwearmouth, was destroyed by fire.

—A well-attended meeting, in favour of leasehold enfranchisement, was held in the Mechanics' Hall, Jarrow, and was addressed by Mr. Lawson, M.P.

6.—At a meeting at the Newcastle City Council, Mr. J. G. Youll tendered his resignation as alderman, and was unanimously elected to the office of Clerk of the Peace.

—The annual meeting of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes was held at Jarrow, under the presidency of Sir Charles Mark Palmer, M.P.

—A report was adopted by the Newcastle City Council sanctioning the payment to the Exhibition Executive Committee of £200, in settlement of all claims against the Model Dwelling, that building afterwards becoming the property of the Corporation.

—Joseph Lankester, a single young man, 23 years of age, died from injuries received through the accidental bursting of an ingot at the Consett Steel Works on the previous day.

—Edward Graham, 21 years of age, a miner, was drowned while bathing in the river Wear, near Tudhoe.

7.—At a meeting of the Morpeth Town Council, a committee was appointed to inquire into the disappearance of a silver punch bowl, the silver measures, and the ancient halberds belonging to the Corporation.

8.—The seventy-third half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the North-Eastern Railway Company was held at York. Mr. John Dent Dent, chairman of the directors, presided. The report was adopted, and a dividend of 6½ per cent. was declared.

—Mr. Joseph Cook, of North Biddick Hall, was elected a member of the Durham County Council for the Washington Division.

—The twenty-seventh annual show of the Coquetdale Agricultural Society was held at Rothbury. On the same day was held the ninety-first annual show of the Barnard Castle Agricultural Society.

9.—A number of antiquarian relics and a handsomely paved Roman bath were discovered at Westerton Folly, near Bishop Auckland.

—As the result of a ballot which had been instituted among the Durham miners, 30,484 voted for insisting on

a seven hours shift from bank to bank, the number who voted against this course being 8,728.

—A general meeting of Northumberland colliery enginemmen was held at Morpeth, when it was decided to accept the owners' offer to advance the wages of all classes of enginemmen 1d. per day. The offer to reduce the colliery locomotive men's hours to 11 per day on the terms proposed was declined.

General Occurrences.

JULY.

12.—The Princess of Wales performed the inaugural ceremony of opening the first meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley.

—Mr. Henry Morton Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, was married at Westminster Abbey to Miss Dorothy Tennant, a lady who has achieved considerable distinction as an artist. Miss Tennant has paid several visits to the North of England—once as the guest of Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., in Newcastle; at other times as the guest of Sir George and Lady Trevelyan at Wallington. While at Wallington she was in the habit of visiting the village school at Cambo, where she talked pleasantly and instructively to the children, illustrating her remarks, much to the scholars' delight, by sketching on the blackboard. In addition to this, she painted a picture of "Boys at Play." It is of considerable size, and is now hung in a conspicuous position on one of the walls of the school-room. It represents a number of boys turning somersaults on the bar of a fence—the merry-eyed, healthy-cheeked, bare-legged tatterdemalions that she loves to put into her pictures, and with whom she feels so much sympathy. The accompanying sketch is copied from the picture at Cambo.

13.—Great damage was done in the town of St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S., by a cyclone. About two hundred lives were lost.

18.—The Atlantic liner, *Egypt*, was completely burnt about 1,100 miles from Land's End. The crew was saved; but the entire cargo was destroyed.

—Hammerfest, a town in the North of Norway, was destroyed by fire.

—Some members of the second Battalion of Grenadier Guards having been found guilty of insubordination, four of them were sentenced to two years' and two others to eighteen months' imprisonment. The battalion was afterwards sent to Bermuda.

22.—The Wesleyan Conference was opened at Bristol,

and Dr. W. F. Moulton was elected president for the year.

—Sergeant H. Bates, of Birmingham, won the Queen's Prize at Bisley.

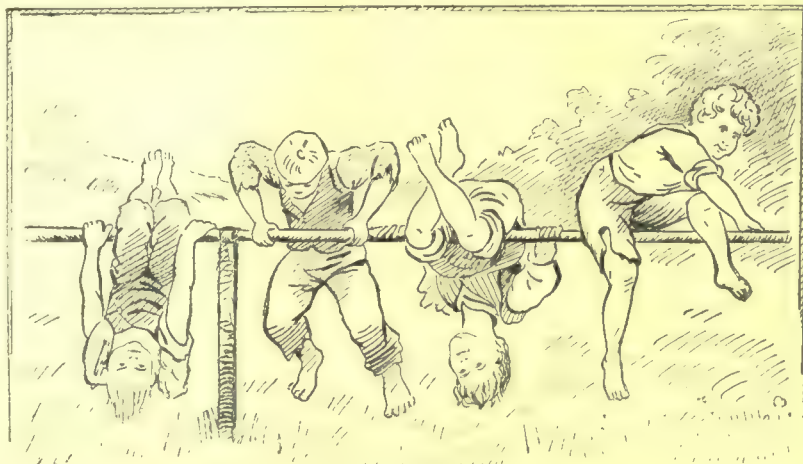
26.—A revolt broke out at Buenos Ayres, when severe fighting took place in the streets. Dr. Pellegrini subsequently assumed the presidency of the Argentine Confederation in place of Dr. Celman.

30.—An action brought by Viscount Dunlo on the 23rd against his wife, Lady Dunlo, better known as Miss Belle Bilton, a music hall singer, for dissolution of marriage, was dismissed with costs.

—The publication of abstracts of repressive edicts against the Jews in Russia aroused universal indignation. It was afterwards stated that the operation of the laws was postponed for a year.

AUGUST.

1.—The Sultan of Zanzibar issued a decree against slavery.



—A mysterious tragedy occurred in London. Mrs. Townsend, the wife of Dr. Knowlson Townsend, was found dead at her residence, 14, Park Road, New Cross. In the same room Dr. De la Motte, a friend of the Townsends, was also found dead. Both deaths were subsequently found to be due to prussic acid, and a coroner's jury returned an open verdict.

4.—The German Emperor arrived at East Cowes on a visit to the Queen at Osborne.

6.—A man named Kemmler was executed by electricity at Auburn Prison, New York. After the first shock, the victim was found to be still living, and other two currents had to be passed through his body before death ensued.

—A strike began of servants in the employ of the Taff Vale, Rhymney, and Barry Railway Companies, South Wales, the question in dispute being the scale of wages and the hours of labour. The whole trade and commerce of South Wales was paralysed.

9.—Heligoland was formally transferred to Germany in accordance with the Anglo-German Agreement.



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Branxholme Tower.

THREE miles west of Hawick, on the sloping northern shore of the river Teviot, stands Branxholme Tower. It occupies a position which, in the old days of war and bloodshed, would be deemed a strong one, but which in these more peaceful times is changed to one of picturesque beauty. Behind it a long line of green hills rises gently from the river. On the east, a brawling streamlet, which tradition terms the Bloody Burn, owing to its having run red with blood during some old-time foray, has carved for

itself a precipitous course. In front, "sweet Teviot's silver tide" ripples on with gentle murmur to the Tweed. Goldieland's Peel looks out from its wooded eminence like some "hoary sentinel"; while in summer the fields around wave with the ripe yellow corn, and the hillsides glint with the yellow and green of the broom and the bracken.

From the accompanying sketch (for which the writer is indebted to Mr. James Hogg) it will be seen that Branxholme at present consists of a long plain building with a tower at its western extremity. The former is of com-



paratively recent date, the tower being the only part left of the old keep. It is supposed by some that the building originally consisted of a large quadrangle with one such tower at each corner. Two of these bore the names of Tentifute and Nebsie, the latter name being applied to the tower still existing. However, Mr. David Macgibbon, a Scottish architect who, in conjunction with Mr. T. Ross, is at present engaged in publishing a valuable work on the "Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," is of opinion that the buildings were shaped like the letter Z, a form once somewhat common in Scotland.

Behind the tower stands a venerable ash, bearing the name of the Dule or Hanging Tree, on which, doubtless, many a stout Border riever and mosstrooper has paid the last penalty of his marauding propensities. The greater part of it has been blown down, and what remains is sorely mutilated.

Apart from the historical associations connected with Branhholme, it has acquired a classical interest through its being the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the first of those great poems with which Sir Walter Scott delighted the world when the present century was young. "A single scene," says Scott's biographer and son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, "of feudal festivity in the hall of Branksome, disturbed by the pranks of a nondescript goblin, was probably all that he contemplated; but his accidental confinement in the midst of a volunteer camp gave him leisure to meditate his theme to the sound of the bugle; and suddenly there flashed on him the idea of extending his simple outline, so as to embrace a vivid panorama of that old Border life of war and tumult, and all earnest passions, with which his researches on the minstrelsy had by degrees fed his imagination."

It may be of interest to notice that the substance of the well-known lines with which the poem opens was borrowed from a seventeenth century bard, Captain Scot of Satchells, who wrote a historical poem on "The Name of Scott."

The Barons of Buckleugh, they kept at their call
Four-and-twenty gentlemen in their hall;
All being of his name and kin,
Each two had a servant to wait on them.
Before supper and dinner most renowned,
The bells did ring, and the trumpets sound,
And more than that I do confess
They kept four-and-twenty pensioners.
Think not I lie, nor do I blame,
For the pensioners I can all name.

Satchell's lines, however, are of more value as a historical description than as poetry, and certainly fall far short of the stirring, martial style so typical of Sir Walter—

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?—
They watch, to hear the bloodhound baying;
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying;
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scoop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

Our knowledge of Branhholme dates from the end of the twelfth century. An entry in the Register of the Priory of St. Andrew's mentions that "Henry Lovel granted to the canons of St. Andrew's two oxen-gang of land in Brancuella (Branhholme)." The family of Lovel came over at the Conquest from Normandy, and were lords of the Barony of Hawick, which at that time included Branhholme. In the first year of the reign of King Robert Bruce the lands of Branhholme were divided between Henry Balliol and Walter Comyn; but when Bruce's son, David II., was made prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, in the year 1346, the English took possession of the Borders, and the Lovels petitioned Edward to restore to them their former possessions, which was accordingly done.

In these troublous times no man was sure of long possession of his property; consequently we find Branhholme changing hands pretty often. In the reign of James I. we find the Barony of Hawick given by charter to Sir William Douglas of Drumlanrig, and at the same period the lands of Branhholme possessed by Sir John Inglis of Manor. The latter would seem to have been a somewhat peaceably inclined man, to whom the constant raids and inroads of the English were a source of annoyance. To such a degree was this the case that he was prevailed on to exchange half of the lands of Branhholme for a corresponding portion of the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, owned by Robert Scott, lord of Murdiestone and Rangleburn. In his notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Sir Walter Scott says:—"Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature—complained much of the injuries to which he was exposed from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd." It will be observed that Sir Walter states that all his lands changed hands at one time, but this, as we shall immediately see, is incorrect.

On the death, in 1426, of Robert Scott, above mentioned, he was succeeded by Walter Scott, of Kirkurd, a man of martial character and ever ready for the fray. He took a prominent part in the suppression of the family of the Black Douglas, and for his great services he was knighted by James II. He also received the other half of the lands of Branhholme in exchange for the rest of those of Murdiestone; and from this time

(1446) Branhholme Castle became the principal residence of the Scotts.

In the year 1463, Branhholme, which had hitherto been included in the Barony of Hawick, was made a separate barony, and a royal charter was given to David Scott and his heirs "on condition of his rendering annually to the Crown one red rose as blench farm at the feast of Saint John the Baptist" (Midsummer).

Sir Walter Scott and his son David were firm allies of their sovereign James III., and in his reign their power and possessions were greatly increased. David Scott married a daughter of the Earl of Angus in 1472, and through this marriage he was made governor of Hermitage Castle, and, in short, petty sovereign of the whole of the Scottish Border. In order to preserve peace, he repaired and strengthened Hermitage, and also enlarged and strengthened Branhholme, "which from this time," says a recent writer, "as one of the principal seats of the important and powerful family of the Scotts of Buccleuch, became the centre of many of the exploits which agitated the Borders during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as well as a place of historical interest."

During the first half of the sixteenth century, "the Scotts of Tyvydall" (Teviotdale) made frequent inroads on the English, and it was felt that some retaliation on the part of the latter was necessary. Accordingly, in 1533, the Earl of Northumberland made a raid on Branhholme, and burned it. In a despatch to King Henry VIII., he says:—"They actively did set upon a towne called Branhholm, where the Laird of Buclough dwellythe, and purposed theymeselves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed maner, in rysynge to all frayes: albeit, that knyghte he was not at home, and so they brynt the said Branhholm, and other townes. . . . Sundry of the said Lord Buclough's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one shyef, without the gate of the said Lord Buclough unbrynt."

Eleven years later Branhholme again suffered. This time it was at the hands of Sir Brian Latoun and Sir Ralph Evers, who laid waste almost the whole of Teviotdale. They burned the "barmeykin," an outer wall which surrounded the castle, and carried off an immense number of sheep and cattle, with horses and other spoil.

In 1569, Scott of Buccleuch and his neighbour, Ker of Fernihurst, at the head of their followers, made a raid into England and devastated a large portion of the Northern Counties. On hearing of it Queen Elizabeth was furious, and immediately sent the Earl of Sussex and Lord Hunsdon with a large force to retaliate on the Scots. Entering into Scotland, near Wark, they marched by Crailing, Fernihurst, and Bedrule, into Teviotdale, burning and plundering the whole countryside. On reaching Hawick, they found that the inhabitants had set fire to the thatched houses and fled to the hills, leaving the place deserted. "From Hawicke," wrote Sussex to Elizabeth,

"we wente to Bransam, the L. of Buckloughes chefe howse, which we threwe downe with poulder, and burnate all the townes and castells of his friends and kinsmen in those parts." Sussex's lieutenant, Lord Hunsdon, in a letter to Sir W. Cecil on the same subject, is a little more explicit, and shows in what a vindictive and cruel spirit this incursion was conducted. "My L. Lieuts. and I, with serten bands of horsemen, only went to Branksam, Bukklews pryncypale howse, which we found burnt to owr hand by hymselfe, as cruelly as our selves cowlde have burnt ytt. *But my L. Lieut. thynkynge that not suffycent syndynge one lyttell wawte (vault) yn ytt wheryn was no fyre, he caused powder too be sett, and so blew up the one halfe from the other.* Yt was a very strange howse, and well sett; and very pleasant gardens and orchards about ytt, and well kept, but all destroyed."

This was the severest blow Branhholme had yet received, for it was now completely demolished. Its owner, however, did not lose heart, but as soon as the English left Scotland, in 1570, began to rebuild the castle. He did not live to see it completed, but died at Hawick in 1574 shortly after making his will, in which he declared that he was "sick in body, but hail in spirit." The building was finished in 1576 by his widow, Margaret Douglas. A stone with the family arms engraved on it bears the following inscription:—"Sir Walter Scott of Branhheim, Knytt, son of Sir William Scott of Kirkard, Knytt, began ye wark upon ye 24 March, 1571, zeir, quha departed at God's plesour ye 17 April, 1574. Dame Margaret Douglas, his spous, completed the foresaid wark in October 157(6)." The stone over the entrance to the castle also bears the names of Walter Scott and Margaret Douglas carved on it, along with the following quaint lines:—

In. warld. is. nocht. Natur. hes. vrought. yt. sal. last. ay.
Thairfor. serve. God. Keip. veil. ye. rod. thy. fame. sal.
nocht. decay.

There is little of importance to relate of Branhholme from this period until the beginning of the 17th century. It was then occupied by Walter Scott, second Lord of Buccleuch. In 1619 he was created Earl of Buccleuch and Lord Eskdail, and during his residence at Branhholme it was the scene of great festivities, hospitality, and luxurious revelry, the effect of which was to land the Earl heavily in debt. He went abroad and fought as a volunteer in the Netherlands, and died in London in 1633. "With the death of the first Earl of Buccleuch, the glory of Branhholme may be said to have departed, and literally the 'feast was o'er in Branksome Tower,' for, after the acquisition of Dalkeith, which was purchased during the minority of Francis, the second Earl of Buccleuch, it ceased to be one of the principal family seats."

From the middle of last century it became the residence of the Duke's chamberlains, and is now occupied by the

present holder of that office, Mr. W. Elliott Lockhart, of Cleghorn.
W. E. WILSON.

The Massstroopers.

III.

THE CHURCH AND THE BORDERERS.



THE clergy scattered over the Border district were not much less vicious and disorderly than the bulk of their flocks. They were not indisposed sometimes to go out and take a prey on their own account, and were at least always ready and willing to connive with their parishioners who did. They had no influence whatever to deter the people from "stouthrift," the scope of their priestly calling being confined to spiritual matters. Bishop Fox, in 1498, had, on informations being taken to him of the great number of robbers who infested these parts, issued his mandate to all the clergy of Tynedale and Redesdale, charging them to visit with the terrors of the greater excommunication all the inhabitants of their several cures who should, excepting against the Scots, presume to go from home armed in a jack and sallet, or knapskull, or other defensive armour; or should ride a horse worth more than six shillings and eightpence; or should wear in any church or churchyard, during the time of divine service, any offensive weapon more than a cubit in length. But it may be taken for granted that the good bishop's well-meant mandate remained a dead letter, as much owing to the average character of the Sir Johns or Mass Johns of the dales to whom it was addressed, as to that of the "lewd men," or laymen of the district, against whom, if disobedient, it was to be put in force; for the prelate elsewhere describes the Redesdale curates (and presumably their brethren of the yet ruder twin dale) as publicly and openly living with concubines, irregular, suspended, excommunicated, interdicted, wholly ignorant of letters, so much so that the priest of ten years' standing did not know how to read the breviary. Some of them, we are told, were nothing more than sham priests, having never been ordained, and these interlopers performed divine service, not only in places dedicated to that purpose, but in such as were unconsecrated and interdicted. The priest and curate of Newcastle are both included (we quote the fact from Mr. Sidney Gibson) in a list of "Border thieves" early in the reign of Elizabeth. In April, 1524, Cardinal Wolsey caused an interdict to be laid on all the churches of Tynedale; and about the same time the Archbishop of Glasgow published, on the Scottish side, an interdict and excommunication against the outlaws of Liddesdale and their harbourers, couched in the strongest possible language. But the Borderers seem to have revered neither church nor king; for William Frankelyn, writing to Wolsey in 1524,

tells the cardinal that after he had, in obedience to his grace's letter, caused all the churches to be interdicted, the thieves "temerariouly" disobeyed the order, and caused a Scotch friar, notwithstanding the interdict, to minister the communion to them after his fashion. And one of their captains, Hector Charlton, whom tradition identifies with the Charltons of the House of Chiridon Burn, ancestors of the Charltons of Reedsmonth, received the pensions due, and served them all with wine. For though the moststroopers in general, and these dalesmen in particular, were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters, deficient in anything like real piety or devotion, and lax in their moral code, most of them would have considered themselves insulted had they been told they were not good Catholics; and it was their habit regularly to tell their beads, and go occasionally to hear mass, and never with more zeal than when setting out on a plundering expedition.

LORD DACRE AND THE THIEVES.

Proclamation was made at Bellingham and elsewhere against giving food to the outlaws, and for keeping their wives and servants from attending markets. Driven thus to extremity, most of them seemed disposed to come to terms, stating that, if their own lives and those of their pledges or hostages given into the hands of the sheriffs were respected and made safe, they would then submit to the king. Only two of them, Gerard Charlton and Hector Charlton, "great captains" among the thieves, resolutely held out. The latter worthy, it would appear, was emboldened to do so through Lord Dacre himself "consorting him in his misdemeanour." For there is documentary evidence still extant to prove that his lordship accepted a present of certain stolen cattle from Hector, with whom he was "familiarily and daily conversant," and that he delivered up to him, to be ordered at his pleasure, two thieves taken in Gilsland, whom Hector afterwards ransomed and suffered to go at large, for twenty nobles of current money, which the thieves' friends had raised amongst them by the sale of goods stolen from the king's true subjects. This being on the face of the record, it is easy to believe that Lord Dacre's severity to thieves of inferior rank in North Tynedale raised against him a host of bitter enemies, from whose accusations he had some difficulty in clearing himself when afterwards tried for his conduct in Westminster Hall.

THE SCOTTISH THIEVES.

On the Scottish side, even greater perversion of the course of justice then prevailed. For there, as an old historian says, "there dared no man strive at law with a Douglas; for if he did, he was sure to get the worst of his lawsuit." The partiality of the Earl of Angus, then all-powerful, for his friends, kinsmen, and adherents, was quite shameful; and although, as the same writer adds, he "travelled through the country under the pretence of punishing thieves, robbers and murderers, there were

no malefactors so great as those which rode in his own company."

THE FEUD OF THE SCOTS AND KERS.

Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, a man of great courage and military talent, head of a numerous and powerful clan, and possessed of much influence on the Border, was believed, probably with truth, to have connived at some more than ordinary outrages which had lately taken place in Teviotdale and Liddesdale. On Angus marching southwards to call the thieves to account, he was joined by the clans of Home and Ker, with whom he marched unopposed as far as Jedburgh; but on his return his passage was interrupted by Buccleuch, at the head of a thousand rough Borderers, at Melrose Bridge, and a sharp skirmish took place, in which the Border riders were defeated. About eighty Scots were left dead on the field, as well as several of the Kers; and one of the latter, Ker of Cessford, a chief of the name, having been killed with a lance-thrust by one of the Elliots, a retainer of Buccleuch, it occasioned a deadly feud between the clans of Scott and Ker, which lasted for a full century, and caused much bloodshed. Indeed, it almost seemed at one time as if

While Cessford owned the rule of Carr,

While Ettric held the line of Scott,

The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,

The havoc of the feudal war,

Would never, never be forgot.

Scott's "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*" relates, we need scarcely remind our readers, to this remarkable feud.

A RAID INTO THE COUNTY PALATINE.

At times when the Tynedale and Redesdale thieves durst not make a raid into Scotland, owing to the vigilance of the wardens, they never hesitated to pay moonlight visits to the lowland districts of Northumberland, or over the rivers into the bishopric of Durham. In 1528, William Charlton, of Shitlington, and Archibald Dodd, with two Scotsmen, Harry Noble and Roger Armstrong, rode a foray into the latter county. The party, nine in all, advanced to the neighbourhood of Wolsingham, on the 20th of January, seized the parson of Muggleswick in passing, and bore him off a prisoner. On their return they broke into three houses at Pencoardside, and robbed and spoiled the gear therein. The country rose in pursuit. Edward Horsley, the bailiff of Hexham, led the fray. The river Tyne happened to be in high flood, so the thieves could not ford it anywhere. They were therefore driven of necessity to the bridge at Haydon, which, however, was barred, chained, and locked fast, so that they could not pass with their horses over the same, but were constrained to leave them behind and flee away afoot. A servant of the Earl of Northumberland, called Thomas Errington, "ruler" of his lordship's tenants in those quarters, pursued them with a sleuth hound, and was joined by divers inhabitants of Tynedale, including another William Charlton, "which forwardness in oppressing malefactors had not been seen afore-

time in Tynedale men." Charlton, of Shitlington, was slain in the pursuit by Thomas Errington; Harry Noble shared the same fate; and Roger Armstrong and Archie Dodd were executed. Charlton's body was hung in chains at Hexham; Noble's on Haydon Bridge; and the other two were treated in the same way at Newcastle and Alnwick. The remaining five outlaws escaped. Noble and Armstrong had in all probability been outlawed from Liddesdale for acts of violence committed in Scotland, and had taken refuge among their English cousins of the same honourable profession, with whom they could quite lovingly hunt in couples. In their own country they would have been liable to be taken and hanged as "broken men," for whom, disowned by their clan, no chief or headsmen would be responsible. The old hall of Shitlington was standing till within the last few years on the north side of Blacklaw Burn, in the parish of Wark, and in the near neighbourhood of the extensive wastes formerly known as the Scots' Coltherd Wastes. In the same year in which the Laird of Shitlington Hall was "justified," six other Tynedale thieves were hanged at Alnwick. This seems to have struck terror for a while into the confraternity. At all events, a few years later, the Earl of Northumberland met the "headsmen of the surnames" at Hexham, and took bonds for their good behaviour and that of their retainers.

LUSHBURN HOLES.

It was not in their nature, however, to remain quiet long; and accordingly, in 1536, they were again causing uneasiness. A place called Lushburn (New Lewisburn) Holes, "a marvellous strong ground of woods and waters," a few miles from Keilder, and within a short ride of Larriston Burn Head in Liddesdale, afforded them a refuge into which no king's messenger dare penetrate. Fourteen years later (1550), we read in a Border survey that "the whole country of Northumberland is much given to riot, especially the young gentlemen or head men, and divers also of them to thefts and other greater offences." Even Hexham Market was commonly attended by "a hundred strong Border thieves," who overawed the country people they robbed.

THE DACRES AND OGLES.

In a will made by an inhabitant of Morpeth in 1583, the testator describes himself as dying of the wounds murderously inflicted by four of the Ogle family and their accessories, in consequence of his having presumed to say that the Dacres, then lords of Morpeth, were of as good blood as the Ogles.

"SAUFEE MONEY."

Quite indifferent as the Border thieves were as to whom they laid under contributions, it was difficult to follow them and regain by force the property they had stolen. There were few men of note in all the country who had not made occasional raids into both England and Scotland, and they were at once daring and vigilant, well acquainted with all the by-roads, stealthy and rapid in

their motions. Besides, most of them had their dwellings in places which were naturally difficult of access, and the passes to which they obstructed, when they dreaded pursuit, with the trunks of trees. Therefore, says Sir Robert Bowes, in a report made to the Marquis of Dorset, Warden-General of the Marches, in the fifth year of the reign of Edward VI. (A.D. 1551): "If any True man of England get knowledge of the thieves that steal his goods in Tynedale or Redesdale, he had much rather take a part of his goods again in composition than pursue to the extremity of the law against the thief. For if he be of any great surname or kindred, and be lawfully executed by order of justice, the next of his kin or surname bear as such malice against all that follow the law against their cousin the thief, as though he had unlawfully killed him with a sword, and will by all means they can seek revenge thereupon." On this account, it was a common practice for persons whose cattle had been driven off by the thieves to treat with some of the chiefs of the clan who had committed the theft, and pay them a certain sum, which was called "saufey money," for the restitution of their property. Others agreed to pay the headsmen "black mail," in consideration that the clan they belonged to should not steal anything that pertained to them, and that they should assist them in recovering their property in the event of their being robbed by any other thieves. The exactors or receivers of this black mail or "saufey money" rendered themselves liable to capital punishment, and to pay it was a heinous offence, namely, theft-bote; but as most of the thieves were outlawed already, and the law was really powerless in these districts, all parties probably thought it made little matter to what extent they were theoretically considered accessories.

JAMES V. : PIERS COCKBURN.

In 1529, James the Fifth of Scotland made a convention at Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the confusion into which the country had been thrown after the battle of Flodden, had committed many enormities. His first step was to secure the persons of the principal chieftains by whom these disorders were privately encouraged. The Earl of Bothwell, Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, Kerr of Fairniehirst, and other powerful chiefs, who might have opposed and frustrated the king's purposes, were seized and imprisoned in separate fortresses in the inland country. James then assembled an army of ten thousand men, consisting of the rest of the nobility and their followers; but he gave it out that the grand object of the expedition was sylvan sport and martial exercise—nothing more. The gentlemen in the wild districts he intended to visit were ordered to bring in their best dogs and favourite hawks, so that the monarch and his train might refresh themselves with hunting and hawking. This was to prevent the Borderers from taking alarm, in which case they would have re-

treated into their mountain fastnesses, from whence it would have been difficult to dislodge them. They had no sense of guilt, for they had only been following the habitual bent of their lives. They were not aware, either, that there was any harm in taking the law into their own hands at home, whenever they felt themselves aggrieved; neither had they the least idea that it was wrong to take advantage of the Michaelmas moon by night, or of a Scotch mist by day, to make a raid over the fells or across the Esk. They had consequently no apprehension of the king's displeasure. So thorough, indeed, was their security, that the greatest malefactors amongst them either came out with their followers to swell the royal train, or made ready to entertain James and his courtiers when they should arrive in their neighbourhood. Sweeping through Ettrick Forest, the King of Scots came to Henderland, a pele or tower in the shire of Peebles, belonging to Piers Cockburn, who had never shown any backwardness in helping himself when anything was to be got on either side of the Border. Cockburn was in the act of providing a great entertainment to welcome the king, when James caused him to be suddenly seized and hanged over the gate of his own castle. His wife is said to have fled to the recesses of a wild glen, near the tower, called the Dow Glen, during the execution of her husband, hoping to drown the cries of the soldiery in the roar of the mountain torrent that rushes impetuously through it to join the Meggat and reach St. Mary's Loch. The solitary spot where she sat, close beside a waterfall, is still called the Lady's Seat. In the "Lament of the Border Widow," composed in poor Marjory Cockburn's name, we read how the king brake her bower and slew her knight, while her servants all for life did flee, and left her in extremity. Then she is represented as saying—

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.
I took his body on my back,
And whyles I gaed and whyles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sward so green.

A large stone, broken into three pieces, marks the place where both husband and wife were buried, in the old graveyard of St. Mary's Chapel. The following inscription is visible on its surface:—"Here lyes Perys of Cockburne and his wife Marjory."

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG.

Adam Scott, of Tushilaw, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border, won in many a daring successful raid, was the next victim of note. But the most famous of all was John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, near Langholme, famous in Scottish song as Johnny Armstrong. This freebooting chief had risen to great consequence, and the whole of that part of Cumberland bordering on Liddesdale and Dumfriesshire paid him black mail, in consideration of which he abstained from

harrying it. He had a high idea of his own importance, as a sort of self-constituted warden of the Western March, and seems to have been quite unconscious of having merited any severe usage at the king's hands. Confiding in his imagined innocence, he went out to meet his sovereign at a place about ten miles from Hawick, called Caerlanrig Chapel, richly draped, and having with him thirty-six gentlemen, his constant retinue, as well attired as himself. The king, incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, commanded him instantly to be led to execution, and he and his retinue were forthwith hanged. The effect of this severity on the part of the king was such that, as the vulgar expressed it, "the rash-bush" thenceforth "kept the cow." "Thereafter," as Pitscottie tells us, "was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep grazing in the Ettrick Forest, in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king as good account as if they had been grazing in the bounds of Fife."

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FENCIBLES.

In the year 1538, a muster of all the fencible inhabitants of Northumberland was instituted, by order of Henry VIII. The burgesses of Newcastle, all armed in plate and mail, with bows, bills, and battle-axes, were assembled by their aldermen on the Town Moor: and the population of the landward part of the county was called together in the various wards by the principal gentlemen of each district, vested with the king's commission. In the musters of Sir Raynold Carnaby and Sir Cuthbert Radcliffe, held on Aberwick Moor, Ruberslaw, and other convenient places, there were hard upon six hundred Redesdale and North Tynedale "thieves," all "able men, with horse, harness, and spears," besides all the "foot thieves" of the same valleys. We may be sure they would not have presented themselves on this occasion for the king's service, had they not beforehand received trustworthy assurances that bygones would be bygones. Their hardihood otherwise would have been about equal to that of Johnny Armstrong himself, since they had always been quite as prone when they had the chance to plunder their own countrymen as "the blue bonnets over the Border."

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Henry Evers, Teacher of Science.



MEMBER of the Newcastle Town Council, the author of "Steam and the Steam Engine," and the head master of the Elswick Science Classes, Mr. Henry Evers, whose portrait is here engraved, has been described in *Science and Art* as "one of the pioneers of science teaching."

Mr. Evers was born in 1830 at Amblecote, Stafford-

shire, near Stourbridge, and received his early education at the Oldswinford Hospital, adjoining the latter town. At the age of nineteen he entered the Cheltenham Training College, then lately established by the influence of the Rev. Francis Close, Incumbent of Cheltenham, afterwards Dean of Carlisle. During the two years of his stay at Cheltenham under Dr. Bromby, afterwards Bishop of Tasmania, he saw the foundation of the Training College laid, and the whole completed, being among those then in residence who entered into the new buildings in 1850. On leaving Cheltenham, Mr. Evers was appointed to St. Sepulchre's Schools, Northampton, where he remained for two years, and then removed to Plymouth, where, for twenty years or more,



he was the head-master of the Charles Boys' School, the largest Church of England School in the West of England in those days. About 1865, science classes were first commenced in Plymouth, and Mr. Evers at once took the position of leading science teacher.

Appointed to the head-mastership of the Elswick Mechanics' Institute Science Classes about 1876, Mr. Evers was eminently successful from the very commencement. A very large number of honours students have passed through these schools, with a very fair proportion of Whitworth Scholars. Last year, for instance, was a year of great achievements: two out of the four Whitworth Scholarships were awarded to Elswick students—Mr. Reginald T. Smith, now of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Mr. John Harbottle, now of Owens' College, Manchester.

Mr. Evers is at present engaged in producing the "Elswick Science Series," for which he has written "Trigonometry (Practical and Theoretical)," and "Steam

and other Prime Movers." The respect and honour in which he is held at Newcastle is shown by his election for one of the Elswick Wards as a Town Councillor. As an author, Mr. Evers's work stands out in a marked manner, and competent authorities declare that his book on "Steam and the Steam Engine" is "an absolute addition to the literature of mechanical science."

Brislee Tower, Alnwick.

WHEN journeying between Morpeth and Bedford, one of the most prominent landmarks seen from the railway, from almost every point of view, is Brislee, or Brislaw, Tower. This is a highly ornamented structure in the form of a column, divided by string-courses and mouldings into six stages, standing on a heather-clad mount adjoining the deer-park at Alnwick or Hulne Park, which mount is 583 feet above the sea level.

The column at its base has an arcaded portico running all round it, which forms a pleasant shelter below; and on the flat roof of it a wide balcony with a handsome open-work stone parapet, which makes an agreeable break in

the ascent for those who step out on to it. As the summit of the mount is thickly planted with pine trees, there is not a good view of the surrounding country from this elevation, and visitors generally decide to continue the ascent to a second and smaller balcony nearer to the top of the column. This second balcony, as the illustration will indicate, also passes all the way round the column, and is likewise furnished with an elaborately open-work parapet. The tower finishes with an embattled cornice, and on the top of it is placed an open iron brazier for a beacon fire, at a height of 90 feet from the ground. It was built by Hugh, the first Duke of Northumberland. Near a medallion portrait of this nobleman on the face of the tower, is cut the following inscription:—"CIRCUM-SPICE. EGO OMNIA ISTA SUM DIMENSUS. MEI SUNT ORDINES. MEA DESCRIPTIO. MULTÆ ETIAM ISTARUM ARBORUM MEA MANU SUNT SATÆ." (Look around. I have measured all these things. They are my orders. My planning. Many of these trees I have even planted with my own hand.)

The prospect from the upper balcony of this tower is one of the most varied, beautiful, and interesting in the country. Close at the foot of it is a sea of heather; just below lies Hulne Abbey; and an arrowy silvery thread passing through low green banks is the river Alne. Close at the foot, too, is a keeper's pleasant-looking cottage, and the spot where Sir James Smith made his observations of the annular eclipse in 1836. On a clear day, looking farther, Flodden field can be distinguished, where James the Fourth of Scotland was killed in the great battle; Bamborough Castle, probably the Garde Joyeuse to which Sir Lancelot brought Queen Guinever when he rescued her from the burning at Carlisle; Dunstanborough Castle, that played such an important part in the Wars of the Roses; Alnwick Castle, not only the residence of the De Vescies and Percies, but on occasion of King John, Henry the Third, Edward the First, Edward the Second, and Edward the Third; Heaforlawe Tower, one of the possessions of the abbots of Alnwick Abbey; Warkworth Castle, Coquet Island, Alnmouth, the Farne Islands, the scene of Grace Darling's bravery and benevolence, the peaceful vale of Whittingham, the pleasant village of Eglingham, the great Cheviot range; and between these leading features a sweep of country and rocky coast associated with the most romantic traditions of the North Country. On very clear days the hills of Teviotdale, forty miles away, are visible.

On the mount, among the abundant ferns



BRISLEE TOWER, ALNWIOL.

and mosses grow large quantities of the pretty white *Trientalis Europæus*, and masses of rhododendrons find a congenial soil. Blaberries are also very abundant, as well as brilliant hued fungi. About half-way up the mount, a road branching eastwards leads to a cavern in a low sandstone cliff, known by the curious name of the Nine Year Aud Hole. Not very far from this is a tall, slender monolith, called the Long-stone, which is probably a relic of pre-historic times.

Messrs. Parson and White wrote in their gazetteer, in 1827, that Brislee Tower was said to have been erected from a model made of pastry by a French cook. Looking at its exact correspondence with all the work designed by the architect of the first Duke of Northumberland, and remembering the elaborate devices with which it was the fashion to adorn the banquet-tables in his day, it is much more probable that the French cook made a model of the tower after it was erected, to please his noble employer and grace some great entertainment. SARAH WILSON.

St. George's Church, Jesmond, Newcastle.

ONE of the architectural adornments of West Jesmond, Newcastle, is St. George's Church, whose lofty campanile tower is a conspicuous

feature in the surrounding landscape. This important addition to the list of local places of worship was the gift of Mr. Charles Mitchell to the Church of England, that gentleman having provided everything, from the site to the hymn books. St. George's Church, an extension from Jesmond Church, is the nucleus of a new parish, of which the Rev. S. E. Pennefather is the vicar. To Mr. Pennefather we are indebted for the loan of the accompanying engraving of the interior of the sacred edifice. From this drawing a fair idea may be gained of the great beauty of the eastward view. The first object that will strike the attention is the noble stained-glass window which, when flooded with the light of the sun, is a glorious sight indeed. The figures, which represent the Birth of Our Lord, the Magi, and the Shepherds, were designed by Mr. John W. Brown, a native of Newcastle, now of Church Street, Stoke Newington, London, who was also responsible for the design and execution of the west window. The altar and reredos are made of the famous Pavonazza marble. The two top steps of the sanctuary are of the same material, the third step being of rouge

jasper, and the fourth and fifth of the finest Sienna marble. The dado is formed of dark English marble, surmounted with specially designed emblematical tiles. Above the reredos there is some fine stone work, besides three figures in mosaic, one of Our Lord, the others arch angels, the whole terminating in a cross. As may be seen from the engraving, the general aspect of the church from the west end is at once rich and chaste. St. George's was erected from designs by Mr. T. R. Spence, formerly of Newcastle, but now residing in London. (For view of exterior of the church, see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 527.)

Men of Mark 'Twist Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Thomas Elliott,

SURGEON AND PHILANTHROPIST.



THE beginning of the present century everybody in Newcastle knew Dr. Elliott, gratuitous adviser of the indigent sick, benevolent friend of the aged poor, and earnest promoter of a medical charity that, in a quiet and



unobtrusive way, has done, and is still doing, useful work amongst us.

Lineally descended from the Elliotts of Stobbs, in Roxburghshire, the philanthropic doctor was born at Haydon Bridge in the year 1759. Completing his education in the Free Grammar School of his native village, he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the Marines from his uncle, General Elliott, and entered the service of his country. He accompanied his regiment to America, where Lord Cornwallis was vainly trying to reduce the revolted colonists to obedience, and, being severely wounded, was placed upon half pay, which practically meant retirement from the active pursuit of his profession. Unwilling to lead an inactive life, and having gained a knowledge of surgery while on duty, he determined to become a doctor. With this object in view he entered the University of Edinburgh, walked the hospitals, obtained his diploma, and, in 1792, commenced life anew as a surgeon. He selected Wolsingham, in the county of Durham, as a suitable place for his first experiments in doctoring; but, after five years' residence there, he was encouraged to remove to Newcastle. His practice in the town at first was naturally small; in a short time it began to grow; by-and-by it became extensive, and assumed a varied character. Rich and poor alike sought his aid; in Saville Row equally with Sandgate his services were put into requisition. The greater part of his work lay by choice among the indigent. Devoting to them the best share of his time and his means, he did not attain to riches; he was content to be rewarded by the grateful *soubriquet* of "The Poor Man's Doctor."

Among Mr. Elliott's professional appointments in Newcastle was one that suited his benevolent temperament—that of surgeon to the Lying-in Hospital. This institution had been started as an experiment, about the close of the year 1760, in an old dwelling-house situated in Rosemary Lane. It was a poor concern, in an confined neighbourhood, and there seemed to be no prospect of improving its position till Doctor Elliott took the matter in hand. He devised a new departure in charitable enterprise. On New Year's Day, 1819, by special letter to the trustees of the hospital, he pointed out the imperative need of a newer institution, established upon a wider basis, and as proof of his practical sympathy with the movement he enclosed a five pound note. The plan was successful. "Elliott's Fund" became popular. The clergy preached for it, philosophers lectured for it, musical amateurs sang for it. In course of time a sum of £1,300 was collected, and then the trustees found themselves able to contemplate seriously the construction of a building that should be worthy of the charity and of the town. A piece of ground in New Bridge Street, which had been declined by the Literary and Philosophical Society as a site for their new library, became available; the Corporation gave it

to the charity; benevolent John Dobson the architect drew plans and specifications gratuitously; and thus the convenient edifice which stands at the north end of Croft Street, facing the Public Library, rose from its foundations. Unhappily, the liberal-hearted doctor did not live to see the full realization of his hopes. He died in 1824, before the building was completed. But in the great window which overhangs the main entrance to the hospital, a glowing coat of arms preserves the memory of his benevolence, and bears perpetual witness to the success of "Elliott's Fund."

James Ellis,

A POETICAL ATTORNEY.

James Ellis was a native of Hexham, in which place his father was town sergeant. He was born in or about the year 1763, and at the proper time was put to the law in the office of William Hunter, a Hexham solicitor. Before his articles had run their course, Mr. Hunter died, and in the beginning of 1783 he was turned over to the Messrs. Davidson, of Newcastle. These gentlemen had received from their father, who was a well-known public official, an admirable legal training, and their business was of an extensive and diversified character. In their office Mr. Ellis had for his fellow-clerks two young men of literary pretensions—Thomas Bedingfeld [see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 197] and George Pickering. Forsaking the madcap diversions common to the period, the trio occupied their spare hours in reading poetry, in making rhymes, in criticism, in discussion, and in other pursuits tending to mental culture. Towards these mild delights the Messrs. Davidson were themselves inclined, for they, too, had literary aspirations. It must have been a phenomenal lawyer's office in which the heads of the firm and the three youths who helped to carry on the business were alike imbued with literary tastes—each of the former able to discuss the latest book or the newest poem; each of the latter ready at any time to imitate the lawyer's clerk

Who penned a stanza when he should engross.

Placed on the rolls as an attorney, Mr. Ellis settled at Hexham; but, finding that there was no room for an addition to the list of lawyers in his native town, he returned to Newcastle, and practised for a number of years with considerable success. While so engaged, he purchased, in conjunction with one of his former employers, Mr. John Davidson, a portion of the Otterburn Estate. The mansion house, called Otterburn Castle, fell to his lot, and he made it his home. When he gave up his practice in Newcastle, he retired to Otterburn, and there, engaged in various literary and antiquarian pursuits, he spent the remainder of his life.

One of the "Tracts" published by the "Newcastle Typographical Society" for Mr. John Fenwick consists of letters which passed between Mr. Ellis and Walter

(afterwards Sir Walter) Scott. Mr. Ellis had observed two or three errors in the "Battle of Otterbourne"—one of the ballads quoted by Scott in the "Border Minstrelry," and in February, 1812, he courteously communicated with the author, pointing out the mistakes. Scott replied in the same spirit, and a few months later, on his way to visit Mr. Morritt at Rokeby, he brought Mrs. Scott and their two children to Otterburn Castle, and remained with Mr. Ellis all night. Next day Mr. Ellis accompanied him to Risingham, showed him the rudely-sculptured figure of Robin, the Roman antiquities, &c., and had the reward of seeing later on, when the poem of Rokeby appeared, how ingeniously the poet had weaved the morning's occurrences into his narrative:—

And near the spot that gave me name,
The moated mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone:
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,
With quiver'd back, and kirtled knee.

In 1815, Mr. Ellis issued a volume of 182 pages, entitled "Poetry, Fugitive and Original, by the late Thomas Bedingfeld, Esq., and Mr. George Pickering, with notes and some additional pieces. By a Friend. Newcastle: S. Hodgson." The book, which is dedicated to "Walter Scott, Esquire," to whom it "in a great measure owed its existence," contains ten effusions of Mr. Bedingfeld's, nineteen of Mr. Pickering's, followed by a joint production, and ending with a dozen "Trifles" from the pen of the editor.

Jeffrey Ekins, D.D.,

DEAN OF CARLISLE AND RECTOR OF MORPETH.

The family of Ekins held Church preferments in various parts of England during many generations. The living of Barton Seagrave, in Northamptonshire, belonged to them, and in the rectory house of that parish, in 1730, the subject of this sketch was born. Destined for the Church, he matriculated at King's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in classical literature, and taking his Bachelor's degree in 1755, proceeded to that of Master in 1758. His first preferment came to him in 1764, in which year he obtained the living of Quainton, in Buckinghamshire—a pleasant rural village, overlooking the wide and fertile vale of Aylesbury. The following year he married Anne, daughter of Philip Baker, Deputy Secretary-at-War, and settling down at Quainton Rectory, added to pastoral life and parochial administration the cultivation of the poetic Muse. Six years after his marriage he published in quarto "The Loves of Medea and Jason," a poem in three books, translated from the Greek of Apollonius Rhodius' "Argonauts." This work was well received among scholars, and ran into a second edition. Among other patrons of literature and art who were captivated by its soft and melodious cadences was Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, and his lordship's

appreciation led to happy results for the author. For in 1775, upon the death of Oliver Naylor, Rector of Morpeth, he received from his noble admirer an offer of that valuable living. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Ekins, exchanging the mild and balmy neighbourhood of the Chilterns for the robust climate of Northumberland, came to Morpeth to reside.

In the North, Mr. Ekins's poetical genius and polished manners rapidly brought around him appreciative friends. His scholarship commended him to that judicious and far-seeing prelate Bishop Egerton, who, in 1777, two years after his arrival at Morpeth, made him an offer of the living of Sedgfield. Plurality of livings being common in those days, for nobody ventured to dispute the rights of patrons to dispose of Church preferments as they pleased, and to whom they pleased, Mr. Ekins availed himself of the proffered honour, with its substantial emoluments, and, residing at Morpeth, discharged the duties of Sedgfield by deputy. In 1780, his friend and patron, Lord Carlisle, being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, made him his chaplain, and he accompanied that nobleman to Dublin Castle. Lord Carlisle's occupancy of the Lord-Lieutenancy lasted two years, and towards the close of it Mr. Ekins was selected to fill the episcopal chair of Dromore. But the honour of being an Irish bishop was not to his taste. He declined to wear a mitre, and was allowed to bargain it away for a position more congenial to his habits. Dr. Percy, Dean of Carlisle, the industrious collector of ballad poetry, was willing to take the post, and an arrangement was made by which Dr. Percy became Bishop of Dromore and Mr. Ekins became Dean of Carlisle, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

These changes made but little alteration in Mr. Ekins's connection with the diocese of Durham. He retained both Morpeth and Sedgfield, and when not in residence at Carlisle made the Rectory House on the banks of the Wansbeck his home. There he composed elegant poetic epistles, and wrote about philosophy, literature, and divinity to his friends, Archdeacon Paley, Bishop Law, and other notable clerics of his time. Unfortunately, but few of these charming effusions have been preserved. One of them, mentioned more than once by Hodgson in the "History of Northumberland," is printed by Dr. Raine in his life of that eminent historian. It is an ode in hexameter and pentameter verse, and is said to be an admirable specimen of chaste and refined Latinity.

After his death, which occurred while on a visit to London in 1791, his "Jason and Medea" was re-issued with several of his poetical effusions attached, and distributed as a souvenir among his literary friends.

Dr. Ekins was succeeded at Morpeth by his son, Frederick Ekins, M.A., who married Jane Ogle, daughter and co-heir of James Tyler, of Whalton, land-steward to the Duke of Portland, and by her had an only son and three daughters. The son, named after his grandfather,

Jeffrey, was a fellow of New College, Oxford, Dean of Civil Law, and Bursar in 1836-37, and Rector of Little Sampford, Essex, from 1831 till his death in 1872. The eldest daughter, Caroline Isabella, married John Lambton (afterwards Sir John Lambton) Loraine, Bart., and dying in 1847, was buried in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle, leaving issue the present holder of the title, Sir Lambton Loraine, Bart.

William Elstob,

SAXON SCHOLAR.

At Foxton, three miles south of Sedgefield, lived for centuries a family of Elstobs. Deriving their name from an adjoining hamlet, they held at one time nearly the whole of the property of the vill. The family pedigree commences with John de Ellestobbe, who was living at Foxton in 1393, and comes down to the sale of the estate in 1746 by Anne, daughter of John Elstob of that place, and widow of Humphrey March, son of John March, vicar of Newcastle. None of the earlier members of the family played any prominent part in local history, nor does public interest attach to later generations, till Ralph Elstob, a younger son of one of the Foxton squires, settling in Newcastle, gave to the world two brilliant scholars, who immortalised the name by laborious investigations into a neglected branch of learning—the language and literature of the Saxons.

Ralph Elstob (second son of Charles Elstob, of Foxton, by his marriage with Mary, daughter of Ralph Featherstonehaugh, of Stanhope), came to Newcastle in 1662, and was bound apprentice to Robert Rutter, Merchant Adventurer. With him he remained only a few months, and was then set over to Gabriel Fulthorpe, hero of a notable quarrel, the unsavoury details of which are printed in Richardson's Tract, "The Eve of the Revolution in Newcastle." Fulthorpe, like Rutter, was unable to fulfil his contract, and in 1666 Elstob was turned over to Peter Sanderson, an eminent Puritan, who had served his time as a youth with John Blakiston the regicide. Under Sanderson's tuition he completed his articles and in April, 1672, obtained the freedom of his company. Six months afterwards he married, at All Saints' Church, Jane, daughter of William Hall, merchant, and commenced business on his own account. Brief and not too successful was his mercantile career. He filled the office of sheriff of the town in 1686-7, and the following year (13th April, 1688), he was buried, leaving a widow and three children with but slender provision for their maintenance. Two of these children, William and Elizabeth, were the future Saxon scholars.

William Elstob was baptized at All Saints' Church, Newcastle, on the 1st of January, 1673-4, and received his preliminary education at the Royal Free Grammar School, under the tuition of Richard Garthwaite. His uncle and guardian, Dr. Charles Elstob, prebendary of Canterbury, designing him for the Church, sent him to

Eton, and afterwards to Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and Queen's College, Oxford. In July, 1790, he entered University College, and having taken his B.A. degree, was elected a fellow of that ancient foundation. The following year he proceeded to the degree of M.A., and in 1702, through the influence of his uncle, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury presented him to the care of the united parishes of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw, in the City of London, worth about £140 per annum. To Bush Lane, adjoining the church of St. Swithin, taking his sister Elizabeth to be his housekeeper, he removed the same year. Dissatisfied with the meagre provision which had been made for him, he endeavoured unsuccessfully to gain promotion. All that he obtained was the titular office of chaplain to Bishop Nicolson of Carlisle. The post of preacher at Lincoln's Inn, which he had been anxious to receive, was refused him, and he did not long outlive his disappointment. He applied for the preachingship in February, 1713, and on March 3, 1714-15, he died. His remains were interred beneath the altar table of St. Swithin's.

Mr. Elstob's literary career, as described by his sister, was remarkable. His first attempt in Saxon literature was a Latin translation of the Homily of Lapus, made while at college. He wrote about the same time an "Essay on the Great Affinity and Mutual Agreement of the two professions of Divinity and Law, and on the joint Interest of Church and State, in Vindication of the Clergy's concerning themselves in Political Matters." Before he left Oxford, he printed, with large additions, an edition (the fifth) of Roger Ascham's Epistles; to which he subjoined the letters which Johan Sturmius, Hieron Osorio, and others wrote to Ascham and various English gentlemen. Soon after he was settled in his benefice at London, he published "A Sermon upon the Thanksgiving for the Victory obtained by Her Majesty's Forces, and those of her Allies, over the French and Bavarians near Hochstet, under the conduct of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. London: 1704." Also, "A Sermon on the Anniversary Thanksgiving for Her Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne. London: 1704."

In 1709, his Latin version of the Saxon Homily on St. Gregory's Day, which he presented to his sister in a short Latin epistle, was printed at the end of her fine edition of the Saxon original. Next he published the larger Devotions that the Saxons made use of in their own language, which he fancied to be the performance either of Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, or of Wolfstan, Archbishop of York. He made a collection of materials towards a history of Newcastle, gathered together a vast number of proper names of men and women formerly used in northern countries, and wrote an essay concerning the Latin tongue, with a short account of its history and use. The most considerable of Mr. Elstob's designs was an edition of the Saxon Laws, with great additions, and

a new Latin version by Somner, notes of various learned men, and a prefatory history of the origin and progress of the English Laws down to the Conqueror, and to *Magna Charta*. He was prevented by death from realising another project, which was to publish King Ælfred's paraphrastic Saxon version of the Latin historian Orosius.

William Elstob, his sister assures us, was a most dutiful son to his parents, "affectionate to his relations, a most sincere friend, very charitable to the poor, a kind master to his servants, and generous to all, which was his greatest fault. He was of so sweet a temper that hardly anything could make him show his resentment, but when anything was said or done to the prejudice of religion, or disadvantage of his country. He had what might justly be called an universal genius, no art or science being despised by him; he had a particular genius for languages, and was a master of the Greek and Latin. Of the latter he was esteemed a good judge, and to write it with great purity. Nor was he ignorant either of the Oriental languages, or of the Septentrional. He was a great lover of the antiquities of other countries, but more especially those of our own, having been at the pains and expense of visiting most of the places in this nation that are remarkable either for natural or ancient curiosities, architecture, paintings, sculpture, &c. What time he could spare from the study of divinity was spent chiefly in the Saxon learning."

Elizabeth Elstob,

THE LEARNED NOVOCASTRIAN.

Elizabeth, sister and companion of William Elstob, survived him for many years. She was ten years his junior, having been born on the 29th September, 1683, and baptized at St. Nicholas' Church on the 7th of October following. A biographical MS. left in the hands of Mr. Ballard by this learned lady indicates that she owed much of her taste for literature to the early training of her mother. Unhappily the good mother died when Elizabeth was eight years old, and her progress in learning was arrested. Her uncle and guardian, Dr. Charles Elstob, entertained the old-fashioned theory that one tongue was enough for a woman, and refused to allow his niece to study any tongue but her own. The force of natural inclination cannot, however, always be restrained even by guardians. Elizabeth Elstob persevered, and as her propensity was strong towards languages, she, with much difficulty, obtained leave to learn the French tongue. But her situation in this respect was happily altered when she went to live with her brother, who, being impressed with more liberal sentiments concerning the education of women, assisted and encouraged her in her studies. Under his eye she translated and published an "Essay on Glory," written in French by Mademoiselle de Scudery. But what distinguished Miss Elstob most was that she was the first Englishwoman that had ever attempted the Saxon

language. She was an excellent linguist in other respects, being not only mistress of her own and the Latin tongue, but also of seven other languages. She was withal a good antiquary and divine, as appears evident from her works.

Miss Elstob published, in 1709, "An English-Saxon Homily on the Birthday of St. Gregory, anciently used in the English-Saxon Church, giving an account of the Conversion of the English from Paganism to Christianity, translated into Modern English, with Notes," &c. It is a pompous book, in large octavo, with a fine frontispiece, headpieces, tailpieces, and blooming letters. In 1715, she printed, with a fulsome dedication to the Princess of Wales, "The Rudiments of Grammar for the English-Saxon Tongue, first given in English; with an Apology for the Study of Northern Antiquities, being very useful towards the understanding our ancient English Poets



Elizabeth Elstob.

and other Writers." From this work, at the beginning of which it peers through the initial letter "G," our portrait of Elizabeth Elstob has been copied.

Mr. Astle had in his collection a MS. volume, chiefly in her handwriting, but partly in that of her brother, entitled, "*Collectanea quedam Anglo-Saxonica*." It appears also, from a work of her brother's, that she had joined with him in preparing and adorning an edition of Gregory's Pastoral; and in the preface to the Anglo-Saxon Grammar, she speaks of a work of larger extent upon which she was engaged—a collection of the English-Saxon Homilies of Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Notwithstanding her profound learning and masculine abilities, Elizabeth Elstob was very unfortunate in life. After the death of her brother, she was obliged to depend upon her friends for subsistence; but, not meeting with

the generosity she expected, she determined to retire to a place unknown, and to try to get her bread by teaching children to read and work; and she settled for that purpose at Evesham, in Worcestershire. Here she led at first an uncomfortable and penurious life; but, growing acquainted afterwards with the gentry of the town, her affairs mended. She became known at this time to Mr. George Ballard, before mentioned; and about the year 1733, Mrs. Chapone, the wife of a clergyman of French extraction, who kept a private boarding-school at Stanton, in Gloucestershire, and was herself a person of literature, inquired of him after her, and, being informed of the place of her abode, made her a visit.

Mrs. Chapone, not being in circumstances to assist her herself, wrote a circular letter to some friends, in order to promote a subscription in her behalf. This letter had the desired effect, and an annuity of twenty guineas was raised for her. A lady soon after showed Mrs. Chapone's letter to Queen Caroline, who, recollecting her name, and delighted with the opportunity of taking such eminent merit under her protection, said she would allow her £20 per annum, "but," added she, "as she is so proper to be mistress of a boarding-school for young ladies of a higher rank, I will, instead of an annual allowance, send her £100 now, and repeat the same at the end of every five years."

On the death of Queen Caroline, in 1737, Elizabeth Elstob was recommended to the Dowager Duchess of Portland, who appointed her governess to her children. This was in the year 1739, and from that period the letters she wrote to Mr. Ballard, which are now in the Bodleian Library, are observed to have a more sprightly turn. She died at an advanced age, in the Duchess of Portland's service, May 30, 1756, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Drayton's Description of the Northern Counties.

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born in the village of Harshull, Warwickshire, in or about the year 1563. His parents are believed to have been persons in humble circumstances. Nothing is known of his youth except that he manifested a propensity to read poetry, and was anxious to learn "what kind of creatures poets were." It is supposed that he spent some time at Oxford, but without taking any degree. At the age of twenty-eight he begun to publish poetry. His earliest efforts were of a religious character. The three works by which he is best known are his "Pastorals," "England's Heroical Epistles," and his "Poly-olbion." He enjoyed great renown in his own day, and his verses called forth from his contemporaries the warmest encomiums. He is said to have been the

friend of Jonson and Selden, and Shakespeare himself has been enumerated amongst his acquaintances. He became Poet Laureate, died in 1631, and was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, where a blue marble monument, surmounted by his bust, bears an epitaph from the pen of Ben Jonson.

Drayton's poetry has its merits. It is free from the coarseness which characterized much of the literary work of his age. One of his contemporaries says of him:—"He wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this: he cannot swagger it well at a tavern, or domineer in a pothouse." And the vulgarity which did not disgrace his life does not disgrace his verses. There is a certain dignity, too, about much that he wrote, though it must be confessed to be of a heavy, stilted, and formal character. Many fine passages may easily be selected from his works, and one at least of his poems, his "Nymphidia," displays a sprightly imagination and considerable brilliance of versification. It must, however, be confessed that he is generally ponderous and turgid, and this, together with his voluminousness, results in his having extremely few readers in our day.

But it is with the "Poly-olbion" that we are now concerned. The first eighteen books of this work were published in 1621, and the whole thirty books in 1622. It is a versified description of England, its natural productions, scenery, and legends. The "Poly-olbion" is a work of the greatest possible value. Antiquaries refer to it for information, and regard it as authoritative. Gough says that it contains many particulars which escaped Camden's notice. It is, however, scarcely an attractive composition, and I must own I cannot imagine any one sitting down to read it for relaxation or pleasure. The writer personifies every river, mountain, and wood that he describes, and this practice soon becomes unendurably tedious.

Such account as Drayton gives of the counties of Durham and Northumberland is contained in the twenty-ninth book—the last but one. The Tees, the Wear, and the Tyne are successively personified, and in turn the poet puts into their mouths the most egotistic speeches on their own peculiar charms and virtues. The Tees begins her song with a contemptuous sneer at the rivers of Yorkshire. She exclaims,

Doth every rillet win
Applause for their small worths, and I that am a queen,
With those poor brooks compared?

She then describes her source, and after mentioning the tributaries by which she is fed, she proceeds—

Then do I bid adieu
To Bernard's battled towers, and seriously pursue
My course to Neptune's court. But as forthright I run,
The Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me aid; and, being proud and rank,
She chanced to look aside, and spied, near her bank,
Three black and horrid pits, which from their boiling heat
(That from their loathsome brims do breathe a sulphurous
sweat)
Hell Kettles rightly called, that, with the very sight,

This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a fright,
That with unusual speed, she on her course doth haste,
And rashly runs herself into my widened waist.
In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's state.

The Wear grows impatient at the length of Queen
Tees's harangue, and is annoyed at her vanity. "What
wouldst thou say," she cries,

Vain-glorious bragging brook, hadst thou so clear a way
To advance thee as I have, or hadst thou such means and
might,
How wouldst thou then exult? O, then, to what a height
Wouldst thou put up thy price!

Wear glories in the three streams which join to form her
earliest course, and which "in their consenting sounds"
—Kellop, Wellop, and Burdop—"do so well agree."

As Kellop coming in from Kellop Law, her sire,
A mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth require
With her to walk along, which Burdop with her brings.
Thus from the full conflux of these three several springs
My greatness is begot, as Nature meant to show
My future strength and state.

The valley through which her course lies she describes as
My delicious dale, with every pleasure rife.

At Auckland she is joined by "clear Gauntless," when,
she declares:—

I begin to gad,
And, whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
I change my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre;
To my first fountain now, as seeming to retire,
Then suddenly again I turn my watery trail;
Now I indent the earth, and then I it engrail
With many a turn and trace.

At length she reaches Durham—

With which beloved place I seem so pleased here,
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time should win
Me farther off from it.

Tyne is as tired of Wear's tedium as Wear was with the
length of Tees's self-sung eulogy; yet, and perhaps
characteristically, her own song is five times as long as
that of either of her sisters.

Good Lord (quoth she), had I
No other thing wherein my labour to employ,
But to set out myself, how much well could I say
In mine own proper praise, in this kind, every way
As skilful as the best.

She sings the praise, however, of "the prosperous springs
of these two floods of mine"—the North Tyne and the
South. The South Tyne

From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of brass that's
famed.

The North Tyne

is out of Wheel-Fell sprung,
Amongst these English Alps, which, as they run along,
England and Scotland here impartially divide.

The East and West Allans she described as "two fair
and full-brimmed floods." Arriving at Newcastle, she
somewhat enigmatically declares that that town

The honour bath alone to entertain me there,
As of those mighty ships that in my mouth I bear,
Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle named,
From which both far and near, that place no less is
famed
Than India for her mines.

Presently, Mistress Tyne breaks into a glorification of
the deeds of English valour in general, and Northumbrian
in particular, "in the various conflicts between England and
Scotland, which had been waged in the Northern
Counties. The story is well told, but is not to our pre-
sent purpose, and can, besides, be found readily elsewhere
and in more desirable form. Indeed, our coaly river
having taken up this congenial theme, pursues it to such
length that neighbouring streams "besought the Tyne to
hold her tongue."

The Roman Wall, called by Drayton "Pictswall," is
the next and last singer. He,

As though he had been lost,
Not mentioned by the Muse, began to fret and pine
That every pretty brook thus proudly should presume
To talk, and he, whom first the Romans did invent,
And of their greatness yet the long'st lived monument,
Should thus be over-trod.

He is determined to be heard, and thus he breaks
forth:—

Methinks that Offa's-ditch in Cambria should not dare
To think himself my match, who, with such cost and care,
The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set
Their legions, from my spoil the prowling Pict to let,
That often inroads made our earth from them to win,
By Hadrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,
To sea from east to west, begun we first a wall
Of eighty miles in length.

Whilst Pict's Wall has been speaking, the fame of
Tyne's self-laudatory speech has reached the streams of
Scotland, and so incensed are they that they determine
upon an invasion, when the river nymphs of Northumber-
land shall be duly punished. A council of war is sum-
moned at Holy Island to which the Northumbrian water-
nymphs make "a solemn pilgrimage"—

the virtues of which place
They knew could very much avail them in this case.

With an enumeration of the streams which resorted to this
council Drayton concludes the book of "Poly-olbion"
which is devoted to Northumberland and Durham.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

"The Sanctuary."



AMONG the pictures exhibited at the Royal
Academy this year was a painting, entitled
"The Sanctuary," by the Newcastle artist,
Mr. Ralph Hedley. It is a successful attempt to depict
what may have been a not unusual scene at the great
door of Durham Cathedral some three or four centuries
ago. The reader is referred to the *Monthly Chronicle* for
July, 1889, for particulars as to sanctuary at Durham.
It is there stated that when the claimant of sanctuary
reached the cathedral door he raised the bronze ring
that hangs from the bronze monster's mouth, and
knocked loudly for admission. This is the dramatic
incident which Mr. Hedley has portrayed. Some rash,

hot-headed, beardless youth has, probably in a moment of anger, taken the life of a fellow-creature, and, realising the possible consequences of such an act, has hastened with all speed to Durham to claim the temporary protection of the Church. The friends of his victim have

evidently been close upon his heels, if one may judge from his broken blade and bloody sword arm. Exhausted, breathless, and terror-stricken, he has just sufficient strength to raise his left arm to the knocker. But he is not quite out of danger, and the sound of voices almost



The Sanctuary.

From Painting
by Ralph Hedley.

paralyses him. The scene is bathed in tender moonlight, and the general effect is striking, as the reader may see from our drawing of the picture.

Gateshead School.

ESTABLISHED by the Gateshead High School for Boys Company to supply the rising manhood of the Tyneside district with a high-class education, this school was opened to the public in May, 1883. The idea of the promoters is not merely to supply intellectual training, but to cultivate a feeling of corporateness, or citizenship, which is one of the most distinctive and excellent features of life in the old English public schools.

The school buildings (shown in the accompanying engraving) occupy an admirable site on the Durham Road, near Saltwell Park, and overlooking Ravensworth Castle. Messrs. Oliver and Leeson, architects, designed the structure, which is well adapted for school purposes. The school contains a large hall (capable of holding more than 300 boys, and fitted for use as a gymnasium), class rooms, library, dining-room, workshop, &c., while the playground is no less than seven acres in extent.

The course of instruction comprises English language and literature, scripture, history and geography, mathematics, physical science and languages, drawing, shorthand, &c. Boys are fitted for the Universities, or for entrance into professional, manufacturing, engineering, or commercial life. While most of the pupils are drawn

from Gateshead, a steadily increasing number comes from Newcastle and the surrounding district.

The president of the School Company is Lord Northbourne, while the chairman of the company is Mr. G. T. France. Three head-masters have had control of the school itself since it was opened—the Rev. Thomas Adams, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, now Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Ontario, Canada; Mr. J. C. Tarver, M.A., King's College, Cambridge, now Head-Master of Newcastle Public School; and Mr. John T. Dunn, D.Sc., F.C.S., late Fellow of Durham. The present head-master, Dr. Dunn, is ably assisted by Mr. R. C. E. Allen, M.A., Mr. G. A. Wright, M.A., Mr. C. S. Terry, B.A., and Mr. George Hurrell, Inter. B.A.

The Blake Family Romance.

ON the old turnpike road which leads from Berwick to Kelso, through Cornhill, along the south bank of the Tweed, the traveller, ten miles from Berwick, passes the Till at Twizel Bridge, built in the sixteenth century by a lady named Selby. The banks here are particularly beautiful, the shelving rocks being broken into many a grotesque shape; and forest and fruit trees are mingled with the hawthorn, whose sweet odours fill the air in spring time. Just above the bridge is an unfinished castle, of white freestone, begun to be built about the end of last century by Sir Francis Blake, the first baronet of the name, who



was a political as well as an architectural genius, having issued a proposal in 1784 for the liquidation of the National Debt by every landholder transferring a proportional part of his property to the fundholders, and having printed at the Berwick press, four years later, a volume of political tracts, of which all that can now be said is that it may be found on the library shelves of curious local book collectors.

Sir Francis died in 1786, leaving an elaborate will, framed by a skilful conveyancer, wherein he did his best to ensure that his large estates in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, and within the liberties of the town of Berwick, should descend undivided to heirs bearing his name and arms. He devised his lands to his son Francis for life; then to his son's two male children in succession for life, and to their male issue successively. In case there was a failure of the male line, the estate was to go to an unmarried daughter of the testator and her male children, and, failing these, to the daughters, if any, of his sons and their male issue in succession. It was the clear intention of the testator, first of all, to keep the estates together, and next to keep them in the male line intact, and in possession of one person as head of the family. It was likewise his express wish to exclude his own second daughter, who had married against his will, and whose name was accordingly omitted from the deed of entail. The conveyancer who drew up the document, anxious to provide for every possible contingency, inserted a clause providing that, if all the limitations to the living descendants of the testator and their children, with the exception named, should fail, the property should go to Sir Francis's "other issue," and be divided among all the heirs of his body. On these ambiguous words a deal of litigation turned, long after the testator had been gathered to his fathers, and long after all the persons in whose welfare he had a direct interest, and for whom he had intended to provide, had passed away from this sublunary world.

At the death of the first baronet, his son Francis succeeded him in the title and estates. He inherited also his passion for architecture and electioneering—two gentlemanly tastes of a somewhat expensive description. In his earlier days he spent enormous sums in contesting the representation of Berwick. His expenditure on building was likewise very great. Tilmouth Park—a residence fit for any nobleman below the first rank—was almost wholly built by him, and its gallery was enriched with a collection of oil paintings surpassed by few in the kingdom in sterling value. But the glories of this mansion were far outshone by Twizel Castle, which he resumed building on even a more magnificent scale than that originally projected, till he was compelled to stop short from want of funds. From first to last the work went on persistently for 50 years at least, without so much as the floors having been laid in many of the rooms, Twizel Castle was, like Abbotsford, a romance in stone and

lime, but without the poetical and romantic associations clinging around the equally whimsical and only a little less pretentious home of the great Wizard of the North. Two generations of masons and joiners fattened on the work, which never was, and perhaps never will be, finished, though it presents a grand and imposing aspect from the neighbouring carriage road, and excites the admiration of the passing traveller on the Berwick and Kelso branch of the North-Eastern Railway which runs near it. Sir Francis was his own architect, inspector, and clerk of works, and the men employed at the castle were all on days' wages. Some began their apprenticeship and served out their time while there; and it is said that the foreman mason built quite a village out of the honest profits which he had the wit to make. Many of the joiners, we have heard, were in the habit of making articles of furniture in the good baronet's time and out of his well-seasoned timber, and of selling them for their own behoof at Berwick or Coldstream.

Sir Walter Scott termed Twizel Castle "a splendid pile of Gothic architecture"; but it seems to have been built without any regular design at all, except to ascertain how many windows could be crowded into one huge edifice. It was intended to be six storeys high, with circular fifteen-feet turrets at the corners, affording a great command of prospect. The interior was commodious, and all the apartments were vaulted to prevent accidents from fire. It contained a handsome gallery ninety feet in length and twenty-two feet in width, to accommodate the splendid collection of paintings belonging to the family. There is a fine steel engraving of the castle in Grose's "Antiquities," published in 1783, from which we make a copy on page 000. The facing stones of the castle were removed five or six years ago, and were used in the construction of a neighbouring mansion.

By this expensive building folly, and his not much less expensive and far more nonsensical electioneering contests, the second Sir Francis nearly beggared himself. Tormented by his numerous creditors whose urgent demands he could neither satisfy nor stave off, he took refuge, when no longer a member of Parliament, in that Scottish Alsatia yclept Croftangry, a well-known sanctuary for debtors, within the precincts of Holyrood Palace. From this asylum he was wont to issue forth on Sundays, and drive to within sight of the English Border in a postchaise, take a look from afar off at his grand castle, and hurry back to get across the strand at the foot of the Canongate before midnight. He died in the inn at Cornhill on his way out from Edinburgh in June, 1818, in his 81st year.

The third Sir Francis, who was, like his father, as poor as Job, was only protected from arrest by the privilege of Parliament, being member for Berwick. He had to bear the expense of several testates. Impoverished by such profitless investments, continued during three successive generations, it cannot be matter of surprise that

he died leaving barely sufficient personal property to satisfy his creditors.

On his last will and testament being opened after his death, which took place on the 3rd of August, 1860, it was found that he had devised his Twizel and Tilmouth estates to his eldest son Francis, and his Seghill estates to his second son Frederick—referring at the same time to a certain deed he had previously executed, but without giving any explanation of its nature or contents. The lady with whom he lived, and who was the mother of these children, had never, it seems, been married to him in England. Popularly, she was set down as his house-keeper, though they lived together as man and wife. It was alleged, however, that a marriage had taken place in Scotland, and that one child at least was born there, under circumstances which showed that the parties accepted each other as regularly wedded folks. Yet no positive proof of this could be obtained, and the deceased baronet's two sons, Francis and Frederick, were consequently held to be illegitimate, and incapable of succeeding by descent to the estate, which was what the lawyers term "an estate tail."

But Sir Francis, as it afterwards turned out, had taken the precaution, so far back as 1834, of converting his expectancy in tail, on the failure of the direct line of heirs possessing a life interest under the will of the first baronet, to an expectancy in fee; and he was thus enabled to dispose of his possessions by will, to come into operation on the death of the last of these parties without male issue. This was the identical deed which Sir

Francis alluded to in his will, but of which no trace could be discovered at the time of his death.

When that event occurred in 1860, as above stated, the devisees under the will were immediately dispossessed of the property, and Mrs. Stagg, sister of Sir Francis, the legitimate heir-at-law, and the last in the direct line of heirs under the deed of entail, took possession. Mrs. Stagg, we have been told, never paid a personal visit to Tilmouth, but resided almost constantly at Brighton. Mr. Francis Blake, who was a captain in the Northumberland Artillery Militia, was overwhelmed by the reverse of fortune he sustained by the death of his father. He became reckless, fell into bad health, and in little more than a year died of grief and disappointment, leaving a widow and four children. Mr. Frederick Blake held a commission in the army, and while in India had the misfortune to receive a sunstroke. Returning home invalided, he became an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

No further event took place until, on the 12th March, 1869, Mrs. Stagg died, leaving a daughter, who claimed to succeed her in the estates. This lady, however, owing to her sex, could not succeed under the will of the first baronet. With the death of Mrs. Stagg the direct line of heirs entail under the will became extinct, and the expectancy of the heirs entail and their heirs came into force; and Mrs. Stagg having executed no disentailing deed, and the third baronet having converted his expectancy entail and devised his expectancy in fee by will to his sons, they became the rightful heirs, irrespective of any question of legitimacy. Shortly after Mrs. Stagg's



death, Sir Francis's disentailing deed was found in the possession of his London lawyers, who appear to have forgotten its existence after the lapse of twenty-six years. On the discovery of the deed, the Blakes at once came forward to assert their title under the last baronet's will, and actual possession was taken by them accordingly. At the same time, several families, descendants of the first baronet, asserted their claims to the estate in various ways, particularly under the "other issue" clause.

It was not, however, till the month of April, 1872, that the case came on for trial, in the Court of Exchequer, sitting in banco, before the Lord Chief Baron and Barons Martin, Bramwell, and Cleasby. The plaintiffs—Allgood and others—forty-eight in number, then instituted proceedings to recover the property under the proviso mentioned in the will of their ancestor, and sought to exclude the defendant, Blake, who claimed as devisee under the third baronet's will. There were in all six actions. Sir Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Selborne) appeared for the plaintiffs—fourteen in number—in the first action, namely, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Mrs. Reid, a descendant of a daughter of the testator. The Solicitor-General appeared for Mrs. Roche, plaintiff in the second action, her claim being that she, as a daughter of Mrs. Stagg, who was a sister of Mrs. Reid, was entitled to the whole of the property. In the event of that claim not being made out, however, she reserved her right to participate in the advantages which would accrue to the descendants of the first baronet, in the event of Sir Roundell Palmer's action proving successful. Mr. Bristoe, Q.C., appeared for Mr. Percival Fenwick Clennell, who claimed as a child of Mrs. Reid. Mr. Pollock, Q.C., appeared in the fourth action for Mr. Francis Reid, eldest and only surviving son of John Reid, who was a son of Sarah Blake (Mrs. Reid), and who claimed the whole of the estate as entail male, or if the tenancy was decided to be in common, he reserved his right to claim his share with the rest. In a sixth action, Mr. Manisty, Q.C. (afterwards Mr. Justice Manisty), appeared for the plaintiffs, and stated that his claim was similar to that made by Sir Roundell Palmer, the only difference being that the claim was for different estates.

Sir Roundell Palmer stated his case at considerable length, and from his opening remarks it appeared that that portion of the first baronet's pedigree on behalf of which he (the learned counsel) claimed was as follows:—Mrs. Sarah Reid, one of the testator's daughters, died during his lifetime, leaving five children, who became the heads of lines, namely, John, Francis, Archibald, Martha (who married a Mr. Allgood), and Sarah (who married Mr. Clennell). These had children alive as follows:—John, five, one of whom, the Rev. John Reid, was one of his (the learned counsel's) plaintiffs, and another a plaintiff in the second action; Frances, three, two of whom (daughters) were plaintiffs in the first

action—the third, a son, was not a plaintiff; Archibald, three, all of whom were plaintiffs in that action, and four grandchildren, none of whom, however, were plaintiffs; Martha (Mrs. Allgood), one, and six grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren; and Sarah (Mrs. Clennell), one who was plaintiff in the third action. With those he had mentioned, and others represented by his learned brethren, the number of plaintiffs altogether amounted to forty-eight. His argument, which he supported by precedents, was briefly this, that his clients were entitled to recover on a so-called penultimate clause in the will of the first baronet. The third baronet executed a disentailing assurance, which made him master in fee simple of the whole of the property. On his death without lawful issue, he gave everything it was in his power to give, or conceived it to be in his power to give, to his illegitimate children, and these were represented by Frederick Blake, the defendant, who claimed as devisee under the third baronet's will, and who, by himself or agents, was in possession of the property.

The Solicitor-General, on behalf of his client, argued that the word "issue" in the will of the first baronet should be taken in the sense in which it was often read, and then it would be seen that what was meant in the clause was heirs of the body; and if this were the case, Mrs. Roche was entitled to the entirety of the estate.

Mr. Bristoe, on behalf of Mr. Percival Fenwick Clennell, the son of Sarah Clennell, who was the last surviving child of Sarah Blake, a descendant of the testator, said his argument was similar to that of Sir Roundell Palmer, except on a question of issue. He contended that the class who were mentioned in the will as being competent to become joint tenants in fee, in the event of the expiration of the entail, were those who could be ascertained at the death of the first baronet, and not at the time the entail expired. His client was all that survived of that class; consequently she was entitled to recover the estates and property in the possession of Frederick Blake.

Mr. Pollock's contention was of a very simple character, his claim being, he explained, that his client was entitled to the estates under the penultimate limitation as the entail male, while Mr. Manisty stated that his argument was exactly similar to that of Sir Roundell Palmer.

The defence was conducted by Mr. H. Matthews, Q.C., Mr. Kemplay, Q.C., and Mr. Charles Hall. Their arguments fully satisfied the court, which discarded all the claims, jointly and severally, and decided in favour of the Blakes.

One branch of the first baronet's descendants, the Clennells, submitted to the decision; but the other claimants appealed to the Court of Exchequer Chamber, and again failed to substantiate their claims. The real contest was between the illegitimate children and grandchildren of the third Sir Francis Blake, and Mrs. Roche,

his sister's daughter, the appellant in the suit. That lady, we have seen, claimed as heir-at-law; and the point at issue was whether Sir Francis held under his grandfather's will an estate which he could disentail in the usual way, or an anomalous kind of estate, which would have kept in suspense, but still alive, the rights of Mrs. Roche as heir-at-law of the three baronets. The solution of this question depended on the construction to be put on the clause leaving over a limitation to the "other issue" of the original testator. If under this clause the last Sir Francis had an estate tail, he was entitled as tenant in tail to create in his own favour an estate in fee by a disentailing deed. He did so in perfectly correct and strict form, and devised the lands in fee simple thus acquired to his illegitimate sons. But on the part of his niece, Mrs. Roche, the contention was raised that the limitations to "other issue" constituted the estate of the last Sir Francis Blake, an estate differing from an ordinary estate tail in essential points, and especially in its incapacity of transformation into an estate of fee simple. The Solicitor-General argued upon this view of the case very ably and ingeniously, but the court refused to adopt his construction of the first Sir Francis's will. More correctly speaking, it declined to construe the single word "other" as covering the multitudinous provisions which the appellant argued it did, and further declared that "no such estate has ever been known up to the present time, nor do we think any such estate could be created, and we think it impossible to suppose that the testator intended to create it."

The practical result of this decision was to confirm the third Sir Francis Blake's disentailing deed, and to uphold the devise of his estate in fee to his illegitimate sons. The estate of Seghill thereupon became the property of Mr. Frederick Blake, and the rights of the late Captain Blake to the Twizel and Tilmouth estates passed to his eldest son, Mr. Francis Douglas Blake, then a young man in his teens.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

KINMONT WILLIE.

IF the ballad of "Kinmont Willie," Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," says:—"In the following rude strains our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the Border. This ballad is preserved by tradition on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters, so that some conjectured emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular the

Eden has been substituted for the Eske, the latter name being inconsistent with topography." The mention of Staneshaw Bank is also incongruous, as that place (Stagshaw Bank) is in the neighbourhood of Hexham, and forty miles from Carlisle. The tune is a true old Border tune, though now but little known.



O hae ye na heard o' the fause Sakele,
O hae ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie
On Hairibree* to hang him up.
Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakele had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' aucht score in his companie!

They band his legs beneath the steed;
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And brocht him owre the Liddell rack.
They led him owre the Liddell rack,†
And also through the Carlisle Sands;
They brocht him to Carlisle Castle,
To be at my Lord Scroop's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And wha will daur this deed avow,
Or answer by the Border law,
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"
"Now haud thy tongue, though rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Afore that ye cross my castle yett,
I trow ye shall tak farewell o' me."

"Fear ye na that, my lord!" quo' Willie,
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroop," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostlerie,
But I paid my lawing‡ afore I gaed."
Now word has gaen to the bauld Keeper
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That they hae ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of nicht and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on him—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he cried,
"But avenged on Lord Scroop I'll be."
Oh, is my basnet|| a widow's curch?§
Or my lance a wand o' the willow tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly¶ me?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?
And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear?

* The hill on which criminals were executed. † A ford on the Liddell. ‡ Reckoning. § Coff. ¶ Slight: make light of.

"Oh, were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is nane;
I wad slight Carlisle Castle hie,
Though it were buildit o' marble stane!
I wad set that castle in a low,
And slooken it wi' English blood;
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle Castle stood!

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad nor lass,
And yet the Kinmont shall be free!"
He has called him forty marchmen stout,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
Wi' spur on heel and splent on spauld,*
And gloves o' green and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five cam' wi' Buccleuch,
Like Warden's men array'd for fight.
And five and five like a mason gang
That carried ladders lang and hie;
And five and five like broken men,
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the 'bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Wha suld it be but the fause Sakelde?
"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me!"

"We gang to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."

"Where be he gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell me true!"

"We gaun to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where be ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?"

"We're gang to harry a corbie's nest
That wons na far frae the Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "come tell to me!"

Now Dickie o' Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' leart had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he:

The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust his lance through his fause bodie!

Then on we held to Carlisle town,
And at Staneshaw Bank the Eden we cross'd;

The water was great and meikle o' spait,
But the never a man or horse we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw Bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;

But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet.
When we cam beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders again' the wa';
And sae ready was bauld Buccleuch himsel'
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—

"Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou'dst gaed!"

"Now sound out trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch,
"Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie!"

Then loud the Warden's trumpet blew,
"Oh! wha daur meddle wi me?"

Then speedily to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',

And cut a hole through a sheet o' lead,
And sae we won to the castle ha'.

They thocht King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,

That put a thousand in sic a steer!
Wi' coulters and wi' fore-hammers
We garr'd the bars bang merilie,
Until we cam' to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"Oh! sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"
"Oh! I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It's lang sin sleeping was fley'd* frae me;
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speir† for me."

The Red Rowan has hent‡ him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Tell o' Lord Scroop I tak' farewell.
Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroop,
My good Lord Scroop, farewell," he cried;
"I'll pay ye for my lodging mail;||
When neist we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, wi' shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's arms play'd clang!
"Oh, many a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've ridden a horse baith wild and wud;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs hae ne'er bestrode."

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've prick'd a horse out owre the furs§;
But sin' the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw Bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, on horse and foot,
Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroop along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim;
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the further side,
And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he—
"An' ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me."

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroop,
He stood as still as a rock o' stane;
He scarcely daured to trew¶ his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.
"He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna hae ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christendie."

Berwick Bridge.

BETWEEN bridging the Tweed in the seven-teenth century and throwing cantilevers across the Forth in the nineteenth there is a wide difference; but the engineering of the reign of Charles I. was of a steady and enduring character, and proof of it remains to this day in the structure which spans the Border river at Berwick. Builders were in no hurry in those days, and ancient documents inform us, in a manner that can easily be remembered, that the bridge was constructed "in the space of twenty-four years, four months, and four days, ended the 24th day of October, 1634, in the tenth year of the

* Armour on the shoulder. † Learning. ‡ A well-known Border tune.

* Frightened. † Inquire. ‡ Lifted. § Rent. ¶ Furrows. ¶ Believe.

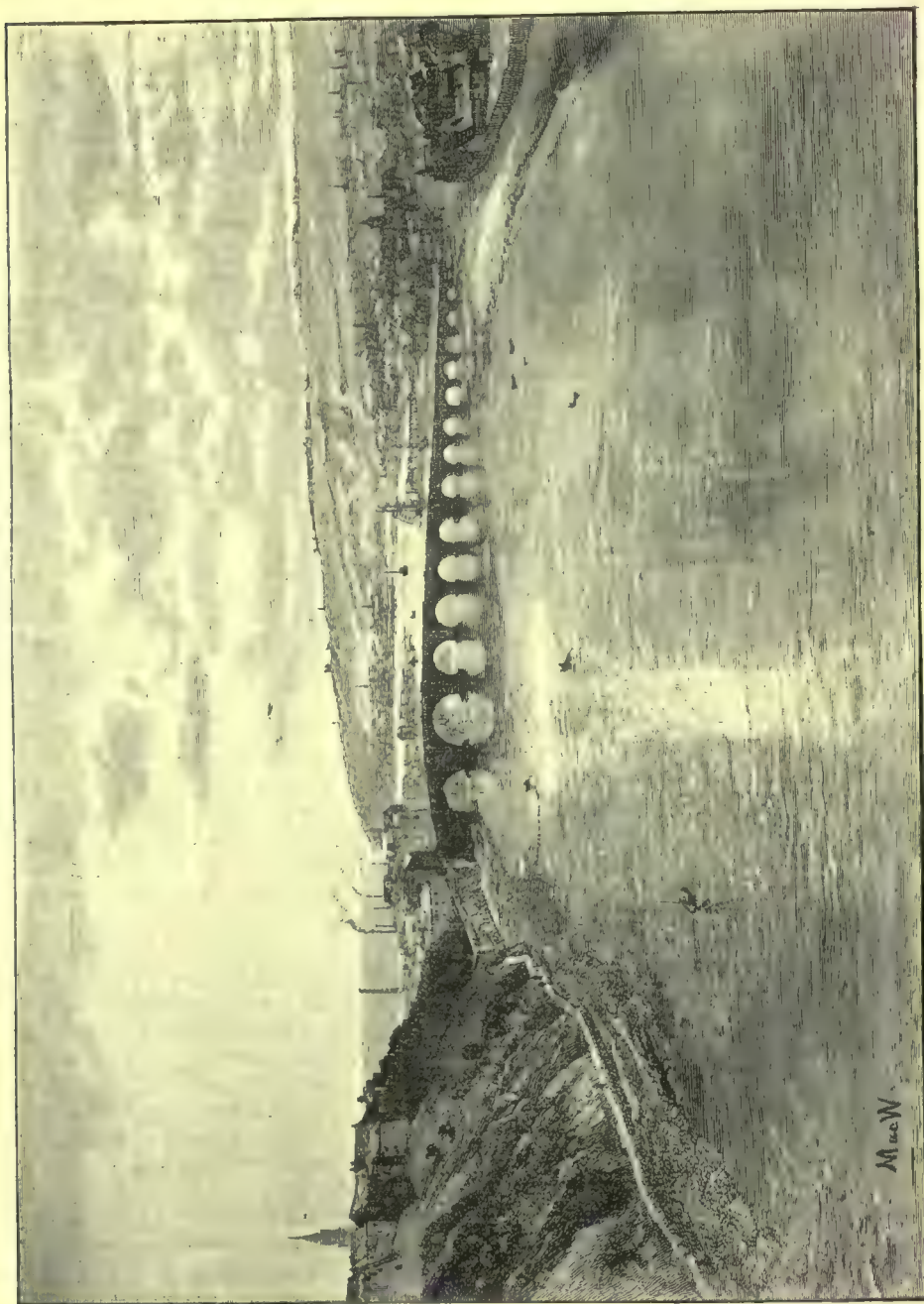
reign of King Charles." Such was the care bestowed upon it, however, that for more than two-and-a-half centuries it has withstood all floods and storms, and still betrays no sign of weakness in its firmly planted pillars. When the bridge was finished, it was found that, save £39 18s. 6d., it had cost altogether £15,000; and, although this was a goodly sum, at the rate of wages then paid, it must be admitted that a work of such stability was cheap at the price, seeing that it was of "so much good consequence to the subjects of England and of Scotland." There was a clause in the Royal grant directing that any surplus should be "employed towards the building of a church at Berwick"; but the overseers were evidently determined to satisfy temporal needs rather than spiritual wants, and Fuller informs us, with a touch of irony, that "there does not appear to have been any of this money applied to the building of a church."

Previous to the reign of King Charles, communication across the Tweed at Berwick had always been precarious. A wooden bridge was thrown over the river about a hundred yards above where the present stone structure stands; but in the reign of King John, as we read in Leland's *Collectanea*, "the bridge of Berwick brake with great force of water, bycause the arches of it were to low." It was restored by William, King of Scotland. As time rolled on, however, the inhabitants desired more security against the "braking" propensities of the turbulent stream, and eventually advantage was taken of the Union between England and Scotland to establish a permanent link from bank to bank. The work was inaugurated by King James, under the Great Seal of England, in the sixth year of his reign, and "two honest and discreet burgesses" were charged with the daily overseeing of the workmen and labourers, while "the Mayor and six of the best and most sufficient Aldermen and Burgesses of the town" were to subscribe their names weekly to the pay-books. These accounts were discovered by Dr. Fuller, and given in detail in his "History of Berwick." It is interesting to note that the wages paid ranged from 2s. 6d. per day and 15d. per tide down to 4d. per day and 2d. per tide. But a businesslike Bishop of Durham came upon the scene in August, 1620, and "received less contentment than he expected, finding that the expences of his Majesty's monies rise apace, but the bridge riseth slowly." Whereupon, with an early appreciation of the advantages of contracting, he determined "to bring the whole business to a certaintie upon articles both for the charge and the time of finishing the whole work." The energy thus imparted to the undertaking bore fruit, we have no doubt, in the curtailment of the time occupied in the erection of the bridge; but what with the delay caused by the scarcity of material, and floods which brought down "strange abundance of stacks of hay, corn, and timber"—in one case sweeping away the old wooden bridge and overthrowing a whole year's work in the new—it was fourteen years after the bishop's

visit before the undertaking was completed. His lordship considerably reported to the King upon "the good and faithful service" of the Mayor of Berwick, Sir William Bowyer, knight, "during divers years past," about the work of the bridge, and his Majesty, well pleased, directed that the sum of £100 be paid to Sir William at the rate of £20 per annum for five years. We trust that the worthy knight was as "well pleased" as his Majesty.

There was one incident in the building of the bridge which is worth more than passing mention. It was on the 2nd of June, 1633, that King Charles, on his progress to Edinburgh to be crowned, was met by a deputation from the Border town, headed by the Recorder, Mr. Widdrington, of Gray's Inn, who addressed his "most gracious and dread sovereign" in language that must have tickled the monarch and his train. While he assured the King that his Majesty's presence brought as much joy and comfort to them all as ever the loss of the town of Berwick brought sorrow to the English or Scottish nations, "you have in your Majesty's eye," proceeded the grandiloquent orator, "the representative body of a town that hath been the delight, nay, the ransom of kings; a true Helena, for which many bloody battles have been fought, lost, and regained, several times within the compass of one century of years." And he concluded by most affectionately wishing "that the throne of King Charles, the great and wise son of our British Solomon, may be like that of King David, the father of Solomon, established before the Lord for ever." We have thus a clear connection established between King Charles and Berwick Bridge, but it is a mistake to assume that it was across the present structure that James, "the British Solomon," passed to ascend the throne of England.

Though Fuller wrote about a hundred years ago, his description of the bridge will still bear to be quoted. "It is built," he says, "of fine hewn stone, and has 15 spacious and elegant arches. It measures 1,164 feet in length, including the landstalls. Its width is 17 feet. At each of the pillars, which are 14 in number, there is an outlet to both sides; without these there would be much greater danger in walking or riding along the bridge than there is at present." Then he refers to the sixth pillar separating Berwick from the County Palatine of Durham, sods being formerly placed on the battlements at this point as a guide to constables and others in the execution of warrants. There is now no necessity for the sods, but the pillar is still distinguished by having battlements slightly higher than the others. Berwick, being a walled town, possessed gates which were closely guarded at night within living memory. The south gate of the town shut up the northern end of the bridge, while two strong wooden barriers, 148 feet distant from each other, and projecting beyond the battlements on each side, were placed midway across. These hindrances to



BERWICK BRIDGE.



ROYAL BORDER BRIDGE, BERWICK.

traffic, however, could not long be tolerated as the century advanced, and they were therefore entirely swept away.

Our view of Berwick Bridge (from a drawing by Mr. MacWhirter) is taken from the Royal Border Bridge, a lofty railway viaduct crossing the Tweed near the Old Castle, and connecting the North-Eastern with the North British Railway. The Royal Border, of which we also give an illustration (taken from a photograph by Mr. J. Herriott, Berwick), was opened by the Queen on August 29, 1850. Much of the ruins of the Castle was destroyed in the course of the erection of the railway bridge, and Berwick Station has obliterated a large portion which formerly crowned the high ground on the northern bank. The Water Tower, the Breakneck Stairs, another tower in Tam the Miller's Field, a large mass of masonry called Long John, and the Bell Tower—by which the burghers were warned of the approach of the Scots—are now the principal remains of the Old Walls, which may be traced by the side of the ancient moat, on the north of the town, from the river on the one side to a point within sight of the sea on the other, the line being from west to east.

To distinguish it from the Royal Border Bridge, the structure whose history we have traced is locally termed the Old Bridge. Our illustration shows Berwick, with the spire of the Town Hall, on the high ground on the left, while Tweedmouth lies at the south end of the bridge, and Spittal, a rising watering place, on the same bank at the mouth of the river, the sea being shown in the distance. The New Road, a pathway seen on the left, is a favourite promenade—completely sheltered from the north winds—which leads through a romantic-looking gateway in the Water Tower of the Old Castle and on to some pleasant woods lying further up the river. The artist has been very successful in catching the summer aspect of a picturesque and interesting scene. But Berwick, cramped up as it is within the ramparts of the Elizabethan period, which took the place of the Old Walls, has quite an old-world look about it, and is full of quaint scenes and memories.

The Bell Tower, Berwick.



THE English side of the Border is studded with numerous old castles, pele-towers, and other places of strength, all rich in lore and legend. These silent witnesses of past pain and sorrow, of raid and pillage, of battles lost and won, are for the most part now in ruins. Some there are that have escaped the common lot, and are to be seen in much the same state as when inhabited by our forefathers. From these strongholds the student can learn much of the habits, customs, and mode of warfare of the brave

fellows whose business it was to defend their country and their homes.

Berwick, that once important Border town, has naturally enough suffered severely from the numerous sieges and assaults to which it has been subjected. Its once impregnable castle is now a heap of shapeless stone; its old fortifications are razed to the ground; while the monastic institutions, of which it had so many, have all disappeared, leaving but faint indications of their situation and size. But while these and other ancient relics are in a ruinous state, or are altogether non-existent, one link connecting us with the older life of Berwick still remains—the Bell Tower.

After the siege and capture of Berwick in 1296, King Edward I. caused a wall to be built round the town, provided with numerous towers. This was further strength-



ened by a deep fosse or moat. Some idea of the size and strength of these towers may be formed from an inspection of the only remaining one, situate in the Greenses at the extreme north end of the town, and about four hundred yards north-east of the castle.

The Bell Tower, as it is called, was originally of five storeys, but the wear and tear of successive ages have reduced its height considerably. It is octagonal in shape, and at present is about 50 feet in height. There are apertures or small niches on each flat, facing the north, south, east, and west, with a doorway, originally level with the fortifications, on the east and west sides respectively. Above the door-lintels are spaces from which stones have been removed. Old inhabitants say that on

these stones were carved certain coats-of-arms, but of what nation, or family, is unknown.

The tower was used for outpost purposes. In it men were stationed, during the daytime only, to alarm the garrison and inhabitants, by means of a large bell, on the approach of an enemy from Scotland. In 1547, a new alarm bell was supplied for "the Day Watch Tower, the old one being riven so that the sound cannot be well heard." This bell, which weighed about 730 lbs., appears to have been in use until the year 1617, when it was sold for the sum of £36 10s. The building also became deserted, and, being neglected, gradually fell into decay. But it is pleasing to know that this remnant of an interesting past is not to be allowed to pass away. The Freemen of the Borough, to whom the tower belongs, have entrusted its preservation to the Committee of the Berwick Improvement Society, which has already partly restored it.

The building commands an extensive view of Halidon Hill, the town of Berwick, the North Sea, the Tweed, and the adjacent country. EDWARD F. HERDMAN.

Duns Scotus.

JOHANNES DUNS SCOTUS was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. English, Scotch, and Irish writers have long disputed as to which of the three kingdoms should wear the honour of having given him birth; and the question is not likely ever to be satisfactorily settled, any more than that of the birthplace of Homer or St. Patrick.

According to the English authorities, he was born, about the year 1265, at the little village of Dunstan, near Dunstanborough Castle, in the parish of Embleton, Northumberland, six-and-a-half miles north-east of Alnwick. The compilers of the "Biographia Britannica," following Camden, quote in favour of Duns's English birthplace a Latin inscription at the end of a manuscript copy of his works in the library of Merton College, Oxford, of the following tenor:—"Here end the Lecture of the Subtle Doctor in the University of Oxford, upon the Fourth Book of Sentences (Opinions, Thoughts, by Peter Lombard), to wit, of Master John Duns, born in a certain hamlet in the parish of Emylton, called Dunstan, in the County of Northumberland, pertaining to the house of the scholars of Merton Hall in Oxford, and formerly fellow of the said house." Dunstan belongs, we believe, to Merton College to this day.

But the advocates for Duns's Scottish, or rather Sooto-Northumbrian extraction, are not satisfied with this evidence. The inscription, they say, proves nothing, except that the individual that wrote it, whoever he was, had heard that John Duns was born at Dunstan. They

overlook the significant fact that that place was the property of the college where the great man was educated, and that it was therefore exceedingly likely that he should be sent thence to Oxford to study and take his degree, when it was found that he had an extraordinary genius for imbibing knowledge. At any rate, Buchanan and other Scottish historians, followed by Mereri, the competent forerunner of the indefatigable Bayle, mentions that John Duns was born in the year 1274 in the old town of Dunse, in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and for long centuries a part of the Anglo-Danish kingdom of Northumberland. He first saw the light, they allege, under the frowning walls of Dunse Castle, the stronghold of Randolph, Earl of Moray, the nephew and compatriot of Bruce. Hence he was called "John of Dunse, the



Scot,"—the third joint of his name being a common Gentile appellation, likewise borne, we may add, by the first Mayor of Newcastle.

The Scotch hypothesis is fortified by the terms of the Latin epitaph upon Duns's tomb, which reads thus in English:—

Scotland bore me, England adopted me,
France taught me, Germany holds me.

It is stated by the Rev. Dr. Robert Bowmaker, in his statistical account of the parish of Dunse, that the family of which Duns was a scion continued in the town of Dunse till after the beginning of last century, and were proprietors of a small estate in that neighbourhood, called in old writings "Duns's Half of Grueldykes." An elegant portrait of John Duns has been appreciatively, even if not appropriately, placed in the court-room of what aspires to be his native town.

The Irish claimants found their title to reckon Duns

as a countryman of their own chiefly on the fact that he was surnamed *Scotus*, a term originally applied to none but natives of the Emerald Isle, and only secondarily, and in comparatively modern times, extended to North Britons. But *Scotus*, *le Scot*, *Scot*, and *Scott*, are found in the records of the town of Newcastle always denoting persons from the land beyond the Tweed, and never, in any case, Irishmen. There was, besides, another *Johannes Scotus*, who lived several centuries before our *Johannes*, and who, because he was of Hibernian origin, was distinguished as *Erigena*, born in Erin.

Dismissing these fruitless controversies, this much is certain, that John Duns, while yet a youth, attached himself to the Minorites, Franciscans, Cordeliers, or Grey Friars, in Newcastle, whose monastery stood close to the walls of the town, near the Pilgrim Street Gate. He donned, as a matter of course, the thick, grey cloth cloak appropriate to the order, with the girdle of rope or cord, tied with three knots, symbolic of the Ever Blessed Trinity. But his ambition was not confined to the narrow bounds of a cell, or to the routine duties of the monastic life. And so the promising youth was soon sent to Oxford, where he was admitted to Merton College, of which he became a fellow, and where he greatly distinguished himself by his unusual proficiency in scholastic acquirements. He is said to have become extraordinarily learned in the canon and civil laws, as well as in logic, physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy. He read lectures on natural philosophy, which were very popular. Among the apocryphal stories told of him is one that, during the time when he filled the chair of theology on the banks of the Isis, his fame grew so great that thirty thousand scholars came thither to listen to him. But his motto being still onward and upward, he removed from Oxford to Paris, probably in 1301. He was chosen regent of the monks of his order at a meeting at Toulouse, and about the same time he took the presidency of the theological school at Paris, in the renowned college of the Sorbonne. Here his arguments and authority carried the day, against the rival monastic order of the Dominicans, for the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. The heads of the University of Paris determined to admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of John Duns's mind. They also appointed a festival—the Feast of the Immaculate Conception—to be held every year on the anniversary of Duns's triumphant demonstration of the new cardinal point of faith. It was on this occasion that the title of the Subtle Doctor was first conferred upon him, a title no man ever deserved better. For, in the whole history of scholasticism, we meet with few so well qualified as he to—

Weave fine cobwebs for the skull
That's empty when the moon is full;
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as any Sorbonist.

In 1308, he was commanded by Gonsalvo, the General

of the Minorites, to go to Cologne, the city of the Three Magian Kings, to dispute against the Beghards, Beguines, bag-women or begging sisters of Flanders, who, without having taken monastic vows, had united for the purpose of devotion and charity, and lived together in houses called *beguinages*. It is reported that the citizens met him in solemn procession, and conducted him into the city. But he was not permitted to do more than merely enter upon his new crusade against wilful women's presumption; for, very soon after, he was seized with apoplexy, and died on the 8th of November, 1308, in the forty-third year of his age.

The account of his death is legendary. According to Gorries, he fell down in a fit, and was immediately buried as dead; but, afterwards, coming to his senses, he languished in his coffin, beating his head and hands against its sides till he expired.

On the eternally disputed topic of predestination and free-will, Duns Scotus took one side, and Thomas Aquinas the other. The one was styled, as we have said, the Subtle Doctor; the other, the Angelical Doctor. Duns was a Franciscan, Aquinas a Dominican—so of rival and to some extent hostile orders. Between them, the two doughty champions new-modelled the school theology, which had been based upon Aristotle fully as much as on St. Augustine, and recognised the authority of the Stagyrte as almost if not equal to that of Paul of Tarsus. The learned Christian world was divided, even in those pre-Reformation days, into two camps of irreconcilables—the Thomists and the Scotists. The former held Aquinas's opinions with regard to predestination and grace; the latter stood up as stoutly for those of John Duns.

It is a common story that the word *Dunce* is derived from this great schoolman's local name being applied, by way of irony, to stupid scholars, on the same principle as a blockhead is called a *Solon* or a bully *Hector*, and as *Moses* is the vulgar name of contempt for a Jew. So says Southey in "The Doctor."

The works of Duns Scotus are very voluminous. "One man is hardly able to read them, and no one man is able to understand them." The speculative part of them alone, collected by Luke Wadding, an industrious and learned Irishman, and published at Lyons in 1639, fills twelve folio volumes. The positive part was meant by the editor for a future publication, which never appeared; but the sum and substance of them, as well as more or less luminous and satisfactory epitomes of the whole, have appeared in sundry shapes at divers times. And in Ritter's "History of Philosophy," and other works of the kind, the curious reader may find all he is likely to want regarding this every way wonderful man, "the most ingenious, acute, and subtle of the sons of Adam."

Miracle Plays and Mysteries in the North.

IF we accept the general belief that ancient Greek tragedy was in its earliest form a purely religious worship, it is easy to understand the commencement of Passion plays or mysteries. The fathers of the Christian Church, even in the second century, desiring to make their worship attractive, observed pagan feasts as religious festivals, and substituted plays from the Old and New Testament in the place of the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides, turning the choruses, which formed so important a part of classical dramatic representations, into Christian hymns. Thus they substituted religious shows for ancient spectacles in order to wean the people from Greek or heathen learning, which, even in its simplest form, was, in the early ages of Christianity, and for many centuries after, held in great abhorrence.

The first instance of a religious play having been performed in this country is recorded by Matthew Paris, who relates that in the year 1100 a learned Norman, master of the Abbey School at Dunstable, wrote a mystery entitled the "Life of St. Catherine," and had it acted by his scholars. But the earliest notices of sacred plays performed by trading societies on Corpus Christi Day (as the Thursday after Trinity Sunday is called) are those connected with the York Guilds, which, from about the middle of the thirteenth century, annually exhibited a variety of those dramatised religious traditions. Every trade in the city was obliged by its terms of incorporation to furnish a pageant at its own expense, and so extraordinary was the splendour displayed in the ancient Yorkshire city that large concourses of people flocked from all parts of the country to witness the pious entertainments, and many orders and ordinances still exist in the municipal registers regulating them. One minute affirms that the plays are good in themselves and commendable, but that "the citizens of the said city, and other foreigners coming to the feast, had greatly disgraced the play by revellings, drunkenness, shouts and songs, and other insolences, little regarding the divine offices of the said day." Mr. Toulmin Smith, in his "History of English Guilds," tells us that "once on a time a play, setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer, was played in the city of York; in which play all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues held up to praise." So popular did this "Morality" become that a guild of men and women was founded for the purpose of keeping it up. The play itself is now lost, though Wyclif, who died in 1304, refers to "Ye paternoster in Engliysch tunge as men seyen in ye play of York."

Our forefathers were strangers to modern delicacy, but their morals were as pure as, perhaps purer and stricter

than, our own; yet these incorruptible Englishmen would look calmly on many things which would certainly shock their descendants; nay, they even regarded with solemn awe the representation of the Coventry play of the "Temptation," though during that performance Adam and Eve appeared on the stage in *puris naturalibus*. "This extraordinary spectacle," says Warton, "was beheld by a numerous company of both sexes with great composure; they had the authority of Scripture for such a representation, and gave matters just as they found them in the first chapter of Genesis."

Bourne, in his history of Newcastle, has fortunately rescued from oblivion the only vestige that remains to us of Newcastle mysteries. It is entitled "Noah's Ark, or the Shipwrights' Ancient Play or Dirge." Brand, who so eagerly collected relics of a bygone age, sought vainly in the archives of several local societies for another, and gives it as his opinion that they were probably all destroyed after the Reformation, as the spirit of Protestantism was strongly adverse to the preservation of these compositions, considering them doubtless as savouring of Popish superstition. In "Noah's Ark" the Almighty, an angel, Noah, his wife, and the Devil are the *dramatis personæ*. The dirge commences with a long soliloquy from the Almighty, who, after explaining his resolution to destroy mankind, "all but Noah, my darling, free," sends an angel to Noah, bidding him

Go, make a ship
Of stiff board and great,
Although he be not a wright.

The angel finds Noah asleep, awakens him, and bids him "take tent" of God's command. After some conversation, during which the angel further explains the situation, Noah responds:—

I am six hundred winters old;
Unlusty I am to do such a deed.
For I have neither ryff nor ruff,
Spyer, sprond, spront, nor sproll—
Christ be the shaper of this ship,
For a ship needs make I must.

The Devil overhears this conversation, and, displeased at the determination expressed by the patriarch, exclaims, in sonorous Saxon phrase:—

Put off Harro, and wele away
That ever I uprose this day.

The Father of All Evil then determines to prevent the building of the ark, and, going to Noah's wife (who, as in the Chester play on the same subject, is represented as an ill-tempered, vixenish woman), warns her:

I tell thee secretly,
And thou do after thy husband read—
Thou and thy children will all be dead
And that right hastily.

Uxor dicat.
Go, devil, how say for shame.
Deabolus dicat.
Yes, hold thee still, le dame,
And I shall tell how;

I swear thee by my crooked anout,
All that thy husband goes about
Is little for thy profit.

Noah's wife is now thoroughly aroused by Satan's representations, and promises to give her husband a potion which will render him unable to work. Noah, however, is deaf to her entreaties, and refuses to take the draught, whereon she loses her temper, and, with a sublime indifference to anachronism, swears by Christ and St. John. Her last words are—

The devil of hell thee speed
To ship when thou shalt go.

Noah is much downcast after this quarrel with his spouse; but the angel comforts and counsels him. The ark is completed, and Satan, baffled and disappointed, finally prays

. . . . To Dolphin, prince of dead,
Scald you all in his lead,
That never a one of you thrive, nor thee.

Miracle plays appear generally to have been acted in the open air. A pageant car, supporting a stage of three platforms, was usually drawn to a spot calculated to show the performance to the greatest crowd of spectators. The entertainment was under the control of the Mayor and other town officials, who directed the manner of moving the car from street to street. Each craft had its assigned pageant, and had to play at the time and place appointed, any of the brethren who failed to attend at the hour specified being punished by fines. These fines varied; the Saddlers in Newcastle were mulcted in forty pence, while if one of the Guild of Millers was absent at the performance of "the antient play" of their fellowship, entitled "The Deliverance of the Children of Isrell out of the Thaldome, Bondage, and the Servytude of King Pharo," he had to pay a penalty of 20s. Considerable cost was entailed on the various companies, who severally bore the expense of their own plays. Many notices occur relating to the sums expended on Corpus Christi Day; for instance, in an old book of the Newcastle Merchant Adventurers, dated A.D. 1552, the following financial entry may still be read:—"Item, paide of this revenus above said for the fyve playes, whereof the towne must pay for the ost men playe, £4, and as. their playes paid for with the fees and ordinarie charg's as aperes by perticulars wrytten in the stewards' book of this yere ys £31 1s. 1d." The earliest mention of Corpus Christi plays in Newcastle occurs in an ordinary of the Coopers, dated 1426. The Smiths soon followed their example, as in January, 1437, they are enjoined to go together in procession on the feast day, and play their play at their own expense, every brother to be at St. Nicholas' Church at the setting forth of the procession, on pain of forfeiting a pound of wax.

In 1442, the Barber Chirurgeons had to play the "Baptyng of Crist," and to form part of the pageant when it should be shown in a livery. The House Carpenters had to perform the "Burial of Christ," which anciently

belonged to their fellowship, "whensoever the generall plaies of the towne shall be plaied." In 1527, the ordinary of the Incorporated Weavers enjoined the brethren to assemble every year on Corpus Christi Day, and go together in procession and play their play and pageant of the "Bearing of the Cross," each brother to forfeit sixpence if absent from the place appointed at the hour assigned. In September, 1536, the Plumbers, Glaziers, Jewellers, and Painters were incorporated in one fraternity, and were bound, by the rules of their society, to maintain the miracle play of the "Three Kyngs of Coleyn." The title of the Weavers' play was the "Beringe of the Crosse," and that of the Bricklayers "The Flying of our Ladye into Egype." The Tailors had to act and exhibit the "Descent into Hell," and must have been rather a quarrelsome set, for at a meeting of their guild, in 1560, it was ordered and agreed that all the tailors dwelling in Newcastle shall live together as loving brethren of their fellowship, and shall gather themselves together, in their accustomed places, upon Corpus Christi Day, and amicably play their play, at their own cost and charges. In 1561, the Fullers and Dyers paid for the setting forth of their play as follows:—

The play letten to Sir Robert Hert (of All Saints), Sir W. Hert (of St. Nicholas), George Wallus, and R. Murton	9s.
First for the rehersall of the playe before ye craft	10s.
Item to a mynstrell yt night	3d.
Item for paynting the geyre	10s.
Item for a salmone trowt	15d.
Item for the Mawndy loves and caks	2s. 8d.
Item for wyn	3s.
Item for 3 yerds and a d. lyn cloth for God's cot	3s. 2d.
Item for ye hoyser (hose) and oot makynge ..	6d.
Item for a payr of gloves	3d.
Item for the care banner berryng	20d.
Item for the carynge of the trowt and wyn about the towne	12d.
Item for the mynstrell	12d.
Item for 2 spares for stanges	6d.
Item for drynke and thaye suppers that wated of the paient	5s.
Item for tenter howks	3d.
Summa totalis	50s. 0l.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, miracle plays seemed to be on the decline, as they were never acted but by a special command of the magistrates of Newcastle, and we find that on May 29, 1567, a mystery play cost the Corporation as follows:—

For sixty men's dennors	50s.
For 35 horses for the players, at 4d. a horse ..	11s. 8d.
For wine at their dinners	6s. 8d.
For a drum	8d.
The waits for playing before the players ...	2s.
Painting the sergeant's staff	2s.
To John Hardcastel for making 46 little castles and 6 great castles	8s.
For painting Beelzebub's cloak	4d.

An ordinary of the Joiners' Company, dated 1589, provided that "Whensoever it shall be thought necessary by the Mayor, &c., to command to be set forth and plaied or exercised any general playe or martial exercise, they shall attend on the same and do what is assigned

them." Little is heard of these entertainments after the date mentioned, and shortly after the accession of James I., they were finally suppressed in every town in the kingdom.

In the Earl of Northumberland's household book (1512) we find that at Christmas and Easter the children of his chapel performed mysteries under the direction of the master of the revels; indeed, the exhibition of scriptural dramas formed on great festivals a regular part of the domestic entertainment of our ancient nobility, and it was then as much the business of the chaplain of the household to compose biblical plays as it is now his duty to write sermons.

Theatrical entertainments have always been popular in Newcastle, and we gather from municipal records that a couple of years before Shakespeare saw the light the burgesses, whenever they had a chance, patronised the drama, and gladly welcomed to Tyneside any strolling players who found themselves in the neighbourhood. The ordinary gratuity for a performance was 20s., and it is recorded that various companies that professed to be the "servants" of my Lord of Leycester, the Earl of Hardforthe, my Lord of Worsytur, the Duchess of Sowfolke, and other strangely named grandees acted for this sum. The "players of Durham" were evidently held in greater estimation, for when they came to the town the Mayor entertained his fellow-citizens with a

performance, the cost of which was £3 3s. 4d., viz. :—To the players, £3; a quart of wine, 4d.; four links for lights, 2s.; three loads of coals to keep the actors warm, 1s.

Sacred stories or events taken from Scriptural sources have yet a strong hold on the public mind, for the ever favourite oratorio is only a mystery or morality set to music, and periodically vast concourses are drawn from all parts of Europe by the Ober Ammergau plays.

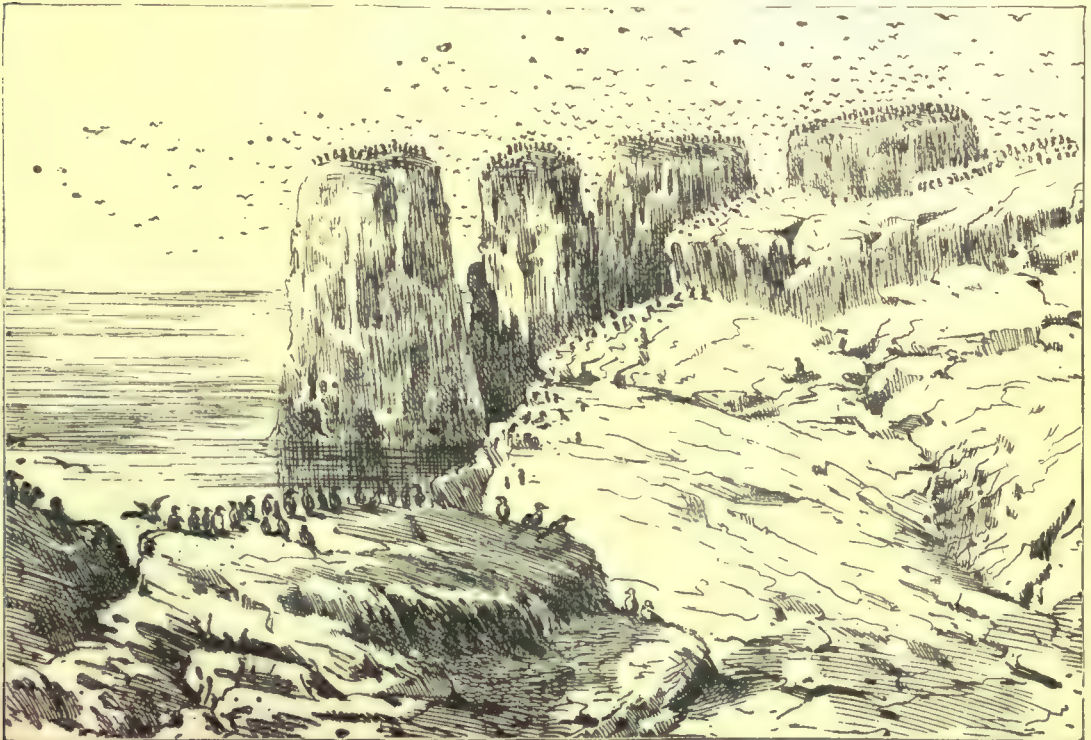
M. S. HARDOCASTLE.

Bird Life on the Farne Islands.



MEMORABLE as are the Farnes as the scene of the heroism of Grace Darling, interest also centres in them as the home of innumerable sea birds. In the height of the season there is an incessant clamour while the birds cluster on the various rocks or circle in clouds overhead. Coupled with the noise of the beating surf, the effect is singularly wild.

The Farne group consists of twenty-five islands, about ten of which are covered at high water. They lie from one and a half to five miles from the Northumberland



THE PINNACLES, FARNE ISLANDS,

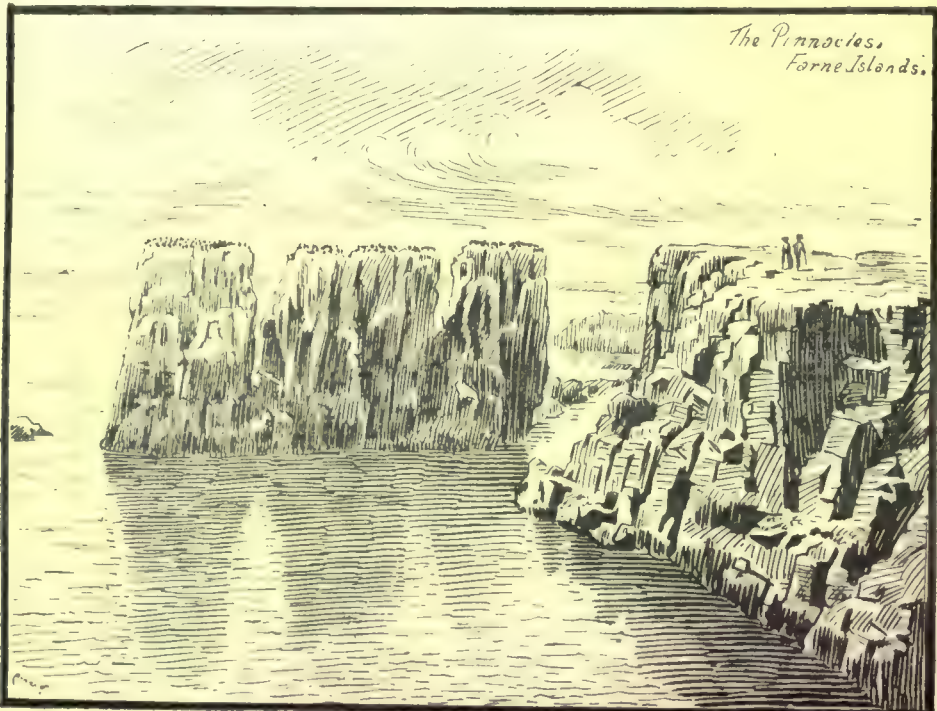
coast. North Sunderland being the chief rendezvous of visitors, and Monkhouse the nearest point. The voyage across the channel may be easily and safely accomplished; but, owing to the depredations of visitors in the past, no one can now land upon the islands without permission. So thickly are some of the islets strewn with nests in the breeding season that it is impossible to walk without treading upon eggs or young. In 1536, Henry VIII. bestowed the islands upon the Dean and Chapter of Durham. The Outer Farnes are controlled by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; the Inner Farnes are now leased to the Farne Islands Association. The largest of the whole group, commonly known as the House Island, but also as the Farne proper, is associated with the memory of St. Cuthbert, particulars of whom were given in the *Monthly Chronicle* for November, 1887. Its name is supposed to have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Færena éalande*, meaning "Island of the Pilgrims." The island is irregular in form, with an area of sixteen acres at low water, three parts being bare rock, with cliffs of basalt rising to a height of eighty feet. Eastward of the Farne, separated by a channel, are the Wedums, or Wideopen, and the Noxes, forming at low water one island. To the north-westward of the Farne lie two rocks, the Swedman and Megstone. A channel about a mile in width separates the inner from the outer group of islands. A reef in this channel has been noted as being the breeding ground of the great seal. Then there is Stapel Island, and separated from it by a narrow

channel is the Brownsman, where the bird-keeper lives. To the north is the Wawmses, the breeding place of the cormorants, and to the east the Big and Little Harcar. The story connected with the wreck of the *Forfarshire* on the Big Harcar will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for June, 1888.

The accompanying views, two of which are taken from photographs kindly supplied by Mr. W. Green, of Berwick-on-Tweed, whose series representing bird life on the coast is exceptionally beautiful and interesting, will give the reader some idea of one of the principal resorts of sea birds on the North-East Coast.

Mr. John Hancock's "Catalogue of the Birds of Northumberland and Durham" records that the following fifteen species of sea fowl breed on the Farne Islands:— Ring dotterel, oystercatcher, lesser black-backed gull, herring gull, kittiwake gull, sandwich tern, common tern, arctic tern, roseate tern, cormorant, shag, eider duck, guillemot, puffin, and razorbill. Mr. Hancock gives also in the same work the subjoined interesting particulars:—

The guillemots have possession of the Pinnacles, three basaltic columns of no great size, and about forty feet high. The eggs are deposited on the top of these isolated columns, and can only be reached by climbing. There used to be a rope suspended from the top of one of the columns, and with the aid of this rope, and with one foot against one column and the other foot against the adjacent one, an active climber might haul himself to the top. When I visited the locality in June, 1831, in company with Mr. W. C. Hewitson and my brother Albany, our supply of these eggs was obtained in this manner:—



Mr. Hewitson, who was a bold and active climber, disdaining the rope, bravely ascended the Pinnacles and lowered down to us, in the boat at their base, the eggs in his hat. The kittiwake, which, though plentiful, is in no great abundance, avails itself of the inequalities of the precipitous faces of the Pinnacles and the neighbouring cliffs to build its nest. The lesser black-backed gull is numerous, and is not confined to any particular islet. Only a few pairs of puffins were breeding at that time; they are now, however, much more numerous. The eggs of this species are placed at arm's length within rabbit-holes on one of the hummocky grassy islets. The cormorants had possession of a rocky islet of little elevation here. Their nests, which are composed of sea-weed, are associated together, these birds forming a small colony by themselves. As we approached, the cormorants went off in a body to an adjacent rock at no great distance, and watched our movements. The shag and razorbill were both very scarce; we did not obtain an egg of either; they are probably only occasional breeders in this locality. The ring dotterel and oyster-catcher are also not by any means common. The eider duck nests chiefly on the main or inner island, but is found on several of the other islands, and, though constantly found there, is in no great number. It likewise occasionally nests on the neighbouring mainland; we found a single nest so situated on our visit to this district. The ring dotterel, too, likewise breeds on the mainland; and we found several pairs of the little tern breeding on the shore of the Old Law, opposite to Holy Island; and on the links in this neighbourhood the shieldrake is found nesting in rabbit holes.

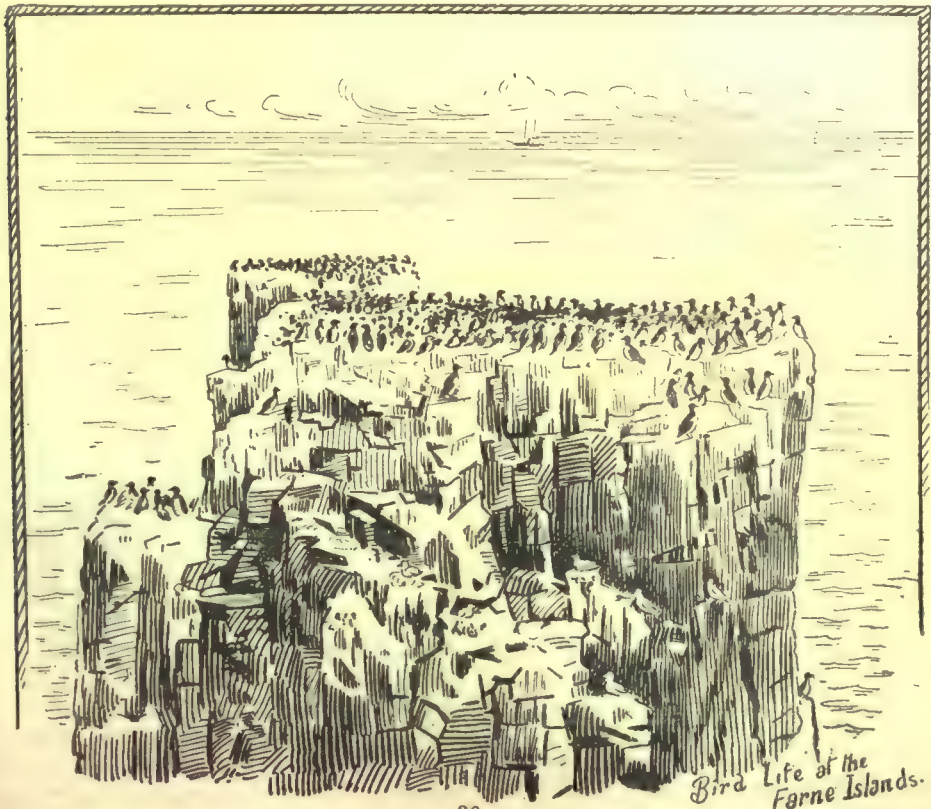
A specimen of the great auk, which is probably now extinct, appears to have been taken at the Farne Islands about a century ago. In Wallis's "History of North-

umberland" it is stated, under the head "Penguin," that "a curious and uncommon bird was taken alive a few years ago in the island of Farn, and presented to the late John William Bacon, Esq., of Etherstone, with whom it grew so tame and familiar that it would follow him with its body erect to be fed." There can be little doubt that this so called penguin was really the great auk. The only bird with which it might have been confounded is one or other of the great divers, the northern or the black-throated; but as neither of these can walk, it could not be said that it followed Mr. Bacon "with its body erect to be fed"; while there is reason to believe, Mr. Symington Grieve thinks, that the great auk could move in this particular position, as the razorbill does.

In his recently published work on "The Great Auk, or Garefowl," Mr. Grieve says:—

The discovery of traces of the great auk in a cave near Whitburn Lizards, county Durham, during the spring of 1878, is very interesting, as until that time no remains of this bird, so far as known, had been found in England. There can be little doubt that at one time the great auk was in the habit of visiting the shores of even the most southern parts of Britain, but it is long since these visits became of very rare occurrence. The last notice that we know of the great auk having been met with in the North-East of England is the mention that a specimen had been captured on the Farne Islands about a century ago.

It appears that the workmen employed by the Whit-



burn Coal Company had been quarrying limestone on the eastern escarpment of the Cleadon Hills, named on the Ordnance Survey map "Whitburn Lizards," when, underneath a quantity of debris, which had at one time fallen from the face of the cliff, they discovered a cave, which at some remote period had evidently been formed by the sea when the land was at a lower level, as it was situated on the north-east escarpment of the hill, about 15 feet from its summit, and 140 feet above the present sea level. Mr. Howse, who was one of those who examined it, has written a preliminary description of the cave and its contents. He states that he believes this cave, along with other two adjoining it that have since been discovered, were raised to their present elevation long before being occupied by the creatures whose remains have been found in them, and that probably the deposits on the cave-floors are not of extreme antiquity, as in none of them were discovered traces of the hyena and cave-bear, met with in such abundance in some other English caves.

Until this discovery the scientists acquainted with the locality had no idea of the existence of any caves in the neighbourhood, and it must have caused considerable surprise to the officials of the Museum of the Natural History Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne, when, in the spring of 1878, they received the first box containing the remains, which were kindly sent them by Mr. John Daglish, Tynemouth, who at the same time gave liberty for some members of the society to excavate in the cave. It was fortunate that such a competent authority as Mr. John Hancock undertook the examination of the remains, as his labours have resulted in the identification of bones that have belonged to a considerable number of mammalia and birds, along with the shells of several of the mollusca. Among the former of these it is worthy of notice that there are several domestic animals, but their remains are associated with those of some animals that have long been extinct in the North of England.

THE HERRING GULL.

The herring gull (*Larus argentatus*) is a common resident in Northumberland, and breeds on the Farne Islands. This species is also found along the whole of the South Coast of England, and is particularly numerous in



the Isle of Wight, from Freshwater Bay to the Needles. Herring gulls feed on shellfish, and occasionally large dead fishes, crustaceans, molluscs, echini, &c., and we have it on the authority of Mr. Hancock that they steal and eat the eggs of the cormorant. In summer the adults have the head and neck pure white; the back and all the wing covers are uniform delicate French grey;

tertials, tipped with white; primaries, mostly black; but grey on basal portion of inner web, and the first primary with a triangular patch of pure white; chin, throat, breast, belly, and the whole of the under surface of the body and tail, pure white; legs and feet, flesh colour; bill, yellow; angle of under mandible, red; edges of eyelids, orange; irides, straw-yellow. The length of the herring gull is from twenty-two inches to twenty-four and a half inches, depending on the age and sex; wing, from sixteen and a half to seventeen and a quarter inches long. In winter the adults have the head streaked with dusky grey. The nest of the herring gull, which is frequently placed on ledges of rocks, is usually formed of grass or any other vegetable matter that may be at hand.

THE GREAT AUK.

The great auk (*Alca impennis*), which may be described as a gigantic razorbill, but having wings so small as to be incapable of flight, was a common bird at one period, hundreds being caught periodically on the small islands off Newfoundland, and on the coast of Iceland.



The species also occurred in St. Kilda, and the Orkney and Faroe Islands. The last specimen seen in the Orkneys was killed in 1812; that on St. Kilda was in 1822. The last recorded capture of the great auk was made on Eldey, off the coast of Iceland, in 1844. So recent has been the extinction of this fine species, that in

the early editions of Yarrell's "Birds," and even in Macgillivray's fifth volume of "British Birds," published in 1852, it is spoken of as still existing.

The great auk was about the size of a goose, its length being about thirty inches. The wing was not more than six and a half or seven and a half inches in length; the tail measured three inches or three and a half in length. Upon the upper surface of the body the plumage was glossy black; on the throat blackish brown; an oval white patch was situated immediately in front of the eye. The under side and a thin streak across the tips of the secondary wing quills were white.

The value of the egg of the great auk has risen rapidly of late years. In 1830, one was bought in Paris for 4s. 1d.; but in 1888 another realized the unprecedented sum of £225, and it is stated that this egg has since changed hands at an advanced figure.

THE COMMON GUILLEMOT.

The common guillemot (*Uria troile*) inhabits the northern coasts of Europe and the North Atlantic, and is strictly a bird of the ocean. It breeds extensively on the Farne Islands, Northumberland, and in many other parts of the United Kingdom. The bird is about seventeen inches in length, and twenty-seven in breadth. The



head, neck, and upper parts are blackish brown, with a slaty tinge on the back; the under parts below the throat and tips of secondaries are white; the bill is almost uniform black; the legs and feet are olivaceous brown; the irides hazel brown. Very old birds retain the summer plumage throughout the year. Like the auk, which it greatly resembles, the guillemot lays but one egg, which is large in proportion to her size; sometimes it is

of pale blue or sea-green colour, and at other times white or spotted; indeed, it varies so much in appearance that hardly two eggs are alike.

THE PUFFIN.

The puffin (*Mormon fratercula*), which breeds on the Farne Islands, at Flamborough in Yorkshire, and at many stations on the Scottish coast, has a variety of common names, such as coulterneb, sea parrot, pope, mullet, and Tammie Norrie. This last term seems to be applied to the puffin on the east coast of Scotland; and the local rhyme shows that it breeds on the Bass Rock. Thus:—

Tammie Norrie o' the Bass,
Canna kiss a pretty lass.

The puffin from its peculiar conformation, is ill able to walk on land; but on the sea, which may almost be termed its native elements, it is most expert in swimming and



diving. Its food consists of sprats and other small fish, the smaller crustacea, such as shrimps, &c. The note is a low "orr, orr." It breeds in holes in high cliffs overhanging the sea, in holes in the turf, and in deserted rabbit burrows. The holes, most authorities state, are made by the male birds, and the solitary egg is deposited at the far end. The male puffin weighs from twelve to thirteen ounces; length, one foot to thirteen inches. The curious bill, from which the bird derives one of its common names, coulterneb, is of several colours—the fore part about the mouth, which projects a little both above and below, yellowish white, the next portion bluish grey, followed by orange red, and again by bright red. It seems that the bill does not attain its full size till the third year. The wings expand to the width of one foot nine inches; greater and lesser wing coverts, glossy black; primaries, dusky black, but paler than the secondaries,

which are also black. The tail is short, and black in colour. Upper tail coverts, black; legs and toes, bright orange red; claws, black, the inner one much hooked; webs, orange red. The female in size and plumage resembles the male.

A Cumberland Poet:

Josiah Relph of Sebergham.



THE village of Sebergham, about ten miles south-west of Carlisle, is located amongst some of the most charming and picturesque scenery in the whole county of Cumberland. Here was born, lived, and died, during the first half of last century, Josiah Relph, a remarkable man, a genuine poet, but one about whom little is known at the present day. Relph's father was a yeoman of humble rank, possessing a small paternal estate in the parish of Sebergham. Here the poet was born on the 3rd of December, 1712. At an early age he was sent to Appleby, and placed under the care of a schoolmaster of great repute, a Mr. Yates, whose abilities as a preceptor gained him the name of "the northern Busby." On reaching the age of fifteen, Relph was transferred to the University of Glasgow, where he is said to have given proofs of his remarkable genius. Here, however, he did not remain long, but returned to his native village. One of his biographers conjectures, with great probability, that he was induced to leave the Scottish seat of learning by his "love of retirement and the pleasure of being near his favourite home." At the village of Sebergham he became the master of the grammar school. In 1733 the minister, or, as we should say in this day, the vicar of Sebergham, one Reverend James Kinnear, died, and Relph was chosen by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to succeed him. The living was worth about thirty pounds a year, but the new minister's income, from church and school together, is believed never to have exceeded fifty pounds per annum.

Relph's predecessor in the pulpit of Sebergham was a Scotch Episcopalian, who, at the downfall of Episcopalianism in Scotland, had been driven by the fury of the Presbyterians from the rectory of Annan, and had found a refuge in this secluded Cumberland village. Before his time there had been no settled minister at Sebergham, but the Chapter of Carlisle had sent over once a month one of their own number to render to the parishioners the small modicum of religious instruction which the slender value of the tithes warranted. Under such circumstances we are scarcely surprised to learn that Kinnear found the inhabitants rude and unpolished, ignorant and illiberal, abjectly superstitious in the belief of exploded stories of witches, ghosts, and apparitions, with but little morality and less

religion. "They spent their Sundays in tumultuous meetings at ale-houses, or in the rude diversions of football." Kinnear set himself the task of reforming these people. He was an austere man, his religion gloomy and unsocial, his conversation distant and reserved, and his manners ungracious. Attacking and roundly condemning all amusements, even the most innocent, he lost by his moroseness what else he might have gained by the blameless tenor of his life. "His parishioners despised and neglected him, and he gave them up as desperately abandoned, profligate, and irreclaimable." He spent forty-five years in the parish, and left the people much as he found them.

Relph only held the living for the short period of ten years. He was a man of great ability united with extreme modesty. His temperament was social and cheerful, his manners were amiable, and his friendships warm. His influence on his people was of the most marked character. A writer who lived amongst them shortly after his day speaks of "elegance of conversation, esteem for learning, and reverence for religion" as their distinguishing traits. A lecturer who frequented Sebergham shortly after Relph's death was often heard to say that "in no part of the world, not even in the metropolis, did he ever address an audience by whom he appeared to be so well understood as at Sebergham." Relph deserves to be remembered, too, for the catholicity of his character. "He was so averse," says one writer, "to cavilling about the abstract questions of sectarian controversy, that his esteem was frequently bestowed on men whose ideas of religion were entirely opposite to his own; it was not the profession of religion which ensured his regard, but the zealous practice of its duties."

Relph's career was uneventful. A step-mother was the great trouble of his life. But from all his cares he had two happy retreats. "In a lonely dell, by a murmuring stream, under the canopy of heaven, he had provided a table and stool, and a little raised seat of soda." Hither he retired for solitary meditation. But within his father's small estate, which, despite its smallness, enclosed "flowery meadows, silver streams, and hanging groves," there was a favourite fountain. "It poured, in soft meanders, down a gentle declivity, till it gained the Caldew, whose waters here lave the borders of a beautiful valley." Here, says his biographer, "he had a fish-pond, and a chair and table formed from the natural rock, where he was accustomed to entertain a select party of cheerful friends in the primitive simplicity which characterises the pastoral age."

He spent many of his nights in pacing the churchyard, or the silent aisles of his church. Then it was that "without any light, or with a light only sufficient to render darkness visible," he composed his sermons. Long after his death the awe excited amongst his parishioners by his nightly walks was well remembered.

Relph is described as a tall and thin man, with a com-

manding aspect, and a certain dignity of carriage which in no way detracted from his obvious modesty. He appears to have been always delicate. "He was abstemious to a very great degree; for he lived entirely upon milk and vegetables for many years." His numerous duties and his sedentary habits, and, perhaps, his nightly vigils, at length broke down his health. He died on the 26th June, 1743, at the age of thirty years. Before his death he sent for all his former pupils and poor parishioners, and received them one by one in his chamber, addressing to each words of advice and consolation. To the poor he made bountiful gifts, but strictly enjoined their secrecy. "Thus," says one of his friends and pupils, "he took more care in concealing his virtues than other people do their vices."

Fifty years after his death, a monument, inscribed to his memory in elegant Latin phrases, was placed on the wall of Sebergham Church. I venture to translate a part of the inscription: "To the memory of the Reverend Josiah Relph, whose genius and learning, whose candour of mind and sanctity of life would have worthily sustained and adorned the highest positions in the Church. But God saw otherwise. It was his part to move in the more humble though not less useful capacity of school-master and minister of this church. He undertook the duties willingly, and faithfully fulfilled them. A friend to the muses, like another Theocritus, he happily sung the manners of homely life."

I can offer the reader no better or truer estimate of Relph's poetic talents than by quoting the very just and discriminating remarks of the Rev. Mr. Boucher in a life of the poet contributed to Hutchinson's "History of Cumberland."

"As a poet his merit has long been felt and acknowledged. We do not indeed presume to recommend him to those high-soaring critics who affect to be pleased with nothing but the *vivida vis*, the energy and majestic grandeur of poetry. Relph's verses aspire only to the character of being natural, terse, and easy, and that character they certainly merit in an extraordinary degree. His Fables may vie with Gay's for smoothness of diction, and are superior to Gay's by having their moral always obvious and apt. But it is on his Pastorals in the Cumberland dialect that, if we might presume to seat ourselves in the chair of criticism, we would found his pretensions to poetical fame. That our opinion is perfectly right it might be presumptuous in us to suppose; but we certainly have persuaded ourselves that a dialect is, if not essential, yet highly advantageous, to pastoral poetry, and that the rich, strong, Doric dialect of this county is, of all dialects, the most proper. On this ground Relph's Pastorals have transcendent merit. With but a little more of sentiment in them, and perhaps tenderness, they would very nearly come up to the inimitably beautiful pastoral, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' of Allan Ramsay. Relph drew his portraits from real

life, and so faithful were his transcripts that there was hardly a person in the village who could not point out those who had sat for his Cursty and his Peggy. The Amorous Maiden was well known, and a very few years ago (this was written in 1794) was still living."

After such high and, as I think, deserved praise of Relph's poetry, the reader will probably be anxious to see a specimen. I have only space for one of the pastorals in the Cumberland dialect.

HARVEST; OR, THE BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

When welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove;
Robin, a love-sick swain, lagged far behind,
Nor seemed the weight of falling showers to mind;
A distant, solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclosed the troubles of his thought.
Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my outside heat;
Thur callar blasts may wear (1) the boilen sweat:
But my het bluid, my heart aw' in a bruil,
Nor callar blasts can wear, nor drops can cuil.
Here, here it was (a wae light on the peace!)
At first I gat a gliff (2) o' Betty's feace;
Blyth on this trod (3) the smurker (4) tripped, and theer
At the deail-head (5) unlookily we shear: (6)
Heedless I glimed, (7) nor could my een command,
Till gash the sickle went into my hand.
Down helled (8) the bluid; the shearers aw brast out
In sweets of laughter; (9) Betty luiked about;
Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace;
What could I de in seek a dispart kease?
Away I sleenged, (10) to Grandy meade my mean, (11)
My Grandy (God be wud (12) her, now she's geane!)
Skillfu' the gushen bluid wi' cockwebs staid,
Then on the sair an healen plaister laid;
The healen plaister eased the painful sair,
The arr (13) indeed remains, but naething mair.
Not sae that other wound, that inward smart,—
My Grandy could not cure a bleedin heart;
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworced to bear,
'Less Betty will a kind physician pruiwe;
For nin but she has skill to medicin luive.
But how should honest Betty give relief?
Betty's a perfet stranger to my grief.
Oft I've resolved my ailment to explain;
Oft I've resolved indeed, but all in vain:
A springin blush spred fast owr aither cheek,
Down Robin luiked and deuce a word could speak.
Can I forget that night? (I never can)
When on the clean sweeped hearth the spinnels ran, (14)
The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed,
The lads as busy minded every thread.
When, sad! the line sae slender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread and down the spinnel flew.
To me it meade—the lads began to glop—(15)
What could I de? I mud, mud take it up.
I tuiik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
Een reached it back without the sweet reward.
O lastin stain! even yet it's eith (16) to treace
A guilty conscience in my blushen feace:
I fain would wesh it out, but never can,
Still fair it bides, like bluid of sackless (17) man.
Nought sae was Wully bashfu'. Wully spyd
A pair of scissors at the lass's side;

NOTES.

(1) To wear, to dry. (2) A gliff, a passing sight. (3) Trod, a foot-path. (4) A smurker, a smiling girl. (5) Deail-head, the higher part of a narrow plot of ground in a common field, set out by land-marks. (6) To shear, to reap. (7) To glime, to look askance. (8) To hell, to pour. (9) Sweets of laughter, bursts of laughter. (10) To sleenge, to skulk away. (11) Mean, mean, complaint. (12) Wud, with. (13) Arr, a soar. (14) The girls were sitting round the fire spinning. If the thread should break, and the distaff—the spinnel—fell on the floor, then the young men rushed to seize it and restore it to its owner. The one who was fortunate enough to recover it claimed a kiss for his services. (15) To glop, to stare. (16) Eith, easy. (17) Sackless, innocent.

Thar lowsed, (18) he sleely dropped the spinnel down.
 And what said Betty? Betty struive to frown;
 Up flew her hand to souse the cowren (19) lad,
 But ah, I thought it fell not down owr sad.
 What followed I think mickle to repeat,
 My teeth aw wattered then, and watter yet.
 Een weel is he 'at ever he was bworn;
 He's free frae aw this bitterment and sworn.
 What? mun I still be fashed (20) wi' straglen sheep,
 Wi' far fetched sighs, and things I said asleep;
 Still shamefully left snafflen (21) by my sell,
 And still, still dogged wi' the damned neame o' mell? (22)
 Whare's now the pith (23) (this luive! the deuce ga' wi't!)
 The pith I showed, whenever we struive, to beat?
 When a lang lwonin through the cown I meade
 And, bustlin far behind, the leave (24) surveyed?
 Dear heart! that pith is geane and comes nae mair
 Till Betty's kindness sall the loss repair.
 And she's not like (how sud she?) to be kind,
 Till I have freely spoken out my mind,—
 Till I have learned to feace the maiden clean,
 Oiled my slow tongue, and edged my sheepish een.
 A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—shem taw't; (25)
 Something o' compliments I think they caw't,
 'At meakes a clownish lad a clever spark.
 O hed I this, this buik wad de my wark!
 An I's resolved to have't what ever't cost!
 My flute—for what's my flute if Betty's lost?
 And if sae bony a lass but be my bride,
 I need not any comfort lait (26) beside.
 Farewell my flute then, yet or Carlisle fair,
 When to the stationers I'll stright repair,
 And bauldly for thur Compliments enquear;
 Care I a fardin, let the prentice jeer.
 That duine, a handsome letter I'll indite,
 Handsome as ever country lad did write;—
 A letter 'at sall tell her aw I feel,
 And aw my wants without a blush reveal.
 But now the clouds brek off and sineways (27) run;
 Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun;
 Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry;
 The lads are gawn to shear—and sae mun I.

B.

The Church of Haughton-le-Skerne.

DARLINGTON Market Place is our starting-point, and Haughton-le-Skerne our destination. The distance to be traversed is not great—not more, in fact, than a mile and a half—yet it compasses the great distance between commerce and husbandry, between town life and country life, between bustle, noise, a ceaseless going to and fro of many hurried lives, and quietude, peace, and leisure to watch the moving shadows of the day, and recognise the purpose of existence. The change is great and refreshing. Leaving behind us the streets of what is certainly not the most inviting side of Darlington, we soon find ourselves on the hedge-skirted road, and when the clamorous sounds of forges and foundries have fairly ceased to reach our ears, we are at Haughton Bridge over the Skerne—"the

NOTES.

(18) Thar lowsed, then loosed or cut. Wully, a sad rogue, was determined to show our bashful hero that he would restore the distaff to greater personal advantage. He did not wait for the thread to break, but slyly cut it. What followed the shepherd hesitates to relate, but when his rival secured the rewarding kiss his teeth "aw wattered." (19) Cowren, crouching. (20) Fashed, troubled. (21) Snafflen, sauntering. (22) Mell, a beetle; a term of reproach, meaning the hindmost. (23) Pith, stamina, physical vigour. (24) The leave, the rest. (25) Shem taw't, shame fall on it. (26) To lait to seek. (27) Sineways, sundry ways.

stream that divides," as the name means. The shallow river flows placidly, and, looking over the parapet, we find the yellow waterlily bearing up its golden blossom, and swaying to and fro on the gently moving water.

The village stretches away for a quarter of a mile beyond the church, skirting only one broad street, formed evidently in times when airy open spaces were liberally granted. So wide is the road that great patches can be allowed to retain their green turf, overshadowed by venerable trees.

Haughton is a place of remote antiquity. The name occurs in early documents as Hailtune, Hailietune, Halaghton, and some other forms, and may possibly mean "the holy town." It is first mentioned in history in a very singular way. Bishop Aldhune, the builder of the first cathedral at Durham, had a very extraordinary daughter. This girl, whose name was Ecgfrida, was given in marriage to Uchtred, the son of Cospatric, Earl of Northumberland. But the dowry given with the bride was almost as extraordinary as the lady herself, for it consisted of no fewer than six townships, all of which rightfully belonged to the Church of St Cuthbert. For some unrecorded reason Uchtred soon grew tired of his wife, and sent her back to her father, who resumed possession of the lands he had given with her. She afterwards became the wife of a Yorkshire thane named Kilvert, who after a time also sent her away, and, at her father's command, she returned to Durham, took the veil, and became a very good nun. Meantime, her first husband, Uchtred, married one Sigen, the daughter of Styr, a rich citizen. The condition upon which Styr gave his daughter to Uchtred was that he should kill one of Styr's enemies, named Turbrand. Whether Styr's daughter died, or, like her predecessor, was sent off to her father, we know not; but we certainly learn that Uchtred married a third wife, Elfgyva, the daughter of King Ethelred. This singular narrative tells us nearly all that we know of Styr. But he was a benefactor to Aldhune's church at Durham, and an ancient charter, transcribed in one of the lives of St. Cuthbert, records that he gave to that church, amongst other possessions, four carucates of land in Halhtune, which is our Haughton-le-Skerne. The date of this grant is not stated; but, from the connection in which it is mentioned in Symeon's "History of the Church of Durham," there can be little doubt that it shortly followed the erection of Aldhune's cathedral, near the end of the tenth century.

Even at this early period, we are justified in believing, there was a church at Haughton. When it was founded, or by whom, we shall never learn, but its existence is attested by a stone bearing decoration of Saxon character, and built into the south wall of the chancel, near the west end.

The present church is in many ways an interesting edifice. Though sadly mutilated and patched, it yet retains its original outlines. It is the only example of a

Norman village church in the whole county of Durham, and was probably built during the second quarter of the twelfth century. Its most striking feature is its broad, massive tower, which, though rude and plain, is still picturesque, and from many points groups well with the tall trees that environ the churchyard.

The tower possesses several peculiarities. First of all, its ground plan is not square, but measures considerably more from north to south than from east to west. Then, too, it is not, as is usually the case, built centrally in relation to the west front of the church, but goes further to the north than to the south. The west doorway, which is the principal entrance to the whole edifice, is opposite the centre line of the nave, with the inevitable result that it is not in the middle of the west front of the tower. This doorway, with its plain arch, flat lintel, nook shafts, and rude cushioned capitals, though totally devoid of any attempt at decoration, possesses a certain dignified simplicity. Over it, but a little to the north, so as to coincide with the centre of the tower front, is a very unpretending inserted window of three lights and of Perpendicular date. The upper stage of the tower has been greatly rent and shaken, and the repairs which have been considered desirable have obliterated the west window of the belfry. The other windows of this stage, each of two lights, still remain. The tower is ascended by a spiral staircase, enclosed in a projecting turret, which is square below and octagonal above.

There are three bells in the tower. One of these is of pre-Reformation date. The only inscription it bears consists simply of parts of the alphabet reversed. Alphabet bells are not very uncommon. There is one at Bywell which bears the complete alphabet. The letters on the Haughton bell are arranged in three panels, as follows:—

VTSR QP JZC

As will be noticed, three of the letters are upside down. Both the other bells bear the date 1664, and were cast by Samuel Smith, of York, a famous bell-founder. One is inscribed

SOLI DEO GLORIA

(Glory to God alone), and the other,

VENITE EXVLTEMS DOMINO

(Come, let us sing unto the Lord).

On entering the church we are at once struck by its unmodernised aspect. The fashions of the day in matters of ecclesiastical furniture and arrangement have not yet been allowed to intrude into this venerable edifice. Not only to the lover of antiquity, but to every one who has any perception of what is congruous, it can but be painful, after seeing the mouldering outside of an ancient church, to find, on entering its doors, everything "span new," and brought up to the requirements of the latest craze of the restorer or the sacerdotalist. This is happily not the case at Haughton. It is a church which remains as it was in the days of our great-great-grandfathers. Such

churches are now few, indeed. In most counties of England they might be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The stall work, of dark oak, which fills the church from end to end, is of the time of the Restoration, or thereabouts. The iron latches on the pew doors are quaint, and now very rare. The pulpit, on the south side of the chancel arch, and the reading desk on the north side, are of almost identical design. Each is surmounted by a massive sounding board, with open cornice and carved pediment. Even the communion table and the font cover, the latter richly carved, with pierced tracery of excellent design for its period, are of the same date as pulpit and stalls. There are two good seventeenth century oak chairs within the altar rails. I doubt whether any other church in the Northern Counties, except Brancepeth, contains so complete a series of internal fittings of one date.

The chancel arch is rude and massive. It is perfectly plain, consisting of two square orders, and rests on heavy chamfered abaci. It is very narrow, and its south jamb has been cut away. There are two large squints or hagiocopes, one on each side of the arch, the south one now blocked up. They are as rude and simple in character as could possibly be conceived, and have been described as "mere rude holes, made anyhow, in order to get a peep at the altar."

The windows have been sadly tampered with. The chancel was originally lighted by four round-headed windows, two in the north wall and two in the south, and a triplet of similar lights in the east wall. Those in the side walls have been blocked up, and the place of the east window has been taken by a modern caricature of an early four-light window. Another modern window, also of four lights, has been broken through the south wall. There is a walled-up priest's door in the north wall of the chancel, and a "low-side window," also walled up, opposite.

The windows of the nave are of most heterogeneous character. At the east end, on each side, is a broad and low round-headed window, with a central mullion running up into the arch. The hood-moulding of the one in the south wall bears ornaments which appear to indicate that it is ancient. Then, in each wall, we have a very plain and tall lancet light, of the thirteenth century. Next, in the south wall, comes a square-headed window, enclosing three round-headed lights, and bearing its date—the year 1725—in the inner splay. This window has been copied in the two western windows of the north side. The last one on the south is a large, ugly aperture, of no style, and consequently of unassignable date.

The font is circular, standing on a shaft of unusual design. It is of the thirteenth century. The roofs, both of nave and chancel, are nearly flat. There is not much attempt at ornament about them, though that of the chancel is the richer of the two. Both belong to the fifteenth century.

Besides its present means of ingress, the nave had formerly two others, one in the north wall and one in the south. The doorway on the north, with its flat lintel, and jambs incircling inwards, is of the plainest character. It is now walled up. The south doorway is concealed by a late porch, now used as a tool house, in the walls of which are fragments of ancient stones, one of them part of a thirteenth century grave cover. This doorway is very similar to that in the west wall of the tower, except that the arch is surmounted by a billeted hood-moulding.

The church contains two monuments of more than ordinary interest. One of these, a stone slab in the floor beneath the tower, bears the following inscription :—

Under ysto lyth D
am Eleabeth nanton
Priorec of the Saul Ihu
have merci.

(Under this stone lieth Dame Elizabeth Nanton, Prioress. Of the Soul Jesu have mercy.) Elizabeth Nanton, or Naunton, was prioress of Neasham in 1488 and 1489.

The second monument to which I refer is a brass, now fixed to the east wall of the nave. It represents a lady in Elizabethan costume, with head dress, deep ruff, and embroidered gown, holding two infants in swaddling clothes, one in each arm. Beneath the figure is the following inscription :—

HERE LYETH SHE WHOSE BIRTH WHOSE LIFE WHOSE END
DOE ALL IN ONE HIR HAPPY STATE COMMEND
HIR BIRTHE WAS WORSHIPFYLL OF GENTLE BLOOD
HIR VERTVOVS LIFE STILL PRAISED FOR DOING GOOD
HIR GODLY DEATH A HEAVENLY LIGHT HAITH GAINED
WHICH NEVER CANN BY DEATH OR SIN BE STANED.
DOROTHY DAUGHTER OF RICHARD CHOLMLEY ESQUIRE THE
THIRD SONNE TO SR RICHARD CHOLMELEY KNIGHT LATE
WIFE OF ROBERT PARKINSON OF WHESSEY GENTLEMAN
DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE NINTENTH OF IVLYE 1592, AND
LYETH BURYED NEARE THIS PLACE WITH HIR TWO
TWINES RICHARD PARKINSON AND MARMADVKE PARKINSON
SONNES OF THE SAID ROBERT AND DOROTHY
CONIVGI FILIISQ' CHARISS : PATER : CONIVNXIQ'. MÆSTISS.
POSVIT.

(To the dearest wife and sons, the saddest father and husband has placed this monument.)

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.



• Haughton-le-Skerne Church,
from the South West.

Photo by C.C. Hodges,
Hexham.

Ancient Cross at Gosforth, Cumberland.

ABOUT five miles north of Ravenglass in Cumberland lies the village of Gosforth. An old stone pillar which stands in the churchyard of the village, and of which we give a sketch, has long been a puzzle to antiquaries. According to Parsons and White, "it was formerly surmounted by a cross till it incurred the displeasure of a poor idiot who knocked it down with a stone." The *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1799, printed the following description of it:—"In Gosforth churchyard is a cross, whether Danish or British no one knows. It is fourteen feet high; the lower part is placed on a pedestal of three steps; the top is perforated with four holes; the sides are enriched with various guilloches and other ornaments, and men with animals in bas-relief—one of a man on horseback upside down. Another column was there once, but it has been taken away, as also a horizontal statue between them, with a sword sculptured on it."



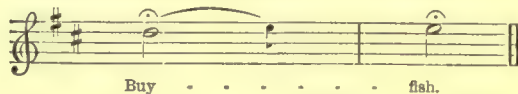
Notes and Commentaries.

OLD STREET CRIES IN NEWCASTLE.

Students of musical form will agree with Mr. Greenwell (whose note appears on page 379) that it would be a pity to entirely lose the street cries of Tyneside.

Mr. Greenwell's "Fine Borgundy peors" and "Fine boiled crabs" are admirably true—though the latter, as I knew it, ran "Fine boiled crabs, *new* boiled crabs." His rendering, too, of "Will ye buy any fish?" I remember distinctly, though a much more picturesque one occurs to me.

In its simplest form the "fish cry" in Shields was:—



and at its best, from the clear and strong larynx of a young Cullercoats fisher lass, it was a beautiful and characteristic one. The pitch I give is that unconsciously adopted by the young girls, matrons being content to take it, say, a third lower, while the quavering and half querulous tones of the old women struggling along under the heavily loaded creel would be a fifth lower—and a saddening cry, too.

An extraordinary and startling, though intensely interesting, form is:—



As a boy, I never ceased to marvel at the unerring precision with which the most difficult interval was struck by some of the strident-voiced Cullercoats women.

Another fine cry was:—



But the gem of the Cullercoats cries is the following:—



Heor's the fresh Harr'n fow'r a pen-ny fow'r a pen-ny Hyor.

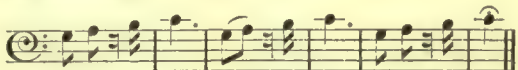
What Shields schoolboy does not remember the ring of this call—on hot summer mornings—with its suggestions of burning sands and sparkling ripples, urging him to "play the neck"? In its defiance of rhythm and the weird freedom from total relationship of the final note, it strikes me as being highly characteristic of the best of these street phrases.

On dark winter nights, however, the lonely cry of the oysterman tended rather to make superstitious youth cover his head with the bedclothes, or, if yet astir, crouch by the parent hearth.



A shuddering, eerie call, truly—receding or approaching, but rarely at hand.

Less mysterious, and perhaps with a touch of comfort and fellowship in it, was:—



Coc-kles a - live, all a - live, Coc-kles a - live.

A very melodious cry, but murdered in execution by a

very stout and hoarse "wife," who, destitute of vocal endowments, gave it most unmusical rendering, was :—



Buy straw-bar-ries, buy straw-bar-ries.

Sometimes it was "corn barriers," sometimes "raspberries"—that depending upon the season and the good woman's wares—but never "gooseberries," for these in my early days were ever "grozors." Musicians will note, by the way, that this cry furnishes the multitudinous writers of the modern waltz with a better *motif* than they usually manage to secure.

For utter and irredeemable untunefulness, I remember nothing to equal a cry which, I am afraid, no possible notation could enable me to give even an approximately good notion of; yet it must be familiar to those who have paid any attention to street calls. Here it is, as near as I can get to it, that is to say :—



Co-als o



penny or o penny or o penny or

As written, it is nothing amiss—but as "sung," it is hideous, the intervals being treated in the freest possible manner. Many a time have I followed the sooty-faced itinerant coal-vendor, hoping to wring from the howl projected by him down narrow alley or court or chare the hidden meaning of the "penny-or," but it never came. Perhaps it meant "Coals the pennyworth," though I doubt very much that so small a transaction was being promoted.

GEO. H. HASWELL, Ashleigh, Birmingham.

OYSTERSHELL HALL.



OYSTERSHELL HALL.

More than fifty years ago Oystershell Hall was one of the sights of Newcastle. The house was an ordinary building standing at the edge of a garden at the top of Bath Lane, Newcastle. It was pulled down

some thirty or forty years ago, and the site is now occupied by the cabinet-making establishment of Messrs. Kilgour and Liddell. Oystershell Hall derived its name from the circumstance that the whole of the building, except the roof, but including the chimneys, was covered with oystershells, the concave side, or inside, outwards. When

the sun shone upon them, the effect was brilliant. Half-a-century ago the house was occupied by a person named Moat, a gardener. Surrounded with orchards and gardens, it was then on the outskirts of the town. The drawing that I give is from memory; it may not be correct in every particular; but it is, I think, sufficiently accurate to convey an idea of this old-time curiosity.

JOHN MCKAY, Newcastle.

TOAD MUGS.

Specimens of these curious articles are by no means rare. They are still made at or near Sunderland, and may be bought for a few pence each in Sunderland Market.

J. R. BOYLE, Low Fell, Gateshead.

YORKSHIRE PLANT LORE.

The following are some of the queer sayings common in Yorkshire with reference to plants, &c. :—

If bud's-eye be open, nar rain 'ill fall.

Courtin' 'ill cease when t'garse is out o' flower.

Fox-gloves kill all other plants.

If an apple tree has flowers and fruit on at the same time, 'tis a sign of misfortune to the owner.

The juice of the sun spurge will cure warts.

On finding a plant of shepherd's purse, open a seed vessel; if the seed is yellow, you will be rich; if green, you will be poor.

Poppies will give you a headache if you gather them.

A bunch of rosemary thrown into a grave will make the spirit rest.

If a stranger plants parsley in a garden, great trouble will befall the owner.

If rosemary flourishes in a garden, the wife will be master; if it dies, the master will.

Many berries make a hard winter.

If t'oak blows afore t'esh,

Then we' raeen we'll get a splash;

If t'esh blows afore t'oak,

Then depend we'll have a soak.

ALEXANDER SCOTT, Blackburn.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

TINSMITH OR MARINE ENGINEER.

A youth who was employed in a tinner's shop in Gateshead with the intention eventually of becoming a tinsmith, went up to one of the workmen one day and asked: "What will aa be when aa's oot of ma time? Will aa be a marine engineer?"

NATURAL HISTORY.

Several pitmen were gazing into a taxidermist's window at various specimens of his art. One of them, describing the birds, concluded as follows:—"This is a vary fine specimen of the tawny owl." "Begox, Jack," said one of his auditors, "if aa hadn't knaan that ye elwis tell'd the truth, aa wad ha' caalled hor a jenny oolet!"

RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT.

A soldier from Tyneside was stationed in Gibraltar, where the military chaplain was always advising the men to receive the sacrament, for it would, he said, bring them eternal life. One Saturday night Geordy got too

much Spanish wine; the next morning he was very sick, but was sent to clean the garrison church for Sunday parade. On entering the vestry he saw a white glass bottle full of red ink. Thinking it was the wine used for the sacrament, he took a good hearty swig. The next moment the chaplain arrived. Seeing Geordy vomiting, he exclaimed: "Good gracious, my man, what is the matter with you?" "Wey, sor, aa'm blessed if aa knaa; but aa've just received the sacrament, and instead of life it's bringing me deeth!"

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Some of the men at a local steel factory, where the electric light is used, were recently working overtime. It happened that the light went out. Instantly one of the men approached with an oil-lamp and applied it to the jet. "Stop that gyem," shouted a stoker, "or ye'll blaas us aall up." "Aa waddent hae been to blame," said the man with the lamp; "they should hae put plenty of oil intiv hor before they went away!"

A STRANGER IN THE DISTRICT.

Two men were walking in the neighbourhood of Lemington when the sun was setting in the west. A discussion arose between the two as to whether it was the sun or the moon. They determined to settle it by reference to an old woman that was coming towards them. Each stated his opinion, the one saying it was the sun, the other saying it was the moon. The old lady looked at the two in astonishment, and then said:—"Aa's sure aa dinnet knaa, hinnie; aa's a stranger in these pairts!"

THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

A well-known workman at Seaham Colliery, a true-born Welshman, and a prominent Volunteer, was often called upon for a song at convivial gatherings. One of his favourite ballads was in the Welsh language, and, though the listeners did not understand a word of it, they enjoyed it immensely. On one occasion, being called upon as usual for a song, he said, "What shall I sing?" A voice from the other end of the room called out: "Let's hev, 'Toss hor doon, kiek hor weel, and clash hor agyen the waall'!"

A FISHWOMAN'S POLITENESS.

The wife of a fisherman was invited to see some pictures which a Cullercoats artist had just painted. A clergyman happened to be in the room at the time. One of the pictures showed a well-known fisherman returning from a shooting expedition, with a number of ducks and other sea birds slung over his shoulder. As soon as she saw the picture, the visitor exclaimed, "That's the biggest leer i' Cullercoats. Must have bowt them birds. Couldn't hev shutten 'em if he'd tried." When the clergyman retired, the good woman asked who he was. The artist gave the name of a vicar or rector in the Church of England. "Eh, hinny!" cried the fishwife in distress, "aa's dune it this time. Aa shuddent hev said leer; aa shud hev said *lior*!"

North-Country Obituaries.

The Rev. John Lawson, vicar of Seaton Carew, near West Hartlepool, died on the 10th of August, at the age of 83. He was appointed to that position in December, 1835, and for fifty years he did the work of the parish alone. The rev. gentleman was never known to be absent from the parish, never took any holiday, and was said to have never, in the whole period of his charge, been absent one Sunday.

On the 13th of August, Bridget McKinley, a well-known vendor of wares, who had been brought before the magistrates an extraordinary number of times, died in Hall's Court, Newcastle.

On the same day, William Macgregor, who claimed to be champion quoit player of England, died suddenly at South Shields.

Mr. Thomas Harker, a noted Wesleyan preacher, died at Bishop Auckland on the 14th of August. Mr. Harker was an excellent player on the violin.

The Rev. Francis Plevy Timæus, chaplain of the Durham County Asylum, died on the 15th of August at his residence, The Lizards, near Sedgfield. Prior to entering upon his appointment at Sedgfield in 1883, Mr. Timæus was curate at Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.

The death was announced, on the 16th of August, of Mr. Andrew Ross, ironmonger, of Dean Street, Newcastle. The deceased, who was 44 years of age, took an active interest in the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society.

On the same day, at Wolsingham, died John Nicholson, who for more than sixty years had been connected with the parish church at that place as sexton and bellringer. These offices he resigned only a year or two ago on account of infirmity, and because he had been elected as an "out-brother" of Sherburn Hospital. The deceased who had served under six rectors, was about 89 years of age.

Mr. Robert Bradburn, secretary of one of the Stockton branches of the Amalgamated Engineers, died suddenly on the 18th of August.

The Rev. George Pearson Wilkinson, of Harperley Park, near Bishop Auckland, died at his residence on the 21st of August. The deceased gentleman, son of a former Recorder of Newcastle, was born at Harperley on the 16th of May, 1823, and was, therefore, 67 years of age. He received the earlier part of his education at Harrow, and was afterwards sent to Durham University, where he obtained his M.A. degree. He became a barrister, travelling the Northern Circuit for seven years, but he took Holy Orders in 1857. He married Miss Mills, daughter of the late Mr. Mills, owner of the Helme Park estate. On the death of his father, deceased became heir to the Harperley estate. He had been a member of the Commission of the Peace for the county of Durham since 1854, and, being senior magistrate at the time of the death of the late Colonel Stobart, he was appointed chairman of the Auckland bench of magistrates, the duties in connection with which he continued to discharge consistently and efficiently. In 1857 he was appointed Vicar of Thornley, which at that time included Tow Law. He was an alderman of the County Council (Durham), Deputy-Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and Chairman

of the Prisons Committee. He was elder brother of Dr. Wilkinson, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. The rev. gentleman was also a prominent Freemason.

On the 22nd of August, the death was announced of Mr. James Lilley, of East Ord, who had been early connected with the management of fisheries both on the sea coast around Berwick and on the Tweed.

Mr. William Model, of Hetton Hall Gardens, Hetton-le-Hole, died on the 23rd of August, at the age of 63 years.

Mr. Robert Dove, who was for 37 years in the employment of the North-Eastern Railway Co., and was until recently goods superintendent at the Forth Station, died on the 24th of August, aged 49.

On the 25th of August, Mr. William Davy, agent for the North-Eastern Banking Company, and manager of the Gas and Water Companies of Rothbury, died in that village, in the 62nd year of his age.

On the same day Mr. George Childs, a well-known resident at Sunderland, died there, at the advanced age of 74. For twenty-five years he was a member of the Board of Guardians, during two years of which he was chairman of that body. He was treasurer of the Savings Bank, Monkwearmouth, and was actively identified with other social and philanthropic undertakings in the town. The deceased carried on the business of timber merchant during the time of wooden shipbuilding.

Mr. Adam Thompson, brewer, died at Chester-le-Street on the 26th of August, at the advanced age of 89 years. The deceased was a native of Whitburn, but was brought up at Westoe, where he knew Willie Wouldhave, of life-boat fame.

Mrs. Caleb Richardson, of West Lodge, Sunderland, died on the 26th of August, having just completed her 90th year. Her late husband was well known as the proprietor of one of the largest steam flour mills in the town.

On the 26th, also, died the Rev. John Rathbone Ellis, Rector of Westerdale. The deceased gentleman was about 75 years of age, and was one of the oldest beneficed clergymen in the diocese of Cleveland.

On the 28th of August, the Rev. Thomas Robinson, D.D., died at his house, Percy Court, Morpeth. The deceased gentleman, who was 76 years of age, was a native of Rothbury, but was brought to Morpeth in his infancy. He commenced active life as a schoolmaster in the room now occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association in the latter town, and, afterwards proceeding to Edinburgh, he studied for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. He held several charges, and he established the Presbyterian Church at Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, as well as the mission at Bullers Green, Morpeth. He devoted much of his time to literature, and was the author of some dozen or more works bearing on Scripture. The book by which his name is, perhaps, best known is his two-volumed Commentary on the Romans. For this he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The rev. gentleman had travelled much in Egypt, Palestine, and India.

On the same day, at the advanced age of 97, Mr. Wylam Walker died at his residence, Orchard House, Hexham. The deceased served his apprenticeship as a colliery viewer, and was afterwards appointed agent and viewer to Mr. Thomas Wade, then of Hylton Castle, in which capacity he continued for twenty years. In October, 1831, at the commencement of the making of the Newcastle

and Carlisle Railway, he was engaged by the directors as an engineer, with the late Mr. Blackmore, and he was so employed till the completion of the undertaking. Mr. Walker was one of the founders of the Hexham Gas Company, of which he was a director to the day of his death.

Mr. John Robinson, one of the oldest inhabitants of Blyth, died in that town on the 30th August. He was in the 84th year of his age, and was a native of Monkseaton. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to Robert Pollock, of North Shields, printer, in 1821, and he began business on his own account at Blyth in 1828. The deceased left two sons, Mr. John Robinson, jun., and Mr. Watson Robinson. Mr. Robinson was for several years secretary for the Blyth and Cowpen Association for Prosecuting Felons, and he held a similar position for the Phoenix Friendly Society, established for the benefit of seamen and others.

Mr. George Weatherill, a noted Yorkshire artist, died at Whitby on the 30th of August, in his 50th year.

On the 1st of September, Mr. Christopher Jordison, an old and highly respected Stockton standard, died in that town, at the age of 76.

Mr. Frederick Herman Weyergang, Scandinavian Consul at Blyth, died on the 2nd of September.

On the 4th of September, the death was announced of Mr. Jacob Marshall Cousina, pawnbroker, formerly a member of the Town Council and Board of Guardians of North Shields.

On the 2nd of September, Mr. W. H. Liddell, employed at the South Pontop and Burnhope Colliery Office, Quayside, Newcastle, died very suddenly at Fritton, near Lowestoft. He was about 29 years of age.

Mrs. Blackett-Ord, niece of the late Mr. William Ord, who represented Morpeth in Parliament from 1802 till the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, and Newcastle from 1835 till 1852, died at Whitfield Hall on September 3rd. The deceased lady was the widow of the Rev. J. A. Blackett, of Wolsingham, who afterwards assumed the name of Ord. She was 71 years of age.

Mr. Ralph Thompson, who for many years carried on the business of watchmaker in the Arcade, Newcastle, and was for some time a member of the Board of Guardians, died on the 4th of September, at the age of 71.

On the 8th of September, Mr. Alexander Christison, general passenger superintendent of the North-Eastern Railway Company, died at Bridlington Quay. Before his appointment to that office, thirty-two years ago, he held positions of responsibility both at Gateshead and Newcastle. Mr. Christison was a native of Berwick-on-Tweed, and was about 67 years of age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

AUGUST.

11.—An action against Mr. Thomas Bell, Mayor of Newcastle, commenced the previous day, was concluded at the Leeds Assizes. Donald Stuart, late valet to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, sought to recover damages for slander, the Mayor having informed Mr. Stanley, while his guest in Newcastle, that the plaintiff had been suspected of the theft of a lady's gold watch and

chain at the Waterloo Hotel, in Edinburgh. The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff for £250 and costs.

—The steamer *Halcyon*, of Hartlepool, from Ergasteria for Newport, was sunk in collision, and thirteen of her passengers and crew were drowned.

—A new and elegant Theatre of Varieties, capable of holding fully 3,000 persons, and erected at a cost of £8,000, was opened at West Hartlepool.

12.—At Leeds Assizes, Mr. J. W. Denton, wholesale clothier, Leeds, was awarded £1,211 compensation for injuries received in the Ryhope accident on the North-Eastern Railway. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 479.)

—It was announced that the late Dr. George Noble Clark had, in accordance with the terms of his will, bequeathed the sum of £500 to the funds of the Royal Victoria Asylum for the Blind, Northumberland Street; and a further sum of £500 to the funds of the Northern Counties Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Moor Edge, Newcastle.

—The second of a series of open-air concerts for the poor, promoted by Mr. T. S. Alder, was given in Gibson Street, Newcastle. Similar concerts were subsequently given at other parts of the city.

—A scheme of tree-planting on the Town Moor was adopted, subject to approval by the Freemen, by the Town Moor Management Committee of the Newcastle Corporation.

—An extraordinary rain storm commenced in Newcastle and district at a late hour in the evening, and did not cease till seven o'clock on the following morning. In many places the flood caused considerable inconvenience and damage to property. The Town Moor Recreation Ground was converted into a lake, the roadway to Gosforth was at places more than a foot under water, and pedestrians were obliged to avail themselves of the use of the tram cars and milk carts. The Model Dwelling House at the corner of Park Terrace was completely surrounded by the flood. In the neighbourhood of the Ouseburn and St. Peter's, which lie at a low elevation, the water gave the inhabitants much trouble; and some of the residents of Heaton had to make their way in and out of their houses by the windows. The most melancholy occurrence, however, was the death, by drowning in a small brook at Usworth, of a little girl named Jane Ann McMann. The rainfall for the twenty-four hours ending at ten o'clock on the morning of the 13th, measured 2·65 inches. On the 15th there was a renewal of the storm, accompanied by a high wind, in some districts, and a good deal of damage was done at Hartlepool, Alnwick, Low Fell, and other places.

13.—A drill-hall erected in Barrack Road, Newcastle, for the 1st Northumberland Artillery Volunteers, was opened by Colonel Scott, commanding the artillery of the North-Eastern district.

—A statement was published, showing that the late Miss Betsey Jackson, of 4, Holly Avenue, Newcastle, the daughter of a deceased Wesleyan minister, had left bequests to several local and other charitable institutions to the amount of £1,000.

—Probate was granted to the will of the late Mr. Richard Sheraton, of Bishopwearmouth, the value of the personality being £4,180 13s. 11d.

15.—A boy named John Ross, 13 years of age, was drowned while bathing at West Hartlepool.

—At a meeting of the Roman Catholic Chapter of Hexham and Newcastle, the Rev. Canon Watson, of Tudhoe, was elected Provost, in place of the late Rev. Canon Consitt.

16.—It was reported that, in course of the demolition of some old premises in Market Street, Hexham, a number of Early English and other stones had been found, and had been removed to the collection of ancient stones stored in the north transept of the Abbey Church.

—In accordance with the will of the late Mr. Lewis Thompson, who bequeathed £15,000 for the benefit of the poor's rate at Byker, a beautiful wreath was placed on the deceased's grave and that of his father in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, pp. 286, 322, 478.)

—At a special meeting of delegates of the Durham Miners' Association, Mr. W. H. Patterson, financial secretary, was unanimously elected corresponding secretary to the association, in the room of the late Mr. W. Crawford, M.P. Mr. John Wilson, M.P., was elected in Mr. Patterson's place, and Mr. J. Johnson was elected treasurer and agent in the place of Mr. Wilson.

—For the week ending to-day, the death rate of Newcastle registered 33·9 per thousand, this being the highest rate recorded since the commencement of the year. For the week ending the 30th, the still higher death rate of 35·2 per thousand was reached, this being the highest of the twenty-eight great towns of England and Wales.

—The foundation stones for a new Presbyterian Church at Ashington were laid by Messrs. Alexander Taylor and W. S. Wilkinson.

—At the first ordinary general meeting of the North of England Temperance Festival Association, Limited—Mr. Ald. W. D. Stephens presiding—it was stated that thirty-five shareholders had subscribed a capital of £167—as much as was required.

—A man named John Morris, 52 years of age, plasterer, was burned to death, by accidentally setting the bed on fire, while under the influence of drink, in the Old Vagrant Yard, Queen's Lane, Newcastle.

—John Gibson, aged 37, expired in the Consett Infirmary from the effects of the burns sustained by the bursting of a steel ingot at the Consett Iron Company's Works on the 5th of August. (See *ante*, p. 431.)

18.—It was notified from the War Office that, in connection with the recent re-arrangement of the home military district, Newcastle had been chosen as the centre of a Royal Engineer sub-district of the North-Eastern District.

—A youth named Arthur Angus Wilson, 12 years of age, of Worsley, near Manchester, who was on a visit to some friends at Newton Cap, Bishop Auckland, was drowned while bathing in the river Wear.

—It was announced that, as part of the recommendations of the Commissioners for the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, in common with seven other similar institutions in the English provinces, would receive an annual scholarship of £150, to enable the most promising students to complete their education in those colleges, or in the larger institutions in the Metropolis.

19.—The first shipment of sulphur produced by the Chance process, from tank waste, took place from the new works of the Newcastle Chemical Works Company.

—The foundation stones of a new Wesleyan Sunday School were laid at South Hylton.

20.—Mr. Thomas Richardson, corn merchant, was unanimously elected an alderman of the Newcastle City Council, in the room of Mr. J. G. Youll, resigned. On the same occasion, Sir Benjamin Browne, of the firm of Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Limited, was unanimously elected as representative of the Council on the Tyne Commission, in place of Mr. Youll. Sir Benjamin, in returning thanks, stated that, a little more than twenty-seven years ago, he was exceedingly proud to be placed in the position of an ordinary draughtsman in the service of the Commissioners, at a salary of £2 10s. a week.

—The memorial stones were laid of a new Methodist Mission Chapel in Cairo Street, Hendon.

—Richard Preston Taylor, a young man employed as clerk in the Co-operative Stores at Brandon, was drowned by accidentally falling out of a boat in which he was sailing, on the river Wear at Durham.

—On this and the two following days, the annual show of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne Botanical and Horticultural Society was held in the Leazes Park, Newcastle. The weather on the first day was fair, and the various attractions drew together a large number of visitors. The proceeds amounted to £255 on the first day, £240 on the second day, and £150 on the third day—total £645. This was £145 more than at the corresponding show of 1889.

21.—A boatman named Robert Thompson was crushed to death between a steamer and the side of the Central Dock, West Hartlepool.

—The Mayor and Mayoress of Berwick, Mr. and Mrs. William Young, entertained about 200 ladies and gentlemen to a picnic at Yearle, near Wooler.

—A number of Quay labourers out on strike marched in procession through the principal streets of Newcastle, headed by a brass band. On the following day, an amicable settlement of the dispute was arrived at.

22.—It was announced that Mr. C. Lang, a native of Newcastle, and Mr. Albert Watson, a retired City stockbroker, had arrived in London, having accomplished the remarkable feat of journeying round Europe on bicycles.

—The members of the Durham and Northumberland Archaeological and Architectural Society held one of their summer meetings at the foot of Ravensheugh, a peak of the Simonside range, at Rothbury. Mr. D. D. Dixon showed a very fine specimen of the bronze axe, found only a few days previously by Lord Armstrong's workmen while trenching the moor about a mile distant. The same gentleman read a description of the ancient burial places which, by the consent and liberality of Lord Armstrong, he had opened on that spot twelve months before.

23.—A demonstration of trades unionists, at which resolutions were passed in favour of shorter hours of labour, the federation of all trades, and the return of working men to Parliament and local authorities, was held in the West Park, Sunderland.

—The annual demonstration and gala of friendly and trades societies in connection with North Shields and district, in aid of the funds of the Victoria Jubilee Infirmary, took place in the Cricket Field, Preston Avenue, North Shields.

—The Princess of Wales passed through Newcastle, by ordinary train, en route for Scotland.

25.—William Newman, who for many years had been employed as stage carpenter at the Theatre Royal, South Shields, was engaged in arranging the scenery for the evening performance, when he fell from the "grid-iron" to the stage, a distance of 42 feet, and received such injuries as resulted in his almost instantaneous death.

—An interview took place at Middlesbrough between the Cleveland ironmasters and a deputation from the Blastfurnacemen's Association on the subject of wages. It was agreed to leave wages to the end of the year exactly as they now are. Mr. William Snow, the general secretary to the National Association of Blastfurnacemen, intimated to the ironmasters that a ballot had been taken throughout the National Association, and there was a very large majority in favour of demanding an eight hours' day, the numbers being:—For an eight hours' day at once, 4,288; for postponing the question for a time, 1,216; majority, 3,072.

—James Gibson, a young man 26 years of age, died from the effects of a wound accidentally received while shooting on the moors at Edmondbyers on the 15th inst.

27.—A public meeting was held at the Town Hall, North Shields—Mr. J. M. Ridley in the chair—to afford an opportunity to the sea salmon fishermen of laying before Mr. Berrington, an inspector of fisheries appointed by the Board of Trade, their views on altering the commencement and termination of the annual close season in the fishery district of the river Tyne. The evidence was generally favourable to the season commencing a month later. Similar meetings were held at other places on subsequent days.

—The result of the triennial election of a School Board for the parish of Heworth, consisting of seven members, was declared, the poll being headed by Colonel A. S. Palmer.

—A child, named Lillie Warren attempted to mount a passing tramcar, at West Hartlepool, and fell between the vehicle and the engine, with the result that her arms and legs were dreadfully mutilated, causing her death.

—A beautiful specimen of the kingfisher was caught by Mr. Robert Wilson, of London, and Mr. Thomson, gardener, on the estate of Mr. Pawdon, at Whittingham.

28.—A beautiful new organ, the gift of an anonymous donor, was inaugurated in the Chapel of the Incarnation in the Cathedral of Newcastle.

29.—Two men, George White and Thomas Wren, were killed by a fall of slag at the slag-crushing works at Birtley; the recent heavy rains having, it was supposed, saturated the slag heap and undermined it.

—Her Majesty's ship *Bellona*, a twin-screw steel protected cruiser, was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Hebburn.

30.—An exhibition of co-operative manufactures was opened in the Tynemouth Aquarium by Mr. Albert Grey, the chair being occupied by Dr. R. S. Watson. The exhibition remained open till the 3rd of September, when an address was delivered by the Bishop of Durham.

—As the first ironclad built by the firm, the *Infanta Maria Theresa* was launched from the Martinez Rivas-Palmer Works at Bilbao, and named by the Queen Regent of Spain. On the occasion Sir Charles and Lady Palmer had a special private audience with her Majesty and the Prime Minister of Spain, Senor Canovas.

—In the *Weekly Chronicle* of to-day, it was announced

that the Rose Inn, Pudding Chare, which was one of the few quaint structures of a past age which remained in Newcastle, had been razed to the ground. Some half century ago a person of the name of Smith Brown was the landlord of the house.



OLD INN IN PUDDING CHARE.

George Barrat, who was stage carpenter at the Theatre Royal, succeeded Smith Brown, and died there. Thirty-five years ago the then proprietor, Robert Wallace, a smith and farrier, who carried on business in the adjoining yard, occupied the house himself for some years. Harry Wardle, a celebrated bowler, was the next tenant, and during his tenure the house was a noted resort of the bowling fraternity.

30.—A very perfect exhibition of the natural phenomenon known as the "Spectre of the Broken" was witnessed by Mr. C. J. Spence, Mr. Edmund Procter, and other three gentlemen from Newcastle, on Scawfell, in the English Lake District.

31.—The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of the City Temple, London, and a native of Hexham, preached in the Royalty Church, Sunderland.

—A strike took place among the choir boys in Chester-le-Street Parish Church, owing to the abandonment of the annual excursion; but at the evening service most of the discontented lads turned into their proper places in the choir.

—On the occasion of the last service in the Sunday school-room in connection with St. George's Presbyterian Church, Morpeth, the pastor, the Rev. A. H. Drysdale, M.A., author of "The History of the Presbyterian Church of England," drew attention to an old Bible which bore date 1716, and which had been used by the people worshipping in that very building through many generations.

SEPTEMBER.

2.—Captain G. C. Coates, ship-surveyor, was elected a member of the Newcastle City Council, for North St. Andrew's Ward, in the room of Mr. Thomas Richardson, elevated to the aldermanic bench.

—At a meeting of the Stockton Town Council, it was resolved to purchase 28 acres of land in Durham Road, at a cost of between £6,000 and £7,000, for the purpose of a new cemetery.

3.—Mr. Francis Fearby, who had mysteriously disappeared, was found drowned in the river Swale, at Richmond, in Yorkshire.

—Mr. John Belk, of Middlesbrough, was appointed Recorder of Hartlepool.

—A competition took place in the setting of music to a song written especially for the use of cyclists, there being 304 competitors. Mr. Frederic H. Cowen was appointed adjudicator, and his award was made known to-day, announcing that Mr. C. F. Lloyd, Mus. Bac., of South Shields, was the winner of the prize of 20 guineas.

3.—A person named Taylor, known as "the man-fish,"

performed some remarkable aquatic feats in the river Tees at Stockton.

4.—At a public meeting in Maple Street Hall, Newcastle, the appointment of Mr. George Sterling, as assistant-overseer for Elswick, was revoked; and it was resolved to obtain the services of an accountant, solicitor, and counsel, to assist in an investigation into the affairs of the township.

—It was decided to advance the wages of the slaters of Newcastle by a halfpenny per hour.

5.—At the Guildhall, Newcastle, a number of intakes, or enclosures, on the Town Moor, Nuns' Moor, and Castle Leazes, covering a total area of 100 acres, were let for a period of fourteen years. The average rent realised was about £8 per acre, and one of the plots was leased with a view to its sub-division into garden allotments.

—Mr. John Thornhill Harrison, M. Inst. C.E., held an inquiry at the Town Hall, Newcastle, as to an application from the Corporation to borrow £10,000 for paving purposes, and for the disposal of Corporation land in the township of Walker and in Bath Lane, by way of lease on sale and exchange.

Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P. for the Wansbeck division of Northumberland, was elected Parliamentary Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, in succession to Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., who had retired from the office.

6.—Mr. Edmund Tearle, the well-known Shakspearian actor, was presented with an illuminated address by the patrons of the drama in North Shields, where he and his company had been performing.

—It was stated that a movement had been initiated by the medical men of the city with a view of establishing a Health Society of Newcastle.

7.—At the service on the occasion of the re-opening of St. George's Presbyterian Church, Morpeth, two of the hymn tunes were the composition of the Mayor, Mr. Councillor E. E. Schofield.

8.—The Marquis of Londonderry laid the corner stone of a mission room and institute, in connection with St. Matthew's Church at Silksworth Colliery.

—A workman, named James Stuart, was killed by the collapse of a scaffold on which he was standing painting the funnel of a steamer at West Hartlepool.

—In the hall of the Jesmond Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, Mr. William Rodger, Principal of the Linguistic Institution, Hillhead, Glasgow, delivered a lecture on the subject "How to Learn a Language," the method which he advocated being that known as the oral system. The Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. T. Bell) presided, and there was a large attendance.

—Mr. J. T. Harrison, Local Government Inspector, held an inquiry at South Shields as to an application from the Town Council of that borough to borrow several sums of money for the execution of a series of public works.

—Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," visited Newcastle, as the guest of his nephew, Mr. W. H. Warlow, solicitor.

9.—At St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, Surgeon-Major W. A. Lee, of the Indian Medical Service, was married to Miss Annie Elizabeth Potter, second daughter of Colonel Addison Potter, J.P., C.B., of Heaton Hall, Newcastle.

10.—At a meeting in the Council Chamber, Town Hall Buildings, Newcastle, Mr. Alderman T. P. Barkas, in recognition of his long and successful administration of

the Central Exchange News Room and Art Gallery, as well as of his many public services as a social reformer and lecturer, was presented with a handsomely illuminated address and a cheque for £345. The presentation was made by the Mayor, Mr. Thomas Bell, by whom the testimonial had been originated.

General Occurrences.

AUGUST.

9.—Heligoland was formally transferred to Germany in accordance with the Anglo-German Treaty.

—Cardinal Newman died at the Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Born in 1801, he was trained in the Evangelical School of the Church of England, but in 1845 he joined the Church of Rome.

—At the Sussex Assizes, an action for breach of promise of marriage was brought by Miss Gladys Knowles against Mr. Leslie Frazer Duncan, the editor and proprietor of the *Matrimonial News*. The plaintiff was awarded £10,000 damages.

14.—The dispute with railway servants and other labourers which had paralysed the trade of South Wales was settled.

17.—The Queen's Theatre, Manchester, was almost totally destroyed by fire.

—Parliament was prorogued.

18.—Davis Dalton swam across the English Channel, from Cape Grisnez to Folkestone.

19.—As a coach was crossing the Kirkstone Pass, in the English Lake District, it was upset through one of the wheels breaking. Two ladies were killed and several persons injured.

21.—Owing to a great strike at Melbourne, Australia, business was reported to be at a standstill.

22.—Two men were killed and another injured owing to an explosion at the Government gunpowder factory at Waltham Abbey.

—A horrible case of cannibalism was reported from County Quebec, Canada. The infant son of a farmer named Cote was eaten alive by two insane boys whilst the parents of the little child were absent berry-picking.

25.—The St. Clair River Tunnel, between Port Huron, Michigan, U.S.A., and Sarnia, Ontario, Canada, the greatest river tunnel in the world, was completed.

—McVickers's Theatre, Chicago, U.S.A., was destroyed by fire, the damage amounting to two hundred thousand dollars.

—The Mombasa-Victoria-Nyanza Railway was inaugurated.

—A memorial to the soldiers who fell at Waterloo, erected on the site of that celebrated battlefield, was unveiled by the Duke of Cambridge. The municipality of Brussels undertook the guardianship of the monument.

26.—Frederick Davis was hanged at Birmingham, and James Harrison at Leeds, both for the same offence—the murder of their wives.

27.—A fight took place in the American House of Representatives at Washington between Mr. Beckwith and Mr. Wilson, Republicans.

—A Blue Book stated that the total number of sea casualties to British vessels between July 1, 1888, and

June 30, 1889, was 6,923. The number of total losses at sea was 507.

28.—Thirty-one persons were injured during a railway collision at Milngavie Junction, near Glasgow.

29.—Queen Christina of Spain launched the first war vessel that has been built in Sir Charles Mark Palmer's shipbuilding yard at Bilbao.

SEPTEMBER.

2.—The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales was opened at Bangor. The meeting was memorable from the circumstance that the Queen of Roumania (known in the literary world as "Carmen Sylva") was present.

—Mr. Mizner, the United States Ambassador to Guatemala, was attacked by Senorita Christina Barrundia, daughter of General Barrundia, who had been killed during a struggle with port officers who were trying to arrest him on board the United States steamer Acapulco, her object being to revenge her father's death. She fired a pistol at the Minister, but the bullet struck a law book which he held in front of him. The young lady and the members of her family were subsequently banished from the country.

—The Trades Union Congress, attended by many exciting incidents, commenced its sittings in Liverpool.

3.—The annual meeting of the British Association was held at Leeds, Sir Frederick Augustus Abel being the president for the year.

5.—Ten persons were killed and many injured at La Pallice Dock, La Rochelle, France, owing to an explosion in a dynamite factory.

6.—A man named Dixon successfully crossed the Niagara River, below the Falls, on a wire rope.

—Sergeant White, stationed in Jamaica, revolted against his officers, and took possession of a fort. The men of his regiment refused to attack him; but the fort was eventually captured by sappers, White being killed during the encounter.

—It was announced that a British protectorate had been accepted by the Barotse nation in Africa, whose territory is traversed by the Zambesi.

—About 18,000 people were rendered homeless by a destructive fire at Salonica.

8.—An International Chess Tournament was concluded at Manchester, the results being as follows:—First prize, £80, Dr. Tarrasch, Nuremberg; second, £60, Mr. J. H. Blackburne, London; third, £50, and fourth, £40, Mr. H. E. Bird, London, and Captain Mackenzie, New York, divide; fifth, £30, and sixth, £20, Mr. Gunsberg, London, and Mr. Mason, London, divide; seventh prize, £10, Mr. Alapin, St. Petersburg, Mr. Schere, Berlin, and Mr. Tinsley, London, divide.

9.—A serious riot occurred at Southampton. A number of strikers appeared at the docks and prevented a goods engine and train from entering. The police were overpowered, and the strikers regulated the traffic in and out of the docks, and finally determined that nothing should pass in or out. A body of troops from Portsmouth succeeded, after charging the crowds with fixed bayonets, in restoring order. The Riot Act was twice read by the Mayor.

—Death of Dr. Henry Parry Liddon, Canon of St. Paul's, aged 61.



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Taylor, "Lord Kenedy," the Bigamist.

ROBERT TAYLOR, a plebeian youth who assumed the name of "Lord Kenedy," was tried and convicted at the Summer Quarter Sessions, Durham, in 1840. The offence for which he was indicted was polygamy. He was only between nineteen and twenty years of age; yet, up to the date of the trial, six of his marriages had come to the knowledge of the police of the North of England, and it was believed that the number was much larger. His plan seems to have been in all cases to practise first on the cupidity of his own sex, by holding out a pecuniary reward to any one who would procure him a suitable alliance, and then, by representing himself to be of aristocratic birth, and heir to extensive possessions, to dazzle and win over the victims of his frauds.

Taylor's course of wickedness was arrested in April, 1840, at Hetton-le-Hole, where he was taken into custody by Superintendent Ingo, as he was passing through the village with Mary Davison, of Aycliffe, near Darlington, whom he had married at Acklam, in Yorkshire. This poor girl had fallen into his snares through the avarice of her brother-in-law, a Primitive Methodist minister. Taylor had offered a reward of ten pounds to any person who would find him a religious wife; for the fellow professed to be "decidedly pious." The reward was coveted by a person named Fryer, who gave him the choice of his two sisters-in-law, one of whom was Mary Davison, a girl of eighteen or nineteen. Fryer, however, not only failed to obtain the reward, but was swindled out of twelve pounds by the roguish adventurer, who borrowed that sum of him under some fair pretext.

The youthful rascal had represented himself to be a

son of Lord Kenedy, of Ashby Hall, Lincolnshire. When he was apprehended, several of the documents, by means of which he had supported his assumed character, were found in his possession. The chief of these was a will written on parchment by a clerkly hand. We give a copy:—

This is the last will and testament of me, the Right Honourable Lord John Kenedy, of Ashby Hall, in the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the county of Leicester.

In the first place, I give and bequeath unto Robert Taylor, the son of Elizabeth Taylor, single woman, one million and fifteen thousand pounds three per cent. consols and no more; four coal pits, one of which runs under six acres of land, another runs under twenty-four acres of land, and another runs under fifty acres of land, and another runs under one hundred and fifty acres of land; connected therewith, all my waggons, engines, engine-houses, machinery, horses, houses, and the whole of my property at West Brammage, in the county of Stafford; and the coal-pits, houses, and salt manufactories, &c., and a park, with the land connected therewith, containing two thousand acres of land, situated at Preston Grange, near Edinburgh; two blast furnaces, one forge and iron, six ironstone pits, two quarries and the machinery, &c., with coal-pits, which contain four hundred acres of land, situated at Penny Carr, in South Wales; Salmon Hall, near Dublin; and all and singular my household furniture, plate, linen, china, jewellery, books, and instruments, and buildings connected therewith; one cotton manufactory at Holywell, Flintshire; two woollen manufactories at Newport, Montgomeryshire, North Wales; one brig named Maria, a ship named Helen, and a schooner named John Welsh, &c. And I do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint John Nicholson, Thomas Johnson, and Mrs. Robinson, guardians of the said Robert Taylor, &c., &c.

Dated, 22nd September, 1829.

KENEDY (L.S.)

SAMUEL ROBINSON { Clerk to James Lee
and John Turner.
WILLIAM COWEY, barrister.

An indenture, written on paper, certified that the will was perfectly correct; that the name of the said Robert Taylor was marked on his right arm, with the figure

of a soldier, and on his left arm, an anchor and mermaid; that his eyes were blue, his hair dark, his countenance "rather expressive," and his height five feet four inches and three quarters. A third document was an agreement on the part of Lord Kenedy, the young man's alleged father, to allow Mr. Robinson £100 a year, and £1 a week, for taking care of Robert Taylor till he came of age; and it was also provided that, if he should marry whilst he was a minor, his guardian was to give him £700, and allow him £150 a year till he was twenty-one. A fourth paper was an account from Thomas Leng, for engrossing copy of a will and certificate on parchment, £1 5s. A fifth was a bill of £1 2s. 6d. due to Richard Armstead, of Whitehaven, Cumberland, for copies of documents. These papers may afford a clue to the manner in which Taylor contrived to get up the "last will and testament," &c. The next document was a declaration of birth, parentage, and marriage, made at Sunderland before a Master Extraordinary in Chancery, April 16, 1840, to enable him to claim the aforesaid sum and annuity from his trustees. There was also a form of proposal from "Robert Taylor, Esq." to the General Reversionary and Investment Company, London, for a loan of £500 till he came of age. The budget further contained the following papers:—An indenture of apprenticeship, dated January 25, 1831, binding Taylor, "a poor child of 13 years, from Fatfield, in the county of Durham," to Samuel Dobbs, of Bilton, Staffordshire, sweep and collier, till he should be 21 years of age. A memorandum of agreement between Taylor and Mary Ann Wilson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to marry in three months from October 16, 1839; Taylor to forfeit £20,000 if he married any other woman, and Wilson to forfeit "one-third of her yearly salary per annum," if she proved faithless. A memorandum of a loan of £4 from George Wilson, Mary Ann's father, with an engagement on the part of Taylor to repay it with £1 interest. A letter from Mr. Ralph Walters, dated November 7, 1839, addressed to Mr. George Wilson, tobaccoist, Gallowgate, Newcastle, threatening legal proceedings if Taylor's wife, Mary Ann, was kept back from him, as he was thereby prevented from going to London and obtaining valuable property. The license used at Acklam, April 4, 1840, when he married Mary Davison. A letter from Benjamin Fryer, Superintendent Minister of the Primitive Methodist Connexion at Stockton, to the London Mission of the Hull Circuit, introducing Taylor as a member from Middlesbrough, and recommending him to pastoral care. A memorandum of agreement between Fryer and Taylor, the former consenting to lend the latter "£22 3s. sterling for his own use and benefit," to be repaid one month after date. A Wesleyan Methodist's class-leader's book, dated Stockton, 1831; a Primitive Methodist class ticket, dated March, 1840; two Wesleyan Association tickets; a Wesleyan Methodist ticket, dated March, 1840; a Birmingham teetotal

pledge; a Sunderland teetotal ticket; and an anti-tobacco pledge.

But the most curious of the papers found upon this remarkable impostor was the following, which we give in full:—

A memorandum of an agreement made between Robert Taylor, Esq., son of the late Lord Kenedy, of Ashby Hall, in the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and those he may engage as servants:—

It is agreed by and on the part of the said servants, and they severally hereby engage to serve in the said several capacities against their respective names expressed, which is to be employed in the said hall.

The Rules and Regulations of the said House.—We, the undersigned servants, do promise Robert Taylor and his said house-steward that we will not use intoxicating liquors, such as rum, ale, wine, porter, cyder, distilled peppermint, and will not give or offer them to others, except prescribed by a physician or in a religious ordinance, so long as we are in the employ of the said Robert Taylor; and any person found using intoxicating liquors after this pledge being signed by them shall forfeit their wages which are due, which shall be paid into the Society of Total Abstinence for the good of the cause.

Dated, April 16, 1840.

Signed by ROBERT TAYLOR.

J. R. Whitfield, Sunderland, house-steward.....	£70
Vacant, butler	—
Vacant, under-butler	25
Sept. Davis, New Durham, lord's footman	36
Vacant, lady's footman	30
Vacant, common footman	20
Matthew Craggs, Durham, head-coachman	60
George Thornton, Durham, under-coachman	—
Francis Morrison, Newbottle, head-gamekeeper	60
William Johnson, Newbottle, under-gamekeeper	—
Richard Steward, Newbottle, postillion	20
Matthew Bowey, Houghton, head-groom	60
Vacant, second-groom	40
Vacant, third-groom	20
James Gray, Philadelphia, fourth-groom	15
James Reed, Hetton-le-Hole, stable-boy	10
Edward Henston, Durham, four helpers, 16s. per week each.....	—
Thomas Ord, Newbottle, chapel-keeper	52
Vacant, man-cook	—
William Milner, Hetton-le-Hole, butcher	—
Vacant, housekeeper	—
Elizabeth Modson, Newbottle Lane, lady's maid	20
Vacant, second lady's maid	—
Margret Whitfield, Sunderland, head lodge attendant	—
Ann Milburn Orwin, Sunderland, second lodge attendant	—
Vacant, third lodge attendant	—
Vacant, fourth lodge attendant	—
W. T. Collins, Spring Garden Lane (duty not stated)	20
T. Orwin, 4, Sussex Street, Sunderland, head-gardener and preacher	60

The following situations in the impostor's establishment were declared vacant:—"Cook, store-room maid, housemaid, second housemaid, laundry-maid, kitchen-maid, scullery-maid, park-cleaner, dairy-maid, chaplain, and joiner." As his colliery viewers, George Charlton, of Houghton, was to go into Staffordshire, at a salary of £200; Robinson Charlton, of Philadelphia, into Leicestershire, at £100; William Bailey, of Hetton-le-Hole, into Leicestershire, at £500. Besides these, there was a list of all kinds of other appointments to offices connected with collieries in Staffordshire, Leicestershire, Scotland, and Wales.

The trial of the prisoner commenced at Durham on Monday, the 29th of June, 1840. But instead of a handsome, seductive gallant, there stood before the court a shabby-looking individual, with a face not merely ordinary, but ugly. He was evidently much amused at the sensation which his appearance produced, and joined in the smiles of the bystanders. He was perfectly unabashed, and conducted himself throughout the trial with the utmost ease and unconcern. Yet there was nothing that could be called determinedly bold and impudent in his manner.

Mr. Scruton, the Deputy-Clerk of the Peace, read the indictment, which charged that the prisoner, Robert Taylor, late of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, was married at Birmingham, on the 22nd of July, 1838, to Sarah Ann Skidmore; that on the 19th of October, 1839, the prisoner feloniously intermarried with Mary Ann Wilson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, his first wife being alive; and that, on the 4th of April, 1840, he feloniously intermarried with Mary Davison, at Acklam, in Yorkshire, his first wife being then also alive. Mr. Granger conducted the prosecution; the prisoner was undefended by counsel.

John Wood, a waggoner, of Birmingham, was called to prove the first marriage of which the authorities had any knowledge. It appeared that this witness met the prisoner in Birmingham in 1838. The prisoner told Wood he was heir to £60,000 a-year, under the will of his father, Lord Kenedy. In proof of this assertion he produced papers. He said he had a great wish to be married to a respectable young lady, and that he would, if the witness could introduce him to such a one, make him a handsome present. Wood introduced him to Miss Sarah Ann Skidmore, and to her father, who was a shopkeeper. The documents were shown to the young lady and her parents; the license and the wedding-ring were procured; and the couple were married the next morning. Shortly after, the prisoner went to London to settle his affairs. He subsequently returned and lived with his wife; but he had not been married more than six or seven weeks when he deserted her altogether. As the prisoner was undefended, the court asked him if he had any questions to put to the witness. Prisoner: "I'll ax him one or two. I axed you if you knew a decent girl as wanted a husband, and you said you did; you knew as how one Sarah Ann Skidmore wished to be married, and I told you I'd advertised, and offered a reward of £10. You took me to Benjamin Skidmore. Now, are you sure as how he saw the dockyments?" Witness: "Yes, quite sure; you showed him a document stating that you would have £60,000 a year when you came of age." Prisoner's mother (from the middle of the court): "Robert, tell them thou's under age, and thy marriage can't stand good." The prisoner gave a lordly wave of his hand, accompanied by a significant gesture, intimating to his maternal parent to leave the

management of the case to his superior skill. Then, turning to the witness, he said, "Are you sure that you yourself saw the will?" Witness: "Yes." Prisoner: "No, it was not the will; it was only the certiket of my guardians to show who I was, and what property was coming to me."

Here Mr. Granger produced a tin case, which was a pitman's candle-box, bearing the following inscription: "Robert Taylor, otherwise Lord Kenedy." From this case the learned counsel drew the "dockyments." The "will" was rich alike in its bequests and its odours. It was a foul and filthy affair to look upon and to approach.

Mary Davison, a neat, modest-looking girl, then detailed the circumstances which led to her marriage with the prisoner. The latter, she said, was introduced to her at the house of her father, on the 4th of April, by Benjamin Fryer, her brother-in-law, who was a preacher among the Primitive Methodists. The latter said he had known the prisoner some time, and he recommended him as a pious young man whom he had brought to the house on purpose to marry her. The prisoner said he was the son of Lord Kenedy, and the moment he arrived in London with a wife he would have £700, and £20 a year till he was of age, when he would have £60,000 per annum. He showed her several documents, one of which was a certificate that he was Lord Kenedy's son, and would have £60,000 a year when he came of age. He had previously seen her unmarried sister, whom he rejected in favour of her. They were married by license the very next morning. They lived together three weeks, during which time the prisoner made several attempts to get away; and many times, in the night, he had endeavoured to take the ring off her finger. While they were together, he lived upon the money which he borrowed from her brother-in-law, to whom he owed £22.

The prisoner addressed the Court at considerable length in his defence, giving a rambling account of his various migrations, with some amusing particulars of his marriages and courtships, whereby he wished to make it appear that all the young ladies he came near wanted to marry him, and that he had been in every instance inveigled into wedlock for the sake of his possessions. His main defence was, that he was under age, and that all his marriages were illegal. As for Sarah Ann Skidmore, he asserted that she allured him, and that one time, when he refused to give her five pounds, she expressed her opinion that "every teetotaler ought to be blown up with a barrel of gunpowder." In consequence of one of their matrimonial squabbles, he appeared before the magistrates at Birmingham; and there "George Edmunds, his lawyer," and Mr. Spooner, the magistrate, told him the marriage was illegal, and there was no need for a "divorcement." Therefore, as it was no marriage at all, he afterwards married Mary

Ann Wilson, at St. John's, in Newcastle, by license. The minister of St. John's saw by his "retcheater," after the marriage ceremony had been performed, that he was under age, and wished him to be married over again by banns. This, he contended, showed that the second marriage was as bad as the first. Besides, Mr. Alderman Losh, the counsellor, told him the same thing. Well, he left Newcastle, and went to Stockton, where he courted Jane Dawson. They were about to be married by banns, but as she was not "joined" in society with the Primitive Methodists, Benjamin Fryer said it was not right for him to marry her, and he quoted Scripture for it. Fryer also told him that he had a sister-in-law, who would make him a good wife; and he (Taylor) consented to have the banns "pulled up." They went to Aycliffe together, Fryer paying the expenses. There he was introduced to Mary Davison, and her father, after some conversation, took her upstairs to talk to her. After a while they came down. Mary said she kept company with a young man; but by the persuasion of her father and brother she would consent to give him up. Prisoner sat up with her the greater part of the night, and got her to burn her old sweetheart's letters. In the morning they went to Acklam to get a license and be married. Fryer paid all expenses. He had raised the money by borrowing, and by taking some of the chapel funds. The license was granted by the Rev. Mr. Benson, who married them. It was granted at Middlesbrough, in Yorkshire, and he was at that time living on the other side of the Tees, at "Santry Batts," in the county of Durham. He was under age, too, and the marriage could not be legal. Moreover, after his marriage to Mary Davison, Jane Dawson wished to have him, and consulted a lawyer, who told her the marriage with Davison would not stand in her way, because he (Taylor) was under age. She, therefore, had the "banners put up" at Stockton. The conclusions to which the prisoner came were these:—1. That he was not guilty of bigamy, the preceding marriages being illegal; and 2. That if the marriage with Skidmore was legal, the bigamy which he had committed did not lie at his door, but at that of the lawyers, who had told him that that marriage was illegal.

The prisoner's mother having expressed a wish to give evidence, and the prisoner having consented, she took her place in the witness-box, and deposed that she was now the wife of Michael Rickaby. The prisoner was not born in wedlock; but she would not say who his father was. He was under age, she said, and not very clever; and it was a great shame of the girls to marry him. They saw him one day, and took him next morning.

The chairman of the Court (Mr. John Fawcett), when Mr. Granger had summed up for the prosecution, briefly addressed the jury; and the foreman, in a few minutes, gave in a verdict of "guilty."

Taylor was next indicted for having, in October, 1839, married Mary Ann Wilson, daughter of George Wilson, tobacconist, Newcastle. The prisoner, it appeared, had advertised for a wife in the Newcastle papers. Miss Wilson said she first saw the prisoner in October at a Methodist chapel in Newcastle. On the same day she met him at a class meeting. On the 16th of October she was introduced to him by a friend, when he promised to call upon her at three o'clock that afternoon. He did so, and as soon as he sat down he pulled out a tin case, which was marked "Robert Taylor, otherwise Lord Kenedy." He said he was entitled to £60,000 a year, and other hereditaments. The following day he made her an offer of marriage, and she accepted him. He said if he could get the loan of some money, they would be married the next morning. Her father lent him £4; a license was bought; and they were married the day but one after she had accepted him, and three days after her introduction to him. Eighteen days after this he deserted her, and she heard no more of him till he was in custody. Witness, in answer to the prisoner, said she did not say "she would rather be married off-hand." Prisoner: "Oh, yes, Mary, you did. I consented to take you immediately if the money was raised, and you raised it." The defence in this case was the same as in the first—the illegality of the whole of the marriages, into which, prisoner added, he had been inveigled by other persons. Mr. Granger had said the new Marriage Act made minors' marriages legal; but did the new Marriage Act, the prisoner asked, say anything about wards in Chancery, and the son of Lord Kenedy? This appeal provoked great laughter; but the jury again returned a verdict of "guilty."

Mr. Granger then stated that Superintendent Ingo had received letters showing that the prisoner had contracted several other marriages besides those which had been the subject of inquiry.

The court having spent some time in deliberation, the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said:—"You have for some time been going about the country in a most unprincipled way, marrying weak and unsuspecting girls, and bringing misery upon them and their friends. You must be punished with great severity for your wicked conduct. For the first offence of which you have been convicted, you are sentenced to be imprisoned one year to hard labour; and for the second, to be imprisoned eighteen months to hard labour, making altogether two years and a half."

The mother of the prisoner, on quitting the court, finding herself an object of some attraction, and being complimented by the women who flocked round her on the clever defence of her son whose "cleverness" she had denied, became somewhat communicative on her family history. Among other things, she stated that her son was one of Sir De Lacy Evans's Spanish Legion, and that she had sent a letter into Spain,

which had had the effect of procuring his return to England. She had come from Workington, in Cumberland, to attend the trial; for "her son was her son." One thing she would not allow the curiosity of the ladies to penetrate—and that was, the mystery which hung over the prisoner's birth. She had "kept the secret" nineteen years, and was not going to reveal it in the twentieth. All that she would say was that the impostor's father was "a real gentleman."

The Water Poet in the North.

JOHN TAYLOR, usually known by his self-conferred designation of "The Water Poet," was born in Gloucester in 1580. His education was very limited. He went to London and was apprenticed to a waterman, an occupation from which he took his title of Water Poet, and by which he maintained himself during a great part of his life. For fifteen or sixteen years, however, he held some office in the Tower of London, and he afterwards kept a tavern in Phoenix Alley, Long Acre. He was a devoted Royalist, and, when Charles I. was beheaded, he hung out, over his door, the sign of the Mourning Crown. This, however, he was soon compelled to take down, and he then supplied its place by a portrait of himself, with the following lines beneath it:—

There's many a king's head hanged up for a sign,
And many a saint's head too: then why not mine?

But Taylor was neither king nor saint, but a man of innumerable whims and oddities. On one occasion he undertook to sail from London to Rochester in a boat made of paper, but the water found its way into his craft long before he reached his destination, and he had some difficulty in getting safely ashore. He seems to have been fond of travelling, and many of his journeys were performed in his own wherry. Of his various peregrinations he has left what are often exceedingly amusing records in his works. One of his stories is entitled, "A Very Merrie Wherrie-Ferry Voyage; or, York for my Money." Another pamphlet bears the following singular title: "John Taylor's Last Voyage and Adventure, performed from the 20th of July last, 1641, to the 10th of September following, in which time he passed, with a Sculler's Boat, from the City of London, to the Cities and Towns of Oxford, Gloucester, Shrewsbury, Bristol, Bath, Monmouth, and Hereford." The title would lead us to imagine that Taylor went the whole way by water; but the course of the rivers and the absence of canals made such a feat impossible. The fact was that, when a river ceased to be navigable, or ran in a wrong direction, he shipped his boat and himself in any available cart or waggon, and voyaged overland till he reached another river that suited his purpose.

Taylor died in 1654, at the age of 74, and was buried in

Covent Garden Churchyard, London. His publications, which are very numerous, have little literary merit. Some are in prose, some in verse, or rather doggrel, and some are a mixture of prose and verse. Many of them, however, contain curious descriptions and interesting glimpses of the opinions and manners and general state of society in the times in which he lived. There is much that is amusing and quaint in his accounts of his personal adventures, and we are indebted to him for many local facts, otherwise unrecorded.

One of Taylor's journeys he relates in "The Penniless Pilgrimage, or, the Money-less Perambulation of John Taylor, *alias* The King's Majesty's Water Poet; How he travelled on foot from London to Edinburgh in Scotland, not carrying any Money to or fro, neither Begging, Borrowing, or Asking Meat, Drink, or Lodging." He left London on the evening of July 14th, 1618. His companions were his man and a horse. The latter carried his "provant," which consisted of "good bacon, biscuit, neat's tongue, cheese," and various other things, amongst which "good *aqua vite*" was not forgotten. He had thus taken some precaution against starvation, should the hospitality of the country through which he proposed to travel fail him.

This foresaid Tuesday night, 'twixt eight and nine,
Well-rigged and balanced both with beer and wine,
I stumble forward; thus my jaunt begun,
And went that night as far as Islington.

Taylor's subsequent journey lay through St. Alban's, Stony Stratford, Daventry, and Coventry, where he was generously entertained by Dr. Philemon Holland, mentioned in a previous article as the translator of Camden. He went forward by Lichfield, Newcastle in Staffordshire—which he takes care to tell us is "not the Newcastle standing upon Tyne,"—and Manchester. At the last-named place he was in clover.

I must tell
How men of Manchester did use me well:
Their loves they on the tenter-hooks did rack,
Roast, boiled, baked, too, too much white, claret, sack:
Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot,
Can followed can, and pot succeeded pot.

From Manchester our poet pursued his way through Preston, Lancaster, and Carlisle, and so forward to Edinburgh. In Scotland the traveller met with some remarkable adventures, and one part of his story is of the most romantic character, but the limits to which I am confined forbid me to quote it. At Burnt Island he had a singular rencontre, in meeting with an old acquaintance in the person of a Northumbrian knight—Sir Henry Widdrington, of Widdrington Castle. Taylor called him Witherington. He shall tell the story himself. He is being entertained at dinner amongst many distinguished guests, of whom Widdrington is one.

"I know not," begins our Water Poet, "upon what occasion they began to talk of being at sea in former times, and I (amongst the rest) said I was at the taking of Cadiz: whereunto an English gentleman replied, that he was the next good voyage after at the Islands. I

answered him that I was there also. He demanded in what ship I was. I told him in the Rainbow of the Queen's. Why, quoth he, do you not know me? I was in the same ship, and my name is Witherington. Sir, said I, I do remember the name well, but by reason that it is near two-and-twenty years since I saw you, I may well forget the knowledge of you. Well, said he, if you were in the ship, I pray you tell me some remarkable token that happened in the voyage; whereupon I told him two or three tokens, which he did know to be true. Nay then, said I, I will tell you another, which, perhaps, you have not forgotten. As our ship and the rest of the fleet did ride at anchor at the Isle of Flores, one of the isles of the Azores, there were some fourteen men and boys of our ship that, for novelty, would go ashore and see what fruit the island did bear, and what entertainment it would yield us. So, being landed, we went up and down, and could find nothing but stones, heath, and moss, and we expected oranges, lemons, figs, musk-melons, and potatoes. In the mean space the wind did blow so stiff, and the sea was so extreme rough, that our ship's boat did not come to the land to fetch us, for fear she should be beaten in pieces against the rocks. This continued five days, so that we were almost famished for want of food. But at last (I wandering up and down) by the providence of God I happened [to go] into a cave or poor habitation, where I found fifteen loaves of bread, each of the quantity of a penny loaf in England. I, having a valiant stomach of the age of almost a hundred and twenty hours breeding, fell too, and ate two loaves, and never said grace. And, as I was about to make a horse-loaf of the third loaf, I did put twelve of them into my breeches and my sleeves, and so went mumbling out of the cave, leaning my back against a tree; when, upon a sudden, a gentleman came to me and said, friend, what are you eating? Bread, quoth I. For God's sake, said he, give me some. With that I put my hand into my breech (being my best pantry) and I gave him a loaf, which he received with many thanks, and said if ever he could requite it he would. I had no sooner told this tale, but Sir Henry Witherington did acknowledge himself to be the man that I had given the loaf unto two and twenty years before; where I found the proverb true, that men have more privilege than mountains in meeting."

On his return from Scotland, Taylor passed through Northumberland. On reaching Berwick "the worthy old soldier and ancient knight, Sir William Bowyer," welcomed the traveller; "but," says he, "contrary to his will, we lodged at an inn, where Mr. James Acmooty paid all charges."

The Tweed, in Taylor's day, as in ours, was noted for its salmon. In that river, he tells us, "are taken by fishermen that dwell there, infinite numbers of fresh salmons, so that many households and families are relieved by the profit of that fishing." An order had been made, "how long since I know not," says the poet, "that no man or boy whatsoever should fish upon a Sunday." For a time the order was strictly observed, but, "some eight or nine weeks before Michaelmas last, on the Sunday, the salmons played in such great abundance in the river, that some of the fishermen took boats, and nets, and fished, and caught three hundred salmons!" All this is credible enough, but what follows must surely be an exaggerated tale, which, as related to the poet, possibly received undue colouring from some earnest and unvarnished Sabbatarian. "From that time," the traveller proceeds, "until Michaelmas Day that I was there, which was nine weeks, and heard the report of it, and saw the poor people's lamentations, they had not

seen one salmon in the river; and some of them were in despair that they should never see any more there; affirming it to be God's judgment upon them for the profanation of the Sabbath."

From Berwick Taylor came by Belford and Alnwick to Newcastle, where, he says, "I found the noble knight, Sir Henry Witherington; who, because I would have no gold or silver, gave me a bay mare, in requital of a loaf of bread that I had given him two and twenty years before, at the island of Flores." At Newcastle, too, he overtook some of his Scottish friends who were on their way to London. He tells us, also, that he "was welcomed at Master Nicholas Tempest's house." Tempest's house was Stella Hall, now the residence of Mr. Joseph Cowen. Unfortunately, the traveller tells us nothing of his experiences there.

From Newcastle Taylor had the company of his Scottish friends as far as Topcliffe, in Yorkshire, where he left them that he might visit and explore the city of York. At length he reaches London. He sneaks into the city to a house within Moorgate, where he borrows money. "And so," he says, "I stole back again to Islington, to the sign of the Maidenhead, staying [there] till Wednesday, that my friends came to meet me, who knew no other but that Wednesday was my first coming; where with all love I was entertained with much good cheer; and after supper we had a play of the Life and Death of Guy of Warwick, played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Derby and his men."

Thus ends Taylor's Pennyless Pilgrimage.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Robert Paton, Postman.

THE accompanying sketch represents the late Mr. Robert Paton, the contractor for the conveyance of the mails between Morpeth and Rothbury, as he rode into the former town during the great snowstorm of March, 1886, "sheeted in ice from head to foot, and encrusted in frozen snow."

The people of the North of England are not likely to forget the weather at that time, for it was the worst that had been experienced for many years previously. But Mr. Paton was doomed to be caught in another storm whilst performing his postal duties. Four years later, on the 18th of January, 1890, he

was proceeding to Rothbury, when the horse and gig were



upset by a terrific hurricane. The unfortunate man was afterwards found by one of his sons and a party of searchers on the road near Longhorsley Moor, with his head under the vehicle, life being quite extinct. At the time of the disaster, Mr. Paton was 56 years of age.

The Miller of the Clock Mill.



CENTURY or so ago there stood on the left side of the main road from Newcastle to Jedburgh, about two miles north of Belsay Gate, in a secluded spot beside a stream, what was called "The Clock Mill." The miller was a man of middle age, and occupied a suitable steading attached to the mill, together with an adjoining piece of land. He was, like Nimrod of old, a famous hunter, being so fortunate as to possess a mare, noted for her pith and speed, which enabled him to be generally among the foremost in the chase, where he was wont to accompany his landlord. This was the way in which the rich and poor mingled in "the good old days" in "merry England."

The miller of the Clock Mill was, as we have seen, a famous hunter: so much so that he very often contrived, through his intimate knowledge of the country and the real excellence of his steed, to be first in at the death. The lord of the manor, though always glad to see his tenants enjoy this healthful sport, could hardly brook being beaten by one of them again and again, in the face of the whole assembled field. He accordingly resolved to mend matters. The miller had hitherto paid the sum of twenty pounds a year for his mill and land—no inadequate rent as things then stood; but now the steward, by the instruction of the landlord, raised it to thirty. Still the miller continued to pay regularly, and still kept a good mare, and was at the death before the squire quite as often as ever. Another hint was given to the steward, and another ten pounds added to the rent, thus doubling the original sum; both landlord and steward now felt sure that their victim would have to bestride a sorrier steed, or else drop out of the hunting circle altogether. But, heavily handicapped as the miller was, he was as punctual as ever when the rent-day came round, still rode the same good mare, and still carried off, on the average, two brushes out of every three that were won in the season. This astonished the landlord so much that he paid him an unexpected visit. The following is the account Mr. Robert White gives of the interview:—

He found him, arrayed in his dusty garb, with a kind of nightcap drawn nearly over his eyes, at work in the mill; he was filling a poke from the trough; the machinery was in motion, and the place had an air of neatness and order about it, betokening the occupier to be in easy circumstances. After some preliminary observations respecting the weather and markets, the landlord remarked he

was very glad to see his tenant so cheerful, and hoped he was doing well.

"Thanks t'ye, sir—mony thanks to y'r honour," said the miller. "We have aye meat for the takin'—meal an' bacon, an' melk tey, except it be efter the new year, when we hae nae farra cow. We get clase to sair us; and for mysel', when aw gan frev hame, or tiv the hunt, aw have aye Bonny the meer to lay leg ower."

"And a finer animal of the kind," observed the landlord, "is not to be found in the North of England!"

"Thanks t'ye again, sir, for the compliment," said the other. "Mony yen says she's ower gud for me; but she taks ne mair to keep her than a bad un; and sin ever aw was yard-bie, aw always lik't a nice beast. Indeed, aw may say, please y'r honour, that rather than want her, aw wad gan to bed supperless the hale year round."

"I perceive," continued his honour, "she is a great favourite. To be plain with you, though, I sometimes think it not over good-mannered in you to put her forward in the way you do, and beat the whole of us at our own sport. You should bridle in her speed, and give your superiors the precedence."

"True, true," replied the miller; "but please ye, sir, how if aw cannit? When the hunds are yellen' alang, she's never right unless she has her nose amang them; an' then, when you and other thurty gentlemen are acomin' splatterin' up, aw might as suin try to stop the wind as haud her. Aw's nit fond iv intrudin' mysel' where I shudna be; but aw knaw y'r honour's aye glad to see yen; an' aw just mak free to come amang the company."

"You are welcome at all times," said the lord of the manor, with great kindness. "I should be sorry to deter any tenant of mine from the enjoyment of such sport. Come as you have always done; I wish you to do so."

"Weel, aw's under grete obligations t'ye, sir, for your gudeness," said the other, perceiving at once the kind tone of feeling and gentlemanly manner which peculiarly distinguished his landlord.

"It is my especial desire, my good sir," continued the latter, to have all my tenants comfortable, as far as a proper regard to my own rights will allow of such a disideratum. You pay me now a heavy rent—heavy in proportion to what it was formerly; but if your mill and land do not clear it easily, the steward must consider the matter, and let you have them so that you can live upon them."

"Kind, kind, vera, vera!" gratefully replied the miller, raising his cap higher on his forehead, and regarding his visitor with much respect. "Aw's gretey obledged to y'r honour, an' mony a rogue wad tak advantage iv y'r gud intentions, but aw hae nae reason to complain. An honest man can aylways work his way; an' though aw see by y'r smile that ye're pleased to doubt iv a miller's honesty, still aw can say that aw aye strave to dae the fair thing. Throughout the hale time when aw had the mill at the twenty pound, aw niver tuik an unjust handfu' iv eyther meal, grouts, or corn. Only we're a', please ye, sir, like the pillars iv a beeliding—when grete weights are laid on us, we just hae to press the mair upon where we stand. Y'r honour knaws what aw mean?"

"Not exactly," said the landlord, "but this I know, that if you act uprightly, and can pay your rent now, your profits formerly must have been very great!"

"If y'r honour wad please to step up," replied the miller, adhering to his own method of illustration, "aw's willin' tiv explain ty'e the hale affair. We hae nae flour-pokes i' the road, an' ye'll come down again as clean as a pin."

He then led the way up a kind of irregular stair, and was followed by the other till they reached a platform, or floor, where several sacks filled with corn were set together. Beside the hopper stood a half-bushel measure, containing a quantity of wheat, with a round concave wooden dish, about seven inches in diameter, partly buried amongst the grain. Taking up the small utensil in his hand, the miller continued:—"Now, sir, this is what we ca' the moutar dish, an' that's a kenning there [half a bushel], ye see; we measure a' the corn wiv that. Weel, when ma rent was twenty pound, out iv every kenning iv corn that came here, aw tuik this dish yence full. When aw was put up tiv thirty pound, aw tuik't twice full; an'

now, when aw's at forty pound, aw tak't thrice full, for moutar, out iv every kenning aw grind. Now, please ye, sir, this is just the plan that aw's forc't to follow, to mak the rent up. 'Honesty's the best policy,' as the *say* rins; an' y'r honour, aw know, winnut dae me an ill turn for tellin' the truth."

They descended the stair, and the landlord regarded his tenant with no small degree of surprise. He scarcely knew whether the unwarrantable freedom taken with the grist which came to the mill, in order to meet the increased rent, was more deserving of reprehension, than the candour with which it had been exhibited even to himself was worthy of praise.

Shortly afterwards the miller's dame appeared, supporting in her hand a vessel about the size of a quart, nearly full of home-brewed ale, and he himself observed:—"When a beggar comes to the door, be't man or woman, they mun eyther hae bite or sup; an' when y'r honour visits us, sartenly ye're entitled an' hartily welcome tiv the best iv the hoose."

The female produced the liquor, and poured out a mantling horn to the landlord, who drank it off, and complimented her on its quality; then, wishing the couple "good day," he respectfully took his leave.

The landlord and his steward being, after all, both

honourable and impartial men, did not deal harshly with the miller for his borrowings, but treated him as an honest man, continued to favour him, and lowered his rent to £20 once more. So the Miller of the Clock Mill still bestrode his gallant mare, and was allowed to carry off the brush as often as he could win it.

Two Bits of the North Road.



ABOUT twenty miles from Newcastle, on the Great North Road, there is a picturesque bridge which takes its name, Causey Park Bridge, from the estate which lies off the road to the west. Otherwise the structure is known as the Twenty Mile Bridge, from its distance beyond the Tyne. The stream which it spans is a tributary of the Lyne, one of the lesser



Northumbrian rivers, which enters the sea at Lynmouth, a little to the north of Newbiggin. Causey Park is a part of the barony of Bothal, and the tower of the old mansion house was built by a member of the Ogle family in 1582. Some distance to the right of the main road, and considerably south of Twenty-Mile Bridge, lies Cockle Park

Tower, the scene of a tragedy described in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, page 11. The traveller meets with no place of historic interest on the line of the North Road itself between Morpeth and Felton. Perhaps the best known landmark is the North Gate Toll Bar, otherwise called Warrener's House, which is situated at the junction of the North Road with the road to Rothbury. Both places—Causey Park Bridge and the old toll-house—are depicted in the accompanying engravings.

Men of Mark Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Richard Emeldon,

EIGHTEEN TIMES MAYOR, AND SEVEN TIMES M.P. FOR
NEWCASTLE.

QUENTEN as re-election to municipal honours occurred in Newcastle in former days, only one person gained the distinction of being appointed upwards of a dozen times Mayor of the town. George Carr filled the office upon eleven occasions; the mayoralties of Henry Carlil numbered ten; more than one popular burgess counted six or seven elections to that exalted position. But Richard Emeldon, who flourished during the reigns of the three Plantagenet Edwards, overtopped them all. This honoured burgess became Mayor of Newcastle eighteen times. For nearly

thirty years he must have been a central figure in the public life of Tyneside.

Perpetual wars with Scotland brought the Plantagenet sovereigns frequently to Newcastle. It was during one of the later visits of Edward I. to the town that Richard Emeldon made his first appearance in local history. His Majesty had been informed that the English Merchant Adventurers were willing to be placed upon the same footing as merchant strangers, *i.e.*, to pay a general charge called petty customs, in lieu of prisage, murage, pontage, &c. To ascertain the truth of this statement, he issued writs summoning a certain number of citizens and burgesses from all parts of the realm to assemble at York on the 25th of June, 1303. Richard Emeldon was one of the burgesses chosen by the commonalty of Newcastle to represent them at the conference.

The year following, Emeldon was appointed one of the four bailiffs of Newcastle, and at Michaelmas, 1306, and again in 1307, he was elected mayor of the town. A break of three years occurred, during which Nicholas Carlil held the post of honour, and then, at the mayor-choosing in 1311, the burgesses, who had sent Emeldon to Parliament in August, elected him mayor for the third time. For seven successive years afterwards he occupied that important position—seven years which witnessed notable events in local history. His fellow-burgesses elected him member of the Parliament which met at York in September, 1314, and he would probably have been sent to the Parliament of January, 1314-15, if the threatening attitude of the Scots had not forced the Northumbrian sheriff to return the writs blank, with a



notification that not a man could be spared from either the county, or the boroughs within the county.

Being a substantial citizen, in good repute with the king, Emeldon was able to obtain for the town, before he went out of office, some little acknowledgment of the services which the burgesses had performed, the privations they had suffered, and the losses they had sustained during his mayoralties. His Majesty granted to Newcastle a renewal of King John's charter, with some additional favours, confirmed the foundation charter of the Merchant Adventurers with new privileges, and sent to the inhabitants of the county forty casks of wine. Of this wine Emeldon was to be one of three distributors. He was appointed keeper of the castles, lands, and tenements of the Earl of Lancaster and other condemned nobles in Northumberland and Durham in 1322; the document conferring upon him this trust styling him "chief custos of the town of Newcastle." At Michaelmas in that year, he became Mayor of Newcastle again. On this occasion, his re-elections numbered four—extending his occupancy of the chair to the autumn of 1327. Meanwhile he was appointed (June, 1323) collector of customs on wines in the port of Newcastle and along the coast to Berwick. At the beginning of 1324 he was sent a third time to Parliament; near the middle of it, the king, "in part allowance for his long services, and great losses in the wars with Scotland," granted him the manor of Silksworth. In 1325 Emeldon went again to Parliament, and in 1328, having laid down once more his robes of office as mayor, he was twice elected M.P. The following autumn, that of 1329, saw him in the mayor's chair for the sixteenth time. Then followed another break of a year. At Michaelmas, 1331, he entered upon his final term of municipal honour. In January, 1333, the king, yielding to a petition of the burgesses, gave the town a charter by which Emeldon and all future mayors were created Royal escheators, the function of an escheator being to render account for land and profits falling to the Crown by forfeiture, or by the death of a tenant of the Crown without heirs.

In the early part of the same year that saw him made escheator, Emeldon received the appointment of collector of subsidies for the county of Northumberland; shortly after the escheatorship was conferred upon him, in the middle of his eighteenth mayoralty, he died. Contemplating his approaching end, he had made provision for the repose of his soul by endowing the chantry of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Apostle, in his parish church of St. Nicholas'. He obtained letters patent from the king to erect a building upon a piece of vacant ground over against the chapel of St. Thomas upon Tyne Bridge, that he might present it to three chaplains to pray for him, and for the souls of his wives, his father and mother, &c., "every day at the altar of the Baptist and the Apostle in St. Nicholas' Church." On the anniversary of his death, these chaplains were to

honour his memory by a solemn tolling of the bells and devoutly singing by note, and, after the anniversary mass, one of them was to distribute among a hundred and sixty poor people the sum of six shillings and eightpence for ever.

At the inquisition after his decease, it was found that Emeldon possessed the manors of Jesemuth (Jesmond), South Gosford, Elswick, Heaton-Jesemuth, Whitley, and Shotton, divers lands and tenements in Throcklawe, Myndrum, Wark-on-Tweed, Wooler, Alnwick, Ale-mouth, Dunstan, Emeldon, Newton-on-the-Moor, and seven or eight other places in Northumberland, besides property in Newcastle. His second wife, Christiana, survived him. She had her thirds in Newton-on-the-Moor, Dunstanborough, &c., and, after marrying Sir William de Plumptre, knight, died in 1363. His daughters, being well-dowered, were all united to men of position. Agnes became the wife of Peter Graper the younger, who was several times bailiff and mayor of Newcastle, and, at least, once member of Parliament. Maud, or Matilda, married Richard Acton, who filled the office of mayor during the interval between Emeldon's death and the end of the municipal year, and after his decease she entered into a matrimonial alliance with Alexander, Lord of Hilton. Jane became the second wife of Sir John Striveyn, a wealthy knight; Alice, the youngest, married Nicholas Sabraham. Long after his death Newcastle preserved the memory of his long municipal reign in a messuage called "Emeldon Place," or as Bourne calls it, "Emeldon Barn," situate at the head of what is now Percy Street, "near the hospital of the Blessed Mary Magdalene, without the New Gate."

The Rev. James Everett,

METHODIST REFORMER.

Forty years ago, when the Wesleyan Methodist body was in the throes of a great disruption, no man was better known in what may be called the religious life of Great Britain than the Rev. James Everett. A genuine Northumbrian, hard-headed and clear-headed, sturdy and independent, he practically led the movement which cleft the Wesleyan denomination asunder, and established the organisation which is now known as United Free Methodism.

Mr. Everett was born at Alnwick on the 16th of May, 1784. He came of a good Methodist stock, his maternal grandfather, James Bowmaker, being the builder of the first Wesleyan chapel erected in his native town. In early boyhood he was sent to the new school opened in Alnwick by the brothers Bruce (see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. iii., p. 126), and the knowledge which he acquired there was supplemented at the Sunday School held in the Methodist Chapel. In due time he was bound apprentice to James Elder, to learn the trade of "flax-dresser and grocer." Before his apprenticeship ended he was brought

under religious influences, and, joining the Methodists, determined to become a local preacher. In furtherance of this design, he left Alnwick, and obtaining employment at Sunderland, began evangelistic work among the Wesleyan communities upon the river Wear. His labours met with great acceptance, and before long he was induced to qualify for the regular ministry. On the 27th of May, 1807, he preached a trial sermon at the Orphan House, Newcastle, and being admitted a probationer, was appointed to the newly-formed circuit of North Shields, under the superintendence of the venerable Duncan McAllum.

Having chosen his vocation, Mr. Everett endeavoured to repair the defects of early education by self-culture. In that desirable pursuit he was assisted by two well-known Newcastle men—William A. Hails and Nicholas Wawn. Under their guidance he studied theology, took



up Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and made excursions into science and general literature, the while he preached, conducted classes, visited families, and discoursed in the open air. Labours so abundant soon attracted attention. Tyneside pitmen gave him the sobriquet of "The Hell-fire Lad," and flocked to hear him.

From North Shields, Mr. Everett went successively to Belper, New Mills, and Barnsley, and his probation being over, he was married (1st August, 1810) at the parish church of Sunderland, to Elizabeth Hutchinson. Received into full connexion at the conference of 1811, he travelled in various circuits till, in 1821, when on duty at Sheffield, his health gave way, and he was compelled to seek repose as a supernumerary. For a time he took charge of the Wesleyan Book Room in London, but at the

beginning of 1823 he resigned it, and commenced business in Sheffield as a bookseller and stationer. Here it was that he entered into temporary partnership with John Blackwell (afterwards a Newcastle alderman) as described in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 501. From Sheffield he removed his business to Manchester, and there remained till 1834, when Conference ordered him to resume pulpit work, and appointed him to the Newcastle circuit. Amongst Newcastle Methodists he laboured for five years, and then was removed to York, in which city his health again broke down, and he was once more placed on the list of supernumeraries.

Being a man of independent thought, Mr. Everett, from an early stage of his ministerial career, had distinguished himself in controversy. He was continually writing pamphlets, dashing off satirical leaflets, or composing sarcastic rhymes, against those whose views did not agree with his own. When in 1834 the ruling powers of Methodism desired to establish a theological institute, he saw, or fancied he saw, in the proposal a "centralising job," and, in an anonymous publication entitled "The Disputants," he attacked the scheme in a style that gave great offence to the leading lights of the denomination. Suspected of the authorship, he avowed it, and thenceforward he was regarded by the dominant party as a dangerous man. The feeling thus engendered was intensified by the publication, in 1840, on the eve of the first Conference held in Newcastle, of a book entitled "Wesleyan Takings." This book contained written portraits or sketches of a hundred prominent Wesleyan ministers. It was issued anonymously; yet everybody knew the writer. Conference condemned the book, the upper circles of Methodism condemned the author, and nothing serious came of either condemnation. But when "Wesleyan Takings" was followed by a series of printed circulars, called "Fly Sheets," in which the whole administration of Methodism was attacked, and sweeping reforms were demanded, a furious storm of indignation burst forth. Suspicion fell upon Everett at once, and after many attempts to find out the writer by other means, Conference called upon him in 1849 to answer the pointed question "Are you the author of the 'Fly Sheets'?" He declined to give a direct answer, whereupon the conference, after a long and animated debate, expelled him from the ministry.

After his expulsion Mr. Everett occupied himself in building up and consolidating the movement to which the "Fly Sheets" had given vitality. Many of its warmest friends and adherents were to be found upon the banks of the Tyne, and in the pit villages of Northumberland and Durham. It was advisable that he should dwell among his own people, and he removed from York to No. 4, St. Thomas's Crescent, Newcastle, on Friday, the 22nd July, 1853. All hope of reforming the constitution of Methodism, and of returning to the old fold, had been by this time abandoned. Everett saw no chance of reconciliation,

and turned his thoughts to the question of forming the outlying branches of Methodism into one united body. Although approaching his seventieth year, he worked assiduously in that direction, though it was not until 1857 that his hopes were realised. In July of that year an amalgamation was effected. The new body took the name of "The United Methodist Free Churches"; and, with a proper sense of the fitness of things, they elected Mr. Everett to be their first president.

In April, 1859, Mr. Everett removed to Sunderland, where his wife had some property, and that town, which had seen the beginning of his career, saw the end of it. First to depart (July 17, 1865,) was she who for fifty-five years had shared the fortunes and misfortunes of his life. After her death the veteran retired from pulpit work, and on the 10th of May, 1872, within four days of his 88th birthday, he finished his course and entered into rest.

Mr. Everett was a many-sided man, with respectable attainments in various departments of culture and research. As a preacher he was always popular. On the platform he was still more effective. At one period of his life he ranked amongst what was commonly known as the "Sheffield Poets"—a local coterie at whose head stood his friend James Montgomery—and throughout his career he was a painstaking antiquary, a discriminating purchaser of old books, and an insatiable collector of coins, medals, and autographs. To the end of his days he was imbued with a fine artistic feeling. It was at his suggestion that H. Perlee Parker painted, in 1839, his Methodist Centenary picture—the "Escape of John Wesley from the fire at Epworth Parsonage." Mr. Everett was the model from which the artist drew the attitudes of the leading personages upon the canvas, and his portrait is introduced as that of one of the rescuers who, standing between the dog and the group below the window, is ready with outstretched arms to receive the child from its first deliverer.

As a man of letters and a writer of books, Mr. Everett enjoyed a high degree of popularity. Some of his works, running through edition after edition, are still read by delighted Sunday school children and by admirers of religious biography, while others not so favoured are prized by local collectors and compilers of local history. It is not possible to enumerate all his published writings; many of them were polemical tracts and controversial pamphlets, satirical verses, squibs, and lampoons devoted to subjects of limited interest. The more important of his contributions to denominational and general literature are these—

A Reply to Douglas's Pamphlets against Methodism. 1815.

A Poetical Tribute to the Memory of George the Third. 1820.

Winter Scenes, or the Unwin Family: a Tale. 1822.
Historical Sketches of Wesleyan Methodism in Sheffield and its Vicinity. 1823.

The Head Piece, or Phrenology opposed to Divine Revelation. By James the Less. 1826.

The Village Blacksmith, or Piety and Usefulness Ex-

emplified in a Memoir of the Life of Samuel Hick, &c. 1830.

Edwin, or Northumbria's Royal Fugitive Restored. 1831.

The Wallsend Miner, or a Brief Memoir of the Life of William Cister. 1835.

Adam Clarke Pourtrayed. 3 vols. 1843-49.

The Polemic Divine, or Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Daniel Isaac. 1839.

Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Ministry of William Dawson, late of Barnbow, near Leeds. 1841.

Letters Selected from the Correspondence of William Dawson. 1842.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery. By John Holland and James Everett. 7 vols. 1854.

The Camp and the Sanctuary, or the Power of Religion as Exemplified in the Army and the Church. [Life of Thomas Hasker, of Newcastle.] 1859.

Gatherings from the Pit Heaps, or the Allens of Shiney Row. 1861.

The Midshipman and the Minister. [Life of the Rev. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland.] 1862.

Methodism as It Is. 1863-66. [With an appendix in 1868.]

Christopher Fawcett,

TWICE RECORDER OF NEWCASTLE.

The Recordership of Newcastle, a post of honour rather than of emolument, has been held at various times by notable men. In these columns have already been outlined the careers of two of them—Sir George Baker, one of the negotiators at the siege of Newcastle, and Edward Collingwood, the scholarly representative of an ancient and honourable Northumberland family. And, now in alphabetical order, comes Christopher Fawcett, a Recorder who brought upon himself considerable notoriety in the noisy controversies that raged between Hanoverians and Jacobites in the reign of George the Second.

Christopher Fawcett, eldest son of John Fawcett, Recorder of Durham, belonged to a race of yeomen and landed proprietors that, established for many generations at Boldon, Chester-le-Street, Lambton, and Sunderland (in which latter place the fine thoroughfare of Fawcett Street preserves their memory), possessed affluence, and exercised influence throughout the northern division of the county palatine. He was baptized in the cathedral city on the 2nd of July, 1713—the year which produced the treaty of Utrecht, settled the Protestant succession, and brought to within a few months of its close the reign of Queen Anne. Having received preliminary training at home, under the eye of his father, he was sent to Exeter College, Oxford, where he matriculated on the 2nd of May, 1729. Thence, destined for his father's profession, he proceeded to London, and becoming a student of Gray's Inn, was in due course, on the 8th of February, 1734-35, called to the bar. Soon afterwards, returning to the North, where his family influence lay, he settled as a practising barrister in Newcastle. Among other aids to promotion he cultivated the goodwill of the municipal authorities—cultivated it with such success that, upon a vacancy occurring in the Recordership of the town by the

death of William Cuthbert (August 29, 1746), he was unanimously appointed to that honourable office.

At the time of Mr. Fawcett's appointment, that desperate enterprise in which the adherents of the Stuarts made a final effort to overthrow the Hanoverian dynasty had but recently received a crushing defeat. Situated in the very centre of the rebellion, Newcastle remained faithful to the reigning family. The governing body and the great majority of the townspeople were Hanoverian to the backbone. They pitied, but sternly refused to follow, the Earl of Derwentwater, General Forster, and other local leaders of the insurrection, who had hoped to seduce them from their allegiance. And when the insurrection had been put down, they kept a watch upon Jacobites and Papists, reported their doings to the Privy Council, and helped to bring them within the range of penalty and punishment. In this patriotic endeavour Mr. Fawcett, who in the meantime had been made a Bencher of his Inn, rendered assistance. Not content, however, with pointing at local suspects, he aimed at high game, and his weapon recoiled upon himself with most disastrous consequences.

Upon the decease, in 1751, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II., palace squabbles and intrigues of a serious character broke out respecting the governance and tuition of the heir to the Throne—Prince George, afterwards George III. While the public mind was in a state of tension upon this subject, the episode occurred which gave to Mr. Fawcett an unenviable notoriety. Various versions of the story have been published, but the following will serve :—

Lord Ravensworth posted up to town the first week in February, 1753, and acquainted Mr. Pelham, the Prime Minister, that he had strong evidence of Jacobitism to produce against Stone, the Prince's sub-governor; Dr. Johnson, Bishop of Gloucester, who had been recommended as preceptor; and the Right Honourable William Murray, Solicitor-General, afterwards the famous Lord Mansfield. Mr. Pelham would gladly have overlooked the matter, but it could not be stifled, for Lord Ravensworth had told his story to the Duke of Devonshire and many others. The Cabinet were compelled, therefore, to hear his important revelation, which amounted to this and no more—that Mr. Fawcett, Recorder of Newcastle, dining at the house of Dr. Cowper, Dean of Durham, had, in his lordship's hearing, expressed satisfaction that his old acquaintance, Dr. Johnson, had prospered so well under the reigning dynasty, for that he recollected the time when they both attended evening parties and drank the health of the Pretender with Mr. Murray and Mr. Stone. The Cabinet devoted three whole days to hearing Lord Ravensworth and the Dean of Durham tell their curious story, and then, on the 16th February, Mr. Fawcett himself was brought into the Council Chamber and examined. He was in extreme terror and confusion, but with reluctance and uncertainty he confessed that the words he had uttered at Durham were true to this extent, namely, that about twenty years before, Murray, then a young lawyer, Stone, then in indigence, and himself used to sup frequently at one Vernon's, a rich mercer, a noted Jacobite, and a lover of ingenious young men; that the conversation was wont to be partly literature, partly treason, and that a customary health, taken on bonded knees, was "The Chevalier and Lord Dunbar." He hesitated and trembled greatly about signing his deposition, said he was fitter to die than make an affidavit, and altogether cut a very sorry figure in the business. When

the business had occupied the Cabinet nine or ten days, they unanimously reported to the King that Fawcett's account was altogether false and scandalous.

In the face of such a report, and under the ban of the exposure which followed, Mr. Fawcett's retention of the Recordership of Newcastle was impossible. Declared to have borne false witness himself, he could not sit in the seat of judgment and inflict punishment upon other offenders. Resigning the office, therefore, to Edward Collingwood, who had given it over to William Cuthbert years before, he devoted his time and talents to his chamber practice, seeking in hard work relief from the pressure of defeat, and deriving from the sympathies of his friends consolation in the darkness of disaster. For he was not without active friends and sympathisers throughout the unpleasant episode which had thrown a shadow upon his life. Long afterwards, when Mr. Murray had been raised to the bench as Baron Mansfield, and Lord Chief Justice of England, Junius reminded him of the suspicions which Mr. Fawcett had incautiously revealed—implying thereby that in his opinion the allegations of the indiscreet Recorder were not so inaccurate as the Cabinet of 1753 had declared them to be.

Four years after his resignation Mr. Fawcett married. His wife was Winifred, daughter of Cuthbert Lambert, M.D., and sister of the youth whose remarkable escape at Sandycroft Bridge, a couple of years later, gave to the locality the name of "Lambert's Leap." In comparative retirement he outlived the consequences of his imprudence, and when, in 1769, Edward Collingwood retired for the second time, he was reappointed to the Recordership, the Corporation conferring upon him, shortly afterwards, the honorary freedom of the town. Restored to his judicial functions, he filled the office with dignity and credit till he had passed the age of fourscore. He resigned it finally at Michaelmas, 1794, and on the 10th May following, aged 82, he died, and was buried at St. John's.

DR. FAWCETT, VICAR OF NEWCASTLE.

Shortly before Mr. Fawcett's re-election, on the 3rd January, 1767, his next brother, Richard Fawcett, D.D., was appointed Vicar of Newcastle. Vicar Fawcett was of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he matriculated in August, 1730, and proceeded B.A. in 1734, M.A. 1738, B.D. 1745, and D.D. 1748. He held the rectory of Iugelstree and Church Eyton in Staffordshire, was one of the king's chaplains in ordinary, and chaplain to Dr. Egerton, Bishop of Durham, by whom he was collated, in 1772, to the rectory of Gateshead, a living which he was allowed to hold, by dispensation, with the vicarage of Newcastle. He was also a prebendary of Durham, where he died on the 30th April, 1782. Baillie, in the "Impartial History of Newcastle," describes him as possessing "no animation in his manner of preaching," but "highly distinguished for a clear, nervous strain of

solid reasoning." He preached and published the consecration sermon at the completion of the present St. Ann's Church in 1768; and leased a portion of the vicarage garden for the erection of the Assembly Rooms. These are the only items that local history has preserved concerning him.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

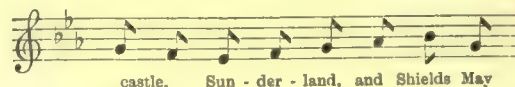
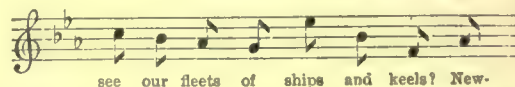
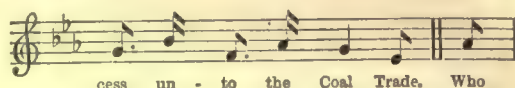
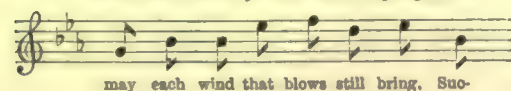
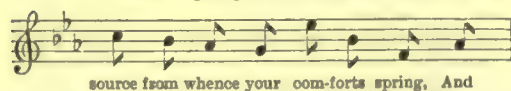
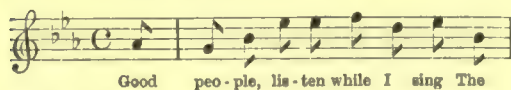
SUCCESS TO THE COAL TRADE.

RHYMESTERS of Tyneside have oft in numbers, smooth or rugged, glorified the beauties and extolled the industries of the district; and naturally the coal trade in all its varied phases has received a large share of the attention of the poets.

The title of this song was formerly a standing toast at all public dinners; and at other festive gatherings the proposal of the toast was in olden days the signal for the hostess to retire with her lady guests to the drawing-room, and leave the gentlemen to politics and wine. Mr. William Davidson, of Alnwick, published, about the year 1840, a book called "The Tyneside Songster," in which were collected many of the most popular songs of the day by Shield, Mitford, Gilchrist, and others, and the present song appears in that collection. The author's name is not given, and we believe is now unknown.

The collier ships at Shields are already things of the past, and the long rows of keels, which in former days might be seen plying between the spouts at Benwell, Felling, and Wallsend, to the ships lying at Shields, are all but extinct. Mammoth ships, with mighty engines and powerful screws, have usurped the place of the handy colliers, and carry the Tyneside black diamonds to every port in the world. Doubtless the present state of things is better than the former; but the scenes of one's youth have a sunnier aspect than those of our age.

The tune of the song is a slightly different set of the well-known reel tune "Stumpie," and is of a too rugged character to be suitable for singing.



Good people, listen while I sing
The source from whence your comforts spring,
And may each wind that blows still bring
Success unto the Coal Trade.
Who but unusual pleasure feels,
To see our fleets of ships and keels?
Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields
May ever bless the Coal Trade.

May vultures on the caitiff fly,
And gnaw his liver till he die,
Who looks with evil, jealous eye
Down upon the Coal Trade!
If that should fail, what would ensue?
Sure ruin, and disaster too!
Alas! alas! what could we do
If 'twere not for the Coal Trade?

What is it gives us cakes of meal?
What is it crams our wames sae weel
With lumps of beef and draughts of ale?
What is't—but just the Coal Trade?
Not Davis Straits or Greenland oil,
Not all the wealth springs from the soil,
Could ever make our pots to boil,
Like unto our Coal Trade.

Ye sailors' wives, that love a drop
Of stingo from the brandy shop,
How could you get a single drop
If 'twere not for the Coal Trade?
Ye pitmen lads, so blithe and gay,
Who meet to tippie each pay-day,
Down on your marrow-bones and pray
Success unto the Coal Trade.

May Wear and Tyne still draw and pour
Their jet black treasures to the shore,
And we with all our strength will roar
Success unto the Coal Trade!
Ye owners, masters, sailors a',
Come shout till ye be like to fa'.
Your voices raise—huzza! huzza!
We all live by the Coal Trade.

This nation is in duty bound
To prize those who work underground;
For 'tis well known this country round
Is kept up by the Coal Trade.
May Wear and Tyne and Thames ne'er freeze!
Our ships and keels will pass with ease,
Then Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields
Will still uphold the Coal Trade.

I tell the truth, you may depend,
In Durham or Northumberland
No trade in them could ever stand
If 'twere not for the Coal Trade.

The owners know full well, 'tis true,
Without pitmen, keelmen, sailors too,
To Britain they might bid adieu
If 'twere not for the Coal Trade.

So to conclude and make an end
Of these few lines which I have penned,
We drink a health to all those men
Who carry on the Coal Trade.
To owners, pitmen, keelmen too,
And sailors who the seas do plough,
Without these men we could not do,
Nor carry on the Coal Trade.

Kirkharle Church.

THE church of Kirkharle is situated in a gently undulating country, and is surrounded by cheerful open glades. The village, one of the tiniest, cosiest, and most secluded in Northumberland, is some distance away. Both church and village lie a little way off the old North Road, an arrangement which was doubtless an advantageous one in the troublous times of old.

The first thing which strikes our attention on entering Kirkharle Church is the excellent character of its masonry. In this respect it presents a marked contrast to most of our Northern churches, which are usually built in a very rough and ready fashion, and the walls of which are faced, often both inside and out, and still more often on the inside, with rubble. Here, however, every stone is carefully squared, and the joints are of the finest character. There has been no attempt, on the part of the architect, to introduce any considerable amount of decoration. Indeed, taken as a whole, the church may be pronounced decidedly plain and simple, but this fact in no way detracts from the impression produced by its very superior masonry.

The church consists of nave and chancel, but has neither tower nor aisles. With the exception of the west wall, the porch, and the bell cot, the whole building is of one date, a date which is well indicated by several architectural features, but especially by the two windows in the north wall of the chancel. I mention these windows because they are the only ones which retain their ancient tracery. The rest had been supplied with wooden frames and sashes, I presume during the incumbency of the Rev. Jeffrey Clarkson, who held the living from 1771 to 1778. Recently, however, the church has passed through the fashionable process of "restoration," fortunately, so far as I can see, without suffering any material injury, and the sash windows have been replaced by copies or adaptions of the two ancient ones.

There must have been a church at Kirkharle before the present one, for Walter de Bolbeck, in 1165, appropriated part of the possessions of this benefice, which he styles "the church of Herla," the Abbey of Blanchland. Of

this earlier church no trace, so far as I am aware, now remains. The present building was erected about 1320 to 1340. Indeed, we may with great probability fix upon a precise date, for in 1336 a chantry was founded in this church. In the building as it now exists there are structural arrangements for two chantries, and as these arrangements are contemporary with the whole building, and are not insertions, it is almost certain that the foundation of the chantry and the erection of the church took place at the same time, and arose from the benefaction of the same individual. It is, perhaps, scarcely going too far to hazard the conjecture that that individual was Sir William de Herle, whom Hodgson calls "one of the great lights and worthies of Northumberland," a man distinguished for the important part he took in the affairs of State in the reigns of the second and third Edwards.

The whole of the windows in the chancel are filled with what is known as reticulated tracery. This is the term used to describe tracery when all the principal openings in the window-head are of the same size and shape. Their shape usually, as in the present case, is an ogee quatrefoil. The design is one of great simplicity, and at the same time of equally great beauty. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that the tracery of the east window and of the two south windows of the chancel is altogether modern. The east window is of five lights, and the windows in the north and south walls are of three lights each. There are three sedilia of very excellent design in the south wall of the chancel, and a piscina with projecting basin close beside them. There is also in the same wall a priest's door. The chancel, however, possesses one remarkable and unusual feature. In this series of papers I have had occasion several times to mention a low side window as one of the features of a chancel. Here, however, there are two of these windows, one in the south wall and one in the north. The purpose of these windows is still a matter of controversy amongst antiquaries, but such instances as this at Kirkharle may possibly throw some light on the question. I must not omit to mention that all these features of the chancel—sedilia, piscina, priest's door, and low side windows—are contemporary in date with the building itself.

The nave has also an uncommon feature. Whilst the fact that it has no aisles is in itself in no way remarkable, it becomes exceedingly so when we find from the presence of piscinas and aumbries that it has formerly held two chantries, and that, as I have already said, these are as old as the building itself. The place of a chantry altar was usually the aisle or the transept. When a chantry was founded in a church which had no aisle, such an aisle was generally built to receive it. Here, however, were two chantries, one almost certainly founded when the church was built and the other having possibly then existed for a considerable time, and yet no structural provision for their reception was made beyond their respective

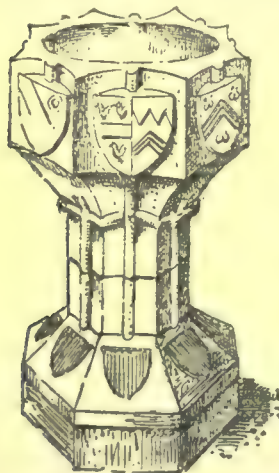
piscina and aumbry. The nave is lighted by four windows, two in the north wall and two in the south. The windows towards the east are of three lights each, and those towards the west of two lights. The tracery, which is quite modern, differs in pattern from that in the chancel, and, though very well executed, is of inferior design.

The nave was formerly longer than it is now. The first Sir William Loraine, of Kirkharle, who died in 1743, is said, on what appears to be reliable authority, to have built "the west gable, porch, and bell cope, all ruinous." It was no doubt at the time of Sir William's repairs that the length of the nave was curtailed. The bell-cot and porch were re-built during the incumbency of Mr. Clarkson, whom I have already mentioned, and, at the same time, the leaden roof was taken off the whole church and replaced by one of blue slate.

In the chancel there are several monuments to members of the family of Loraine. One of these, fixed to the north wall, tells us in two lines of Latin that Sir William Loraine, who died in 1743, was the man who retrieved the almost ruined fortunes of his family. His second wife, "dame Anne," is described as "a comely person of a good aspect and stature, a neat and prudent housekeeper, [and] as to herself, moderate in all things." One of Sir William's sons is commemorated by an inscription on the chancel floor, which I must transcribe in its entirety.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
RICHARD LORAIN, ESQ., WHO WAS
A PROPER HANDSOME MAN, OF GOOD
SENSE AND BEHAVIOUR; HE D'D A
BACHELOR: OF AN APPOPLEXY
WALKING IN A GREEN-FIELD, NEAR
LONDON, OCTOBER 26TH, 1738,
IN THE 38 YEAR OF HIS AGE.

The church of Kirkharle contains one relic of considerable interest to Newcastle people. This is the



ancient font of All Saints' Church. When the old church of All Saints' was destroyed in 1786, this font was abandoned. At that time there was an alderman of Newcastle, Mr. Hugh Hornby, who was an antiquary. Mr. Hornby lived in Pilgrim Street. He, in some way, got possession of the old font and removed it to his garden. There it remained for many years. At a later period it was

transferred to the vicar's garden at Kirkharle, but some years ago was taken into the church, and is now used whenever the rite of baptism is performed on the infants of Kirkharle parish. It bears, as the reader will see, a shield of arms on each of its eight sides. These shields are adorned with the heraldic bearings of some of the old families of Newcastle and Northumberland. One coat, on which the arms of Lumley impale those of Thornton, remind us that George, Lord Lumley, married the granddaughter of the great Roger Thornton, and that Lumley and his wife in the days when this old font was new had their house in the Broad Chare, and were parishioners of All Saints', as Roger himself had been before them. Other shields bear the arms of the Andersons, the Rotherfords, the Dents, and the Roddams. The font may be ascribed to the end of the fifteenth or the early part of the sixteenth century.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.



Bondgate Tower, Alnwick.

BONDGATE TOWER, or Hotspur's Tower, as it is also called, is the only one left standing of the four gateways that once gave access to the town of Alnwick through the high and wide stone wall that formerly surrounded it. Two of the others, like the wall itself, have been removed altogether; and a third was quite rebuilt in an ornamental manner in the last century; but this remains integrate so far as its mass is concerned, though, doubtless, there were parapets and other minor features upon it that no longer exist. It is possible, too, it may have been crowned with a steep roof, leaving room behind the embattled parapets for a convenient foot walk, though we shall probably never know whether this was the case or not. An old survey mentions the decay of the lead covering, and also of the "roof of woode." It is tolerably certain it must have had a draw-bridge, as there is still, carried in a culvert below ground, a runlet of water from

the higher lands southwards that would have offered too great a facility for the formation of a moat to have been neglected.

This fine mass of mediæval masonry stands striding the chief road into the town from the south, which is called Bondgate Within, on the inner side of it, and Bondgate Without, on the outer. Hartshorne states that it was built by the son of Hotspur, who obtained a license for embattling the town in 1434; partly on account of that circumstance, and also on account of its exact correspondence in its general character and details with other work undertaken by that nobleman at Warkworth. But Tate brings forward documentary evidence that the license to wall, embattle, and machicolate the said wall was granted to the same lord and the burgesses of the town, and that so little was done at the time, and so slow the progress, that fifty years elapsed before it was completed. He quotes three documents preserved in the Corporation archives that throw light on the subject. One is a petition to the king, unnamed, from the burgesses and commonalty, saying the walling was begun, but could not be finished, and praying that he would grant a license without exacting a fee; the second is entitled "Letters patent from Henry VI.," who grants the burgesses certain customs and subsidies towards making the port of Alnmouth, walling the town of Alnwick, and repairing the parish church; and the third is entitled "Letters patent to gather a collection for building the town wall against the Scots," addressed to all the sons of the Holy Mother Church, setting forth that Edward the Fourth

had granted a license to embattle the town, on account of there being no walled town between Newcastle-on-Tyne and Scotland, which work was begun, but could not be carried on without help; and that the burgesses and commonalty had appointed John Paterson and Thomas Cirsewell to collect alms, subsidies, and gifts for that purpose throughout the realm.

The tower has three stages, the uppermost being weathered in; and the south front has two semi-octagonal towers slightly projecting beyond the archway, which are lighted by three small plain window-openings on the middle stage, and by arrow slits below. Over the archway is a recessed panel on which was carved the Brabant lion, a Percy device, now obliterated. Above this is a row of corbels intended for the support of extra defences, probably of wood, when needed. Many of the noble ashlar must measure two feet in length, and most of them are nearly a foot in depth. The archway is ribbed; and the deep groove of a portcullis at the outer end is in good repair.

On the side facing the town the window-openings are more numerous and of larger dimensions; most of them, however, are blocked up; one is divided by a mullion into two lights, and another of more considerable size has both a mullion and transom; nevertheless, those on the ground floor are mere arrow slits.

A small door in the archway on the south side opens upon a narrow stone stair leading up to the chamber over the gateway. This is now used by the militia band for their practices and instruction. It was once used for the



BONDGATE TOWER, ALNWICK.

safe-keeping of prisoners; and the Corporation accounts have items for straw and locks provided for them. Some dragoons were confined there in 1752, and six deserters in 1755.

SARAH WILSON.

An Arctic Expedition and a Newcastle Election.

By the late James Clephan.



EARLY in 1773, the Hon. Daines Barrington (whose younger brother was for a long number of years Bishop of Durham) moved the Royal Society to address the King on behalf of a voyage to try how far navigation was possible in the direction of the North Pole. George the Third, who took a lively and laudable interest in geographical discovery, listened to the proposal, and gave instructions for carrying it into execution. Two of his Majesty's ships, the *Racehorse* and *Carcass*, were selected for the service; and Captains Phipps and Lutwidge were appointed to the command of them. One of the midshipmen was Horatio Nelson. The highest latitude attained in 1773 was 80 deg. 48 min., where the ice at the pack edge was 24 feet thick; and there being no passage to be found north of Spitzbergen, the expedition returned. In the following year, and while he had in hand the quarto on his "*Voyage towards the North Pole*," the Hon. Constantine John Phipps stood a contest for the representation of the borough of Newcastle in Parliament.

The expedition of Captain Phipps sailed in the month of June, 1773, and about a month afterwards (July 3) was "running along by the coast of Spitzbergen all day: several Greenlandmen in sight." On the morning of the 7th, the loose ice was apparently "close all round"; but the commander "was in hopes that some opening might be found to get through to a clear sea to the northward." In the afternoon, "the ice settling very close," the *Racehorse* "was between two pieces," and, "having little wind," was stopped. "The *Carcass* being very near, and not answering her helm well (says Captain Phipps), was almost on board of us. After getting clear of her we ran to the eastward. Finding the pieces increase in number and size, and having got to a part less crowded with the drift ice, I brought to, at six in the evening, to see whether we could discover the least appearance of an opening; but it being my own opinion, as well as that of the pilots and officers, that we could go no further, nor even remain there without danger of being upset, I sent on board the *Carcass* for her pilots, to hear their opinion. They both declared that it appeared to them impracticable to proceed that way, and that it was pro-

bable we should soon be beset where we were, and detained there. The ice set so fast down, that before they got on board the *Carcass* we were fast. Captain Lutwidge hoisted our boat up, to prevent her being stove. We were obliged to heave the ship through for two hours, with ice anchors from each quarter; nor were we quite out of the ice till midnight. This is about the place where most of the old discoverers were stopped."

After two or three days of further exploration, Captain Phipps "began to conceive (on the 10th) that the ice was one compact, impenetrable body, having run along it from east to west above ten degrees," but purposed "to stand over to the eastward, in order to ascertain whether the body of ice joined to Spitzbergen." On the 29th, "having little wind, and the weather very clear, two of the officers went with a boat in pursuit of some sea-horses, and afterwards to the low island" opposite the Waygat Straits. "At six in the morning they returned. In their way back, they had fired at, and wounded, a sea-horse, which dived immediately, and brought up with it a number of others. They all joined in an attack upon the boat, wrested an oar from one of the men, and were with difficulty prevented from stoving or oversetting her; but a boat from the *Carcass* joining ours, they dispersed. One of that ship's boats had before been attacked in the same manner." On the 30th, the latitude at noon was by observation 80 deg. 31 min. Between 11 and 12 at night, there having been no appearance in the afternoon of an opening, the master, Mr. Crane, was sent in the four-oared boat amongst the ice, to try whether he could get through, and find any way by which the ship might have a prospect of sailing farther; with directions, if he could reach the shore, to go up one of the mountains, in order to discover the state of the ice to the eastward and northward. "At five in the morning, the ice being all around us, we got out our ice anchors, and moored alongside a field. The master returned between seven and eight; and with him Captain Lutwidge, who had joined him on shore. They had ascended a high mountain, from whence they commanded a prospect to the east and north-east ten or twelve leagues, over one continued plain of smooth, unbroken ice, bounded only by the horizon. They also saw land stretching to the S.E., laid down in the Dutch charts as islands. The main body of ice, which was traced from west to east, they now perceived to join these islands, and from them to what is called the North-East Land." Next day, "the weather very fine, the ice closed fast, and was all round the ships. No opening to be seen anywhere, except a hole of about a mile and a half, where the ships lay fast to the ice with ice anchors." All day long the mariners were at play on the ice; but the pilots were greatly concerned. They were "much further than they had ever been; and the season advancing, they seemed alarmed at being beset."

August came; the ice pressed in fast; there was not

now the smallest opening. The ships, less than two lengths apart, were separated by ice, and had not room to turn, the frozen expanse, all flat the day before, and almost level with the water's edge, was so no longer. The ice was now in many places forced higher than the main-yard, by the pieces squeezing together. "We had but one alternative, either patiently to wait the event of the weather upon the ships, in hopes of getting them out, or to betake ourselves to the boats. The ships had driven into shoal water, having but fourteen fathom. Should they, or the ice to which they were fast, take the ground, they must be inevitably lost, and probably over-set. The hope of getting the ships out was not hastily to be relinquished, nor obstinately adhered to, till all other means of retreat were cut off." Wintering under the circumstances was impracticable; nor could the companies remain much longer. The boats were prepared for departure; but endeavours were made to move the ships, and they were eventually forced through the ice, and to the harbour of Smeerenberg.

The ships sailed from Smeerenberg on the 19th, the commander making a note in his journal (August 22) that the season was so very far advanced, and fogs, as well as gales of wind, so much to be expected, that nothing more could have been done, had anything been left untried. "The summer appears to have been uncommonly favourable for our purpose, and afforded us the fullest opportunity of ascertaining repeatedly the situation of that wall of ice, extending for more than twenty degrees between the latitude of 80 and 81, without the smallest appearance of any opening."

The scene shifts. The navigators are once more at home. Captain Phipps is now among the printers with his book, now among the electors for their votes. No longer hemmed in by ice, he is beset by burgesses, and sees not how he shall get out—whether at the top or bottom of the poll. What a contrast between the 6th of July, 1773, and 6th of July, 1774! On the former day, he was in the silence of the Arctic Circle with a handful of men. On the latter, he was dragged along Tyne Bridge by Gatesiders and Novocastrians in the presence of vociferous thousands, guns firing, and the church bells ringing. From the head of Gateshead he and Mr. Thomas Delaval, the "Burgesses' Candidates," were drawn to Mr. Nelson's, the Black Bull, in the Bigg Market. Then, in due time, they came before the freemen in Barber Surgeons' Hall, and were unanimously approved by the assembly; after which, the incorporated companies were visited in their respective halls, "and they were received in the genteelst manner."

Some of the companies had been presented, in the month of May, with copies of a book intended to influence public opinion on the eve of the general election. "Yesterday," said the *Newcastle Chronicle* on the 28th, "the Company of Bricklayers, the Company

of Goldsmiths, and the Lumber Troop, in this town, received each, by the fly, two large quarto volumes, from an unknown person in London, entitled 'The Chains of Slavery,' with a Prefatory Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely attention to the choice of proper representatives in the next Parliament. The work is spirited, and appears through the whole a masterly execution." The "unknown person" was probably the author, the afterwards too well-known Jean Paul Marat, once a brief resident in Newcastle. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 49.)

The rival candidates for the representation of Newcastle in 1774 were the "Burgesses' Candidates," Captain Phipps and Mr. Delaval, and the "Magistrates' Candidates," Sir Walter Blackett and Sir Matthew White Ridley. Sir Matthew had succeeded in 1763 to the baronetcy of his uncle; and now, his father having retired after representing the borough in four Parliaments, he offered himself to the electors as his successor. But he and Sir Walter were stoutly opposed by a party who had raised the question "Whether the Magistrates or the Burgesses should elect the Members." The governing body, however, had great power, and the independent party fought against fearful odds. It is difficult for the present generation to conceive how strong were the old Corporations—the ruling powers of the close boroughs, where none but free burgesses had a vote in the elections, and all who were thus qualified, wherever they might happen to reside, could flock from far and near to the poll. The canvass might extend to any corner of the kingdom; and in 1774 it went on from the beginning of July to the middle of October. From week to week there were paragraphs in the newspapers. Shots were flying on all sides. There is a story in the *Chronicle* of "a great lady here," who "smartly told Captain Phipps," on his round of the electors, "that he had better keep his canvas to mend his sails." In another column the electors are reminded of the remark of "a celebrated writer," made when the gallant captain was preparing to set out on his expedition to explore the polar regions, "that it was to be lamented so able a senator, so worthy a man, so good a speaker, and so firm a patriot as Captain Phipps should hazard his life upon so precarious a voyage as that to the North Pole, when his virtues rendered him so dear to the public."

In the night of the 9th August, on his return to Newcastle after a temporary absence, Captain Phipps was drawn out of Gateshead by a number of his admirers, preceded by flambeaux. The Bricklayers elected him, and also Delaval, members of their company, and presented each of them with a silver trowel and mahogany hod. It is an incident from which we may gather how great was the excitement roused by the contest.

Wednesday, the 10th of August, was the anniversary of "the day on which (in 1773) the burgesses were confirmed in their right to the Town Moor." There was a popular

commemoration of the event. Great were the rejoicings on the occasion. "For the pastime of the multitude, a bull was baited on the Moor, decorated about the head with satirical emblems consonant to the present contest, and which made much diversion to the spectators."

Six hundred and fifteen persons are said to have been admitted to their freedom at the guild preceding the poll, which commenced on the 11th of October, at a "well-contrived erection of wood-work," placed "in the open under-part of the Guildhall." The electors recorded their votes in tallies, so that the candidates stood pretty equal so long as they all had supporters to bring up. On Monday, the sixth day, Phipps slightly headed the poll. But the forces of the Burgesses' Candidates were now well-nigh spent, and on Tuesday they retired from the contest. The poll, however, still went on, and was kept open over Wednesday; when, after it had been prolonged for eight days, it came to a close, thirty-two companies having taken part in the election. The number of freemen that polled was 2,164, the votes being thus given:—

Sir Walter Blackett.....	1,432
Sir Matthew White Ridley	1,411
Hon. Constantine John Phipps	795
Thomas Delaval, Esq.....	677

The Butchers gave the largest number of votes (viz., 238). Then came the Masters and Mariners (210), the Smiths (186), the Merchants (184), the Shipwrights (141), the Barber Surgeons (137), and the Cordwainers (115), none of the remainder polling so many as a hundred. Phipps and Blackett had a majority of the votes of the Butchers' Company; Ridley and Phipps, of the House Carpenters'; Phipps and Delaval, of the Joiners' and the Bricklayers'. In all the other companies Blackett and Ridley were in a majority.

Sir Walter was the acknowledged "King of Newcastle." Large and powerful was his following. On his canvasses "he was generally attended by about five hundred gentlemen, tradesmen, and others, some of whom had weight with almost every freeman." "He was acknowledged, by all who knew him, to stand unrivalled" as a canvasser. "His open countenance and courtly deportment, his affability of manner, and, what with many is the greatest consideration, his strict integrity in keeping his electioneering promises—this powerful combination of circumstances, as was observed by Captain Phipps, set all competition with Sir Walter for the representation of Newcastle at defiance." Six times he had been elected aforetime, winning his seat at the poll in 1734, and maintaining his place in "the great contest" of 1741, when four Aldermen of Newcastle fought for supremacy; and now, by a third poll, forty years after the first, he was sent to his seventh and last Parliament. Death alone being able to dethrone this local monarch.

These were "the good old days." The month of October, which witnessed the issue of the contest of 1774, did not pass away without "a cold collation and

ball" at the old Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market. There the successful candidates entertained their friends. "Sir Walter Blackett and Miss Ridley, Sir Matthew White Ridley and Miss Trevalian, opened the ball." Recording spectators were present in the throng. "The ladies in particular," says one of them, "made a most splendid appearance in their dress, and were not less attracting in their personal charms and gaiety of humour." "They seemed to vie with each other," says another, "in the taste and magnificence of their habits, which were richly ornamented with jewels."

The times are changed; the freemen have ceased to be the exclusive electors; candidates give no collations or balls; and bulls are not baited on the Moor. The town is changed: the Tyne is changed. Captain Phipps, as a naval officer, lamented the condition of the river navigation in 1774. Nature, he remarked, had given the district a noble river, and neglect had turned it into "a cursed horse-pond." There is now neither close Corporation nor close Conservatorship. The management of the river has been thrown open to the towns that border the navigable channel; and the reproach of the Arctic navigator would now have been exchanged for approval and commendation.

The Mosstroopers.

IV.

THE GALLANT GRAEMES.



THE laxity of Border morals with respect to property is seen in the very animated ballads of "Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead," the "Lochmaben Harper," "Dick o' the Cow," &c. On the other hand, courage, fidelity, enterprise, and all the martial virtues are exemplified in "Kinmont Willie," "Jock o' the Side," "Archie o' Ca'field," &c. In Hughie the Graeme, the hero of another beautiful ballad, we have a good type of the mosstroopers who inhabited the Debateable Land, and who were to the full as fickle in their allegiance, and as impartial in their depredations, as either the Liddesdale or the Tynedale thieves. The "gallant Graemes" were said to be of Scottish extraction, but in military service they were more attached to England than to their mother country. They were, however, as the gentlemen of Cumberland alleged to Lord Scroope, in the year 1600, "with their children, tenants, and servants, the chiefest actors in the spoil and decay" of that part of the kingdom. The following members of the clan appear in a list of about four hundred Borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to the Bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils by them committed:—Ritchie Graeme of Bailie, Will's Jock Graeme, Muckle Willie Graeme, Will Graeme of Rosetrees, Richie

Graeme, younger, of Netherby; Wat Graeme, called Flaughttail; Will Graeme, called Nimble Willie; and Will Graeme, called Mickle Willie. The Debateable Land and parts adjoining gave shelter in all emergencies to such lawless men as found it necessary to cut and run from their own side of the Border. Fugitive Graemes found a safe refuge in Liddesdale, and fugitive Elliots and Armstrongs in Cumberland. Carey, Earl of Monmouth, tells, in his "Memoirs," a long story of one of the Graemes harbouring two Scottishmen who had killed a churchman in Scotland, and refusing to give them up to him as deputy-warden of the West March, when he went to his strong tower, about five miles from Carlisle, to demand them in the king's name. Graeme, when he saw Carey coming, sent off a "bonny boy," to ride as fast as his horse could carry him, to bring assistance from Liddesdale. Carey, on his side, arranged to assemble between seven and eight hundred men, horse and foot, and set about besieging the tower. The garrison offered to parley, and yielded themselves to his mercy, seeing that timely help did not come. But they had no sooner opened the iron gate than four hundred horsemen appeared within a quarter of a mile, where, seeing the attacking party so numerous, they halted, and "stood at gaze." "Then," says Carey, "had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them, for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers and uncles, and our cousins, and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden, and God hath put them into our hands that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.'" The deputy-warden gave them a fair answer, but resolved not to give them their desire, fearing the personal consequences to himself, it being a time of peace. He sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the haste they could, for if they stayed the messenger's return there would few of them get back to their own homes. Prudently they made no stay, but hurried away homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message; but the Cumberland men were very ill satisfied, though they durst not disobey. The Graemes, being deemed incorrigible, were some time afterwards transported to Ireland, but most of them found their way back before long to the banks of the Esk, and were permitted to take root again there. Fuller, in his quaint style, says they came to church as seldom as the 29th of February came into the calendar. Their sons were "free of the (stouthrift) trade of their father's copy." They were like unto Job, "not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day."

THE LIDDESDALE THIEVES.

The next neighbours of the Graemes, the Liddesdale

thieves, were quite as great a pest. Maitland says of them—

Of Liddesdale the common thieves
Sae pertly steals now and reives,
That nae dare keep
Horse, colt, nor sheep.
Nor yet dare sleep
For their mischieves.

They plainly through the country rides;
I trow the muckle devil them guides;
Where they on-set,
Aye i' the gait,
There is nae yett
Nor door them bides.

THE INGLEWOOD FOREST THIEVES.

A link between the outlaws on the Scottish Border and those in Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, is supplied by Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Clou-desly, the heroes of a ballad as old as Henry VIII.'s days. This trio is supposed to have been contemporary with the father of Robin Hood, who is represented as having beaten them at shooting at a mark. They lived a wild life in the North Countree, at some undetermined period. That they flourished before the reign of Henry is clear from the fact that Engle or Ingle Wood, which they frequented, was disforested by Henry, and had become in Camden's time "a dreary moor, with high distant hills on both sides, and a few stone farm-houses and cottages along the road." Ingleborough, a hill which obtained its name, as the Eildons in Roxburghshire did, from the beacon-fires anciently lighted on its summit, stood on the confines of this forest, which extended from Carlisle to Penrith. Frequent allusions to the three outlaws above-named occur in the plays of the Elizabethan age.

THE REDESDALE THIEVES.

A survey made in 1542 describes the Redesdale men as living in shiels during the summer months, and pasturing their cattle in the graynes and hafes of the country on the south side of the Coquet, about Redlees and Milkwood, or on the waste grounds which sweep along the eastern marches of North Tynedale, about the Dogburn Head, Hawcup Edge, or Hollinhead. At this time they not only joined with their neighbours of Tynedale in acts of rapine and spoil, but often went as guides to the Scottish thieves in expeditions to harry and burn the towns and villages in Tynedale Ward, separated from their own country by the broad tracks of waste land stretching to the south of Elsdon, from the Simonside Hills to about Thockrington. Ponteland, Birtley, Gunnerston, and that neighbourhood suffered repeatedly from this sore grievance. The district to the north of the Coquet was equally harassed by inroads made through the Windy Gate, at the head of Beaumont Water, or by the old Watling Street, from Jed Forest; and the inhabitants could get little or no redress for the losses they sustained, it being next to impossible to identify the thieves, who were, indeed, almost as often English as Scotch. Those among the young dalesmen were most praised and

cherished by their elders who showed themselves the most expert thieves, and in this respect they would not have yielded the palm to the best Spartan that ever lived. In moonlight expeditions, whether into Scotland or England, they delighted. From generation to generation they went on from bad to worse, and it actually seemed as if it would be necessary to exterminate them, in order to pacify the country. It was to little purpose that a watch was set, from sunset to sunrise, at several places, passages and fords, "endalong" the Middle Marches; for the Scottish thieves generally had abettors and accomplices amongst the inhabitants of the districts visited, who led them by circuitous paths—as Ephialtes the Melian led the Persians over the mountains to Thermopylæ—down into the low country, where a richer spoil was to be had, that would afford the guides as well as the guided something for their trouble. Ten years after the date of the above survey, John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, and his deputy, Lord Dacre, established a day watch also, upon a more enlarged plan than had hitherto been devised. Its carrying out, however, was necessarily entrusted to the principal inhabitants or head men, and so it was of very little use; for seven years later, in 1559, we find Sir Ralph Sadler, who was for a short time warden of the East and Middle Marches, and was well experienced in Border matters, describing the people as still "naughty, evil, unruly, and misdecanant." The Redesdale thieves, he says, were no better than "very rebels and outlaws," and he could see no way of bringing them into order but by having a garrison of soldiers amongst them.

THE LAW OF GAVELKIND.

Over-population was set down, by superficial thinkers, as one cause of the turbulence of the dalesmen. Five or six families would ostensibly subsist, for instance, on a poor farm of a noble rent (six and eightpence sterling), their principal means of living really being systematic theft. Tynedale and Redesdale had never been subdued by William the Conqueror or his successors, and consequently they retained, till the middle of the seventeenth century, as Kent still does, the ancient Saxon law and custom of Gavelkind, whereby the lands of the father were equally divided at his death among all the sons. Neither did they forfeit their lands when convicted of a capital crime, the old maxim holding good in these parts, to which the feudal tenure was still foreign:—

The father to the bough,
And the son to the plough,—

meaning, that when the father was hanged, the son took his estate, instead of it reverting to the Crown. Gray, in his "*Chorographia*," says there was every year a number of these thieves brought in to Newcastle Gaol, and sometimes twenty or thirty of them were condemned and hanged at the assizes. This would soon have reduced the number of lairds but for gavelkind. As it was, the more of them that were hanged, the more were left, at least if the individuals "justified," whether at

Newcastle, Hexham, Morpeth, or Carlisle, were family men. Hundreds, nay, thousands of them, read or had read for them their "neck-verse" at Hairibee, or on some other noted gallow-hill—places where the hangman always did his work by daylight, and had something like "constant ploy," and where, occasionally, hanging came first and judgment afterwards, for the very good reason that, if a malefactor was not immediately strung up whenever he was caught, there was some probability that his friends would come to the rescue, and the "woodie" would be cheated. If we turn to "*a Rental of the Ancient Principality of Redesdale in 1618*," printed in the "*Archæologia Æliana*," we shall find that, in spite of all these hangings, this tract of country was still "overcharged with an excessive number of inhabitants," and an old French historian, quoted by Pinkerton, tells us "the country was more abundant in savages than cattle."

HEXHAMSHIRE.

The district called Hexhamshire, so long as it was reckoned a county palatine, and possessed what Hutchinson calls "the ignominious privilege of sanctuary," was an asylum of thieves and robbers, the greatest offenders to the crown and their country daily removing thither, upon hope and trust of refuge thereby, to the great comfort and encouragement of many of the vilest and worst subjects and offenders in all the north parts, and to the great offence of the Almighty, and most manifest hindrance of good execution of law and justice. On this account the privilege was taken away by statute in the reign of Elizabeth, and Hexhamshire incorporated into Northumberland. The old proverbial taunt, however, is still sometimes heard—"Go to Hexham!"

THE HALLS.

The Halls appear to have been in bad repute, even amongst their neighbours, in consequence of Hall, of Girsonsfield, near Otterburn, having betrayed Percival or Parcy Reed, of Troughend, a keeper of Redesdale, to a Scottish clan of the name of Crozier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed. From this act they were called "the fause hearted Ha's," and when they entered a house to obtain refreshment, the cheese used to be set before them with the bottom uppermost, an expression of the host's dislike to their company. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 370.) In the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth (A.D. 1572), at midsummer, two men named Hall, from Oxnham, Jed, or Rule Water (for there were clans named Hall on both sides, and both of moss-trooper breed), made a foray across the Border, and carried off from Roger Fenwick, of Rothley, and his tenants, a hundred and forty kine, of which outrage Roger complained to the Council of the North, moreover alleging that the Laird of Bedrule, the Laird of Edgerston, Aynley of Faulby, and others, had given shelter to the Halls, though they knew them to be common thieves. In the twenty-eighth of Elizabeth, the Halls, of Elishaw,

between Otterburn and Rochester, were suddenly visited by the chiefs of the Elliots, Croziers, and Nixons, of Liddesdale, with eighty or more of their clansmen, who killed the head of the house and carried off forty oxen, two horses, and thirty pounds worth of household stuff. In the pursuit two brothers Wanless were slain. A few years previous the Halls of Overacres, or Haveracres, near Elsdon, and ten other householders of the immediate locality, were alarmed by the appearance of a hundred and sixty Elliots, Croziers, and Nobles, who swept away a hundred and forty head of cattle, twenty horses, and ten pounds worth of household stuff, killed John Hall, and lamed eight of his followers, who had made a vigorous but ineffectual defence.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

The Village of Ponteland.

PONTELAND is a picturesque and pleasantly located village, on the river Pont, from which it derives its name. The old North Road passes through it, and this fact gave it an importance in bygone times which it does not now possess. It may be called a remote place, at least in these days, when we expect the railway to carry us to any spot which it is worth our while to visit. Newcastle is seven miles from Ponteland, along a road which is as good as could be wished, but which, nevertheless, is lonely and in many places bleak. Yet Newcastle is practically the nearest point to Ponteland to which we can get by rail; for though Stannington, on the Morpeth Line, is perhaps a mile nearer, yet what is gained in distance is lost in the character of the road. Thrice every week Ponteland communicates with Newcastle, and Newcastle with Ponteland, by means of sundry antiquated and inconvenient omnibuses, described in directories and elsewhere by the dignified term "coaches," which afford, inside and out, amidst their crowded freight of "goods, chattels, and effects," such an experience of discomfort to passengers travelling with them as could not with ease be equalled.

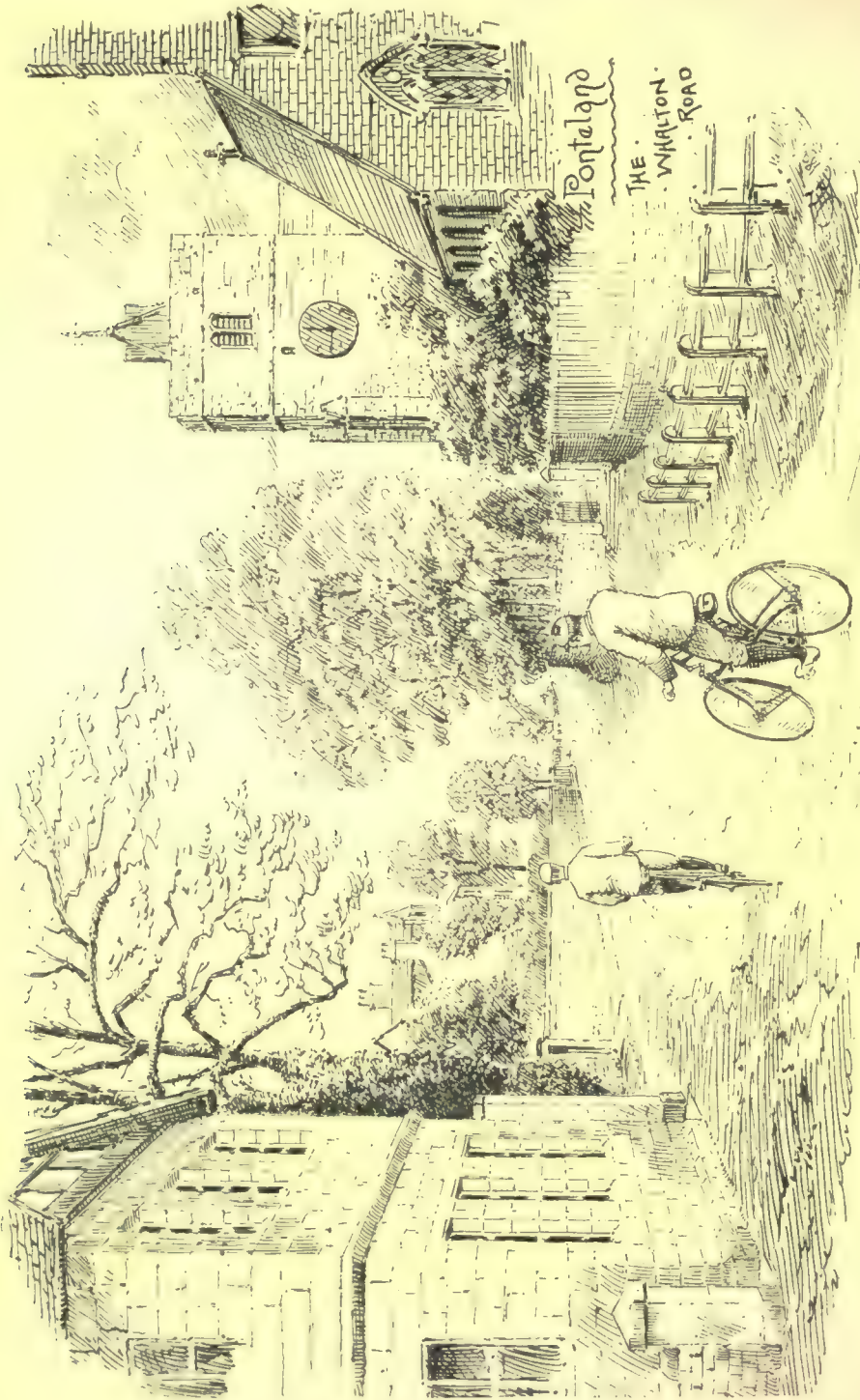
Yet Ponteland merits being visited, not merely for its quiet rural aspect, nor solely that its ancient church, dating back to early Norman times, may be seen, nor even that the "Blackbird"—not to mention the "Seven Stars" and the "Diamond"—with its ancient apartments, may be examined, but quite as much for the sake of the historical associations which cluster round the place. There is no evidence to connect Ponteland itself with Roman occupation, although, from the fancied resemblance of the name, William Camden identified it with the Pons Ælii of the Romans. The earliest history of Ponteland is embedded in the walls of the church—an edifice of great interest, to which, by-and-by, an entire article ought to be devoted. In the early part of the

thirteenth century the Manor of Ponteland seems to have been in the hands of a family which took its name from the place, and in the "Testa de Neville," Gilbert de Eland is mentioned as the tenant *in capite*.

The first event connected with Ponteland mentioned in the page of our national history occurs in the reign of Henry III. That was an age of frequent feuds between the Kings of England and Scotland. One of the Scottish chronicles tells us that "the accursed traitor Walter Bisset" and his associates employed themselves in poisoning the ear of Henry against Alexander, the King of Scotland, until at last the English King gathered his army together and marched to Newcastle. From Newcastle he went forward to Ponteland, and there he was met by Alexander, who was accompanied by a large army. Instead of fighting, however, "a treaty of peace was concluded between them, on the vigil of the Assumption [i.e., on the 24th August, 1244], chiefly at the instance of the Archbishop of York and of other nobles."

Shortly after this event, we find Ponteland in the hands of a noble, almost a royal family. The battle of Northampton was fought on the 3rd April, 1264. In the desperate struggle against the arbitrary proceedings of Henry III., of which that battle was the climax, Roger Bertram, Lord of Mitford, took part with the Earl of Leicester against the King. He was taken prisoner, and all his estates in Northumberland were forfeited to the Crown. Ponteland was amongst the number. Henry granted these estates to William de Valence, his half-brother. This William was the son and heir of Hugh le Brun and Isabella Angouleme, the fascinating and lovely widow of King John. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who is chiefly memorable for his singular death. Aymer was thrice married. His third wife was Mary, daughter of Guy de Chastillon, Earl of St. Paul. On his wedding-day he engaged in a tournament, and—was killed, leaving to his bride the unusual fate of being maid, wife, and widow in a single day. From him the barony of Mitford, with its dependent manors, of which Ponteland was one, seems to have passed to a niece, Joan Cumin, whose father, John Cumin, was stabbed in the heart by Robert Bruce of Scotland before the high altar of the convent of Friars Minors at Dumfries. Joan Cumin married David de Strathbolgie, the eleventh Earl of Athol, whose father, David, the tenth Earl, was hanged on a gibbet 40 feet high, on account of his adherence to the cause of Robert Bruce. His head was fixed on London Bridge, and his body was burnt to ashes. From the eleventh earl Ponteland descended to the twelfth earl, another David de Strathbolgie, who was as ill-fated as some of his ancestors, for he was slain in Scotland, at the age of 28, whilst fighting in the cause of Edward III.

The next lord of Ponteland cannot be dismissed so rapidly as some of the preceding owners. He was no other than the famed Sir Aymer de Athol, brother of the





last named Earl of Athol, and Lord of Jesmond and Ponteland. To him a venerable tradition assigns the gift to the burgesses of Newcastle of their Town Moor; and although part at least of this great freehold was in their possession long before Sir Aymer's time, there can be little doubt that some portion of it is a benefaction of his. Sir Aymer lived in his castle at Ponteland. Opposite the west end of the church is a long range of old buildings, of Elizabethan or Jacobean date, and partly occupied by a genuine hostelry of the olden time, well known as the "Blackbird." But behind these are portions of a much earlier residence, which we may feel quite safe in identifying with the *tortalice* of Sir Aymer de Athol. There is a barrel vaulted apartment, now used as a combined stable and byre. Then there is a marvellously wide fireplace, though the walls by which it was enclosed have, within the memory of persons still living, been removed. A stone staircase which winds round and round a square central block of masonry is worthy of careful examination. But most interesting is the lintel of the doorway of an outhouse, on which are incised the sombre words, "HOMO BULLA" (Man is a bubble).

Here, then, lived Sir Aymer de Athol. It is curious to read that he and Sir Ralph Eure, in 1381, were knights of the shire of Northumberland, and had each 4s. a day allowed during their attendance in Parliament. Sir Aymer was at Ponteland on the eve of the battle of Otterburn. For three days James, Earl of Douglas, had laid siege to Newcastle, and on the last day of the siege he had unhorsed Sir Henry Percy, the celebrated Hotspur, in single combat. But very early the following morning he withdrew his forces and took the road north. "They came," an old chronicler tells us, "to a town and castle called Ponclau (i.e., Ponteland), of which Sir Haymon d'Aphel, a very valiant knight of Northumberland, was lord. They halted there about four o'clock in the morning, as they learnt the knight to be within it, and made preparations for the assault. This was done with such courage that the place was won, and the knight made prisoner. After they had burnt the town and castle, they marched away for Otterburn, which was eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped themselves."

Sir Aymer founded a chantry, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, in the church of St. Andrew, Newcastle. In his chantry he was buried in 1402. A memorial brass which recorded his name and that of his second wife, and bore their effigies, remained till recent years; but piece after piece was gradually torn off, and given away, lost, or sold for old metal. One last precious fragment is amongst the treasures possessed by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and is preserved in the museum at the Black Gate.

After the lapse of a few generations we find Ponteland in the hands of a branch of the great Northumbrian family of Mitford. One Anthony Mitford, who held

Ponteland in the early days of Queen Elizabeth, was a man of considerable importance amongst his peers. His granddaughter, Margaret, married Mark Errington, of Wolsington. By this marriage Ponteland passed to the Erringtons, by whom it was held from 1597 to 1774. Mark Errington partly rebuilt the manor house, and his initials occur twice upon its front, and again upon a mantel-piece in a room, which he seems to have partly rebuilt, over the barrel vaulted apartment that I have already mentioned. From the Erringtons, the manor house and its extensive estates passed to the Silvertops, but before they entered upon it the more romantic history of Ponteland was completed.

Two views accompany this article—one representing the bridge over the Pont, with the church beyond; the other showing the road to Whalton, also with the church. Of the remains of the two old towers at Ponteland, a few particulars, with a sketch of one of them, will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1889, p. 367. JACOB BEE.

Captain Zachary Howard, the Cavalier Highwayman.



JOHNSON'S "Lives and Adventures of the most Famous Highwaymen, Pyrates," &c., published in 1753, contains a long account of a Captain Zachary Howard, who seems to have been one of the most arrant rogues that England ever bred. As the scene of one of his exploits was Newcastle-upon-Tyne, some notice of him may be given here to show the sort of literature that pleased our ancestors. One or two of the anecdotes related by Johnson are too gross, indeed, for publication; but with the exception of these, we shall give the details much as our authority sets them down, premising, however, that they are probably altogether false.

Captain Howard, it seems, was a gentleman born and bred. His father died in 1641, just about the breaking out of the Civil War, and left him an estate in Gloucestershire, worth fourteen hundred pounds a year. A sincere feeling of loyalty inspired him with the ambition of fighting for his king and country; and he accordingly mortgaged his estate for twenty thousand pounds, and raised a troop of horse with the money for the service of King Charles, who gave him the command of it. He remained in the army, fighting with gallantry, till the Republican party became sole masters of the field; and then, with many other cavaliers, he retired into exile.

But he did not continue long abroad. In the course of a few months, he seems to have returned to England, though there is some confusion in the record as to dates. Johnson says he was in attendance on King Charles II. at the battle of Worcester, where "he performed wonders

to the honour of the royal army, and more especially to his own honour and praise; for he was even taken notice of and applauded by his Majesty himself." But this statement is plainly false, being altogether inconsistent with what follows, and with the date of the captain's untimely forced departure from this sublunary world. For Worcester was fought on the 3rd of September, 1651, and Howard paid the last penalty of the law only a few months subsequently, after the spring assizes in the following year. However this may have been, "having lost his estate, and being out of all employment, he could find no other way of supporting himself than by robbing upon the highway—a very indifferent method, indeed, but what a great many gentlemen in those days were either obliged to take to, or to want bread."

Johnson goes on to tell us—

'Tis said of Howard that when he resolved on this course of life, he did like Hind and some others of his contemporaries, in swearing he would be revenged, as far as lay in his power, of all persons who were against the interest of his royal master. Accordingly, we are told, that he attacked all whom he met, and knew to be of that party. It appears, too, by the following accounts, that he succeeded in hunting out those regicides. The first whom he assaulted on the road was the Earl of Essex, who had been general-in-chief of all the Parliament's forces. His lordship was riding over Bagshot Heath, with five or six in retinue; nevertheless, Zachary rode boldly up to the coach door, commanded the driver to stand and my lore to deliver, adding that if he did not comply with his demand without words, neither he nor any of his servants should have any quarter. It was unaccountable how a general, who had been always used to success, with so many attendants, should be terrified at the menaces of a single highwayman. But it was so, that his honour gave him £1,200, which he had in the coach, and which had been squeezed out of forfeited estates, Church lands, and sequestrations, not being willing to venture his life for such a trifle at a time when the party had such a plentiful harvest to reap. Zachary was so well contented with his booty that he let the rebellious nobleman pass without punishing him any further for his disloyalty, only desiring him to get such another sum against he met him again in some other convenient place.

Another time, on Newmarket Heath, Howard overtook the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney's nephew, who had made himself conspicuous in Parliament by his speeches against kingly tyranny.

Only one footman attended his honour, and Zachary, going in company with them, held his lordship in discourse for about half a mile, when, coming to a place proper for his design, he pulled out a pistol, and spoke the terrifying precept, with the addition of a whole volley of oaths, what he would do to him if he did not surrender that minute. "You seem," says the earl, "by your swearing, to be a ranting cavalier. Have you taken a lease of your life, sir, that you dare venture it thus against two men?" Howard answered, "I would venture it against two more, with your idol Cromwell at the head of you, notwithstanding the great noise he has made." "O," says P—, "he's a precious man, and has fought the lord's battles with success." Zachary replied with calling Oliver and all his crew a company of dastardly cowards, and putting his lordship in mind that talking bred delays, and delays are dangerous: "Therefore," says he, "out with your purse this moment, or I shall out with your soul, if you have any." The earl still delaying, Howard dismounted him by shooting his horse, and then took from him a purse full of broad pieces of gold and a rich diamond ring; then, making him

mount behind his man, he tied them back to back, and in that condition left them. My lord rode, swearing, cursing, and damning, to the next town, with his face towards the horse's tail, when a great multitude of people gathered about him, some laughing, others wondering at his riding in that preposterous manner, till he declared the occasion, and the people very civilly released him.

General Fairfax, who got the chief command of the Parliamentary forces after the Earl of Essex, having taken up his quarters for some time in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Howard, who chanced to be on a visit to the same town, sought an opportunity of robbing him.

It came to the captain's ear that Fairfax was about sending a man to his lady with some plate which had been presented to him by the Mayor and Aldermen of that Corporation; so that when the day came that the fellow set out with the prize, our highwayman also took his leave of Newcastle, and rode after the Roundhead servant. He overtook him on the road and fell into deep discourse with him about the present times, which Howard seemed as well pleased with as the other, who took him really for an honest fellow as he seemed, and offered still to bear him company. They baited, dined, supped, and lay together, and so continued in this friendly manner till the messenger came within a day's journey of the seat where his lady resided. Next morning being the last day they were to be together, Howard thought it was now high time to execute his design, which he did with a great deal of difficulty. Being come to a place proper to act his part in, Zachary pulled out his commission and commanded the fellow to deliver the portmanteau, in which was the plate, to the value of two hundred and fifty pounds. The other, being as resolute to preserve as Howard was to take it from him, refused to comply; whereupon a sharp combat ensued between them, in which the captain had his horse shot under him, after a discharge of two or three pistols on either side. The encounter still lasted; for our highwayman continued to fire on foot till he shot his adversary through the head, which occasioned him to fall and breathe his last in a moment. When Howard saw the man dead, he thought it his best way to get off the ground as fast as he could; so, nimbly mounting the remaining horse who carried the treasure, he rode about five miles from the place where the act was committed, and then deposited the portmanteau in a hollow tree, and went to dinner at the next town. From thence he made the best of his way to Faringdon in Berkshire, where Madam Fairfax was, and whither the fellow he had killed was bound. He reached thither that evening, and delivered the following letter to the lady, which he had found in the pockets of the deceased :—

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August 12, 1650.

My Dear,—Hoping that you and my daughter Elizabeth are in good health, this comes to acquaint you that my presence is so agreeable to the inhabitants of this place, that their mayor and aldermen have presented me with a large quantity of plate, which I have sent to you by my man Thomas, a new servant, whom I would have you treat very kindly, he being recommended to me by several gentlemen as a very honest, worthy man. The Lord be praised, I am very well, and earnestly long for the happiness of enjoying your company, which I hope to do within this month or five weeks at farthest. In the meantime, I subscribe myself, your loving husband till death,

FAIRFAX.

The lady, learning by the contents that a parcel of plate was sent by the bearer, inquired of him where it was. Her supposed man readily told her that he was in danger of being robbed of it on such a heath by some suspicious persons; and that therefore, lest he should meet with the same men again, or others like them, he had lodged his charge in the hands of a substantial innkeeper at such a town, from whence he could fetch it in two days. This pretence of his carefulness pleased his new mistress very much, and confirmed the character which her husband had sent; so that she made very much of him, and desired him to go to bed betimes, that he might rest from the fatigues of his journey. The whole family at this time consisted only of the lady, her daughter, two maids, and two men servants. No sooner were all these gone to

their repose than Howard arose, dressed himself, and with sword and pistol in hand, went into the servants' apartments, whom he threatened with present death if they made the least noise. All four of these he tied with bed cords and gagged them. Having secured those whom he most feared, he went into Mrs. Fairfax's chamber and served her and her daughter as he had done the servants; then he proceeded to make a strict scrutiny into the trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, finding in all two thousand broad pieces of gold and some silver, with which he departed to his portmanteau in the tree, which he also carried off.

After he had committed this robbery and murder, a proclamation was issued by the Commonwealth, promising five hundred pounds to anyone who should apprehend the rascal; whereupon, to avoid being taken, he fled into Ireland, where he continued his former courses, till, being grown as notorious there as in England, he thought it advisable to return. He landed at Hoyle Lake, Highlake, or Hoylake, at the mouth of the Dee, and proceeded thence to the city of Chester, at the same time that Oliver Cromwell lay there with a party of horse. Passing for a gentleman who was going to travel into foreign countries for the improvement of his mind, he put up at the same inn where the hero of the Commonwealth had taken up his quarters. He, moreover, counterfeited himself to be a Roundhead, and frequently spoke against the royal family, applauding the murder of King Charles I. up to the skies. By this means he got familiar with Cromwell, who was so taken with his conversation that he would seldom dine or sup without him, or hardly suffer him to be ever out of his company, when he was not actually engaged with business. Here follows an episode for which we are undoubtedly beholden to the narrator, or to some of the wicked wits who found congenial employment in inventing scurrilous tales about the redoubted Protector after his death.

Our captain enjoyed his liberty but a very little time after this visit to Chester; for, venturing one day to attack half-a-dozen Republican officers together, as they were riding over Blackheath, he was overpowered by their number; and, though he vigorously defended himself, so as to kill one and wound two more of them, he was at last taken by the remaining three. These carried the bold robber before a magistrate, who forthwith committed him to Maidstone gaol. Thither, says Johnson, Oliver went to see him, and insulted him with a great many reproaches, "to all which Howard replied with his usual bravery and wit, to the utter confusion of poor Noll."

When he came to his trial at the ensuing assizes, many strange witnesses appeared against him. Not only the officers who took him, but even Cromwell himself, and General Fairfax's wife and daughter, gave in their depositions, besides a vast number of others whom he had robbed at several times. So that he was sentenced for two rapes, two murders, and as many robberies, to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. At the place of execution, where he appeared clothed in white, he confessed himself guilty of everything he stood charged

with, but declared he was sorry for nothing but the murders he had committed. Yet even these, he said, appeared to be the less criminal when he considered the persons who had been the victims. He professed, further, that if he were pardoned, and at liberty again, he would never leave off robbing the Roundheads, so long as there was any of them left in England. The wretched man is said to have ended his life in 1651-2, being thirty-two years of age.

Such is the story as we read it in a daring romance that was held in great favour by our forefathers.

The Seamen's Riot at Sunderland, 1825.

DURING the summer of 1825, a refractory spirit prevailed among the seamen of the North-Eastern ports, the great majority of whom had formed themselves into a union, denominated the Loyal Standard Association, for the purpose of bettering their condition, and forcing their employers to agree to such terms as they deemed themselves fairly entitled to claim. The shipowners, on the other hand, refused either to raise wages, to increase the quota of hands per ton, to pay for heaving ballast, or do anything whatever to redress the alleged grievances of the men. The result was a general strike on the part of the seamen of the Tyne, Wear, and Blyth, which lasted for several weeks, and was years after remembered as "The Long Stick." The owners, while the seamen continued to object to the terms offered to them, hired men belonging to other ports. They likewise got together lads from the Orkney and Shetland Islands and the East Coast of Scotland, and had them bound to themselves as apprentices.

As in all such cases, both parties claimed to be in the right; and instead of conciliatory measures being taken to put an end to the differences that existed, masters and men vied with each other in putting the worst possible construction on each other's conduct, and imputing all sorts of unworthy motives to each other, so that the mutual bad feeling increased from day to day, till it rose to a dangerous height. One of the leading Sunderland shipowners, indeed, Mr. Robert Scurfield, attempted to mediate between the parties at that port, and made a proposition to the men which they ultimately accepted; but when it was laid before the shipowners at a special meeting, they declined to entertain it. This greatly agitated and worked upon the minds of the seamen, who immediately resolved to man a number of cobs or river boats, ostensibly to "invite" the men out of the light ships coming into port, and induce them to do no more work until such time as they could get paid for heaving ballast, which, as we have said, was one of

the things they had struck for. This they considered would cause an accommodation to take place; for it was pretty evident that when the owners found that the men quitted their employment the moment the ships came to their moorings, and left them to get out the ballast as they might, they would be constrained to yield the point, and make the men a reasonable allowance as ballast heavers.

This being the situation of affairs, it happened that, on Wednesday, the 3rd of August, two or more of the cobsles thus manned to meet the homeward bound shipping—by some vagary, one might suppose, of their coxswain's, unaccountable on their own subsequent statement to the Home Secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel, but natural enough under the circumstances—instead of rowing for the harbour's mouth, ran up the river, where none but ships with full cargoes, and outward-bound, were to be met with. The fact was, the men had learned that several vessels, then lying at the Hetton Spouts and elsewhere, loading with coals, were about to proceed that day to sea with the morning or afternoon's tide, manned with seamen not belonging to the port, with non-union men or "blacklegs," and with apprentice lads; and a resolution had in consequence been hastily taken that these vessels should all be stopped.

In the course of the forenoon, several ships were boarded and their crews violently dragged on shore. It was understood, however, that the great struggle was to be made in the evening, and a number of special constables were sworn in, consisting chiefly of shipowners. It was soon found that these precautions were not unnecessary. About six o'clock a vessel named the *Busy*, belonging to Mr. Rowland Metcalfe, got under weigh, and her crew were reinforced by as many of the police and special constables as her deck could conveniently hold. She had not proceeded many yards when she was stopped by the union men, who, after giving vent to their feelings in three vigorous cheers, began to "remonstrate" with such of the crew as appeared on deck "concerning their clandestine manner of going to sea." These "remonstrances," as a matter of course, met with no favourable response. On the contrary, the men in the boats were threatened with condign punishment if they did not let the vessel get away peaceably; and these threats were accompanied by the free exhibition of pistols, staves, handspikes, capstan bars, &c., by the shipowners and their friends, who presented a really formidable array. On the other hand, the unionists, who were in no pacific humour to begin with, and who soon found themselves, through reinforcements, much superior to their adversaries in number, proceeded forthwith to board the ship. This they did under great disadvantages, and the party on board, which included Mr. Metcalfe, the owner, and Mr. Ralph Laws, attorney, freely used their staves and handspikes. But they finally carried the ship, drove its

defenders aft, disarmed the constables of their staves, struck and bruised several of the shipowners, lowered down the sails, stopped the vessel entirely for a time, forced all the crew they could find overboard except the captain and mate, got up in the rigging, where they waved their hats in token of victory, and then, having satisfied themselves that there were no more seamen on board who intended to go the voyage, left the ship and got into their cobsles. The *Busy* afterwards proceeded to sea, however, with the help of some seamen who had been concealed below while the rioters were on board.

A second vessel, the *Mary*, belonging to Mr. John Hutchinson, shipbuilder, came down from the Hetton Spouts with the afternoon tide, and on reaching the lower part of the harbour, was surrounded as the *Busy* had been by a number of boats manned by sailors. Anticipating something of this kind, Mr. Hutchinson had armed himself with a brace of pistols, but had not thought it necessary to load them, supposing the sight of them would have the desired effect. A sharp look-out was kept, under the apprehension that the vessel would be boarded. On a boat approaching, Mr. Hutchinson threatened to fire if they came up the side, as did likewise his friend Mr. George Palmer, when a second boat approached. The men were evidently deterred, and sheered off a few yards. There were three constables on board, and Mr. Hutchinson asked them to arm themselves with handspikes, which they did. The rioters were evidently intimidated by this show of resistance, and the whole of the boats moved away to the north side of the river.

A troop of the 3rd Light Dragoons from the barracks at Newcastle had been sent a day or two before to assist in preserving the peace; and John Davison, Esq., J.P., commonly known as Justice Davison, hastened down to the Exchange, where he found some twenty-four soldiers, and several gentlemen, merchants, and shipowners anxiously waiting his arrival. Having taken the precaution to have the information duly sworn, Mr. Davison told the officer commanding the dragoons, Lieut. Philps, that he was ready, as a magistrate, to discharge his duty. The party then proceeded along the High Street, down Bodlewell Lane, into the Low Street, and thence near the Old Fish Market. The proclamation directed by the Riot Act was then read, and the people round about were asked to disperse, which, however, they were not inclined to do. The soldiers were then ordered to draw their sabres, which so terrified the mob that those on the south side of the river dispersed. It was on the other side, however, that the riot was most serious, and the soldiers, accompanied by Mr. Davison, accordingly proceeded thither in boats. The sequel may be told in the magistrate's own words:—

As we passed the ships in the harbour we observed that the rigging and yards of the vessels were thronged with people, who assailed us with stones as we passed. When we got more into the river, on the north side, which is the channel for ships when they go to sea, I perceived several boats filled with seamen attempting to board the loaded

vessels as they came down. We then proceeded to a vessel, the name of which I don't recollect, to assist in getting her to sea. I should here state that other two boats followed me with the dragoons, same as in the first, in which I was. The boats that the refractory seamen were in passed me, and fairly surrounded the other two boats and prevented them for some time from discharging the duty upon which they were sent. At that period several stones were thrown at the boat I was in. We got on board of the vessel, and assisted in taking her down the river. We then were prevented by a light vessel coming up the river, which, having got across the river, detained us a considerable time; and during that time an immense quantity of stones were thrown at the ship I was in, and I believe that several persons on board were hit. A person on board the light vessel, who was stated to me to be the pilot, I saw take up a large coal, which I suspected was intended to be thrown at me. I kept a look-out in consequence, and saw it thrown in the direction where I was. I stooped and the coal went directly over my head. An immense quantity of stones were then thrown from the shore; and in that situation we thought it advisable, for our personal safety, to engage a steam packet to expedite the vessel to sea. By that means we got clear of the light vessel, and proceeded down the harbour. On our way down, from the depth of water being more on the north side than in any other part of the river, we were obliged to approach nearly upon the north shore, which we perceived was crowded with persons to a great extent. At that time, to the best of my belief, the whole of the persons who were in the vessel were struck with stones. One of the dragoons was wounded in two places in the head when near to me; and I have since learnt that all the rest received wounds. I received one on the back part of my head. The riot then became so alarming, by the shouting and hurrahing and the stones flying in all directions, that to prevent any further injury I thought it advisable to give directions to the commanding officer to have his men prepared, in case there was extreme necessity to fire. We then proceeded further down, and as we got opposite the Coble Slip, which is on the south side, we found the shower of stones came so large and so frequent from the people on the north shore that I resolved, not only for my own personal safety, but for the rest of the crew's, to consult with the commanding officer upon the expediency of firing. The commanding officer thought it advisable that the fire should be made high, so as not to hurt any of the people about. I believe the first fire which was given in a high direction had no effect; I mean it did no injury; but it irritated the people more, and the stones came in greater quantities, if it were possible, than before. The commanding officer said that he thought by firing high as much injury might be caused as by firing low, from the elevation of the ground from the shore, and the manner in which the higher places were crowded with people who had come for the purpose of only looking to see what was going forward; and the subsequent firing was low. I cannot say what number of guns were fired; but after a few more were fired the people began to disperse, so that we proceeded to sea with the vessel, without any further obstruction. During the time of the firing, we found that the disorderly seamen began to separate, and on our return to the harbour we found all in a state of quiet and tranquillity, compared to what it had been. We heard a few coarse expressions, but no stones were thrown.

The result of the firing was that three men were killed outright, and another was mortally wounded and died the next morning. The names of the four were William Wallace, Thomas Aird, John Dovor, and Ralph Hunter Creighton. The coroner's verdict upon the three former was "justifiable homicide," but upon the latter, who had taken no part whatever in the riot, and was killed when standing as a spectator on a carpenter's stage, where he had been accustomed to work, the verdict was "accidental death." The exact number of wounded was never

ascertained; report stated them to be about twelve, some of them very dangerously. A day or two after the riot a fifth man, a labourer, died, in consequence of having received a shot when going from his work.

A large body of seamen came round from Shields and Blyth next morning, it was supposed to assist their fellow tars; but, finding how affairs stood, and that a reinforcement of Light Dragoons had arrived from Newcastle during the night, no further opposition was attempted, and all the ships in the harbour ready to sail were allowed to proceed to sea without the least molestation. A few days afterwards, the seamen withdrew the pretensions on account of which they had struck, and yielded to the owners' terms. The owners, in consideration of the number of men thrown out of work by the influx of new hands during the "stick," agreed in return to take into each of their ships an extra man in addition to its ordinary crew. But, notwithstanding this, many were compelled to withdraw to other ports, and some to other countries, for employment, owing to the accumulation of apprentices while the disagreement lasted. Many honest families were reduced to a state of the greatest distress, nearly the whole of their furniture, in some cases, having been sold to procure support; and it was a long time indeed before the town recovered from the sad effects of the disturbance.

Several of the rioters were tried at the ensuing quarter sessions at Durham, found guilty, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment with hard labour.

Ellicit Whisky in North-West Durham.

DURING the time when there was so heavy a duty in England on whisky, large quantities of that intoxicating liquor were smuggled over the Border from Scotland, where the duty was low. The means adopted by the smugglers in getting it safely across, and so evading the excisemen and supervisors, and thereby the law, were varied and singular. When once across, the contraband article was hawked about the country. Not only Northumberland and Cumberland, but Durham, Yorkshire, and other Northern Counties received a share of the booty. Various modes were adopted in carrying it about. Sometimes it was put in bottles and placed in sacks containing a quantity of bran, meal, or sawdust to hinder them from breaking; sometimes it was placed in small kegs, and at others in large skins and bladders. It was known to those who purchased it under different names, such as "knives and forks," "new milk," and many other equally peculiar appellations.

In addition to the enormous supplies that were smuggled over from Scotland, large quantities were illicitly manufactured in the quieter and more secluded localities of the

Northern Counties. The north-west part of the county of Durham was a favourite one for those persons who followed no legitimate occupation, except that of smuggling, or rather that of the illegitimate manufacturing of whisky. The whereabouts of the law-breakers were seldom known to many; hence they would carry on their calling in some particular spot for many months ere the law officers ousted them out. Their favourite haunts were deep, dark secluded glens, young plantations, the tangled brushwood of older woods, deep gutters, well shaded by thick bushy hedges, and similar localities, where a streamlet or runner of clear, pure, limpid water trickled slowly down. The headwaters of the river Browney and its numerous affluents were favoured localities, for during the period mentioned most of its now full-grown woodlands were young plantations, where the wide-spreading branches of the growing firs and larches gave abundance of shade, shelter, and seclusion. Stanley and Rogpeth Wood on the Deerness, Rowley Gillet on Rowley Burn, Esh Wood on the Sleetburn, other smaller woods in the same locality, Cornsay and Hedley Common or Fell, Butsfield Abbey Woods, Butes's Plantations, and Lambton, or Lord Durham's, Wood, the three latter near the headwaters of the Browney, were all places where the "stiller" plied his trade. The manufacturing in some of these places were carried on for months. Sometimes their whereabouts was betrayed by the curling wreaths of smoke that wended skyward during the day, whilst the glare of the fires at night often showed the "stillers' home" to the eyes of the police and excise officers as they scanned the country from some higher point, and pierced into the darkness of night in search of "prey." In the boiling of the fluids timber was generally used, and, as much of it came out of the fences of the adjoining farms, it was at times the cause of petty fights between the farmer and the stiller. To make good these breaches of friendship the latter had not unfrequently to quit his location, or supply the former as compensation for damage done with what whisky he required. Those who had their haunts near to where the present town of Tow Law stands sometimes used coal, which they obtained in small quantities from the gin-pits then in existence on that part of Cornsay and Hedley Fell; but still there was the smoke to act as a betrayer of their whereabouts. The "smoke nuisance" was eventually remedied when the coke ovens were erected at the above mining village, for coke took the place of coal and wood, but it was not for long.

When the illicit whisky was made and bottled, it was sold at cheap rates—from eighteenpence a bottle. Sometimes the liquor was better than at others, but, at best, it was only little less than poisonous. At times it took deadly effect on those who consumed it, for during an inclement night in the winter of 1821, a respectable inhabitant of Corbridge, returning home from a journey, partook somewhat copiously of this kind of liquor at a (then) low house

between Satley and Wolsingham, and on reaching the road he lost the use of his limbs, and laid himself down among some rushes, where he was found the next morning a lifeless corpse. The poisonous drink which the unfortunate man had partaken of was some which had been illicitly distilled in Lambton's plantation (now cut down), near Salter's Gate, from stuff composed of aquafortis or vitriol and spirits of wine. Within the previous eight weeks three persons had died from drinking the illicit whisky to excess, whilst another had been driven blind and mad.

J. W. FAWCETT.

Coniston and Brantwood.



CONISTON is the name of a village in the English Lake District. A tract around Coniston Water, extending from Yewdale Beck to Torver, forms a chapelry, under the name of Church Coniston, within the parish of Ulverston. Another tract north of Yewdale Beck, round the head of the lake, and more than a couple of miles down the east side, forms another chapelry, under the name of Monk Coniston. The village itself has no regular formation; indeed, it appears to consist of a few groups of cottages and houses; but from whatever point it be viewed, it is always picturesque. Here is a description of the place as it appeared a hundred years ago, written by a local antiquary named West:—

The village of Coniston consists of scattered houses. Many of them have a most romantic appearance, owing to the ground they stand on being extremely steep. Some are snow white; others grey. Some stand forth on bold eminences at the head of green enclosures, backed with steep woods; some are pitched on sweet declivities, and seem hanging in the air; others, again, are on a level with the lake. They are all neatly covered with blue slate, the produce of the mountains, and beautified with ornamental yews, hollies, and tall pines and firs. This is a charming scene when the morning sun tinges all with a variety of tints. The hanging woods, waving enclosures, and airy sites are elegant, beautiful, and picturesque.

The village does not now differ to any appreciable extent from West's description. It is still in harmony with the scenery of the lake. The inhabitants are mainly employed at the adjacent copper mines, which are supposed to have been originally worked by the ancient Britons, and subsequently by the Romans. The excavations and levels penetrate the great mountain which bears the name of Coniston Old Man. A not inconsiderable trade is also done in the exportation of slates, flags, birches, brooms, and timber. A railway which joins the Whitehaven line at a point a few miles south of the lake has given an impetus to trade, and brings crowds of tourists to the village during the summer season.

The buildings in the neighbourhood of Coniston are of no importance in themselves, though they derive much interest from their associations. The church, a plain edifice with a square tower, does not call for detailed

comment ; but an old house in a farmyard, which was the home of Oldfield, the naval hero who piloted Nelson's fleet into action at the battle of the Baltic, attracts the attention of the curious, as also does the inn called the Black Bull, where De Quincey established himself when he visited Coniston.

Coniston Hall, the ancient residence of the Le Fleming family, who came to England from Flanders at the time of the Norman Conquest, occupies a fine position about a mile south of the village and near to the lake. The

lands around it passed, by the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Adam de Urswick, in the reign of Henry III., to Richard Le Fleming ; and Coniston Hall was the seat of his descendants until the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was deserted, and allowed to fall into ruins. Parts of the old place were removed some time ago, and the rest was converted into a farmhouse, the banqueting hall being transformed into a barn.

Situate near the head of the lake is Monk Coniston



CONISTON WATER : FROM THE HEAD OF THE LAKE.

Hall, the seat of Mr. Victor Marshall, which commands fine views of the lovely scenery around.

About a mile from the head of the lake, on the opposite side to Coniston village, is Tent Lodge, built on the site of a tent in which the accomplished Elizabeth Smith (of whom we shall have more to say hereafter) lay during her fatal illness in 1806. The house where she breathed her last is on the other side of the road. Within more recent years the poet Tennyson was, for a short time, the occupant of Tent Lodge.

A modern mansion known as Coniston Bank stands in well-wooded grounds on the same side of the lake.

A mile or so further south, still on the same side of the lake, is Brantwood, memorable as the residence of John Ruskin, the celebrated art critic and philosopher. (Our picture is from a photograph by Mr. Pettitt, Keswick.) Brantwood was formerly occupied by Mr. W. J. Linton, the well-known wood-engraver, poet, and political reformer. It was here that Mr. Linton edited and printed the monthly magazine which he called the *English Republic*. Another poet, Gerald Massey, also dwelt at Brantwood, but only for a short time. Wordsworth's Seat, within the grounds, commands a magnificent view of the lake and the mountains beyond. It derives its name from the circumstance that the Laureate, seated on the spot, used to go into raptures over the beautiful prospect.

Coniston Water cannot well be compared with Derwentwater, Ullswater, or Windermere. It is, in fact, in some respects, only a replica of the latter on a reduced scale. The chief interest of the scene centres in the head of the lake, where the Yewdale Crags, overtopped by the mountain mass of the Old Man, are the dominating

feature of the landscape. The name Old Man is thought to be a corruption of the Alt-Maen, the high rocky hill; other authorities are in favour of Altus Mons, the lofty mountain; but the popular idea is that the imposing mass is so-called from a cairn of stones on the summit, which at a distance bears a slight resemblance to a human figure. The lake is about six miles in length; its average breadth is about half a mile; and its extreme depth is about 160 feet. Trout, perch, pike, and char, the latter of a quality superior to those of any other lake in the locality, are caught in goodly numbers. The shores at the lower end are prettily wooded, but, on the whole, the outline is comparatively tame, and two small islands are not in a position to give much diversity. One is known as Fir Island or Knott's Island, which, when the water in the lake is low, becomes a peninsula. The other, which is variously called Peel Island, Montague Island, and the Gridiron, is a wood-crowned rock. Coniston Water could formerly boast of a floating island, a spongy mass of weeds and foliage some twenty yards square, which was driven about by the winds. During a storm in 1846, it stranded amongst some reeds at the foot of the lake, and ceased to float any more.

A Liddesdale Farmer in the Eighteenth Century.

IN the autumn of 1792, after the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Jedburgh had been closed, Walter Scott, then a young advocate, set out on his first raid into Liddesdale, in quest of old ballads and antiquarian relics. He was accompanied by Robert Shortreed, Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire, who knew every part of the country and was intimately acquainted with every farmer in the pastoral region to be explored. Mounted on a couple of stout ponies, the two gentlemen of the law took their journey south-westward, resting the first night at Abbotrule, a compact little estate, six miles from Jedburgh, which was owned by Charles Kerr, a scion of the Lothian family, and a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. Continuing their south-westward journey, the travellers made straight for Hermitage Castle, an easy day's ride from Abbotrule. At an earlier period Queen Mary accomplished the whole journey, from Jedburgh to Hermitage and back in one day, but the fatigue was so great that a fever resulted, and very nearly proved fatal. Taking a line scarcely so far west as the course followed by the Queen, our travellers seem to have crossed the Rule Water travelled along the high ground by Hawthornside and Stonedge, and gained the summit of the ridge dividing Teviotdale from Liddesdale in the "slack," with the high hill of Windburgh on their left and the two grassy peaks known as "The Maiden's Paps"



MR. RUSKIN'S HOUSE, BRANTWOOD.

not far distant on the right. Thence they could easily proceed to the upper part of "The Nine-Stane Rig," commemorated in Surtees's doubtful ballad.

They shot him on the Nine-Stane Rig,
Beside the headless cross;
And they left him lying in his blood,
Beside the moor and moss.

An enchanting prospect, reaching to the Solway and the mountains of Westmoreland, could here be obtained; and, doubtless, Mr. Shortreed would point out the little circle of standing stones from which the "rig" has derived its name, and where, according to the tradition, Lord Soulis was boiled in a sheet of lead. The story is that the lord of Hermitage was impervious to steel, that water would not drown him, and that against any ordinary assault of the last enemy he had "a charmed life." Not to be beaten, his enemies bethought themselves of having him boiled in a sheet of lead, and so "they burned him, body, and bones, and all."

Descending the "rig," with Whitrope Burn on their right and Roughlea Burn on their left, the travellers alighted at Millburnholm, the abode of Willie Elliot, a Liddesdale farmer, well known to Scott's fellow traveller. The "holm," or haugh, is a level space on the left side of Hermitage Water, just where it is joined by Whitrope Burn. At present the site is occupied by two cottages, one of them inhabited by a ploughman, the other by the shepherd who has charge of the "rig," now laid in to the adjoining farm of Hermitage. A road passes the door, and close at hand is a milestone, indicating that the distance is 64 miles from Edinburgh, 15 from Hawick, and five from the village of Newcastleton. On every hand are grassy hills, and a quarter of a mile farther up the Hermitage Vale are visible the grey walls of Hermitage Castle. There is no mill now, nor any tradition of one; but, doubtless, the mill to which the Hermitage vassals were "thirled" had existence in the neighbourhood at some early period.

Thirty years ago the old farm-house at Millburnholm existed in much the same condition as it was at the time of Scott's visit, only it was inhabited by a shepherd. It was a quaint specimen of the old-fashioned Scottish homestead. Part of it was only one storey, but that seemed to have been added on to the original house, which was one storey with attics. The windows on the ground floor were small, and did not admit much light; but those above were still smaller, and looked out through a thatched roof. A chimney on either gable was made of rushes, fastened together with ropes of straw or hay. Against the outside wall, near the door, was a stone and turf erection known as a "loupin'-on-stane." There were no wheeled conveyances then in the district: the ordinary mode of transit was for the wife to ride on horseback on a pad, behind her husband. The good dame ascended the "loupin'-on-stane," which was done by a short flight of steps, and thence easily transferred herself to her seat on the horse's back. Inside the house of Millburnholm were

two moderate-sized rooms, one serving for the kitchen, the other doing duty as a sitting-room, but off it was a small inner sanctum. Above were two bedrooms, so low in the roof that a man of ordinary stature could not stand upright. The arrival of Shortreed himself at Millburnholm would have excited little commotion, but Willie Elliot was in some trepidation when told that the stranger was an advocate from Edinburgh. Leading the advocate's horse to the stable round the corner, he looked back and observed Scott caressing the dogs, on which he felt reassured, and whispered to Shortreed, "Weel, Robin, deil hae me if I'se be a bit feared for him now: he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." Over the punch-bowl the two speedily became great friends: and on each of seven successive years Scott visited Willie Elliot at Millburnholm. According to Shortreed, this Goodman of Millburnholm was the original of Dandie Dinmont; and this opinion was endorsed to some extent by Lockhart, who wrote that, "as he seems to have been the first of these upland sheep farmers visited by Scott, there can be little doubt that he sat for some parts of that inimitable portraiture." At Millburnholm the worthy man continued to enjoy for years a placid old age, taking life easy, and making himself comfortable, occasionally with a cheerful glass of whisky. At the time of the False Alarm, when it was rumoured that Bonaparte had landed on the British shores, the Liddesdale Volunteers passed Willie's door on the way to Hawick. He was out with the bottle to give them a refresher; and as they left to cross the "edge," as the dividing line between Liddesdale and Teviotdale is called, he charged them boldly to face the tyrant and "dinna let him ower the edge."

Forty years before the date of Scott's visit to Millburnholm, Willie Elliot's father, Robert Elliot, occupied most of the land on Hermitage Water from Millburnholm upward, to the extent of some thousands of acres. A manuscript containing his farm and household accounts from 1748 to 1755 is still in existence, and sheds some curious light on the transactions of that period. The writing is in a good, legible roundhand, the words are Scotch, and the spelling is peculiar, but very quaint. Some specimens will serve to illustrate the prices and modes of living at that time in the secluded district of Liddesdale, the noted resort of Border thieves in earlier days.

The price of horses will appear from an entry in 1753, where, among "the goods and gear bought by me this year," there is a "mear and foll, at £59s."; and the same year, "sold to a Mers-man (a Berwickshire man), a black mear, at £5 ls." The average price of cattle will be seen from the following:—"From my godfather, a three-year-old stott, £3 5s."; and "from Adam Beattie, Erntage, two stirks and an eild cow, at £4." Among the transactions in 1748 was a sale "to Adam Slight two fat cows at £2 10s," and a purchase "from John Armstrong, a four-year-old quey, at £2." Another purchase was "from

John Elliot, 2 stotts, at £6 5s.; and he gave me sixpence again." The "stotts" may have been good, but the luckpenny was not large. Other purchases were "from Robert Hutton at Sundhope, two stirks at £2"; and "from James Laidlaw, in Riccarton mill, a stirk of the goodwife's at the mill, at £1 3s." The cattle of the district at the time were small and hardy, capable of pasturing on the hill all the year round, and generally black in colour. On the 28th July, 1749, Mr. Elliot got £30 9s. from John and Adam Slight, to whom he had sold "two oxen and six bestial, at three guineas a beast, and a grey filly at five guineas." On the 10th of August, the same year, he "bought from Merrylaws two oxen that I paid ready money for; and I got a shilling of luckpenny."

The majority of the transactions were connected with sheep and wool. In 1753, Robert Elliot bought "13 lambs, 12 payable, at 3s. 2d. a-piece." Thirteen lambs to the dozen, and the whole thirteen for 38s., would be regarded as a windfall by purchasers in the present day; but Robert Elliot accepted still lower prices for another lot, and sold "57 lambs at 2s. 2½d. the piece." In another entry he says, "To my mother one score ten lambs no pris mad; it must be £3 15s." That was thirty lambs for 75s., but possibly they were given as a bargain to his mother. On the 12th July, 1749, he bought from Adam Croser one score sixteen lambs, and "paid him full 48 shillings, but got sixpence again." On the 17th of the same month, he "sold to Robert Hyslop in Woolerhirst eight score ten lambs, seven payable at £0 2s. 4d. a-piece, and sixpence more referred in my will. He is to receive them on the 19th inst., and give bill for payment." At the same time he "bought from James Jackson eighteen lambs all payable at half a crown a-piece." On the same day he "sold to John Armstrong in Whithaugh, 22 lambs, 21 payable at half a crown the piece, in trust till Martinmas, without a bill."

The wages paid by this Border farmer were curious. In May, 1748, is the following entry:—"Hyred Jean Nickle and Hana Little, till Lady Day, for a ston of wool a-piece, and nine shillings." Again, "Janey Nickle for a stone of wool till Martinmas, and 18s."; and "Adam Scott till Martinmas for a pair of shoes and one pound." The shoes of that period were of the kind made by the Souters o' Selkirk—single-soled; and were made of untanned hides. It was customary for men to stitch on an additional sole, for which materials were provided by the master if the men were boarded in the house. Sometimes the shoes cost little money, as indicated by a payment of one shilling "to Will Mitchellhill to buy shoes"; but a pair to Jean Tealfer cost 2s. 10d. In 1749, the hirings generally were at "the old wage"; but Jean Hyslop got "a ston of wool, a pair of shoes, and eleven shillings," Jean Little, "a ston of wool, a pair of shoes, and 17 shillings"; and others at similar rates for the half year.

William Gladstone was engaged from Whit Sunday till Martinmas for £1 7s., but had the harvest to himself. In 1750, Hendry Glendinning was hired for the year to be paid with twelve sheep's grass, and hose, and ten shillings. William Gladstone was "to haud the plough for five sheep's grass and £3 10," and Walter Hyslop was "to herd the gorranberry sheep for 45 sheep's grass" for the year.

JAMES TAIT.

The Warblers.



It is proposed this month to deal with four of the members of the warbler family which frequent the Northern Counties—the willow warbler, the wood warbler, the whitethroat, and the lesser whitethroat.

The willow warbler (*Sylvia trochilus*) has a variety of common names, such as yellow warbler, ground wren, hay bird, &c. It is a spring and autumn migrant, arriving in April and leaving in September. Like other warblers, it is an insect feeder, and generally sings from the topmost branches of trees, and sometimes when on the wing.

The bird frequents tall hedges near meadows, the



wooded margins of brooks, and where underwood abounds. It also has a partiality for orchards, where it finds abundance of insect food. It is a pretty little bird, and is very active and industrious in search of food, especially when catering for its young family. Its song, though not of much variety, is pleasing. It consists, according to Macgillivray, of a repetition of the syllable "twee" about a dozen times, the first notes prolonged, the rest gradually falling and becoming shorter. "When warbling its sweet and melodious lay, the throat is some-

times swelled out and the whole body trills with the effort."

The male is five inches long. Its typical bill is dusky brown, the under mandible tinged with yellow. From the base of the bill above, to the root of the tail, the prevailing colour is that of the chiff-chaff, with a shade more of olive green. The wings and tail are dark brown, shaded with black, with a yellow patch at the root of the tail above. A yellow patch extends from the base of the bill to the shoulders, with a dark streak across the eye. The lower part of the body is white, tinged with yellow. The legs, slender and delicate, are a rich brown. The female is a little larger than the male, but her plumage is not so brilliant.

The wood warbler, or wood wren (*Sylvia sibilatrix*) is often confounded with the willow warbler, from which it is distinguished by the greener hue of the back plumage and yellow-edged feathers of the wing and tail. The various common names of the bird are rather puzzling, especially as some of them more properly belong to others of the family. Thus it is known as the yellow warbler, yellow willow wren, large willow wren, green wren, and willie mufti. Like most of our summer visitants, the wood warbler winters in Northern Africa, Egypt, and Asia.

It is perhaps oftener seen in the woods of Northumberland and Durham than in any other part of England.



As it frequents high leafy trees—the oak, beech, and birch—it is not so often seen as some of the other members of the family. It is lively and shifty in its movements, and may be seen frequently gliding and fitting amid the high branches in search of food, which chiefly consists of insects and their larvae, the former being occasionally captured on the wing. The bird mostly gives forth its simple yet sweet song from the topmost branches of the tallest tree in the wood. It commences low, and as the song increases in volume its wings are moved in a tremulous manner, and its tail jerked up and down. When the males first arrive, they sing nearly all day long. The song resembles the syllables "twee, twee, twee,"

with variations, and is continued till nearly the period of the autumnal migration, about the middle of September.

In length the male is nearly five inches and a quarter. The general colour on the upper parts of the body is a soft green, tinged with grey, and pure white below, the latter characteristic having earned for the bird the name of "lainty-white." The green of the upper plumage extends from the base of the short blackish-brown bill to the root of the tail, where the plumage merges into a crescent-shaped yellow patch. The upper mandible of the beak is darker than the under, and the inside of the mouth is a fine orange yellow. A streak of clear yellow passes from the base of the lower mandible over the eyes; and under it, before and behind the eye, there is a very slight brownish line. The iris of the eye is a rich dark brown, and the eyelids pale yellow; the head, on the sides, is yellow, tinged with brown and green; the crown, back, and nape, is olive green, tinged with yellow; and the whole of the under part is white. The wings, when closed, extend over three-fourths of the length of the tail, and are of a beautiful brown, the feathers edged with yellow and green; and the tail feathers are marked in a similar manner. The legs, toes, and claws are brown. The female closely resembles the male in size and plumage.

The whitethroat (*Sylvia cinerea*) is the most common of all the warbler family. It is known as Peggy Whitethroat, nettlecreeper, wheetee-why, whitethroated warbler, wheatie, and blathering Tam; but these by no means exhaust the list of common names. Like the rest of the warbler family, it is a spring and autumn migrant, and makes its appearance in the North of England about



the end of April, sooner or later, according to the state of the weather. It is very numerous in Northumberland and Durham. Mr. Hancock has the following brief note on the bird:—"This is the commonest of our warblers, and is very generally distributed; it frequently nests in the low herbage by roadsides, coming and going with the other warblers."

The bird is active and lively in its habits, and in summer its "churring" cry and song may be frequently

heard among tall hedgerows, underwood, and in gardens. It also frequents the outsides of woods, and may often be seen and heard amongst brushwood and whin coverts. Amid the hedges and bushes its sharp "churr" may often be heard when the bird is unseen. It is also sometimes heard singing on the wing, and its quick and hurried song, though a trifle harsh, is by no means unpleasant. From the top of a hedge or bush the white-throat frequently launches itself into the air, and flies round in a circle, singing all the while, not unlike the meadow pipit. Its alarm note resembles the syllable "churr," and the call note "twed twed," followed often by "cha, cha, cha," and the well-known "churr."

The male is from five to six inches long, but the length of the tail, nearly an inch and a half, makes the bird look bigger than it really is, for it weighs only about four drachms. Its plumage is very distinctively marked. The short and slender bill is of a bluish brown, the under mandible inclining to yellow with a bluish tinge, and the corners of the mouth yellowish green. The iris is brownish yellow, eyelids olive brown, and over the eyes is a faint streak of yellowish white. The head, on the crown, is slate grey with a rufous tinge; neck, on the sides, pale brownish grey. The back plumage of the nape of the neck to near the root of the tail is a warm brown colour. The wings, which extend to an inch and a half from the tip of the tail, have a spread of eight inches, and the feathers are handsomely marked with pale brown at the edges, the longer wing feathers being of a much darker brown. The tail is rather rounded, of a dark brown, the feathers being graduated, and slightly decreasing in length from the middle to the side feathers. The base of the tail above, near the tip of the wings, is coloured like the crown of the head. The plumage of the chin and throat is silvery white, and contrasts strongly with the rufous-coloured back plumage. The breast is of a pale dull white, slightly suffused with rose colour, shaded off at the sides with yellowish white, and into greyish white below. The legs are a pale brown, and the toes and claws are of a darker hue. The female is about the same size as the male, but her plumage is altogether duller than that of her mate, and devoid of the rosy tint on the breast so distinctive of the male bird when in full nuptial feather.

The lesser whitethroat (*Sylvia curruca*) is not so numerous as the greater whitethroat, and is more shy in its habits. Not being so well-known, it has not such a variety of common names as its larger relative. It is sometimes called babillard, the babbling warbler, and the garrulous fauvette.

It is a courageous and pugnacious little creature, and often attacks larger birds and drives them from the neighbourhood of its nest. Bechstein remarks that "throughout Germany this bird is called the 'little miller,' because some peculiar notes in its song resemble the noise of a mill—'klap,' 'klap,' 'klap,' 'klap.'"

The length of the male bird is five inches and a quarter. The slender bill, so typical of the family, is bluish black, the base of the lower mandible inclining to yellow; iris, yellowish white—in some cases nearly white. The crown of the head is brownish grey, while the back plumage has a warmer tinge of brown. The chin, throat, and breast are white, the latter slightly tinged with red. The sides are yellowish grey, with a warmish tinge. The wings



spread eight inches, and are of a fine brown hue, the feathers being edged with yellowish brown. The wings seem short in proportion to the tail, which is rather long, and of a blackish-brown colour, the feathers being much lighter at the edges. The female is rather smaller than the male, which she resembles in plumage, but the sides of the head are paler in colour, while the plumage on the crown of the head is not so boldly marked.

Bishop Bury's Lending Library.

THE first Lending Library established in England was that of the Bishop of Durham, Richard de Bury, now almost forgotten even in the diocese where once he famously flourished.

Richard de Bury, so called from his birthplace in the county of Suffolk, was the son of Sir Richard de Aungerville. Born in the year 1231, when the extended walls of Newcastle were a-building, he was sent to Oxford in his youth, and passed through his college course with honour. He then became a monk in the convent of Durham, and was subsequently selected as tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward the Third. The duties of this office were so well discharged as to commend him to royal favour, and open a way for his advancement in Church and State. At home and

abroad he distinguished himself in the public service; and in the year 1333 he was made Bishop of Durham, entertaining the King and Queen and a noble company at his installation.

"One of the learnedest men of his time, and also a very great patron and encourager of learning," his employments afforded him frequent and favourable opportunities for the acquirement of books. These he had judiciously improved wherever he went, so that it is said of him he possessed a larger collection of books than all the rest of the bishops of England put together. His love of literature was intense, and is commemorated for all time in his *Philobiblon*, a manuscript copy of which is comprised in Bishop Cosin's bequest at Durham, "extremely curious as affording one of the earliest accounts of the collection and arrangement of a library." (Surtees's "History of Durham.")

It was in the year 1333, when the meridian of his days had been attained, that he was made Bishop of Durham, and seated on the Wear, with all his treasures about him. The common apartment of his palace would seem, by description, to have resembled the study of Monkbarne in the "Antiquary." So littered was the floor with books, papers, and other possessions of the kind, that the officers of his establishment could not get at him with due reverence and ceremony—a perplexity as to which his lordship probably troubled himself very little. He had transcribers, illuminators, and binders in his service; and the sons of the Northern gentry were members of his household, and educated under his roof. When the seasons came round at which the customary offerings were presented to the Count Palatine, they never came to him with warmer welcome than in the form of books; and yet he largely valued other riches for the means they gave him of doing good, and works of charity accompanied his daily steps. It was his wont, in going to and fro, to distribute stated sums:—Between Durham and Newcastle, £8; Durham and Stockton, £5; Durham and Auckland, 5 marks (£3 16s. 8d.); Durham and Middlesbrough, £5; amounts bearing due proportion, no doubt, to the then population between the respective places.

But what gives him his peculiar claim to our notice, just now, is his foundation of a public library in Oxford. The students of the hall in which the books were lodged had the free use of them, under "a provident arrangement," drawn up by the donor; who enacted, besides, "that books might be lent to strangers," being students of the university not belonging to the hall, the keepers taking as security a sum exceeding the value of the loan. ("Biographia Britannica," Surtees's "Durham," and Chambers's "Book of Days.")

Thus do we see that a Public Lending Library, the first in the kingdom, was the benefaction of this Bishop of Durham, who died at Auckland on the 14th of April, 1345, and was buried in the Cathedral. Sumptuous was

the ceremony: and the Sacrist vindicated his claim to the funeral furniture, with the horses that drew the hearse, and a mule that played a less prominent part in the train.

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

The Morning Star of the Reformation.



OME few miles to the north-east of Barnard Castle, by the tree-shaded banks of the river Tees, as it forces its way over its rocky bed, one comes upon a few small cottages and an old ivy-covered church, half-hidden from sight by trees, and secluded by high surrounding cliffs and lack of roads from the busy world of toil and pleasure. Here is a lonely, forgotten hamlet, which, by tradition of the best authorities, gave birth and name to one of the most prominent men in English history. Wycliffe, for that is the name of the village, calls up rich associations, and takes the memory back to the middle of that long period of history which we commonly brand with the title of the Dark Ages. Not Dark; Mediæval were better, or the Awakening; for was it not the time that gave us Dante, and Petrarch, and Boccaccio? And did it not bequeath to us that priceless boon which has inextinguishably lighted up the whole world as no other discovery of man has done—I mean the invention of printing? It is, indeed, a period rich in the names of great men—Erigena, Roger Bacon, John of Salisbury, Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet, Melancthon, and our own father of English literature, Chaucer, to mention only a few. Not Dark, at least.

About 1324, then, at Wycliffe, though some say it was at or near Richmond, John de Wycliffe, called by his admirers the Morning Star of the Reformation, was born. John Leland, the antiquary, claims for the Reformer's birthplace a small village near Richmond, some ten miles to the south; but it seems more pleasant to think that he was one of the family that took its name from, or gave its name to, the estate of Wycliffe, and had held it from very early times—from the Norman Conquest, perhaps—and continued there till 1606, when the lands passed to the Tunstalls by marriage.

Wycliffe Church, as we look at it now, has probably not changed greatly since the days when Wycliffe worshipped there, and when his mind would perhaps receive that seed which afterwards grew into so stout a tree. The building has an ancient and worn-out look, and its dilapidated appearance certainly impresses us with its venerable age. The outer walls are nothing but a patchwork of irregular masonry, reminding one of nothing so much as an old worsted stocking that has been darned and darned until there is none of the original fabric left, and it will bear darning no more. The church, not a large one, is a long, low building, consisting of chancel and

nave, the former of which has been added at a later date, and is not built on the same line as the nave. The roof is flat, and at one end is an old bell-turret. Entering by the porch, it is seen at a glance that the windows are the most interesting part of the interior, for they contain some fragments of what were formerly fine stained glass lights. Some of them have kept the Early English arches with graceful mullions and traceries. The interior of the church is quaint rather than attractive, and certainly is not ornate. The nave, except for its windows, the double row of seats, and the font and oaken beams of the roof, is singularly plain.

The village of Wycliffe contains only two other buildings of any size, or that demand anything more than passing notice. Wycliffe Hall of to-day is a comparatively modern structure. It is a well-built, handsome mansion of stone, regularly planned, and in its walls are incorporated portions of the old home of the Wycliffes, but these are for the most part out of sight. The rectory, close to the church, is pleasantly situated, and, seen from the river, seems greatly out of proportion to the diminutive village wedged in between its back wall and the Tees. Within its walls is a valuable relic of the great Reformer—a portrait of John Wycliffe, painted by Sir Antonio More—which was presented as an heirloom to future rectors of Wycliffe by the Rev. Thomas Zouch, A.M., a former incumbent. It is from an engraving by Edward Finden of this portrait that the accompanying illustration is taken.

Only the most meagre record has come down to us of the early years of Wycliffe—almost nothing, indeed, and that so uncertain as to be of no more value than interesting traditions. Of his later life, the important part of his history, we have, fortunately, ample details. Such accounts as have been preserved speak of his life as one of spotless purity, and the early part of it was probably spent in pious seclusion and diligent study. He was already past middle age when he was appointed Master of Balliol College, Oxford, which had been founded by the Balliols, of Barnard Castle, close by his old home. At that time the University of Oxford was the centre of learning in Europe, preceding even Paris. Amongst the thirty thousand students then at Oxford he was recognised as the first of the schoolmen of his day. Lyons, Paris, and Cologne borrowed their professors from Oxford; and in Oxford Wycliffe stood foremost. Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham had been his predecessors, and from the last he borrowed the principles of his earliest efforts at Church reform, whilst to a former Master of Balliol, Bradwardine, he owed the tendency, shown in the speculative treatises he published at this time, to a predestinarian Augustinianism which formed the basis of his later theological revolt from Rome. Add to this that he was "the founder of our later English prose, a master of popular invective and irony and persuasion, a dexterous politician, a daring partisan, the

organiser of a religious order, the unsparing assailant of abuses, the boldest and most indefatigable of controversialists, the first Reformer who dared, when deserted and alone, to question and deny the creed of Christendom around him."

The history of the second half of Wycliffe's life forms a notable page in European history. The Church had sunk to its lowest point of spiritual decay. The Black and Grey Friars of Dominic and Francis had grown corrupt, and his collision with these Mendicants in violently opposing their encroachments has often been adduced as the first notable achievement which marked out the future tenour of his life. But the real throwing down of the gauntlet was his action in opposition to Urban V., whose demand in 1365 for the thirty-three years' arrears of the tribute promised by King John



John de Wycliffe.

From engraving by Edw. Finden, after original picture by Sir Antonio More, now an heirloom in the Rectory of Wycliffe, Richmondshire. Presented by Thomas Zouch, A.M., a former rector of this church.

brought matters to a crisis. The English king and Parliament returned such an answer that the Pope's lordship over England was never afterwards put forward. Then it became evident that the thin, retired student was also a man of dauntless spirit and indomitable energy, jealous of the liberties of his country, and always indignant at the corruptions of the Church, Wycliffe's treatise, "*De Dominio Divino*," roused against him the anger of the hierarchy. Doubtless the English Parliament was wearied at this time with the exactions of the Papal Court at Avignon, exactions which had existed long, but were still waxing worse; and so England was in a condition of revolt. But it was no small

matter—indeed, a very great help—that the most learned doctor at Oxford, the most accomplished school-man of his age, with a reputation in which the most piercing eyes of his foes could not detect a flaw, should be ranged on the side of the liberties of England. This conduct of his strengthened the favour in which he was held at Court, mainly held before through his friendship with John of Gaunt. And he was not forgotten in high quarters; for, in 1375, he was presented by the Crown to the living of Lutterworth. But he still retained his position at Oxford.

Wycliffe was looked upon as the theological bulwark of the Lancastrian party, and the clergy resolved to strike a blow, summoning him before Bishop Courtenay of London for his heretical propositions concerning the wealth of the Church. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, accepted the challenge as given to himself, and stood by the side of Wycliffe in the Consistory Court at St. Paul's. The trial, however, did not take place, for John of Gaunt was a man of acts, not satisfied with words.

It is not difficult to understand the close friendship between Wycliffe and this man of intrigue and ambition. The glorious part of the reign of Edward III., the wars with France and Scotland, the battles of Sluys, of Crescy, and of Poitiers, and of Halidon Hill and Neville's Cross in this North-Country, were forgotten amid the terrors of the Black Death and the poverty entailed on the one hand by the demands of an impoverished King and Parliament, and on the other by the claims of the Church. The older religious orders were sunk into mere landowners, and were surfeited with luxury, while the higher prelates and wealthy clergy were too much occupied by the noise of their own dissensions to notice anything that occurred outside their own pale, however much it might concern them. Yet

here were the daring and avaricious barons under John of Gaunt eager to drive the prelates from office and seize on their wealth. Wycliffe, though far from being animated by the same motives as the Duke of Lancaster, joined his party because he saw that in part at least they were striving to attain the same end. At present Wycliffe's quarrel was not with the doctrine, but with the practice of the Church.

At St. Paul's, then, it is not out of keeping with the character of John of Gaunt when he undertakes to settle the dispute in his own way by threatening to drag the Bishop of London out of the church by the hair of his head. His violence was so great that the populace of London had to burst in and rescue their bishop, and they in their turn placed Wycliffe's life in danger, for he was only with difficulty saved by the soldiery.

Then came the revolt of the peasants under Wat Tyler and John Ball, and in a few months all Wycliffe's work of Church reform was undone. The Lancastrian party lost all its power, the quarrel between the Church and the baronage was quelled in the presence of a common danger, and much of the odium of the outbreak fell on the Reformer. His enemies the Friars charged Wycliffe with being a sower of strife; and, though he rejected the charge disdainfully, he had to bear the weight of a suspicion that some of his followers justified. Apart from the ill effects of this rising, he now alienated himself from all his friends by taking up a new position; literally a novel one, for he became by his action the First Protestant. Hitherto he had posed as a reformer of the discipline and political relations of the Church. Now he protested against one of its cardinal beliefs, the doctrine of transubstantiation.

The monks and friars were unceasing in their persecution of Wycliffe, and bulls were sent from Pope Gregory



XL, the last in Avignon before the Great Schism, calling for action against the Reformer. In the midst of this Edward III. died, and the widow of the Black Prince, the mother of the young King Richard II., was friendly to Wycliffe. But letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury at last compelled the Chancellor of Oxford University to send the offender to London. The support of the Crown paralysed all action against him, and he returned home, only to be summoned once more to the capital to meet his accusers. But the people rallied round him, and raised such a tumult that the bishop broke up the court, and he again returned unharmed, his course thenceforward being more determined than ever.

On the death of Gregory (1378) followed the double election to the Papal throne, and the Great Schism of the West. This exercised a profound influence on Wycliffe, and when he beheld two who called themselves by the holiest name on earth hurling anathemas at each other he no longer saw in them a true Pope and a false between whom to choose, but rather two that were false alike—two halves of anti-Christ. Then Wycliffe announced in the pulpit at Oxford his belief that the Roman doctrine of transubstantiation was anti-Scriptural, and immediately (1382) followed the latest attempt to suppress him. Probably, however, the Schism occupying men's thoughts, as it must have done, and



weakening the Church's central authority, may have prevented the searching out of heretics for due punishment with the same energy as before; hence Wycliffe, the object of so keen a hatred, was suffered to die in his bed instead of at the stake. At any rate, though he found it prudent to withdraw from Oxford, he was allowed to spend the two remaining years of his life unmolested at Lutterworth.

The great Reformer was seized with a stroke of paralysis while he was hearing mass in his parish church, and he died the next day at the close of 1384. V.

Notes and Commentaries.

A NEWBROUGH CENTENARIAN.

Mrs. Mary Teasdale, of Nun's Bush, Newbrough, near Hexham, who was born at Kirkharle, near Alston, completed her 101st year on August 12, 1890. Nun's Bush, which is supposed to have been formerly the site of a nunnery, is about a mile from the ancient and

salubrious village of Newbrough. The old lady, who lives with her son, Mr. John Teasdale, a lead miner, is still tolerably hale and hearty. She can enjoy her pipe, too, for, like many another old woman, she indulges in tobacco smoking. She has the use of her eyesight, her memory is still pretty good, and she can "drive a good crack" about olden times.



MRS. MARY TEASDALE.

Mrs. Teasdale lost her husband when her family—a tolerably large one—were very young. So she had to do such farm work as "shearing," in order to maintain her children. In short, all through life she has had to work hard. The old lady's grandfather and grandmother lived to upwards of a hundred years of age. The accompanying portrait has been taken from a photograph by Mr. Brown, of Newbrough. M. H.

"HENWIFE JACK."

Many old residents in Newcastle will remember the familiar figure and voice of an oyster vendor who, some forty years back, perambulated the streets at nights, calling oysters with a voice so loud that it could be heard nearly all over the town. On a still night, when he was in the neighbourhood of Westgate Hill, his voice could be distinctly heard at Dunston, which is upwards of a mile off, as "the crow flies." His name was John Turnbull, better known as "Henwife Jack." Jack for many years was almost constantly in the company of fishwives, among whom he spent his happiest hours.

Hence the nickname. This Newcastle worthy was rather tall, lank, and lean, and as straight as a drill sergeant. He was also an expert walker, and went over the ground at a rapid pace with his basket on his head. I knew Jack fifty years back. At that time, and for many years afterwards, he hawked fish in Dunston and the adjacent villages. But, I regret to say, this poor creature was much persecuted by the villagers, who delighted to call him foul names. He got so accustomed to these insults, however, that he seldom took any notice of them. Poor Jack, like other mortals, got his time over. He took an illness nearly twenty years ago, and "shuffled off this mortal coil."

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, Dunston.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A TEST OF RESPECTABILITY.

One "pay" Saturday, two pitman who had been "on the drink" for an hour or two, met in the Bigg Market, Newcastle, and commenced to argue as to which of the twain was the more respectable. "Noo," observed one of the thirsty souls, "aa tell thoo that aa's mair respectable than thoo; for aa could git strap for a gallon, whor thoo could oney git put doon for a gill!"

NATURAL HISTORY.

Some few years ago a bottlemaker, whom we shall call Bob, had been out for a walk in the neighbourhood of West Hartlepool. Bob came home sorely puzzled. Meeting one of his fellow-workmen, he said to him, "Man, aa hev had a waak in the country, an' aa seed the curiouses thing thoo ivor seed. It was like a cuddy, an' it wasint a cuddy; it was like a horse, an' it wasint a horse. Aa'm blowed if aa knaa whaat it was." "Oo," says Bob's mate, "aa knaa whaat it's been; it's been a mule, Bob." "A whaat?" returned Bob; "it's ne use ye taaking that way. Aa tell ye it wasint a bord at aall, man!"

THE BOY AND THE BEER.

A bricklayer called to a lad, "Bring me a quairt of beer?" "Aall reet," replied the boy, "but whor's the money?" "Wey," remarked the man, "onnybody can get beer wi' money, but it wad show hoo clivvor ye wor if ye got it wivoot." The youth said no more, but went and brought an empty jug. "What's this?" said the thirsty son of toil, "a jug—but ne beer!" "Aye," was the observation, "ne beer. Onnybody can drink beer oot of a pot that's full; but ye'd be mighty clivvor if ye could drink beer, or owt else, out of a pot that hes nowt in't!"

COCKNEY ENGLISH.

Some three months ago, a steamer left Newcastle for China, having on board a very large number of passengers. Amongst them were a Tynesider and a Cockney.

The latter, in the course of conversation, proposed to have a "spelling bee." "Noo," said the Tynesider, "aa'll ask ye the forst yen." "Right," replied the Cockney. Seated as they were in the saloon, the thought naturally occurred to the Tynesider to ask, "Can ye spell 'saloon'?" "Of course I can," replied his London friend, "it's quite easy," and, in apparent triumph, he added, "There's a hee, and a hey, and a hell, and two hoes, and a hen." "Begox," exclaimed the Tynesider, "if 'saloon' haads aall them, let's oot o' this!"

THE ARCHDEACON AND THE STONE-BREAKER.

A good tale is told of a kind-hearted North-Country archdeacon and an old protégé of his, whose humble occupation it was to break stones by the roadside. Stopping one day to have a chat, the old stone-breaker remarked upon the hardness of his task, and the kindly archdeacon promised to look out for an easier job for him. Several times "Old John" reminded the archdeacon of his promise; but a suitable situation was slow in offering itself. About a year passed, when John, on hearing of the death of the bishop of the diocese, posted off to see the archdeacon. Says John, "Aa's cum te see ye aboot thesitation, sor." "Well, John," replied the ecclesiastic, "I'm sorry nothing has turned up yet." "Whaat!" says John, "de ye mean to say the bishop isn't deed?" "Yes, certainly, but you can hardly take that post, John." "No, sor," replied the old man, "not mysel, but aa can hire a substitoot!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Miss Charlotte Bond, of Winchester Terrace, Newcastle, a lady well known for her benevolence and philanthropy, died on the 10th of September. The deceased was a sister-in-law of Alderman W. H. Stephenson.

On the 11th of September, James Tearney, better known as "Blind Jimmy," a notorious South Shields character, died in the Union Workhouse at Harton. The police records showed that, since 1865, he had been charged before the magistrates no fewer than 123 times, the offences being almost exclusively drunkenness, disorderly conduct, assaults, and wilful damage. The deceased was 46 years of age.

Mr. Fred Gosman, who for twenty-three years had been connected with the Coal Trade Association and Mining Institute, in the capacity of assistant-secretary and cashier, died in Newcastle on the 13th of September. Apart from his official position, he was best known for his musical attainments, which were very considerable. He was fond of literary pursuits, and some time since published a work entitled "Seven Days in London," which became very popular. He further published a "Guide to Newcastle," and a yearly book recording past events in Newcastle and district.

The death took place, on the same day, of Mr. William Watson Fairles, son of the late Mr. Nicholas Fairles, J.P., of South Shields, who was murdered near Jarrow

Slake in June, 1832. The deceased gentleman belonged to one of the oldest families in South Shields, and had reached the advanced age of eighty-nine years. (See vol. for 1888, pp. 83 and 236.)

Mr. Thomas Walton, who for nearly a quarter of a century had acted as representative of the *Newcastle Chronicle* at Durham, died in that city on the 17th of September, aged 51. Mr. Walton was an energetic and painstaking journalist, and was much respected by his employers, colleagues, and the general public of the county of Durham.

Mr. David Milne-Home, of Milne Gradon, Coldstream, died on the 19th of September, at the advanced age of 85 years. The deceased gentleman was a brother of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, and assumed the name Milne-Home on marrying Miss Jean Home, of Wedderburn and Billie, Berwickshire.

Mr. Henry Salkeld, of East Boldon, who had been between the last thirty and thirty-five years a servant of the River Tyne Commissioners, died suddenly on the platform at Cleadon Lane Station on the 20th of September. The deceased was at one time a member of the Tynemouth Town Council, and had long taken an active interest in local public affairs.

On the same day, an old resident of Jarrow passed away in the person of Mr. Henry Hunting, aged 74. Deceased was manager of Messrs. Palmer and Co.'s iron-works for the space of fourteen years.

On the 22nd of September, the Rev. R. E. Beaumont died at Newsham Hall, near Winston, Barnard Castle.

The death was announced, on the 23rd of September, of Dr. Peter Hood, of Seymour Street, London. Dr. Hood was a native of Gateshead, and was in the 82nd year of his age.

On the 24th of September, the death occurred, somewhat suddenly, of Mr. R. K. Liddle, who for fourteen years had occupied the position of senior verger at Durham Cathedral. The deceased was 60 years of age.

Mr. Frederic Donnison, a well-known citizen of Newcastle, of which he was a native and a freeman, died on the 24th of September. The deceased, who was at one time connected with the Customs, but subsequently became an accountant and property agent, was 76 years of age.

On the 26th of September, Mr. John Price, formerly foreman bookbinder with Messrs. M. and M. W. Lambert, and afterwards agent for the Industrial Dwellings Company, died suddenly at his residence in Ridley Place, Newcastle. The deceased, who also devoted a good deal of time to literary work, and had frequently contributed to the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was 60 years of age.

Mr. John Corner, for many years a merchant of Whitby, and long intimately associated with many good works for the benefit of Staithes and Remswick fishermen, died at his London residence on the 27th of September. Mr. Corner was much devoted to antiquarian and scientific pursuits, and had only recently become the possessor of the original manuscript of Captain Cook's journal of his voyage round the world.

Mr. Adam Laidlaw, head of the old-established brush-making business conducted by his family in Newcastle, died on the 27th of September, in the 64th year of his age.

The Rev. John Dodd, who for thirty-eight years had been curate and vicar of Lumley, died on the 8th of October.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER,

11.—A council meeting of the Durham Miners' Association was held at Durham, to take into consideration the owners' offer to reduce coal-drawing from eleven to ten hours. The offer was accepted, to come into force on January 1st next. The Wearmouth strike was also discussed, and it was agreed that the men should commence work at once at seven hours, and continue till the details of the ten hours were finally settled.

12.—At the invitation of the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, a large number of the payers of dues and others paid a visit of inspection to the works of the Commissioners on the river and its banks.

13.—It was announced that the number of children enrolled up to this date as members of the Dicky Bird Society, managed by Uncle Toby through the Children's Corner of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, exceeded 200,000.

—Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Leckwood, Q.C., M.P., addressed a political meeting at West Hartlepool. On the 20th, Sir Charles spoke at Darlington.

—Two workmen, named William Gates and Thomas Rawlings, were repairing a pumping engine in the Hetton seam of the Tyne Coal Company's pit at Hebburn, when a valve opened, and the escaping steam so severely scalded them that they died within fifteen minutes.

14.—An imposing Hospital Sunday demonstration was held by the friendly societies of Hartlepool.

15.—The boys' camp at the Links, Hartley, was brought to a conclusion. During the time the camp has been in existence this season 254 poor boys have had a holiday, in batches of about 24 at a time, for a fortnight.

—Damage, estimated at £15,000, was caused at West Hartlepool by the destruction of the paper works established a few years ago at Belle Vue by Mr. Smalley.

—A complimentary dinner was given by the representa-

tives of the Danish import trade to Mr. Councillor A. P. Andersen, at the Crown Hotel, Newcastle, in recognition of the part he had taken in effecting a settlement of the strike of Danish seamen.

—It was decided that the Newcastle noon-day prayer meeting, established by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in 1873, should be removed from the Central Hall to the building of the Young Men's Christian Association.

—A boy named Archer Goldsborough, 11 years of age, was drowned while bathing in a pond near the West Stockton Ironworks.

16.—By a majority of 11 to 8, the Stockton Town Council resolved to purchase three acres of land at £300 per acre for the purpose of adding the same to the new park.

—A workman named Benjamin Burns was killed by falling from a scaffolding at the Steel Works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. at Elswick.

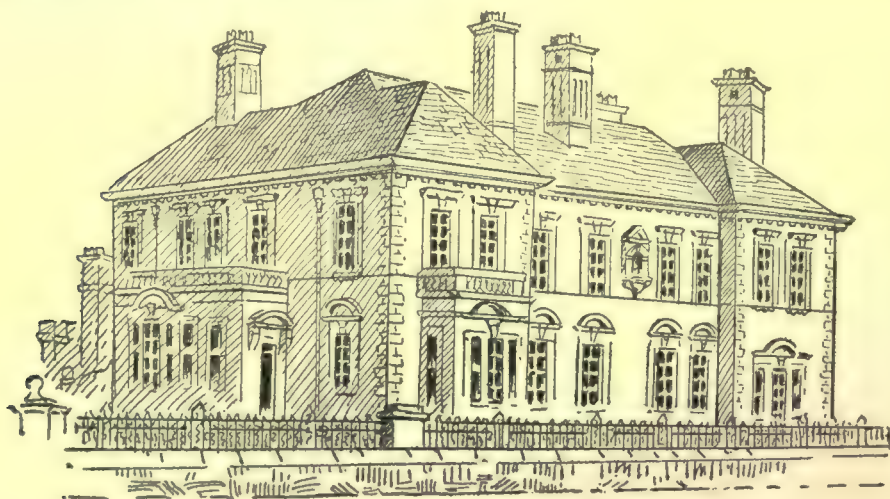
17.—The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott) opened a Jubilee Memorial Room in connection with Holy Trinity Church, Darlington.

—Mr. W. H. James, M.P., addressed his constituents at Gateshead, and received a vote of confidence.

18.—It was announced that two handsome memorial brasses had been dedicated in the Royal Dockyard Church, Sheerness, to the officers and men of H.M.S. Wasp, which, under the command of Lieut.-Commander Bryan J. H. Adamson, son of Major Adamson, of Cullercoats, was lost with all hands on a voyage from Singapore to Hong Kong, in October, 1887.

—At the twentieth annual meeting of the Committee of Management connected with the Newcastle Hospital Sunday Fund, it was reported that the total collections for the past year had amounted to £4,508 12s. 6d.—the largest sum ever received by the fund.

—In some official letters received at a meeting of rate-payers of Elswick Township, Newcastle, it was stated that George Sterling, the assistant-overseer for the township, had absconded, and that it had been found he had made false entries in the books to the amount of £1,300 13s. 3d. Against this amount securities of £800 were held.



LIFTON HOUSE, JESMOND, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

—It was stated that the Weardale Lead Company had ceased operations in consequence of the action of Durham County Council prohibiting the lead husk from the ore-washings being discharged into the river Wear.

19.—It was ascertained that bequests to the amount of £15,500 had been left to various public institutions by Mr. R. W. Hollon, of York, some years ago Lord Mayor of that city, whose remains were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle, on the 19th of July last. Among the gifts were £1,000 each to the Newcastle Infirmary, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, the Zenana Mission, and the National Lifeboat Institution. The gross personal estate was sworn under £41,500.

—A shocking tragedy was enacted at Leeming, near Bedale, the victim being an acting-sergeant of police named James Weedy. His assailant, it was stated, was a small market gardener, with one arm, named Robert Kitching, against whom a coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder. Weedy was a native of Hoppen, near Bamburgh, Northumberland.

—Mr. and Mrs. Christian John Reid, of Newcastle, celebrated their golden wedding.

20.—The workmen employed at the Consett Iron and Steel Works presented to Mr. Thomas Williams, of Consett, the vice-president of the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration for the North of England Manufactured Iron and Steel Trade, a handsome illuminated address and a purse of gold.

22.—Between seven and eight thousand members of the Boilermakers' and Iron Shipbuilders' Society, chiefly from the Tyne, Wear, and Tees district, held a demonstration to celebrate the opening of new offices, &c., for the society, erected behind Jesmond Church, Newcastle, at a cost of £8,000. The opening ceremony was performed by Sir B. C. Browne, and at an evening entertainment the Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) presided. The secretary (Mr. Knight) stated that in the last twenty years the society had spent over a million for benefit purposes, and that only 3 per cent. of its income went in strikes. A sketch of Lifton House, as the new building is called, will be seen on previous page.

23.—In the afternoon, about half-past four o'clock, a

fire was discovered to have broken out on the premises of Messrs. Mawson and Swan, chemists, Mosley Street, Newcastle. Information was sent to the fire station, and the fire-brigade, under Superintendent Matthews, was promptly on the spot. The fire was confined to the cellar of the establishment, and was soon extinguished. Unfor-



JAMES GREY.

tunately, the fire, though of small moment of itself, was productive of fatal results. The men on duty were all more or less affected by the fumes of nitric acid, the bursting of a bottle of which was the cause of the disaster.



WILLIAM BOWEY.



WILLIAM MURPHY.

William Murphy was the first to fall a victim to the poison, and died between eight and nine o'clock. The deceased, who was a native of London, had been in the force about twelve years. He had also been in the navy,

and in the fire-brigade in London, having altogether served the public for about thirty years. The next to succumb was James Grey, thirty-five years of age, who died about ten o'clock. He was a native of Cromer, in Norfolk, and had been a member of the Newcastle fire brigade for about three years, having seen eleven years' service altogether. Superintendent Matthews and a fireman named William Bowey also suffered severely from the effects of the fumes. The latter, unhappily, succumbed on October 11. The calamity excited a widespread feeling of sorrow and sympathy: and amid a vast crowd of spectators, the remains of the two men Murphy and Grey were interred in Elswick Cemetery on the 25th of September. Fireman Bowey was buried at Bambergh, to which place he belonged. The Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) took prompt action in instituting a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the deceased, and a committee for receiving subscriptions was appointed at a public meeting held under the presidency of his Worship on the 26th.

—Under circumstances of great difficulty and bravery, Joseph Craig, son of James Craig, the Ouseburn hero, rescued a man, named John Armstrong, from drowning in the River Tyne, near the Ouseburn. (See vol. for 1889, p.p. 287, 334, 428.)

—In the Lecture Theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, the fourth annual public meeting in connexion with the Northern Association for the Extension of University Teaching was held. There was a large attendance. The chair was occupied by the Hon. and Rev. A. T. Lyttelton, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge.

—The annual conference of the North of England Temperance League was held at Crook.

24.—Fifteen men were more or less severely injured by an accident caused by a sudden outburst of flame from one of the furnaces on board the warship *Katoomba*, of the Royal Navy (originally known as the *Pandora*), while the vessel was lying in the Tyne at the Elswick Works.

25.—Dr. Barry, of the Local Government Board, held an inquiry at Darlington relative to the typhoid fever epidemic on Tees-side.

27.—The new building, erected as the Grand Hotel by Mr. James Deuchar, at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, was formally opened for business. The hotel has a frontage in Barras Bridge of 140 feet, whilst the space occupied by it and the Assembly Rooms is 2,340 square yards. The front part of the ground floor consists of six shops and the principal entrance to the hotel. (See next page.)

—Miss Margaret Jenner, a young lady employed as governess to the family of Archdeacon Chiswell, was accidentally drowned in the sea at Whitburn.

—The results of the first examination held by the University of Durham for degrees in music were published. There were 81 candidates, of whom 59 passed.

—On the occasion of their silver wedding, Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd were presented by the workmen of the Wallsend Shipway and Engineering Company with an

illuminated address, a framed portrait of some of the Company's workmen, and a silver salver and bowl.

—It was stated that a rich vein of lead ore had been discovered on Alnwick Moor.

—It was announced in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* that Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, had written to say that he would be happy to place his name on the list of honorary officers of Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society. Similar communications had also been received from Mr. Ruskin, Lord Armstrong, the Earl of Ravensworth, the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott), the Bishop of Hexham (Dr. Wilkinson), the Bishop of Newcastle (Dr. Wilberforce), the President of the Wesleyan Conference (Dr. Moulton), Professor Garnett (Principal of the College of Physical Science), and other eminent persons. A facsimile of Lord Tennyson's letter is here printed:—

Aldworth,
Haslemere,
Surrey.

Sep 19/90

Lord Tennyson says to
inform Mr W.E. Adams
that he will be happy to
place his name on the list
of honorary officers of the
Dicky Bird Society.

28.—For only the second time since its erection, about thirty years ago, the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle attended divine service in Christ Church, Shieldfield.

29.—A musical fête was given in the Rectory Grounds at Morpeth, as a welcome to the recently-appointed Rector, the Rev. H. J. Bulkeley, M.A.

30.—It was announced that Mr. Edward Lake had been appointed mineral manager of the southern division of the North-Eastern Railway, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Bailey.

—At a public meeting held in the Council Chamber,

under the presidency of the Mayor, a Public Health Society was formed for Newcastle.

—In the absence, through illness, of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham presided at the Church Congress at Hull, and one of the sermons was preached by the Bishop of Newcastle.

—A dividend of 1½ per cent. was declared at the annual meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, & Co.

OCTOBER.

1.—The Stella and Stanley tenants on the Towneley estates were entertained to dinner in the County Hotel, Newcastle, on the occasion of the marriages of Lady Clifford and Mrs. Delacour.

—It was reported that the Biscayo and Thule, the two vessels despatched from the Thames with cargoes for Siberia by the Anglo-Siberian Trading Syndicate in July last, had returned to Vardo, having discharged their outward cargoes, and loaded cargoes for England. The practicability of the Arctic Sea route had, therefore, now been fully demonstrated.

2.—The autumnal meeting of the Institute of Accountants in England and Wales was held in Newcastle.

—Three skulls, several human bones, and a large slab of stone, were found in the course of some excavations near the Stephenson Monument in Westgate Road, Newcastle.

—It was announced that the will of Mr. Thomas Belk, Recorder of Hartlepool, who died on June 24th last, had been proved, the value of the personal estate being £76,000.

3.—Sir John Gorst, M.P., Under Secretary for India, addressed a political meeting at North Shields.

—It was notified in the *London Gazette* that the Queen had granted to Mr. and Mrs. Watson Askew, of Pallinsburn and Ladykirk, her royal license and authority to use the surname of Robertson, in addition to and after that of Askew.

—The men employed in the shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, to the number of about 1,000, came out on strike against the importation of strangers to fill the places of the local joiners on strike. They shortly afterwards returned to work, however, on

the understanding that the firm would not employ strange joiners pending efforts to settle the joiners' strike.

4.—At a Blue Ribbon meeting held at the Central Hall, Newcastle, Mr. Alderman W. D. Stephens, J.P., the chairman, as local hon. sec. of the institution, made the presentation of a certificate granted by the Royal Humane Society to David Urwin, of Newcastle, for having on the 15th of June last saved the life of a boy of five or six years of age, who had fallen from the Fish Quay into the river Tyne. On the same day, the committee of the Royal Humane Society awarded its bronze medal to Stephen Renforth, brother of the late champion sculler, for saving (with the assistance of J. Bryan), W. Baker, at Gateshead, on August 6th last. The bronze medal was also awarded to J. Gogan, aged 13, for saving Patrick Collins, in the river Tees, Port Clarence, Middlesbrough, on August 17.

—The Northumberland coalowners agreed to further advance the miners' wages 1½ per cent., making 50 per cent. since the great strike two years ago.

—A beautiful memorial monument to the memory of the late Mr. Edward Hunter, of Dudley Colliery, one of the leaders of the Northumberland miners, and a prominent member of the Permanent Relief Fund, was unveiled in Cranlington Churchyard, by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

—An interesting ceremony took place at Tynemouth, on the occasion of the unveiling of portraits of Mr. John Forster Spence, Mr. John Morrison, and the late Mr. Joseph Spence, the founders of the Tynemouth Volunteer Life-Brigade. The portraits, which had been painted by Mr. Frank S. Ogilvie, were formally presented in the Watch House of the Brigade, by Mr. R. S. Donkin, M.P. (See *ante* page 319.)

—At the Morpeth Police Court, Lionel Middleton, a youth, 18 years of age, was remanded on a charge of murdering a servant girl, named Hughes, by shooting her, in her master's house, at West Chevington. The coroner's jury, however, found that the sad occurrence was purely accidental; and the magistrates, for the same reason, eventually discharged the accused.

—Weldon Mill, in the occupation of Mr. John Appleby, was destroyed by fire.



6.—Mr. Alderman T. Richardson, as representative of the Newcastle Corporation, was elected a governor of the Durham College of Science, in the room of Sir B. C. Browne, resigned.

—It was intimated that Mr. Alderman William Wilson had, owing to impaired health, retired from the position of chairman of the Stewards of the Incorporated Companies of Freemen of Newcastle, and had been succeeded by Mr. W. H. Willins.

—The Earl of Carlisle presided at a public meeting, held in the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle, in connection with the Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Christian Association.

8.—The fourth session of the Tyneside Geographical Society was inaugurated in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, by Miss Colenso, daughter of the late Bishop Colenso, who delivered a lecture on "Zulu-land."

—The foundation stone of the first Board School for Benwell was laid by Mrs. Hodgkin, at Benwell Dene.

—The will Mr. William Aldam, of Frickley Hall, Yorkshire, and Healey Hall, Northumberland, was sworn at £196,742. The bequests included £100 to the Newcastle Infirmary. (See *ante*, p. 428.)

—A meeting, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, was held in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, to bid farewell to missionaries shortly sailing for the East. The missionaries were:—The Rev. H. J. Molony, curate of St. Stephen's, Newcastle, going to Central India; Dr. W. P. Mears and Mrs. Mears, of Tynemouth, to China; the Rev. W. T. Proctor, of Durham, to North India; and Miss E. Ritson and Miss Fawcett, of Sunderland, bound for Japan.

9.—Colonel E. T. Gourley, M.P., and Mr. S. Storey, M.P., addressed their constituents at Sunderland, and received a vote of confidence.

10.—While some workmen were engaged in excavating for the cellars of Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence and Co.'s new banking premises in Cellingwood Street, Newcastle, they came upon what was supposed to be a remnant of the great Roman Wall.

General Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

10.—During a serious riot of dock hands at Southampton, the military only succeeded in restoring order after charges with fixed bayonets.

12.—Owing to the refusal of the Government to revise the Constitution of Switzerland, a number of insurgents established a Provisional Government in the canton of Ticino. Two councillors of the Government were seized, and another—M. Rossi—was shot dead. Troops were despatched to Bellinzona, and the disturbance, which had almost assumed the aspect of revolution, was quelled. A man named Angelo Castioni was afterwards arrested in London, charged with the murder of M. Rossi.

17.—Much destruction was caused by fire to the ancient Moorish palace, the Alhambra, near Granada, Spain. The damage was estimated at £10,000.

18.—Death of Mr. Dion Boucicault, actor and playwright, aged 68.

19.—News was received from Yokohama, Japan, that the Turkish frigate *Ertogroul* and the mail steamer *Musashi Maru* had foundered. The crew of the steamer all perished, while of those on board the warship only six officers and fifty men were saved. Among the drowned was Osman Pasha, the special envoy sent by the Sultan of Turkey with an autograph letter and decoration for the Mikado of Japan.

20.—Twenty-one persons were killed and thirty injured in a railway accident on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, at Shoemakersville, U.S.

25.—Serious disturbances occurred at Tipperary, Ireland, where Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., Mr. John Condon, M.P., and other leading Nationalists, were prosecuted by the Government on a charge of conspiracy in advising tenants not to pay their rents. In the course of a collision between the police and the people, Mr. John Morley, M.P., was roughly handled.

—The president of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, U.S., issued a manifesto denying that the church teaches polygamy or plural marriages any longer.

26.—The forces of the Sultan of Morocco defeated a large band of insurgents with heavy loss in killed and wounded in the district of Tit Shokhman.

28.—An insane man committed suicide in St. Paul's Cathedral by shooting himself with a revolver.

30.—The trial of John Reginald Birchall for the murder of F. C. Benwell took place at Woodstock, Canada, when the accused was found guilty and sentenced to death. Birchall advertised for a partner in what proved to be a fictitious farm in Canada. The evidence showed that Benwell, who belonged to England, was lured into a dismal jungle and shot.

OCTOBER.

1.—Death of M. Alphonse Karr, a celebrated French novelist, at Nice, aged 82.

—As a carriage containing three ladies and two children was passing over a level crossing at Louisville, near Quebec, Canada, a goods train dashed into the vehicle. All the ladies were killed, but the children escaped without a scratch.

4.—The McKinley Tariff Bill, which greatly increased the duties on foreign articles, came into force in the United States.

—Death of Mrs. Booth, wife of the general of the Salvation Army.

6.—William Jackson, a labourer, was accidentally shot dead at Stanwix, near Carlisle, by some men who were playing with a gun.

10.—When the Crimes Act Court which had been engaged in the trial of several Irish members of Parliament met at Tipperary, Messrs. John Dillon and William O'Brien, two of the accused, were found missing. It was rumoured that both of them had gone to America by way of Havre.

—Slavin and McAuliffe, two pugilists from abroad, were sent for trial on a charge of committing a breach of the peace during an alleged prize fight at the Ormonde Club, London.



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The Massraepers.

V.

HALTWHISTLE HARRIED AND AVENGED.

DURING the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Elliots, Croziers, and Scotts, the lairds of Mangerton and Whithaugh, repeatedly made dreadful raids upon Haltwhistle, carrying off great numbers of horses, kine and oxen, goats and sheep, as well as household plenishings, money, and even writings, besides murdering some of the inhabitants, and seizing others as prisoners, to be held till ransomed. Sir Robert Carey says that soon after he was appointed to the wardenship of the Middle March the outlaws of Liddesdale sacked Haltwhistle, and carried away the principal inhabitants and all their goods. "I rent," says he, "to seek for justice for so great a wrong. The opposite officer sent me word it was not in his power, for that they were all fugitives, and not answerable to the king's laws. I acquainted the King of Scots with this answer. He signified to me that it was true, and that if I could take my revenge without hurting his honest subjects, he would be glad of it. I took no long time to resolve what to do, but sent some two hundred horse to the place where the principal outlaws lived; and took and brought away all the goods they had. The outlaws themselves were in strongholds, and could no way be got hold of. But one of the chiefs of them, being of more courage than the rest, got to horse and came pricking after them, crying out and asking them 'What he was that durst avow that mighty work?' One of the company came to him with a spear, and ran him through the body, leaving his spear broken in him, of which wound he died. The goods were divided to poor men, from whom they were taken before. This act so irritated

the outlaws that they vowed cruel revenge, and that before next winter was ended they would leave the whole country waste. His name was Sim of the Cathill (an Armstrong) that was killed, and it was a Ridley of Haltwhistle that killed him. They presently took a resolution to be revenged of that town. Thither they came, and set many houses of the town on fire, and took away all their goods; and, as they were running up and down the streets with lights in their hands to set more houses on fire, there was one other of the Ridleys that was in a strong stone house that made a shot out at them, and it was his good hap to kill an Armstrong, one of the sons of the chiefest outlaw. The death of this young man wrought so deep an impression amongst them, as many vows were made that before the end of next winter they would lay the Border waste." This event occurred about the end of May, 1598. The vigilant warden, however, prevented a third visit of fire and sword in Haltwhistle by capturing some of the principal leaders of the banditti, and bringing the whole of them into subjection, as he relates at length. All the houses in Haltwhistle were formerly more or less fortified, and there were two or three towers in the place.

THE ELLIOTS AND ARMSTRONGS.

About the same period, the Elliots and Armstrongs, to the number of five hundred or more, entered Elsdon, burned the town, murdered fourteen men, plundered the inhabitants to the extent of five hundred pounds in money and household stuff, and drove off four hundred horses and mares, and as many prisoners, whom they ransomed at heavy rates. No wonder that the despoiled people, in their pitiful application for redress to the Council sitting at Alnwick, in April, 1586, exclaimed—

"We are so pillaged by open-day forays, and by night rieves and harryships, by the thieves of East and West Teviotdale, that we at this day be neither able to pay our rent, nor to furnish six able men nor horse, by reason of these great outrages and oppressions; nor have we had any restitution nor redress for the space of twenty-six years past." The marauders here styled Teviotdale men, were doubtless from that prime rendezvous of thieves, Liddesdale. The Armstrongs appear to have been at an early period in possession of great part of that secluded valley, and of the Debateable Land adjacent. Their immediate neighbourhood to England rendered them the most lawless of the Scotch Border clans; and as most of the country inhabited by them was claimed by both kingdoms, they preyed securely upon both, being often protected from justice by the one in opposition to the other. The rapacity of the Armstrongs, and of their allies the Elliots, gave rise to the popular saying, "Elliots and Armstrongs ride thieves a'!" Their head-men lived in peels, planted down on salient points along the banks of the Liddell. But when hard pressed they abandoned these, and took refuge in the peat mosses, accessible by paths known to themselves alone. One of the most noted of these asylums was Tarras Wood, in the heart of a desolate marsh, through which a small river takes its course. Upon the banks of the stream were found some dry spots, which were occupied by the outlaws and their followers in cases of emergency. The place, says an English writer, "was of that strength, and so surrounded with bogs and marsh ground, and thick bushes and shrubs, as they feared not the force nor power of England and Scotland, so long as they were there." The only way to ferret them out of this stronghold and secure their persons was by a simultaneous inroad by armed men from both sides of the Border, a conjunction which could seldom happen. In 1598 Carey made a raid upon them, however, in concert with the Scottish garrison of Hermitage Castle. But while he was besieging them in the Tarras, they contrived, by ways known only to themselves, to send a party into England, who plundered the warden's lands. On their return they sent Carey one of his own cows, telling him that, fearing he might fall short of provisions during his visit to Scotland, they had taken the precaution of sending him some English beef. They also sent him word that he was like the puff of a haggis, hottest at the first, and told him that he had their permission to stay in the country as long as the weather would give him leave. At length five of the ringleaders were taken in an ambuscade, and an accommodation was effected, on their delivering up a number of stolen sheep and kine to their rightful owners, bonds being entered into to keep the peace in time coming. Similar tales are told of the thieves in the Northumberland Dales. When any of them had committed some greater depredation than common, and the warden or country-keeper sent a party

against them, the troops could never approach their stronghold without their receiving timely notice; and when hard pressed, they usually managed to make their escape into Scotland, where they could reside till they had made their peace, or the danger had blown past. At other times they found shelter among the "hideous mountains, precipices, and mosses," "desert and impassable," extending from the Lawes near Sewingshields, towards Bewcastle, the hills in which quarter were so boggy, Camden says, that no horsemen were able to ride through them.

KINMONT WILLIE.

The story of the release of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle Castle is told in the ballad which Mr. John Stokoe has communicated to the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 453.) Queen Elizabeth is said to have stormed not a little when news was carried to her of this daring deed. It almost seemed for a while as if it would be the occasion of war between the two countries, though every cool political consideration forbade. Some very angry correspondence passed between London and Edinburgh. In one despatch Elizabeth irefully wrote—"I will have satisfaction, or else——" The matter was at length arranged by the commissioners of both nations in Berwick, by whom it was agreed that the delinquents should be delivered up on both sides, and that the chiefs themselves should enter into ward in the opposite countries until these should be surrendered, and pledges granted for the future maintenance of the quiet of the Borders.

WAT OF BUCCLEUCH.

But while the affair was yet unsettled, certain of the English Borderers having invaded Liddesdale and wasted the country, the Laird of Buccleuch retaliated the injury by a raid into England, in which he not only brought off much spoil, but apprehended thirty-six of the Tynedale thieves, all of whom he put to death. Sir Robert Kerr, of Cessford, rode with him on this occasion, Buccleuch directing the attack chiefly against the Charltons, and Cessford against the StORIES. Carey, in a letter to Lord Burghley, states that at a place called Greenhaugh, finding no men about, they burned the house and all that was therein, including a good store of corn, and at the Bought-Hill they killed four of the Charltons, "very able and sufficient men," and went away threatening they would shortly have more of their lives. The origin of the quarrel between the Scotts and the Charltons is said to have been this:—A good while before, some of the Scotts, led by Will Harcotes and others, had made a great "rode" into Tynedale and Redesdale, wherein "they took up the whole country, and did very near beggar them for ever." Buccleuch and the rest of the Scotts, having bragged that the Dalesmen durst not cross the fells to take back anything of their own, the Charltons, being "the sufficientest and ablest men upon the Borders," not only went and took their own goods again, but heartened and persuaded their neighbours to take theirs also. This

stuck, Carey tells us, in Buccleuch's stomach. Moreover, he alleged that, a long while previously, during a time of war, the Tynedale men had gone into his country (Selkirkshire), and there took his grandfather prisoner, and killed divers of his people. When the Commissioners at Berwick had at length agreed on articles for keeping and preserving peace on the Border, James, King of Scots, had great difficulty in persuading Buccleuch and Cessford to comply with the order to enter into ward in England for a brief space. It required all his authority to overcome their scruples. In the end, however, they went. On Buccleuch being presented to Elizabeth, tradition has it that "she demanded of him, with her usual rough and peremptory address, how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous as the rescue of Will of Kinnmont," and that the undaunted chieftain replied, "What is it that a man dares not do?" Elizabeth, it is said, struck with the reply, turned to a lord in waiting and exclaimed, "With ten thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe."

JOCK O' THE SIDE.

Of Jock o' the Side, the hero of one of the most popular of the Border ballads, Sir Richard Maitland says, "a greater thief did never ride." He seems to have been nephew to the Laird of Mangerton, in Liddesdale, and brother to Christie of the Side, mentioned in a list of Border clans dated 1597. The Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat, and Hobbie Noble delivered him out of Newcastle gaol, where he lay with fifteen stone of Spanish iron laid right sore upon him. They had shod their horses the wrong way, and taken the road like corn cadgers, as was a common practice with the mostroopers, as well as with the last century horse-stealers, their lineal descendants. Having crossed the Tyne at Chollerford, and provided themselves with a tree, with fifteen "nogs" on each side, wherewith to scale the wall, they managed, if the ballad speak truth, to reach their friend Jock in his dark and dreary dungeon, and carry him off home, where he forged his irons into horse shoes. Hobbie Noble, one of the adventurous three, was an Englishman, born and bred in Bewcastle Dale. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 68.)

THE BORDERS PARTIALLY CLEARED.

After the accession of James to the English throne, a sweeping clearance of the Borders was undertaken. The Laird of Buccleuch collected under his banners the most desperate of the marauders, whom he formed into a legion in the service of the States of Holland. At the same time the Debateable Land was cleared of the Graemes, who were transported to Ulster, and their return prohibited under pain of death. The office of warden was abolished in both kingdoms, and the constable bearing the sheriff's writ superseded the warden-sergeant. But for a long time subsequent to the union of the crowns, the mostroopers still continued to pursue their calling, though greatly diminished in numbers and

sadly sunk in reputation. They no longer enjoyed either the pretext of national hostility, or the protection or countenance of the nobility and gentry. These had often, in the olden times, made their baronial and manorial towers "flemens," "firths," or asylums for fugitive outlaws. Even the Government had winked at their atrocities sometimes, when the damage they did was to the rival kingdom. But now, instead of living as formerly by incursions into a foreign and often hostile country, they had to betake themselves to robbing their fellow-countrymen and neighbours, no longer even affecting to bear upon their blazon, as Drayton says their fathers did, the snaffle, spur, and spear.

THE LAST OF THE MOSTROOPERS.

The last public mention of mostroopers occurs during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them, and several were caught, tried, and hanged. They latterly got the name of English Tories, in the southern part of Scotland, as we learn from Fuller. The last remnant of them was rooted out of their fastnesses by Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who shipped numbers of them off to the sugar plantations in Barbadoes. A price was set upon the heads of such as took to the bent to avoid expatriation, as if they had been so many pestilent vermin and runaways. They might be lawfully seized and carried off, wherever met, and even killed on the spot, without any judicial inquisition. The ringleaders having been thus got rid of, the rest of the people were by and by reduced to something like legal obedience. It was not to be expected, however, that the Border land would all at once be converted into a peaceful Arcadia. It is true that feuds which had existed for centuries gradually wore out, under the influence of common and statute law. It was no longer safe for a man to take justice into his own hands. Instead of disputes being settled, as they had once been, by club-law at fairs, football matches, and other meetings, recourse was now oftener had to the courts of quarter sessions, which used to be crowded, down till less than a century ago, with suitors from Reedwater and the North Tyne, on this side of the Cheviots, and from Liddesdale and Upper Teviotdale on the other side. *Apròpos* of the sugar plantations in the West Indies, and the Virginia and Carolina tobacco-fields, many a likely lad was kidnapped from these parts by the Widdringtons and other man-stealers, and sent off to be sold as slaves. The legislative union between England and Scotland contributed not a little to modify and soften, but by no means to suppress, the predatory tendencies of the Borderers. It is true that many who would formerly have made raids into merry England as mostroopers now shouldered more or less heavy packs, and came tramping across the country as travelling merchants, otherwise pedlars. Others of less caution and more daring, though possibly not less conscience, turned smugglers of whisky, salt, and other commodities. But

the legitimate successors of the Border thieves of the middle ages may be said to have been the horse-stealers.

THE HORSE STEALERS OF LAST CENTURY.

Horse stealing continued to be practised to a great extent, all along the Borders, down to the insurrection of 1715, and even long afterwards. Many of the rieurs lived in the vicinity of Bewcastle, a place well fitted for the purpose of eluding pursuit, from its secluded and yet central position, amidst extensive uninhabited wastes, the people living on the skirts of which were universally more disposed to put the searchers after stolen property on the wrong scent than to direct them right. A story is told of a Southron examining the Runic pillar in the churchyard at Bewcastle, and expressing his surprise at the paucity of the tombstones, being addressed by the sexton as follows: "Do you no ken the reason? Why, man, the greater part o' wor Bewcastle folk have outhen been hanged or transported; their banes dinna rest here."

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Bishop Cosin's Public Library.



R. JOHN COSIN was the first Bishop of Durham after the Restoration. Church and King had now "their own again"; and Cosin, returning from exile, was enthroned on the Wear. He was a lover of books, and familiar with them. Nor was he miserly of his treasures, but ready to communicate. The building for the accommodation of his Durham Library, erected on Palace Green, was completed in the year 1668; and he addressed himself, with characteristic ardour, to the storing of the structure with books.

It is amusing to read, in the correspondence he carried on with his secretary, Miles Stapylton, how bent he was on winning gifts for the enrichment of his pet institution. (Surtees Society, vol. 55.) Having abundant openings for doing good turns to others, he saw not why they should escape from the pinch of the reciprocating proverb. Out of every one on whom he had a reasonable claim, he was determined, in his own phrase, to hook some book or other. He must have either a book or a subscription. Especially was he anxious to make a prize of a *Tractatus Tractatum*, "in twenty-eight great volumes, fairly bound," which Mr. Flower, his domestic chaplain, had found him out; "but the bookseller," says the bishop, "demandeth £60, and may perhaps be brought down to £50 for the lowest thereof, which I am not able to give, having expended so much on my library already." Mr. Stapylton, however, might raise the money by subscription; or—(happy thought!)—"peradventure you may find the parson of Sedgfield to be in a generous humour, and to be a benefactor for the giving of these books to the

library his own self alone; but if you move him—you, or Mr. Davenport [rector of Houghton-le-Spring], or any other—I pray you do it in your own names, and not in mine."

This suggestion was made to his secretary on the 2nd day of December, 1669. On the fourth he was pen in hand again; and in a postscript to a long letter of that day he proposes a compromise, under which a layman should share with the Sedgfield parson the pleasure of purchasing the stately volumes:—"Mr. Davenport is still acquainted and free with Mr. Tempest [of Old Durham]. It would not be amiss, considering the £300 that I gave him, if he and the parson of Sedgfield were moved to give some contribution to the public library, so that, between them both, we might get the *Tractatus Tractatum* to be put into it, with some other good books of a lesser value to bear it company, *Galen*, or *Scotus*, or *Atlas Major*, &c.; but be you and Mr. Davenport sure that you make no motions in my name, for your own motions in *opportuno fandi tempore* will sooner prevail. Mr. Arden saith that he hath heard from Mr. G. Jackson, who is in hope to prevail with Mr. Hutchinson for £5 for the library."

But "the best-laid schemes" do not always go smooth, although a bishop be the contriver. From neither the parson nor the squire, nor from both of them together, could the money be got; and the bookseller would not budge from £60. £35 was all that had been promised; and Cosin writes, on the 27th of January, that if no more was to be had, "his own purse, or other provision, must supply the rest."

The prospect brightens, however, before the month is out. The £10 fine of Mr. Wright, a leaseholder, "added to your £35 for *Tractatus Tractatum*, and £5 more from Easington division, would give well near the purchase of the book."

Near the end of February there is another windfall in view, and it brings out a touch of that "sub-acid humour" with which his lordship's memory is associated:—"The Lambs' leases at Quarrington, being 3, may very well allow £10 for a book to the library, besides what they allowed to Mr. Marmaduke Allison, and think themselves well-used."

The month of March being more than half-spent, his lordship writes:—"When you have got the money (£35) for the library, if *Tractatus Tractatum* be then to be sold, as I doubt it will be gone before, we must add more money to it, such as the Lambs for their parts £10, and £10 more from some others; else we must lay out what you have, or can get, upon a set of the common law books, or those authors that will be useful in a public library for the city and country."

With the close of the month there is a glimpse of further additions to the shelves:—"In my last I bid you take the offer of £20 which the Norton tenants had made, and there an end of that matter, unless you can

get some book to the library, which I think you will say you cannot do neither, and therefore trouble not yourself about it. If Farrow the idiot be an old man, I wonder that I never heard of him before; but, seeing that I hear of him now, let the guardianship be disposed of according to Mr. Stott's mind; and if the grant of it be worth anything, either take it yourself, or get a book for the library."

In May there was a lease in embryo, "which I believe will be worth £100, or a hundred marks at least, for the supply of our library"; a good set-off for "this Taylor," who had so sorely annoyed the old bishop. "I will have no more stewards," he vows, "that are bred after the Scotch way, and am glad that I am rid of this Taylor, who, among other of his virtues, would not endure a servant here to take away the candle grease-pot upon one of the stairs upon a Sabbath day morning, as he called it, and thought my daughter and her housekeeper very profane persons that would suffer so irreligious an action."

All the while that his lordship was on the look-out for books, he was seeing to the preparation of his building for their reception. His mind was set upon having a meet casket framed for his jewels. He "would have it done very handsomely." It was suitably to be fitted for keeping "all maps, books of geography, and all manner of manuscripts that we can buy or beg from any others in whose houses, if any such there be, they are not so likely to be well preserved as they will be in this library; to which purpose I pray you set Mr. Davenport of listening out and searching after them, you and he and all your acquaintances besides."

In October he was inquiring how John Langstaffe got on with the additional room to the library, and also making report of £100 more he had laid out for books. Books—books—more books—occupied his lordship's mind. Stapylton is "to take all advantages for augmenting the stock." In November there is Dean Carleton to be looked after; and in January—"I shall not much stand with Mr. Gilson for a patent without fee of the stewardship at Stockton, if he will give a book to the library." In March, Carleton comes up again, who is "to blame thus to delay the business, and to shuffle with me about the £10 for the library book, in regard whereof I abated him at least £50 in his fine." Cosin saw too plainly that the Dean "would wrangle it out, and have it in his own choice."

In April he is hoping that "John Langstaffe and James Hull are about the work at the library"; and—"now we are at the library"—he is minded to inquire, "Where is the £20 that Mr. Archdeacon promised to give towards *Tractatus Tractatum?*" "Mr Archdeacon" was his son-in-law, Denis Granville, the aforesaid "parson of Sedgefield," who knew better how to thwart than conciliate his father-in-law. When standing in his lordship's way in April, 1670, Stapylton received a letter saying—"The next time I give him such a parsonage as Sedgefield is,

which I might have kept to myself, he shall not serve me so." Granville was Dean at the time of the Revolution; and then, the High Church dignitary, who was bent on making others conform, could not conform in turn, but fled to the Continent at the same time with King James.

Cosin, neither from the incumbent of Sedgefield nor from any other source obtained the *Tractatus* by which his fancy had been captivated. It was probably gone ere the money was raised.

On the 9th of December, 1671, two days prior to the date of his will, his lordship writes to Stapylton from Pall Mall:—"I think Mr. Baddeley, for his coronership of Stockton, may give a book of £5 to the library."

His library was with him to the last. He was making his will on the 11th of December. He had bestowed "a great part of his temporal estate in founding, building, furnishing, and endowing a public library next the Exchequer on the Palace Green in Durham, which shall be called the Bishop of Durham's Library for ever, the same having cost him about £2,500"; he had set apart "a great number of his books, about a thousand, to the public library of St. Peter's College in the University of Cambridge"; and, "the rest, by a special deed, he had already given to a public use in the new library on Palace Green, for the common benefit of the clergy, and any others that should resort thereunto; the whole collection of all his books having cost him near upon £3,000, and the care of above five and fifty years together."

Such were the worthy monuments formed for himself in his lifetime by Bishop Cosin. "Twenty years of penury and privation had not taught him," as Surtees remarks, "to forget the true use of riches; and amongst the very many liberal and high-minded prelates who had held the see of Durham, the name of Cosin stands eminently distinguished for munificence and public spirit."

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

Three Norwich Soldiers.



THREE military ramblers of Norwich visited the North in the year 1634. The narrative tells us that the journey was undertaken by "three Southern commanders, in their places, and of themselves and their purses, a captain, a lieutenant, and an antient, all voluntary members of the military company in Norwich." They determined, "at an opportune and vacant leisure, to take a view of the cities, castles, and chief situations in the Northern and other counties of England." They left home on the 11th of August, 1634, "mustering up their triple force from Nerwich, with soldiers' journey ammunition, two of them, the captain and the ensign, clad in green cloth like young foresters, and mounted on horses." In the short period of seven weeks they passed through

twenty-six counties. The record of the journey was written by one of the party, and his manuscript forms one of the volumes in the Landsdowne Collection in the British Museum. It was printed in an abridged form, in Mr. E. W. Brayley's "Graphic and Historic Illustrator," in 1834; but the portion relating to the Northern Counties was afterwards printed, fully and accurately, by the late George Bouchier Richardson, in one of the now scarce "Reprints and Imprints."

After travelling through Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, the travellers entered the county of Durham and reached Darlington, where they "were entertained with a hideous noise of bagpipes." There they made but short stay. At Ferryhill, of which they remark that "such as know it knows it overtops and commands a great part of the country," they rested for refreshment. "On the top thereof we produced our travelling plate, and borrowed a cup of refreshing health from a sweet and most pleasant spring." Crossing the Wear by the "fair long arched bridge" at Sunderland Bridge, near Croxdale, they "climbed and descended nothing but steep rocks to the city" of Durham. The toilsome road caused them to be benighted; "but," says the narrator, "we happily lighted upon an honest gentleman, who was pleased to be our pilot through those rugged dark ways, to our inn, the Lion, where our host, an honest trout, caused us to be carefully attended by his she-attendants; for which good usage we gave many thanks to the courteous gentleman, our guide."

The following morning the travellers sallied forth to see the Cathedral, which, they tell us, "was near our inn, placed on the top and heart of the city, which stands all on a rock on a hill in the dale." They describe this hill as being "environed and nigh girt round by the river Wear, which was made to build the Castle, Minster, and other fair structures that were erected about 600 years since." We have previously met with the tradition that the present course of the Wear round the city of Durham is artificial. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, May, 1890, p. 210.) On entering the Cathedral they found "some living benefactors there, that had disbursed great sums to adorn his goodly and stately fair church." They especially mention the font, which had been set up a few years before by Dean Hunt and the Chapter. It was "not to be paralleled in our land: it is in eight squares, with an iron grate, raised two yards every square: within is a fair ascent of divers steps: the cover opens like a four-quartered globe: the stone is of branched marble: and the story is that of St. John baptizing our blessed Saviour, and the four evangelists, curiously done and richly painted; within the globe all above so artificially wrought and carved with such variety of joiners' work as makes all the beholders thereof to admire." This description is all the more valuable, since the Scotch prisoners who were confined in the Cathedral in 1650, after the battle of Dunbar, entirely destroyed the font and

cover seen by the travellers. A new font was erected in 1663, but was removed a few years ago, and is now at Pitlington. They next mention the "rare and rich clock and dial, with several globes whereby to know the age of the moon, the day of the month, and the month of the year, &c." The clock indeed still exists, but all the elaborate and interesting woodwork in which it was encased was destroyed less than fifty years ago. Amongst other objects which attracted the travellers' attention was "the fair and rich communion table," the costly sacramental plate, the shrines of Saints Cuthbert and Bede, the tombs of the bishops, and the monuments of the Nevilles. In the "fair library" the travellers were shown the ancient manuscripts, and they specially mention one of the New Testament, "in Saxon characters, one thousand years old." This manuscript is still preserved, and is displayed in one of the glass cases in the old library. In the vestry they saw "divers fair copes of several rich works, of crimson satin, embroidered with embossed works of silver, beset all over with cherubims, curiously wrought to life; a black cope wrought with gold, with divers images in colours; . . . and four other rich copes and vestments." The Dean and Chapter, they inform us, "glory in the rich gift they presented to his Majesty [Charles I.] in his progress, the richest of all their ancient copes, which his Majesty graciously accepted, and esteemed at a high value." Five of these copes, which excited the vigorous spleen of Peter Smart, are still preserved, and may be seen by any visitor to the Cathedral, hanging in an old oak press in the new library.

The travellers attended the morning service in the Cathedral, where they "were rapt with the sweet sound and richness of a fair organ, which cost £1,000, and the orderly, devout, and melodious harmony of the choristers." After prayers, they were invited to the Deanery, where they received "noble entertainment, such as was fit for neat-palated courtiers, and not for such dusty travelling soldiers as we were." The account given of their reception at the hands of the dean must not be abridged.

The first salute and welcome from this worthy gentleman [Dean Hunt] was expressed with a double reflect upon us; first as we were strangers, but more especially as we were his countrymen.* It pleased him to leave all his guests, doctors, prebends, and citizens of both sexes, and of both kinds, spiritual and laity, and to condescend to walk with us in his garden for about half an hour, till his gentleman usher, the harbinger of dinner, came and told him his meat was upon the table. We wished the cook had not been so hasty, or that he had lain longer in bed, for his [the dean's] discourse was so mild, sweet, and eloquent, as would make a man so in a trance as never to be weary of hearing him. The same courteous usage we had in his garden, the same we had at his board, which neither wanted good dishes nor company, for there were of both choice and plenty.

After half an hour's sitting there came a young scholar and read a chapter, during which time all discourse ceased. No sooner was it ended but the grave master of the house brings a cup of wine to all his guests, with

* The dean before coming to Durham had held two livings in Norfolk, and was, I believe, a native of that county.

a hearty welcome, which his gentle servitors were careful to see every man pledge, to wash down the fat venison, sweet salmon, and other great cheer this large and sumptuous table was furnished with.

Thus we spent an hour to refresh our travelling corps with as good meat and drink, and from as good and free and as generous a gentleman as England affords.

The dean would have had his guests stay with him a week, but they were anxious to pursue their journey. After leaving Durham, they saw Bear Park in the distance, which they confounded with the site of Neville's Cross. They saw also "a stately pile of building, and a park, sweetly situated upon a fine ascent by the river Wear," which must have been Lumley Castle.

As our travellers journeyed, the shades of evening gathered round them, and before they reached Newcastle the night had closed in. "When we were within a mile of the town, the light above gave us no directions to descend the steep rocky hill of the town; but the lights beneath, as we passed that stony street, Gateside, down to the bridge, did serve us for land-marks, by which we made shift to grope out our way, and late, with some difficulty, obtained our harbour. . . . It was so late when we entered the sea-coal, maritime, country town, Newcastle, as, like pilgrims, we were forced to *lie* in Pilgrim Street, where our host, a good fellow, and his daughter, an indifferent virginal player, somewhat refreshed our weary limbs."

The next day the travellers "viewed the town." "We found the people and streets much alike, neither sweet nor clean." They mention the "fair stone bridge of ten arches, with some towers, to which come the ships." Their description of the town itself must be quoted almost in its entirety.

The quay is fair, and long, and a strong wall there is between it and the town, on which we marched all abreast. On the top of the old Castle . . . we saw all the way down to Shields, some seven miles distance, where the sea's entrance is, in which channel lay not that number of ships, vessels, and barques that sometimes doth, for we were informed that the river is capable of receiving two, three, four or five hundred sail at a time, and to ride therein safely at anchor, without damnifying one another.

"The town is surrounded by a strong and fair built wall, with many towers thereon. It hath seven gates, and is governed by a mayor, Mr. Cole [Ralph Cole, grandson of the blacksmith of Gateshead and father of the baronet of Brancepeth], then fat and rich, vested in a sack of satin, and twelve aldermen. . . . Then did we take a view of the Market Place [the Sandhill], the Town Hall [the Exchange], the neat cross [the Cail Cross], over against which almost is a stately, prince like, freestone inn [the Nag's Head—the site of Reid's Printing Court Buildings], in which we tasted a cup of good wine. 'Then, taking a view of the four churches in the town, and breaking our fast in that fair inn, Mr. Leonard Carr's [of Leonard Carr see Mr. Welford's account in *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 354], we hastened to take horse.

Leaving Newcastle, the travellers "marched away, with pretty murmuring music, along the rivers of Tyne and



Derwent," passing "many fair houses, parks, and castles," and, after "some dangerous ways and passages," reached Hexham. There they found the town small and the inhabitants poor, "yet was there in it two fair towers, which were built, as well there as in many other places of these wild countries, to defend them against the Scots." They felt confident that "this town hath been of greater note and receipt; for here is a large cathedral-like church, much defaced and decayed, and now unseemly kept." Near the church, they tell us, "is a fair and handsome abbey, wherein liveth a noble knight, Sir John Fenwick, that giveth free entertainment." At their inn they were "as well accommodated with cheap and good fare, sweet lodging and kind usage, as travellers would desire."

The following day the travellers secured the services of a guide, with whom they went forward, by roads which

they found "mountainous, rocky, and dangerous," towards merry Carlisle. The first place they especially mention, after leaving Hexham, is Naworth, where we must bid adieu to their company.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Views of Winlaton Mill.



MBROSE CROWLEY, who in the seventeenth century began life as an anvil-maker and crowned it with knighthood and affluence, was the founder of Winlaton and Winlaton Mill—the one placed on the top of a hill overlooking the valleys of the Tyne and the Derwent, and the other situated in the lowlands near the confluence of the two streams. Win-



laton Mill is an interesting spot, and, as the sketches on this and previous pages indicate, it is picturesque to boot. A full account of Crowley's enterprise and "Crowley's Crew" will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888. Of the later development of the industry which Sir Ambrose Crowley established on Tyneside an interesting description was furnished by a correspondent to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* on Oct. 25, 1890. The writer said :—

The Crowley operations were carried on at Winlaton (on the hill top); at Winlaton Mill (in the Derwent Valley); at the Forge, now worked by Messrs. R. S. Bagnall and Sons, between Swalwell and Winlaton Mill; at Swalwell; and at the Teams. After a time, Mr. Millington acquired an interest in the undertaking; whereupon the business proceeded under the style or firm of Crowley, Millington, and Co. In further course of time, the proprietors—descendants of Crowley-Millington—gradually fell out of the run, and ultimately, about 25 or 30 years ago, relinquished all connection with what, up to then, had remained in operation of the once extensive works.

Portions of these works are, however, carried on under other proprietors. Winlaton Mill, nestling amid charming scenery in the Derwent Valley, between Axwell and Gibside Parks, now employs more men and pays more wages than at any other time of its 200 years' industrial history. Many of these men—for instance, of the name of Massey, Brooks, Brown, Laybourn, Hunter, Vinton, Ellison, Bennett, Lockey, etc.—are direct descendants of members of the "Crew." Messrs. Raine and Co., the proprietors, have very successfully blended the new with the old. Under the shadow of buildings with an inscription stone of 1690, may be seen machinery of the most modern description, whilst, in conjunction with old water wheels with their water courses and

dams, there are boilers and engines representing later-day methods.

The main site of the Swalwell establishment is occupied by the new steel works of Messrs. Ridley and Co.; whilst at Winlaton (on the hill top) are the premises of the Winlaton Nut and Bolt Company, R. S. Bagnall and Sons, the Thompsons and the Whitfields, John Howdon and Co., Jared Nixon, and others, who, more or less, occupy the shops of the historic firm. As to the Teams, the main portion of the ground is covered by the paper mill of Messrs. E. Richardson and Sons.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Aelford.

Sir John Fenwick,

MEMBER FOR NORTHUMBERLAND DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Pipe of Northumbria, sound!

War pipe of Alnwick!

Wake the wild hills around,

Summon the Fenwick!

Percy at Paynim war

Fenwick stands foremost;

Scots in array from far,

Swell wide their war-host.

—W. Richardson.



HE "Fenwyke of Northumberland," as we are told in a chapter of local history written by one who bore their name, "were of Saxon origin, and took their cognomen from their ancient fastness in the fen lands near Stamfordham. By



purchase and by marriage with some of the principal families in the county they obtained large possessions, which, from the unsettled state of the times, required the protection of military power. Fierce and resolute in their own character and disposition, they not only sustained the shock of many a Scottish inroad, but were ever ready to avenge real or supposed wrongs by a furious raid into the territories of the enemy. The slogan, or gathering cry of the clan—'A Fenwyke! A Fenwyke!! A Fenwyke!!!' was never heard in vain, and many a Border battle field bears witness to their deadly strife with their Scottish neighbours." In the old ballad, "The Raid of the Reidswire," they are described as coming to one of the meetings of the Marchwardens in a flock:—

I saw, cum merching ower the knows,
Five hundred Fennicks in a flock,
With jack and speir and bows all bent
And warlike weapons, at their will.

Northumbrian history teems with them. They were established at Brinkburn and Bywell, Earsdon and Eachwick, Heddon and Kenton, Meldon and Matfen, Newcastle and Offerton, Stanton and Stamfordham, and so on, right down the alphabet of local topography to Whitton and Wallington. At one time or another members of this widely diffused family have filled every position of trust and of honour in the Northern Counties that sovereign could bestow, burgess award, or professional acquirement achieve.

In the time of the Stuarts the three leading families of the Northumbrian Fenwicks were settled at Wallington, Stanton, Meldon, and Brinkburn. Wallington, acquired by marriage with the Strothers in the reign of Henry IV., was the seat of the most wealthy and the most powerful branch of the family. They were all three united by ties of consanguinity and intermarriage; but into minute details of their relationships it is unnecessary to enter. For present purposes it is sufficient to begin with Roger Fenwick, of Wallington, who married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Widdrington, of Widdrington, and died young (in 1552 or 1553), leaving his widow to marry Sir Robert Constable, the spy, and his son and heir William Fenwick, aged three years, to be brought up under the guardianship of William Hilton. This William Fenwick came of age in 1571, and had special livery of his father's estates, including the manors of Wallington, Cambo, Harterton, Fenwick, Longwitton, Ryal, and Bitchfield, and lands in half a dozen other places. He married, in 1579, Grace, daughter of Sir John Forster, of Edderstone, and by her had an only son—the Sir John Fenwick whose name stands at the head of this chapter. After her decease he was united to Margaret, daughter of William Selby, of Newcastle, a lady known in after years by her ghostly visitations to the banks of the Wansbeck as "Meg of Meldon."

Sir John Fenwick of Wallington, knighted at Royston, 18th January, 1604-5, and afterwards created a baronet, was thirty-five years old at the inquisition after his

father's death in 1614. He inherited Fenwick, Wallington, East Matfen, Cambo, Walker, Eshington, Gunnerton, Ryal, Sweethope, and Harewood, tenements in Hawick, Catcherside, Green Loughton, Longwitton, Hawkwell, and Brunton, and half of a watermill at Heaton called "Dust-little Mill." His maternal grandfather, Sir John Forster, had settled upon him, in 1602, the manor and capital messuage of Hexham, with lands and tenements there, Anick Grange, Dotland Park, Hexham Mills, the tithes of Hexham, Acomb, Anick, Sandhoe, Wall, and Fallowfield, and he purchased, on his own account, in 1618, Rothley, and in 1632 the regality of Hexham, with its long train of manors, villas, lands, and appurtenances.

With the lordly estate acquired from his father and grandfather he was in a position to render the State some service. He had been High Sheriff of the county in 1620, and in 1624, upon the elevation to the peerage of Sir Wm. Grey (who had been elected one of the members for Northumberland at the previous election), he was sent to the House of Commons. Ten years before, Sir John had been described to King James I. and his Council, by Lord William Howard, as "a gentillman that more aimes at a private life then publick imploiment." We have already had a glimpse of him as a country gentleman, engaged in the promotion of local sport, and participating in the diversions of the day. (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. iii., 397.) Chaytor, of Butterby, the local diarist, mentions "Puppie, a horse of Sir John Fenwick," which "bett a horse of the L. Kethe's in Scotland" in 1613. But the duties of a representative of the people in the reign of James I., and his successor, Charles I., were not of an arduous nature. King James loved Parliaments but little; his son liked them still less. Charles summoned one in May, 1625, and dissolved it in August; convened another in February, 1626, and broke it up in June; ordered a third to assemble in March, 1628, and dispersed it in March following. To all these short Parliaments Sir John was returned. He was evidently a favourite with the king, for on the 8th June, 1628, his Majesty made him a baronet. It is equally clear that he was a popular man in the county, for he retained his seat throughout, while his colleague was a different person each time. When the king, after governing without a Parliament for twelve years, ordered the Houses to assemble on the 13th April, 1640, Sir John Fenwick was re-elected, having Sir William Widdrington for his colleague. This assembly proved to be the shortest of all King Charles's short Parliaments. On the 23rd day of their session the king ordered them to dissolve, and once more tried to govern by his own authority. Then followed the entry of the Scots into England, the skirmish at Newburn, and the taking of Newcastle. The country was practically in a state of civil war.

The position which Sir John Fenwick occupied in the heated debates of the period is not traceable. His name

does not appear in the Journals of the House of Commons during the five brief sessions in which he had sat as representative of Northumberland. When the next Parliament assembled—that which by its continuous sitting from November, 1640, to April, 1653, obtained the sobriquet of the Long Parliament—the representation of the county was changed. Sir William Widdrington retained his seat, but Sir John Fenwick transferred his services to the adjoining county of Cumberland, and took his seat as member for Cocker-mouth. He sat for Cocker-mouth no longer than was necessary to secure a favourable opportunity of returning to his old love, acting meanwhile, by special appointment of the Commons, as one of the local commissioners for perfecting accounts of billets and other moneys due to the county of Northumberland by the Scots army. An opportunity of making the desired exchange was not long in coming. It happened that, very shortly after Parliament met, both the new members for Northumberland fell under displeasure of the House. Sir William Widdrington's offence was trivial—a dispute about the bringing in of candles to enable a debate to be prolonged after dark—and after he had been imprisoned in the Tower for five days he made his submission and was restored to his seat and its privileges. Henry Percy's transgression was serious, and led to serious consequences. He was accused with others of an attempt to seduce the army against Parliament, of designing to bring it up to London, and secure the Tower, and so by force compel Parliament to obey its orders, &c., &c. Instead of facing this accusation boldly, Percy fled the country, and on the 9th December, 1641, he was declared by formal resolution to be no longer qualified to sit in the House, and a writ was issued for a new election. To the vacancy thus created, Sir John Fenwick was elected, and thus for the sixth time he became one of the representatives of his native county.

As the quarrel between the King and Parliament progressed, Sir John Fenwick ranged himself on the side of the king. His name is not to be found among those of 229 members who signed the Solemn League and Covenant on the 22nd September, 1643, and very soon afterwards it was known that he had deserted to the Parliament which the king had set up at Oxford. Thereupon, at the sitting of the House on the 22nd January, 1643-44, a resolution was passed by which he and about fifty other members were “forthwith discharged and disabled for sitting or being any longer members of this House, during this Parliament, for deserting the service of the House, and being in the King's Quarters, and adhering to that party.” A few months later, as Whitelock relates, he was taken by the Parliamentary forces, as he was proceeding with thirty horse and arms from Northampton to Banbury. Captivity brought him into submission to the Parliament, for, in less than a year after his expulsion from the House of Commons, he was

chosen, for the second time, High Sheriff of Northumberland, and placed at the head of the county militia. That Sir John had thrown off his allegiance to the king and become reconciled to the dominant party soon after the siege and capture of Newcastle is evident from the course which the House of Commons took in his favour. At a time when they were sending for delinquents and sequestering estates of royalists all over the country, they not only appointed him to these responsible offices, but they rescinded their order of expulsion, and admitted him again to his seat. The next day he was appointed one of thirty-four members who were to act as “Commissioners for Conservation of the Peace between the Two Kingdoms.”

During the hasty invasion of the Scots, in the autumn of 1648, and on the eve of the battle of Dunbar, Sir John Fenwick was reported to have suffered considerable losses:—“In Northumberland many were plundered to great values, among other Sir John Fenwick, from whom was taken his best moveables; his damage valued at £2,000.” This we read in Rushworth, under date September 1st, and, turning to the Journals of the Commons, we find that on the 28th of that month a call of the House was ordered, and Sir John Fenwick reported as absent, but excused. Then on the 26th April following (1649) the House directed that “the petition of Sir John Fenwick, Knight and Baronet, be read to-morrow morning, the first business,” but no further reference is made to the matter. Indeed, from that time till his death, little or nothing was heard of him. Mr. Hodgson states, on the authority of the “Diurnal of Occurrences,” &c., that his name occurs frequently as a Parliamentary Committee man for sequestering the estates of notorious delinquents, and levying taxes in Northumberland. But this allegation is not sustained by a search through the Journals of the House. In those vast stores of political history his name does not appear after the end of 1648. It is not unlikely that he was one of the suspected promonarchy members who were “secluded” by Colonel Pride, on the 6th of December in that year, and that he did not sit again. All that we know positively about him after that time is that in 1654 his name occurs in a list of persons who were slack in their payments to the public revenue, as a debtor for £1,107 6s. 8½d., that he joined with his son William in mortgaging Fenwick and other estates in 1657, and that he died in the year following.

Sir John married, first, Catherine, daughter of Sir Henry Slingsby, of Scriven, by whom he had John Fenwick, colonel of dragoons, and M.P. for Morpeth, who was slain at the battle of Marston Moor, and buried in Hexham Church, where his helmet, or reputed helmet, may still be seen. His second wife was Grace, daughter of Thomas Loraine, of Kirkharle. From this marriage came Sir William Fenwick (who sat as M.P. for the county in the Long Parliament, in three of the Commonwealth Parliaments, and in two of those of

Charles II.), father of the famous Sir John Fenwick, whose erratic career and melancholy end have been described in these columns by the master-hand of the late James Clephan. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 481.)

Lieutenant-Colonel John Fenwick,

A NEWCASTLE COVENANTER.

To which branch of the widely diffused race of Fenwick belonged the earnest but turbulent Puritan who figures in local history as Lieutenant-Colonel John Fenwick cannot be ascertained. He was not a native of Newcastle, but had apparently come from the country in youth to serve his apprenticeship as a boothman, or corn merchant; had gone, when out of his time, to gain experience of commercial life in Germany; and had then married and settled in the town. Most of that which is known about him is contained in a curious pamphlet of his own writing, published in London in 1643, under the title of—

Christ Ruling in the Midst of his Enemies; or Some First Fruits of the Churches Deliverance, Budding Forth out of the Crosse and Sufferings and Some Remarkable Deliverances of a Twentie Yeeres Sufferer, and now a Souldier of Jesus Christ.

Taking this autobiographical narrative as our guide, we learn that, in the early years of Charles I.'s reign, the writer of it was in a considerable way of business in Newcastle. He tells us that he served the town "divers yeers in a publique office," that he had commercial relations with German houses, a good connection in the North of England, and extensive business transactions with producers in Scotland. Across the Border he frequently travelled, buying grain, freighting ships, and dealing in various other commodities that pertained to his calling. During these numerous Scottish expeditions he imbibed Presbyterian views, and taking no pains to conceal them, made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the ruling powers in Newcastle. When the troubles about religion in Scotland were coming to a head, he made himself an emissary between the Covenanters and their sympathisers on this side of the Tweed. He went even further. To the surprise of his friends and the indignation of the royalist party—then very strong in the town—he and his friend Bittleston, a Newcastle tanner, proceeded to Edinburgh in May, 1638, and signed the National Covenant. This was a bold thing to do, and it had serious consequences. The authorities reported the daring act of these two Newcastle Puritans to the Government, and the Government ordered Sir Jacob Astley to apprehend them and commit them to prison.

Fenwick was not to be caught, however. He had escaped into Scotland, and there he remained until, in 1640, the army of the Covenant entered England. Under the wing of the invaders, he returned to Newcastle, and had the grim satisfaction of seeing his adversaries discomfited and put to flight, all which, in mocking phrase, he graphically describes and chuckles over in his pamph-

let. But, although once more safely housed within the walls of Newcastle, his troubles were by no means ended. Protected as he was by the Scottish army, then in possession of the town, he found himself and his wife "continually reviled and abused by the malignant people of the town," of whom he could get no provisions for his family without authority and command of the Scots, or seldom go abroad without the company of some of the Scottish gentlemen, neither would anybody pay him the money they owed him. In these straits he went to London (journeying by water to avoid the king's soldiers) in order that he might place his grievances before Parliament. Even there he was not safe, or fancied he was not, and so lay hidden for some time, waiting for Parliament to consider his claims—claims which he had set forth in a petition. This petition was put forward by the Scots Commissioners when arranging the treaty of pacification in December, 1640, but without result. Equally unsuccessful was it at the next treaty-making in 1642. Meanwhile the claimant had joined the Parliamentary army. He alleges that he was called to arms at the first going out of the forces, and lost some blood "in Keynton Field," where he received a new life (and his lieutenant-colonelcy no doubt) "being sore wounded, and stript, and left for dead upon the ground, among the dead almost an hour, senseless." It was not until the middle of 1650, ten years after he had prepared it, that Parliament was induced to give a favourable ear to him, and then they rewarded his service, his sufferings, and his patience by giving him a valuable local appointment—the mastership of Sherburn Hospital. In the Journals of the House of Commons, under date July 2, 1650, we read:—

Sir William Armyne reports from the Council of State the Petition of Lieutenant-Colonel John Fenwick, and that the House be desired to do something for his relief, viz. —

"That the Petition of Lieutenant-Colonel John Fenwick be reported to the House by Sir William Armyne; and they be desired to do something for his Relief and Subsistence; and particularly, if the House shall so think fit, by giving unto the son of the said Lieut.-Col. the Government of the Hospital of Sherborne, in the County of Duresme, for his Life, and after the Life of his Father."

Resolved—That the Mastership and Government of the Hospital of Sherborne, in the County of Duresme, be settled upon Lieutenant-Colonel John Fenwick, for his Life, and that the Reversion, after his Decease, be settled upon John Fenwick, son of the said Colonel John Fenwick, during his natural Life; And that Mr. Attorney-General do prepare a Patent for passing the said Office to them accordingly; And the Lords Commissioners for the Great Seal of England be authorized and required to pass the said Patent, under the Great Seal of England accordingly.

Surtees, in the "History of Durham," describes the intruding Master of Sherburn as "a tradesman in Newcastle, and Guide to Lesley's Army into England; appointed Master by authority of 'Sir William Ermyne and the other Commissioners of the then Parliament to invite the Scots into England, by a note under their hands, without order or vote of the House of Commons or

Lords." Beyond that inaccurate statement, and the facts that he resigned Sherburn in favour of his son, and that the latter was dispossessed at the Restoration, nothing is known of the later days of Lieutenant-Colonel John Fenwick.

Colonel George Fenwick,

SOLDIER AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

COL. GEO.
FENWICK of
Brenkburne Esq.;
Governor of Berwick,
In the year 1652, was
A principal instru-
ment of causing this
Church to be built;
And died March 15th,
1656.

A good man is a public good.

—*Epitaph in Berwick Church.*

The distinguished Parliamentary soldier who was known during the Civil War as Colonel George Fenwick belonged to the Brinkburn branch of the great Fenwick family. He was the eldest son of George Fenwick of that place, by Dorothy, daughter of John Forster, of Newham, and was born in 1603. Of his youth and early manhood nothing is recorded. Trained to the profession of arms, his earlier years were no doubt spent in the service of his country. It is said that he had distinguished himself in Ireland, and received £100 from the House of Commons for his meritorious achievements against the rebels in that island. Richardson, in one of his Reprints, suggests that he was an agent of the Puritan lords Say and Sele and Brooke in New England, where he founded a jurisdiction called Say-brook, and where he lived and presided several years. Be that as it may, he was undoubtedly the George Fenwick who, in 1645, was sent to the Long Parliament by the electors of Morpeth. At the general election in 1640, the members returned for that borough were Sir William Carnaby and John Fenwick, son of the Sir John Fenwick whose biography formed the subject of a previous chapter. Carnaby, proving to be a Royalist, was disabled to sit by vote of the House; Fenwick was also disabled, and shortly afterwards killed, fighting for the Crown, at the battle of Marston Moor. To fill up the vacancies thus created, Colonel George Fenwick was elected, with John Fiennes as his colleague.

Although the Long Parliament sat continuously, its military members were excused from regular attendance in order that they might help to fight the forces of the Crown and repress local conspiracies against the Commonwealth. Colonel Fenwick was one of the representatives so excused, and he employed his time to some purpose. When, in 1648, Marmaduke Langdale seized Berwick for the Royalists, and, with Colonel Grey, Colonel Tempest, and others, troubled all Northumberland, he was sent, with Colonel Lilburn and Major Sanderson, to repel the advance of the enemy. A letter from Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Governor of Newcastle, in-

formed the House of Commons, in July, of the complete success which had attended the campaign. The House ordered public thanksgiving to be made in all the churches round about London for this victory, conceiving it to be one of the utmost importance, tending to a speedy and effective pacification of the North-Country. A few days later Colonel Fenwick drove a party of Royalists under Colonel Carr out of Simonburn. Again at the close of August, the colonel "relieved Holy Island with Necessaries, stormed Fenham Castle, near thereto, in which was a Scotch Garrison, and summoned Haggerton, but there came so many from Berwick that they were constrained to quit it." At the end of the year he was appointed one of the commissioners for the trial of the king, but does not appear to have accepted the office, or to have taken any part in the proceedings. He undertook the governorship of Berwick in the autumn of 1649, and in that capacity the following summer received Cromwell, marching to the "crowning mercy" of Dunbar. It would appear that the colonel marched with him, for he is mentioned in a letter written to the Council from Newcastle by Sir Arthur Hazlerigg on the 31st October, 1650, respecting the sufferings of some unfortunate prisoners on their march from Morpeth to Durham:—"On being told into the great cathedral church they were counted to be no more than 3,000, although Colonel Fenwick wrote me that there were about 3,500." Thence he accompanied the general to Edinburgh, and took part in the siege of the city—a part so prominent that when the castle was surrendered he was placed in charge of it. In the words of a Scottish historian, the fortress was garrisoned with "English blasphemers under Colonel Fenwick." Cromwell sent him in the February following (1650-51) to demand the surrender of Hume Castle, and there occurred an episode which Carlyle, quoting Whitlocke, has made memorable:—

The governor answered, "I know not Cromwell, and as for my castle it is built on a rock." Whereupon Colonel Fenwick played upon him a little with the great guns. But the governor still would not yield; nay sent a letter couched in these singular terms:—

I, William of the Wastle,
Am now in my castle;
And as the dogs in the town
Shanna gar me gang down.

So that there remained nothing but opening the mortars upon this William of the Wastle, which did gar him gang down—more fool than he went up.

Returning to Newcastle, Colonel Fenwick received, on the 8th March, 1650-51, the honorary freedom of the town, and in October was appointed by the House of Commons one of eight commissioners to be sent into Scotland to treat with the representatives of that nation for redress of grievances and settlement of outstanding disputes. His name occurs frequently in the Journals of the House at this time as a member of important committees. He was mixed up, too, in the trouble of John Lilburn, "Fraeborn John," as he was called. With Lilburn's assistance, one Josiah Primat, a leatherseller in London,

circulated a petition accusing Colonel Fenwick and others of complicity in a case of alleged confiscation of the collieries, &c., of John Hedworth, of Harraton. The House cleared Colonel Fenwick and his colleagues from this formidable charge, voted the petition "false, malicious, and scandalous," condemned it to be burned by the common hangman, and not only directed the petitioner to pay nine thousand pounds, but fined John Lilburn also seven thousand pounds, and ordered him to be banished from the kingdom.

When the Long Parliament was broken up by Cromwell, Colonel Fenwick lost his seat. Being a man of bold and independent spirit, he seems, like his friend and relative, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, to have fallen into disfavour at this time. It is noticeable that neither he nor Sir Arthur were invited to join the Little, or Barebones, Parliament which followed. But in the summer of 1654, when freedom of representation had been restored to the constituencies, and again in August, 1656 (described as "Governor of the Garrison of Leith,") he was returned member for Berwick. To this latter Parliament three Northumbrian Fenwicks were elected—William of Wallington and Robert of Bedlington, for the county of Northumberland, and Colonel George for the Border borough. Death, however, soon reduced their number; the colonel survived his return but a few months. He was elected on the 11th August, but did not leave Berwick till the 8th September, when, according to Scott's history of the town, the Chamberlain was ordered to take sugar and wine to his house, and the Guild would drink with him before he departed. This was the final leave-taking. He died on the 15th of March, 1656-57, and was buried in that towerless and otherwise peculiar edifice, the parish church of Berwick, which, as stated upon his monument, he had been "a principal instrument" in erecting.

Colonel Fenwick married for his first wife, Alice, daughter of Sir Edward Aspley, and widow of Sir John Brotlee, by whom he had two daughters—Elizabeth, wife of Sir Thomas Hazlerigg of Nosely, and Dorothy, who married Sir Thomas Williamson. His second wife was Catherine, elder daughter of Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, who outlived him, married Philip Babington, and was buried in the Garden at Harnham, under circumstances detailed in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 376.

No portrait of this famous Roundhead colonel is available, but here is his signature, written in a bold and legible hand, indicating, as far as handwriting indicates anything, a man of energy, firmness, and resource.

G. Fenwick

Mr. W. H. Patterson, Miners' Agent.



WILLIAM HAMMOND PATTERSON is the oldest member and now the head of the Durham Miners' Association. Having been appointed corresponding secretary as the successor to the late Mr. Crawford, he is practically the leader of a body of men numbering about forty thousand. Mr. Patterson, who was born at Fawdon Square, Newcastle, in 1847, after leaving the Royal Jubilee Schools, commenced work at Jesmond Quarry. Subsequently, at the age of sixteen, he took service at Heworth Colliery as a hewer of coals.

Mr. Patterson first became connected with trades unions in 1865, when at his instigation the miners at



Mr. W. H. Patterson.

Heworth Colliery formed a union lodge, with himself as secretary. When twenty-one he attended as the delegate from Heworth at a meeting in the Market Hotel, Durham, to form a combination of the working miners of the county, the object of the union being the improvement of the condition of the miners engaged in the Durham coalfield. At the outset, Mr. Patterson was appointed a member of the Executive Committee, and took part in drawing up the original rules for the guidance of the members of the association. In 1869, he was elected vice-president, and shortly afterwards was chosen one of the two agents of the association, being deputed to look after the South Durham district. Mr. Patterson was next placed at the head of the financial

department. Since that time he has attended all the council meetings of the association except once, when prevented by illness.

With Mr. Stratton, the manager, he was the first to descend the Seaham Colliery when so many lives were lost by the explosion, the only method of entering the mine being by the kibble. In the same way Mr. Patterson was among the first and most diligent workers who entered Trimdon Grange Colliery after the last disastrous explosion there. Not until every one of the 83 poor fellows who then lost their lives was accounted for, and a search made to ascertain the cause of the accident, did he ascend. He also took a prominent part at the Usworth and Elemore disasters. At the great gatherings of the miners on Durham Racecourse he has never failed to appear to give a correct account of the financial position of the association, together with a statement of the large sums that are regularly distributed among the aged and suffering members. He has been a member of the Joint Committee of Owners and Workmen and the Federation Board since the formation of those bodies. He was elected a member of the Durham School Board in 1884, and has since been made a County Councillor, representing Tanfield. Mr. Patterson is also a member of the Durham Corporation as a representative of the North Ward.

Our portrait is from a photograph taken by Mr. W. Wilkinson, North Road, Durham, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce it.

Redmarshall Church.



THE little wayside railway station of Carlton, on the line between Ferryhill and Stockton, is the best point from which to start for a visit to Redmarshall. Half-a-mile of country lane, between high hedgerows, brings us to the village of Carlton, which, we are at once reminded, was part of the dowry which Bishop Aldune gave to his troublesome daughter on the occasion of her marriage. (See article on Houghton-le-Skerne Church, page 470.) It is not an especially picturesque village, but the ample gardens which front most of the cottages give it that aspect of rural quietude which is always charming.

A little more than half-a-mile beyond Carlton we reach the church and village of Redmarshall, pleasantly embosomed and almost hidden amongst tall tufted trees. The village is one of the smallest in the county. Its whole population does not number a hundred souls. It consists of a rectory, one or two farm houses, and an inn, which has long borne the sign, not, as one would expect, of the Plough, or the Wheat Sheaf, but of the Ship.

Redmarshall, anciently written Redmershill, stands on slightly rising ground, and from this circumstance part of the name is doubtless derived. The two first syllables,

"red-mere," mean the mere or marsh where the reed grows; and thus the whole place-name may be taken to mean "the hill near the reedy marsh."

The church, which is dedicated to St. Cuthbert, is a very modest, simple structure, prettily embowered amongst the churchyard trees. The tower, which is its most striking feature, can be seen at a considerable distance, peeping out from amongst the foliage. The oldest portions of the edifice are of early Norman date, and may be ascribed to the first quarter of the twelfth century. The tower (except the parapet) and the walls of the nave are of this period. The church is entered by a south porch of comparatively modern date, but its doorway is as ancient as any part of the edifice. The walls of the nave do not retain a single architectural feature which is contemporary with their original erection.

The chancel appears to have been rebuilt about the middle of the thirteenth century, or a little later. The tracery of all the windows in the church is quite modern, but I am assured that it faithfully represents the ancient work of which it takes the place. If this be so, the windows in the north and south walls of the chancel are especially interesting, as presenting examples of the very earliest types of window tracery. The one in the north wall consists of a circle carried by two lancets. The one in the south wall is of slightly more advanced type, and consists of a quatrefoil carried by two trefoil-headed lights. The east window is of three lights. The tracery is of much more elaborate design, and is of later date than the other windows. There are three sedilia of late character and poor design in the south wall, as well as a priest's door, now covered by a porch of very uncertain date, and a walled up, square, low-side window in the usual position. I ought to mention that in all the windows of the chancel there are fragments of ancient stained glass.

On the south side of the nave is a chantry chapel, now known, for a reason presently to be mentioned, as the Claxton Porch. It is really the chapel of the chantry of St. Mary. By whom it was founded I do not know, but it was certainly in existence long before the erection of the present chapel. In the year 1311, Bishop Kellaw instituted Hugh de Redmarshall to this chantry, on the presentation of Alan de Langton, lord of Winyard and Redmarshall, and of Catherine, his wife. Alan de Langton, who, by the way, was a burgess of Newcastle, was lord of the manor of Redmarshall in right of his wife, the niece of Sir Henry de Lisle, who had purchased it from one Sir Thomas de Moulton, who, in turn, had bought it from John Bek, to whom, lastly, it had been given by Bishop Anthony Bek. The lordship of Redmarshall remained with the Langtons during four generations; but Alan's great-grandson and heir, Thomas Langton, whose effigy, with that of his wife, lies in this same chapel, died without issue in 1440, and the manor descended to a niece. She married a scion of the great family of

Conyers; but after two generations of that name the manor of Redmarshall came once more to a female heir, who married a Claxton. The chapel, which would thus successively bear the names of Langton Porch and Conyers Porch, came at last to bear its present name of Claxton Porch. As I have already mentioned, the present chapel is of much later date than the foundation of St. Mary's chantry. It was, indeed, built in the fifteenth century. It opens into the nave by a wide and lofty arch, which would originally be partially closed by a screen. The arch rests on corbels of somewhat peculiar character. The one on the west side is a rudely carved representation of the upper part of a female's body, on whose head, but partly supported by her hands, rests the capital which carries the arch. The chantry is lighted by a fine four-light perpendicular window in its south wall. In the same chapel we have the effigies, charmingly carved in alabaster, of the Thomas Langton mentioned above, and Sybil his wife. They lie on a rudely built altar tomb, which is probably not original. One cannot see these interesting, and once beautiful, examples of mediæval art without a feeling of intense pain that monuments in every way so valuable should be so disgracefully mutilated, and in other ways shamefully treated, as these have been. Not only have hands and arms been wantonly broken off and removed, but the whole surface of the figures has been scratched and covered with the initials of innumerable nobodies. Not only are such monuments valuable as examples of art—they are also the most precious and reliable evidences we possess as to the history of costume, to say nothing of the reverence due to all honest memorials of the departed. Such memorials should be revered, not perhaps so much for the sake of those whom they commemorate, as for that of the filial affection by which they were raised.

Thomas Langton is attired in plate mail. His head rests on his tilting helmet, and is encased in a close-fitting pointed bascinet, round which a wreathed orle or chaplet is carried. His armpits are protected by oblong palettes, and his elbows by elbow-pieces. His body to the waist is encased in plain plate mail, below which descends a skirt of metal hoops or taces, the hinges of which are seen on the left side. The sword belt, which is unusually narrow, appears to have been adorned with roses. A beautifully carved girdle passes round his hips. Plain genouillieres cover the knees, and the feet rest upon a lion. The lady's head rests on two cushions placed diagonally to each other. Her hair is done up in the ugly and extravagant horn-like manner which was fashionable in the latter part of the fourteenth and in the fifteenth centuries. It is partly covered by a veil, which hangs down in loose folds at the sides. She is dressed in a long loose gown, a garment which was constantly tucked up under the arm to enable its wearer to walk. Over this she wears a kind of tight-fitting tunic, the border of which would be probably painted in imitation of embroidery. Over all she wears a loose cloak, thrown back to the shoulders, and held by a cord, which, passing across the breast and through a hole in each side of the cloak, is brought back nearly to the centre and looped across itself, and then falls downwards and terminates in tassels.

The nave is lighted by two windows in its north wall, and by a curious single-light window, with trefoil head, near the west end of the south wall. The fittings are all of one period. They have been usually described as of Elizabethan date, but they possess no characteristic features of the work of that time, and, I think, would be much more correctly assigned to the early part of last century. The pew backs are of open work, with turned



Redmarshall
Church

balusters. The pulpit retains its sounding board. The whole of these fittings are extremely plain, but are such as one cares to see in a village church. The font is of Early English date, probably about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Its cover belongs to the same period as the rest of the woodwork.

The tower is plain and massive. Its embattled parapet, which bears a pinnacle at each corner, was added in the fifteenth century. The general aspect of the church, inside and out, is one of marked simplicity, which harmonises agreeably with the quietude of its surroundings.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Bellister Castle.

OPPPOSITE Haltwhistle, on the south side of the River Tyne, is Bellister Castle, or Bellecester, as it used to be called. It is a goodly pile of grey ruins, with modern additions in the castellated style, the latter inhabited as a farmhouse. It stands on a fair mound, partly natural and partly artificial, but the moat that once encompassed it is long since dry and grass-grown. "Rich, flat, alluvial ground," Hodgson tells us, "surrounds it on every side; and on the east and south its demesne lands are walled in with woody banks, formed, long cycles since, by the labours of Father Tyne. From its western window the view extends up the sweet valley of Glenwhelt, as far as Blenkin's-hope Castle; and down the Tyne you see the sun shining on the town of Haltwhistle, and the scattered villages of Melkridge, Henshaw, and Thorgrafton, and over them

to the north, on the basaltic vertebrae of the Roman Wall."

Of the many castles and towers in South-Western Northumberland, by far the most picturesque is Bellister. It was described in 1541 as a "bastell house, in thoccupac'n of one Blenkinsoppe, in measurable good repacs'ns." The modern additions were built by the Kirsop family, who owned it. The origin of the castle is not clearly known. The manor of Bellister belonged, in the 12th century, to the family of Ros or Roos, and was forfeited when Robert de Roos, of Wark-on-Tweed, sided with Scotland in 1296. The family of Fitz Alan soon afterwards obtained the manor, for, in 1306, an inquest mentions Maud, wife of Brian Fitz Alan, as in possession of Bellister, in Tindale; and the Calendar of Patent Rolls for 1339 states that the Bishop of Durham had granted to Brian Fitz Alan, and Maud his wife, in tail general, the manor of Belstre, by the accustomed services, to revert to the bishop and his successors, which grant the king confirmed. John Darcy le Cozin died possessed of it in 1347, and in 1348 the king, for twenty marks, confirmed the manor in fee to Gerard de Salveine. In 1369 Alan del' Strother had a grant of the office of bailiff of Tindale, and the custody of the king's manors of Wark in Tindale, and Bellister, and other perquisites, at a yearly rent of 200 marks. In 1374 the manor was given by the king to his son Edmund Plantagenet, whose widow died possessed of it in 1416. Subsequently the castle and manor fell into the hands of the Blenkinsops, but the exact date is not known. They resided in the castle in 1542, however, and through the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth onward. In 1715, John Bacon, purchaser of Bellister and Wyden, settled them on his son John, on his marriage with Jane Mar-



shall, widow of John Blenkinsop, and their grandson, the Rev. Henry Wastal, sold them in 1818 to John Kirsop, of Hexham.

The legend of the Grey Man of Bellister will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, page 351.

Clavering's Cross.



TWO miles and a half south-west of Longhorsley, and the same distance north-east of Netherwitton, Northumberland, stands Clavering's Cross, in a field behind Stanton House, about forty yards east of the road which leads up the hill past the ancient, dilapidated hall of the Corbets and Fenwicks. It is a plain, oblong, sandstone pillar, with the angles chamfered, fixed in a base of three steps, 18 inches high, and it measures 4 feet



2 inches in height, 3 feet 6 inches round the lower end, and 2 feet 10 inches round the upper end.

Like that fragment of a cross in Homer's Lane, three miles and a half from Hexham, this pillar had cut upon it the figure of a sword about three feet in length. Very faint are the traces of it at the present day. Some letters also are said to have been once decipherable on the same side of the stone. These are now quite obliterated.

Some years ago the stone was removed to a field on the other side of the road by Mr. Spraggon, a farmer, as it interfered with his ploughing, and was much used as a rubbing post for cattle. About eight or nine years ago, however, Mrs. Baker-Baker, of Elemore Hall, in the county of Durham, on whose property the stone stands, had it put back on a new base, the old one having been destroyed, in the exact position where the oldest person on the estate remembers it to have previously stood.

Now what is the history of the cross? If the mean-

ing of the name Stanton be the "town by the stone," as, according to Mr. F. Davis in his "Etymology of Derbyshire Place Names," it sometimes is, then we may be tempted to assign to the stone a prehistoric origin, though it has served since, after being roughly chiselled into its present shape, to commemorate some tragical occurrence in North-Country history.

According to Hodgson ("Hist. of Northumberland," part 2, vol. 2, page 111), who calls the field where the stone stands, at present known as "Clavering's Close," the Limekilnflat, "the tradition of the neighbourhood says (it) was set up in memory of a gentleman of the name of Clavering being slain on the spot in an encounter with a party of Scots." Could anything be more vague? We can gather nothing as to the name of the particular member of the Clavering family who was killed, nor as to the date when the occurrence took place. Search our local histories as we will, we shall find no record of this encounter.

In Richardson's "Table Book," volume 6, page 143, there is a poem—of little merit, however—on "The Death of Clavering," by Mr. Frederic R. Surtees, of the Temple, London. It is founded on the local tradition referred to by Hodgson.

It appears from the register of the sanctuary at Durham and the State Papers of the sixteenth century, that two members of the Clavering family were murdered in this part of the country—one in 1517, and the other in 1586.

In the 16th century this was a lawless and choleric district, and life was taken on the slightest provocation. The cases of murder and manslaughter committed within a comparatively short period are very numerous. John Crawforth was killed at Netherwitton in September, 1506, by Cuthbert Law; Robert Cooke, of Bolam, in February, 1516, by George Young, of Angerton; John Story, at Ingo Crag in June, 1516, by George Watson, of Belsay, and his two sons; John Lambe, just outside the churchyard at Hartburn, in August, 1516, by John and James Cowper, of Angerton; and William Lawson at Stanton in June, 1517, by John and Robert Smyth.

The particulars of the death of the first of these Claverings are to be found in the sanctuary register referred to above. The entry is as follows:—"1517. 10th April. Edward Horsley, of Scranwood, in the county of Northumberland, desired sanctuary because, on the 2nd instant, at Goorfen, between the towns of Morpeth and Horsley, in the county aforesaid, he had feloniously struck with a sword a certain Christopher Clavering on the head and in other parts of his body, in consequence of which he died the same day."

The next entry shows that a double murder was committed at this place on the same date:—"1517. 10th April. Christopher Horsley, of Horsley, desired sanctuary because on the above-mentioned 2nd of April, at the said Goorfen, he had feloniously struck with divers

weapons, to wit, a sword and dagger, a certain John Carr, of Hetton, in the said county of Northumberland, in consequence of which he died the same 10th day."

Goorfen—now called Gorfen Letch—is a hamlet consisting of one farm and a cottage near the Wooler road four miles from Morpeth and two miles and a half from Longhorsley. It is two miles direct east of Clavering's Cross. The road, from the North, after passing over Longhorsley Moor, descends rapidly to a dreary-looking slack, through which runs the Heron's Close Burn, making a triangular turn there. From the south there is an equally steep gradient. Gorfen Letch is a quarter of a mile north of this slack.

The character of the landscape here may be gathered from the descriptive word "letch," which, according to Brockett, signifies "a long narrow swamp in which water moves slowly among rushes and grass." A more sinister-looking place for a murder could hardly have been chosen, and one can easily imagine that it was here where the Horsleys laid in wait for their victims.

The question arises, was Christopher Clavering killed at Gorfen Letch? He may have taken to flight across the open country when attacked by the Horsleys, and been overtaken and killed near Stanton, the place being afterwards marked by the cross.

The scribe who took down the statements of the culprits, not perhaps having himself any knowledge of the district, might easily fail to make out the exact locality where the tragedy was enacted, even if the fugitives were precise and coherent in their story, as it is only too probable, from the nature of the case, they might not be.

It is somewhat disappointing that nothing is known about this Christopher Clavering. The editor of the register of the Durham Sanctuary merely observes, referring to the actors in the tragedy:—"These were all gentlemen of family and fortune." Mr. Thomas Clavering, of Glasgow, who has collected materials for a history of the family, says that he cannot trace this Christopher, which is a name not common to the family. Perhaps some light may eventually be thrown on the subject by our diligent antiquaries.

One more glimpse we get of Edward and Christopher Horsley, and that is five years later, in 1522. In the Patent Rolls of that year there is a special pardon granted to them by Henry VIII. for the murder of John Carr of Hetton and Christopher Clavering of Callaly, Northumberland, exempting them from the consequence of any action of attainure or outlawry, and making restitution to them of the goods and chattels which by law were forfeited to the king by their felony. From this document we gain this further information about them: the former is not only styled gentleman, of Scranwood, Northumberland, but also of Sockburn, in the Bishopric of Durham; and the latter not only gentleman, of Horsley, Northumberland, but also of Sockburn, Durham, and soldier of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Within forty days after they had

taken refuge at the sanctuary of Durham, they would have to appear before the coroner clothed in sackcloth, and there confess their crime and abjure the realm. Making their way to the nearest port, they would take ship to some other country. What they passed through during these five years, and what became of them afterwards, are questions which the reader will long put in vain to the local historian.

The incidents connected with the death of the other member of the Clavering family are to be found in the State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth preserved in the Public Record Office. The story, pieced together from several official letters, is as follows:—

On the 22nd of November, 1586, a gallant company might have been seen riding north from Newcastle. It consisted of Sir Cuthbert Collingwood of Eslington—"that courteous knight" of the old ballad, "The Raid of the Reidswire," who had twice been Sheriff of Northumberland, and was much renowned along the Borders; his lady and daughter, riding on pillions behind two retainers; Thomas Collingwood, his heir; a younger son; Robert Clavering, the High-Sheriff of Northumberland, son-in-law to Sir Cuthbert, described by the Earl of Huntingdon, in a letter from Newcastle, as "well-given to religion—a rare matter here—and of very good government"; his brother, William Clavering; and nine others. Sir Cuthbert Collingwood and Robert Clavering had been summoned to Newcastle with other North-Country gentlemen to attend the Lord President of the North and to celebrate the Queen's accession.

"On a moor beyond Morpeth" they were met by William Selby, of Berwick, the eldest son of Sir John Selby, of Twisell, and twelve or thirteen of his associates, chiefly soldiers from the garrison of Berwick, who had been lying in wait for them.

No one in Sir Cuthbert's company could have any doubt as to their intentions, for there had been for some time a bitter feud between Collingwood and Selby, and between the younger members of the two families—a feud originating, it would seem, with Sir Cuthbert, who had accused Sir John of high treason and March treason.

Lady Collingwood precipitated herself from her seat, and, falling on her knees, desired Selby with tears to let her husband alone for that time. The Sheriff also, by solemn proclamation and other means, endeavoured to preserve the peace, but to no purpose, for Selby and his company, discharging their pistols, "shot Sir Cuthbert in the belly and young Clavering, the Sheriff's brother, in the breast and out at his back."

Sir Cuthbert's wound was not fatal; but for William Clavering there was no hope of recovery, and while his life was ebbing away he seems to have dictated the substance of his will, so, at least, we infer from the opening clause of that document, which is still preserved at Durham:—

Memorandum. That in the latter parte of November

Anno 1586, or thereabouts, William Claveringe, late of Duddoe, within the parishe of Norhame, gentilman, being of perfect mind and memorie, thoughte verie crayed and sore wounded in his bodye, did make his will nuncupative in the manner following.

Selby fled, but four of his associates—Roger Selby, Thos. Mill, and Thomas Dawson of Alnwick, and John Strowther of Newton—were tried at the December Assizes at Newcastle. Against three of them a verdict of manslaughter was returned; the fourth, John Strowther, was liberated.

The Collingwoods and Claverings were still further incensed against the Selbys by this tragic event, and they made it very difficult for those in authority to bring about a reconciliation. The affair was submitted to arbitrators, but the proceedings were broken off by the "unreasonable demands" of Robert Clavering, and when the Lord Chamberlain undertook, at the request of Sir Cuthbert and his son-in-law, "to end this trouble," they rendered his intervention useless by their absence from Berwick on the day appointed for hearing the case. This was in April, 1588, and there seemed every probability of the feud having to be settled in the law courts. As, however, nothing appears in the State Papers after this date, it may be presumed that the matter was compounded to the satisfaction of the three families.

Clavering's Cross is undoubtedly a memorial to one of these ill-fated gentlemen. Whether it was Christopher or William Clavering who fell here must, for the present, remain a problem of local history. The weight of evidence perhaps inclines to the side of William Clavering. The circumstances of his death, and the position of the persons concerned in it, were such as to excite an exceptional interest in the district—an interest sustained, one may imagine, by the embittered and prolonged character of the feud. It is therefore highly probable that a monument would be erected on the scene of the fray to commemorate the tragic event.

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

The Failure of the District Bank.



IN the spring of 1836, one of those commercial manias which seem to recur periodically all over the commercial world began to develop itself in this country. It took the form of the establishment of large joint stock companies. The epidemic, as it might well be called, spread to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the commercial capital of the North of England. No fewer than four joint stock banks were established in the town in the course of the year. These were the Newcastle Commercial Banking Company, the Newcastle Joint Stock Bank, the Newcastle Union Joint Stock Bank, and the Northumberland and Durham District Banking Company, which had five branches in

the earlier part of its existence, and ultimately eight, viz., at Alnwick, Berwick, Hexham, Morpeth, North Shields, South Shields, Sunderland, and Durham. By means of these branches auxiliary to the main office, which was located in Grey Street, the District Bank drew into its coffers, to be spent at the discretion of the directors and managers, a large proportion of the savings of the middle and lower classes in the locality.

The prospectus of the company was issued on the 12th of March, 1836. The capital was proposed to be half-a-million, in 50,000 shares of £10 each. There was no difficulty in raising the money, at least nominally. Upwards of 40,000 shares were taken in less than a month, while hundreds of respectable persons, who came forward to subscribe, being too late, were refused an allotment. The utmost number of shares allowed to each applicant was a hundred, and one shilling per share was paid on allotment. Before many days had elapsed speculation rose to a high pitch, five pounds premium being paid for a share, so that a person with only five pounds actually invested could convert it into five hundred. Merchants and tradesmen, widows and spinsters, masters and servants, professors of law, physic, and divinity, all on a sudden became bankers; and, though responsible to their last penny for the debts which they might incur in their new character and capacity, they were quite innocent of doubt or fear. The shareholders at their first general meeting made choice of men, partners in the enterprise, to conduct their operations. The managing directors were Jonathan Richardson, of Shotley Park, and William Bernard Ogden, of Newcastle, both respected members of the Society of Friends.

At a meeting held in Newcastle on the 12th of May, 1836, the company was declared established. On the 18th of May, the directors issued a notice that arrangements had been made with Messrs. Jonathan Backhouse and Co., of Darlington, for the incorporation of their Newcastle branch with the new establishment, and the bank was opened for business on the 1st of June, in the premises previously occupied by Backhouse and Co. Profits were reported, and handsome dividends declared, from the very first starting of the concern.

On the 20th March, 1839, the banking house of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., C. W. Bigge, and Co., which had been in existence for eighty-four years, and had obtained a high degree of public favour and confidence, was incorporated with the District Bank. Sir Matthew retired from the concern, but the other members of the firm—Mr. Charles William Bigge, Mr. Charles John Bigge, Mr. William Boyd, Mr. Robert Boyd, and Mr. Spedding—became large proprietors in the new business. About this time the number of shares was increased to 60,000.

Like many other commercial establishments, the shareholders in which, being ignorant of the business carried on, have to depend on the directors and managers, the

District Bank was very recklessly conducted. Loans were made on insufficient security, and, what was particularly objectionable, they were made to a large amount to parties more or less directly connected with the bank. And when, through fluctuations in the coal, iron, and other trades, these persons got into difficulties, and overdraw their accounts as far as they could, the directors were under strong temptation, to which they unfortunately yielded, to sustain the credit of really bankrupt concerns, with some of which they themselves or their near relatives were connected, by additional advances, in the fallacious hope that the debtors might thus retrieve their affairs, and at length pay in full both the old and the new advances—a hope which was never fulfilled.

A course of this kind could have only one result. The bank suspended operations on the 26th of November, 1857. The catastrophe was altogether unexpected. It had transpired on the previous day after bank hours, by telegraph from London, that the drafts of the bank had been dishonoured by its London agents, Messrs. Barclay and Co. and Messrs. Glynn and Co.; and this intelligence was confirmed when the following notice, posted up on its doors, could be read by all and sundry:—

The directors of the Northumberland and Durham District Banking Company lament to announce that, owing to the long-continued monetary pressure, and the difficulty of rendering immediately available the resources of the bank, they have felt themselves obliged to suspend its operations. Deposits and cash balances will be fully paid with as little delay as possible.

A meeting of shareholders will be convened for an early day.

26th November, 1857.

This unexpected stoppage, after the bank had been in existence for twenty-one years, and was doing, as was supposed, a thriving business, caused a vast amount of distress throughout the entire district amongst all classes. The average weekly amount paid through its instrumentality for wages alone is stated to have been about £35,000, and a large number of persons were thrown out of work by the catastrophe, although every effort was made by the Bank of England, and also by other institutions, to mitigate the evil as far as possible.

At a meeting held in the month of December, it was resolved to register the bank under the Joint Stock Banking Company's Act of the previous session, so as ostensibly to protect individual shareholders by requiring the necessary funds for liquidation to be raised by general calls upon the entire body—a process the result of which, it will be seen at a glance, was in some cases to mitigate and in others to aggravate the effect of unlimited liability, since it protected several wealthy shareholders who, suspecting or knowing the real state of matters, had prudently decided to retain but a trifling holding, yet whose well-known names had possibly decoyed many other persons of simpler and more implicit faith, while it ensured the utter ruin of those who were holders of the

rotten bank stock to the extent of all, or nearly all, their means, as was the case with a considerable number.

At the date of the last return, the number of shareholders in the bank was 402, the directors being Mr. George Ridley, M.P., chairman, Charles Selby Bigge, Jonathan Richardson, W. B. Ogden, Matthew R. Bigge, Joseph Hawks, and James Sillick. The chief contributors were Christian Allbushen, merchant, Newcastle, who held 1,960 shares; the executor of Charles William Bigge, of Linden, 3,375 shares; John Fleming, Newcastle, gentleman, 1,000 shares; John Grey, Dilton, 1,540 shares; the Rev. William Hawks, Newcastle, 1,821 shares; Joseph Hawks, of Jesmond House, 1,200 shares; James Joicey, Newcastle, colliery owner, 1,200 shares; William Mountain, Newcastle, gentleman, 2,290 shares; Edward Paull, Peckham, Surrey, gentleman, 1,325 shares; John Richardson, Newcastle, tanner, 1,600 shares; Thomas Sanders, Bath, captain R.N., 1,205 shares; and William Henry Wood, Coxhoe Hall, colliery viewer, 1,000 shares. Thirty of the contributors held ten shares each, and fifteen only five; thirty-seven were widows, and sixty-seven spinsters, and the great majority of these had been induced to invest their all in the bank. The total paid up on the shares was £652,891, and there was a pretended reserve fund of £90,874. Large dividends—10 to 12 per cent.—had, as we have stated, been distributed regularly, but it was out of capital, not out of profit.

Soon after the suspension, it was found that the bank had scarcely a single available asset, and that to a single establishment, the Derwent Iron Company, of which one of its directors was chairman, it was under advance to an amount in excess of its entire capital. Large advances had likewise been made on collieries which were at the time unprofitable. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, an eminent actuary, engaged to examine the books and vouchers, reported that the assets of the bank were very uncertain, it being possible that a difference of more than a quarter of a million might be found to exist between the estimate he had made and the ultimate realisation.

At a meeting held on the 22nd January, 1858, resolutions were adopted declaring the company dissolved, and appointing Mr. John Fogg Elliott, of Durham, Mr. William Bainbridge, barrister, of Newcastle, and Mr. Joseph Faira, chemist, also of Newcastle, the official liquidators. Into the details of the liquidation it is unnecessary to enter. Suffice it to say, that although the affair was managed with at least an average amount of prudence, the result was ruinous to many of the humbler class of shareholders, very mischievous to the whole of them, and greatly damaging to the reputation of some who had hitherto stood high in public estimation as competent and successful men of business. The liquidators succeeded in getting the sanction of the larger creditors and of the Court of Chancery to offer a composition of sixteen shillings in the pound to all such of the creditors under £50 as would accept it in full discharge of their

claims; and they proposed that, as soon as the assets in hand would admit, fifteen shillings in the pound should be paid on the same condition to the creditors between £50 and £100. Those who did not compromise their claims received, after many years had passed away, the full sum of twenty shillings in the pound.

The Village of Felton.

ON the line of the Great North Road, between Morpeth and Alnwick, is the picturesque village of Felton, running up a steep bank from the brink of the Coquet—a rustic retreat of antique character beloved of anglers and celebrated in many of their “garlands.”

In the old posting days Felton must have been familiar to everyone travelling between London and Edinburgh. That it awakened some interest in travellers then may be gathered from “A Dane’s Excursions in Britain,” during the earlier years of the present century. The writer—J. A. Andersen—set off one February morning in 1803 from Morpeth by the Union coach for Felton, where he alighted. “A young lady of Darlington,” he remarks, “recommended the village of Felton to my particular

notice; she had herself once got out of the carriage and lingered a considerable time upon the bridge over the Coquet, lost in admiration of the picturesque scenery.” We can readily imagine what a stir there would be in the place when the splendidly-appointed mail coaches came thundering down the high road from Helm-on-the-Hill, the musical notes of the oft-blown horn re-echoing through the valley.

Felton can be seen to best advantage from the south, the most favourable standpoint being a meadow at West Thirston. It is from near this point that the view given below, copied from a sketch by Miss A. E. Batey, is taken. Approaching the village from the south, we descend the Peth—defined by Brockett as “a steep road up a hill”—passing on the right the well-known Northumberland Arms, and on the left a quaint seventeenth-century house, having above its doorway a weather-worn inscription suggestive of Puritan times—“Proverbs, chap. 24, verse iii. Through wisdom is an house builded, and by understanding it is established.”

Below is the rippling Coquet crossed by a fine stone bridge of three arches, the eastern portion, strongly-ribbed, belonging to the 15th century, and the western portion, having a plain soffit or underside, to the early part of the 18th century. Some alterations were made in the bridge in 1836 and the year following, the corners being rounded,



and the continuing wall built along the banks. On the north bank of the river immediately to the west of the bridge are a few elms casting their shadows on the glittering waters. Behind them, facing the south, is a terrace of modern houses, with roses and clematis trained up their fronts.

During the Civil War, Felton Bridge had a narrow escape. When the Scots were entering England to assist the Puritan or Parliamentary party (they came by way of Northumberland), Sir Thomas Glemham, who had been sent from Yorkshire by the Marquis of Newcastle to oppose them, had to fall back. He had retreated as far as Felton, and it was at this time, according to a letter from the Scottish army, given in "Richardson's Reprints," that the bridge narrowly escaped destruction. The letter, after alluding to the earlier parts of the campaign, goes on:—"Sir Thomas Glemham did intend to cut Felton Bridge, but the masons and workmen which he brought thither for that purpose were so affrighted by reason of the exclamations and execrations of the country women upon their knees, that, while Sir Thomas went into a house to refressse himselfe, they stole away. And before he could get them to return, hee received an alarum from our horse (Scottish), which made himself to flee away with speed to Morpeth, where he stayed not long, but marched to Newcastle."

From the bridge end commences the village proper—two long rows of stone-built houses stepping one above the other up the slope, several with the end wall facing the street. Two or three of the houses can boast of a good old age. One bears carved on its doorhead the date "1728," with the name, "James Ines," while others, thatched and constructed of rough, unsymmetrical sandstone blocks, may be still more ancient. Plain-fronted and substantial are the houses as a rule, with only a foot-path of cement or cobble-stones to separate them from the road. It is only when we get to the end of the village that we come across any of those trim little gardens which we look for in the country, with their sweet-smelling pot-herbs and old-fashioned flowers. In the rear of the village, however, are a number of well-tilled gardens with a south-west aspect sloping down to the Swarland road.

Though typically rural in its main characteristics, Felton is not too stupidly conservative. It has its library and reading room, its schools, Parochial and Roman Catholic, and since 1865 it has been lighted by gas. Its attractions are being more and more recognised and appreciated, and many are the visitors to the village during the summer and autumn months.

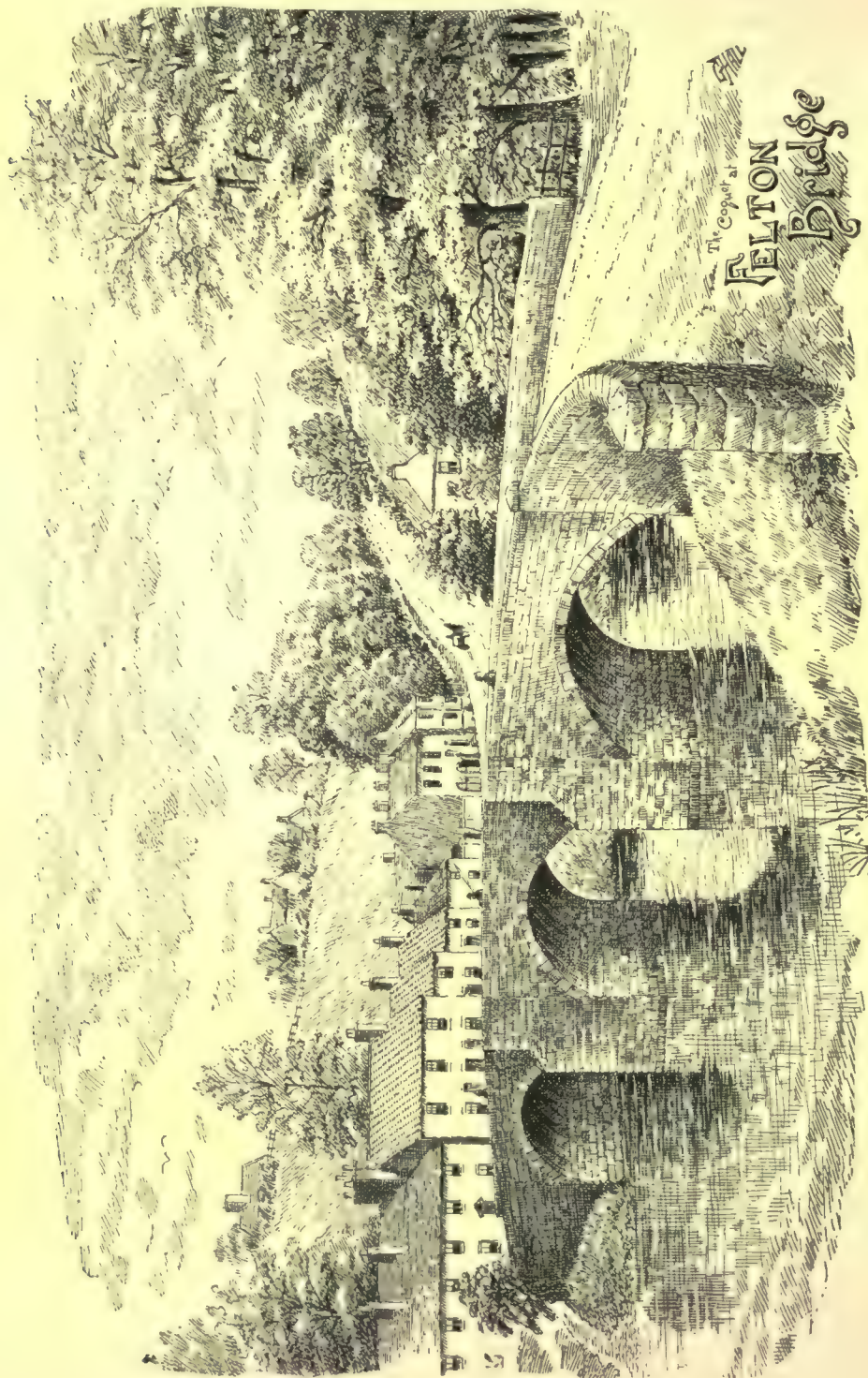
On a high wooded ridge to the west of the village is the church of St. Michael, with the stateliest of trees for a background. From the walls of its graveyard, green meadows sweep down to the road and the Back Burn. At Felton, as at other places, the additions and alterations of the last half-century have destroyed,

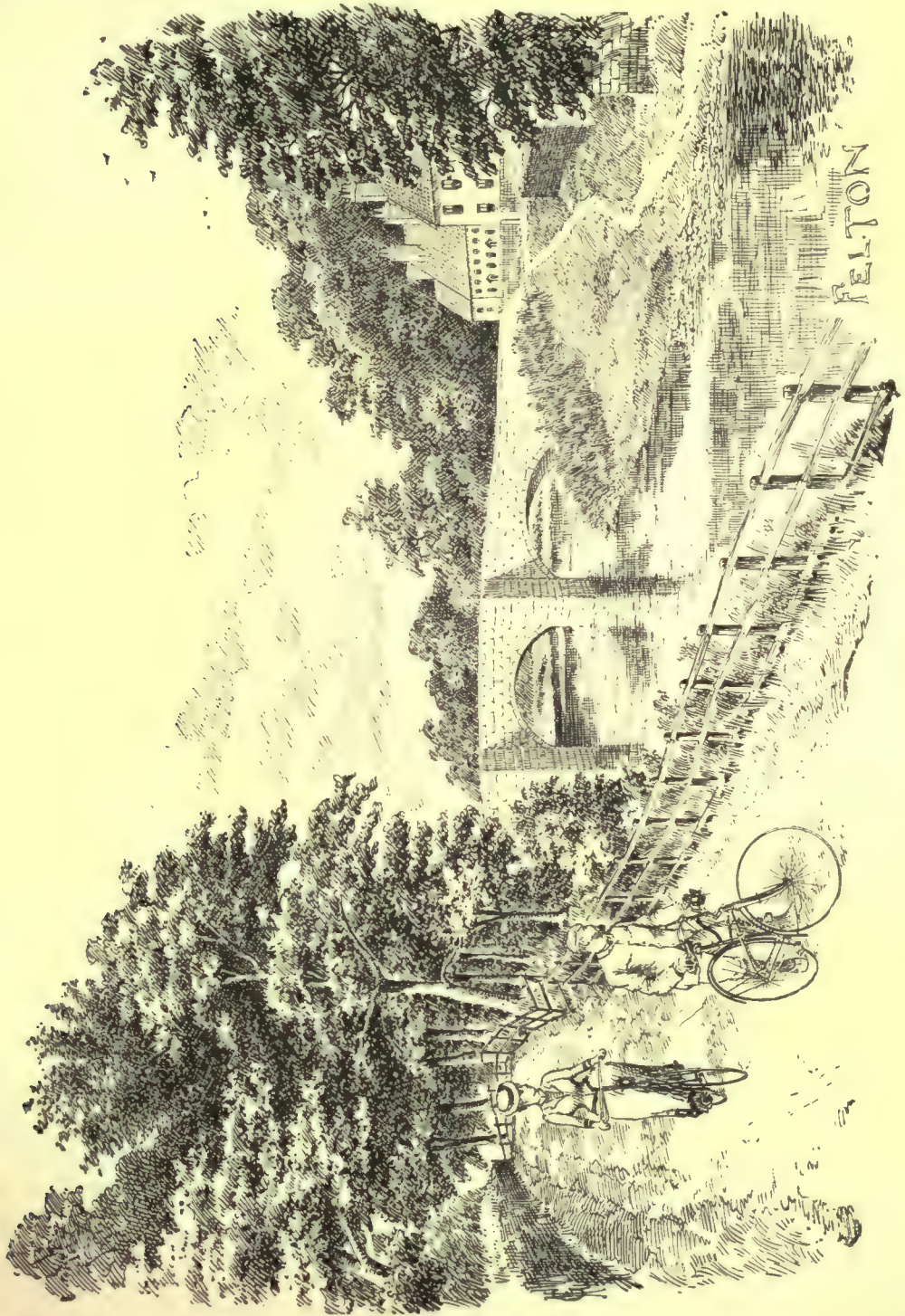
very nearly, the antique charm of the sacred building. The church, which was built in the 13th century, consisted at first of a nave and chancel, with a bell-turret and porch. Then in the 14th century it was enlarged by the addition of aisles, that on the north side opening to the nave by five arches, that on the south side by three. The bell-turret was also rebuilt, and the wall of the chancel strengthened by a huge buttress. A new porch was thrown out, giving access to the old one, which, instead of being removed, was enclosed in the body of the church. In the eastern wall of the south aisle there is a beautiful example of the work of the period—a window of five lights, the head of which, filled with geometric tracery, is carved from a single stone. The church has two old bells, one of them being of pre-Reformation date. A few yards from the entrance-gates is the vicarage—a long, low, picturesque building erected in 1758.

Felton Park with its lovely grounds is not far from the church. It is approached from the village by a long, steep carriage drive, bordered with trees and shrubs. Adjoining the hall is the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Mary, which was opened on the 16th of June, 1857. It is built in the Decorated style, and has a tapering octagonal spire—an object of grace in the landscape.

Few villages are surrounded by more romantic scenery than Felton. The Coquet is famed for its beauty. Its clear, bright waters run briskly along under high woody banks and perpendicular scaurs of crumbling shale, eddying among the boulders, and lingering in darkling pools where the trouts most coveted by the angler lie hidden. Below the bridge the broadening stream is divided by a gravelly shoal, called the Stanners. Along the banks of the river, especially to the west, there are bits of wild nature still left undisturbed—green haunts of quietness, sylvan alleys where nestle the flowers most dear to the botanist.

In addition to these natural charms, Felton has also a few historical associations of some interest. It was here, —or, to be more precise, at Old Felton, which stood about a mile to the north—that in 1216 the barons of Northumberland, in arms against King John, did homage to Alexander of Scotland: a defection which the tyrant punished by reducing the village to ashes. Felton was rebuilt on its present site, and eighty-six years later, on Feb. 19th, 1302, was honoured by another royal visit, less disastrous to the village than the former. The monarch, was Edward I., returning from an expedition into Scotland. Lying as it did on the line of the route to the north, Felton must have been only too familiar with the passage of mail-clad armies in troublous times. In October, 1715, the village would be thrown into a state of excitement by the arrival of the Earl of Derwentwater and his band of Northumbrian Jacobites. They were joined here by "70 Scots horse or rather gentlemen from the Borders, who increased their party to about 300, all horse." They seized the post at Felton





Bridge, and apprehended and detained one Thos. Gibson, a smith of Newcastle, as a spy. When the rising of 1745 took place, the Duke of Cumberland, on his way into Scotland, passed through Felton, where he met with a loyal display of hospitality from the owner of Felton Park, a staunch Roman Catholic, the troops being regaled by the roadside with bread, beef, and beer. When the duke thanked him for his liberality, Mr. Widdrington replied that he "detested these internal commotions, for, without peace, neither pleasure nor plenty could be enjoyed."

An event to be remembered in the history of Felton was the great flood of Sunday, the 15th of September, 1839. The Coquet rose to a great height, presenting such a scene as the oldest inhabitant had never before witnessed, the torrent bearing on its way sheaves of corn, hay, trees, gates, and the bodies of drowned sheep, as it rushed from the woody recesses of Felton Park.

There are several small items of information relating to Felton of interest to the local historian, such as the anecdote of the hedgehog domesticated by the landlord of the Angel Inn, which answered to the name of Tom and was used as a turnspit; the wonderful racing records of Dr. Syntax and X.Y.Z., the celebrated race-horses belonging to Mr. Ralph Riddell; and the account of the discovery, last autumn, of a gigantic lycoperdon or puff-ball, 2 ft. 8 ins. in circumference and 2 lbs. 9 ozs. in weight, in a field near Thirston Shaw.

There is a difference of opinion as to the derivation of the name Felton, which was given to the place by some Anglian settlers. "The town on the fell" would suggest itself to the majority of people; but Mr. J. V. Gregory holds that the prefix fell is not from the Norse fjeld, a hill-side, but from the Anglo-Saxon field. At least the features of the locality suggest that to him.

The sketch on page 552 is taken from Felton, and shows the bridge, with the Northumberland Arms and a few cottages on the right bank of the Coquet, the southern suburb of Felton, though in the township of West Thirston.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

The Redstarts.



WE have three kinds of redstarts in England, the Common, Black, and Blue-throated Redstart, all of which have been found in the Northern Counties. Although they are generally associated with the warblers, Macgillivray and other naturalists have placed them in a genus by themselves, under the designation *Raticilla*.

The common redstart (*Sylvia phœnicurus*) has a variety of popular names, all of which bear reference to its ruddy-hued tail and the plumage of the lower part of the back—such as red-tail, fire-tail, bran-tail, and red warbler. The bird is frequently found in the neighbour-

hood of towns and villages where there is suitable cover, and it may be seen in summer in most of the denes in the two counties, but very seldom in open parts of the country destitute of wood, as it is essentially a bird of the covert. It arrives in this country from the middle of April to the beginning of May, according to locality and the state of the weather, and retires to winter quarters in August or September at the latest. The redstart has a curious habit of flitting its tail, pump-handlewise, in a way very like the magpie, with the feathers spread out. Its food chiefly consists of wild and garden fruits, insects, and beetles. It catches flies on the wing, after the manner of the fly-catchers, as well as on the ground.

The redstart, even in its wild state, often imitates the notes of other birds, and in captivity it has been taught to whistle tunes. It is a bird of beautiful plumage, and the colours of the feathers are strongly contrasted—black, white, ruddy grey, and brown. The male is about



five and a half inches long. Near the forehead, above the base of the bill, is a patch of clear white; head on the sides black, extending to the shoulders, the black feathers being lightest at the tip; the crown, neck, and back, or mantle, deep bluish grey, with a tinge of light brown. The breast is warm yellowish red on the upper part, and nearly white below. From the middle of the back to the root of the tail the plumage is ruddy, coloured like the upper part of the breast. The tail, which is rather long and rounded at the tip, is rusty red, nearly the colour of the breast, but the two middle feathers are brown on the inner webs. The wings are brown, and beautifully edged with a paler tint of the same colour.

Mudie gives an interesting account of its habits. "The bird," he observes, "is both familiar and shy; familiar as to its general haunting place, for it visits gardens and courts, and even the close vicinity of towns, and the

squares and less frequented streets. But it is continually hopping about, so that it is not easily got sight of; and this has led to the supposition that it is not so generally diffused as it really is. The 'blink' of reddish orange displayed by the flirt of the tail, even when there is not time to notice the peculiar movement of that organ, is, however, sufficient to distinguish it from every other bird. Its song is sweet though plaintive, and has some resemblance to that of the nightingale, only very inferior in compass and power, and audible only at a short distance. The song is uttered from the perch, on a ruin, a tall post, the trunk of a blasted tree, or some other situation from which it can see around it; and one who has heard the plaintive strain of the redstart from the top of a ruined abbey or crumbling fortalice, would be inclined to call it the bird of decay, rather than the wall nightingale, as Buffon did."

The nest of the redstart is usually well concealed, and is mostly built in a stone wall, or in the hollow of a decayed tree. Yet it sometimes builds amid the branches of wall-trees in gardens, and its nest has also been found under the eaves of a house, and even in watering pots and flower pots.

The black redstart (*Phoenicurus tithys*), though common in Southern Europe, is a rare visitor to this country. Several have been shot in the two counties. The late Mr. Hancock states that a pair of black redstarts, in the year 1845, nested in the garden of the late Rev. James Raine, the historian of Durham, in that city. Mr. Raine



presented Mr. Hancock with an egg from the nest. This is the only instance where the black redstart has been known to nest in the North. The bird is rather larger than the common redstart, and the dusky grey plumage of the head, back, and breast gives it its distinctive name.

The Wild Dog of Ennerdale.

THE subjoined graphic and exciting account of the escapades of a remarkable animal which was known far and wide as the Wild Dog of Ennerdale, is taken from the late William Dickenson's "Cumbriana"—a volume of the greatest interest to all lovers of Cumberland folk-lore, as well as to all interested in the life and customs of the sturdy inhabitants of the Cumberland dales. SERGEANT C. HALL.

The misdeeds of the Ennerdale dog were so numerous and audacious, that whatsoever mischief other dogs might have done in other years, their deeds of destruction were greatly overshadowed by the doings of this animal in the year 1810. "T'grit dog" was talked about, and dreamt about, and written about to the utter exclusion of nearly every other topic in Ennerdale and Kinniside, and all the vales round about there; for the number of sheep he destroyed was amazing, and the difficulties experienced in taking him were almost beyond belief.

It is upwards of half a century ago, but many of the incidents in connection with the depredations and exciting chases of this wonderful dog are fresh in my memory, and were recorded as well soon after their occurrence; others have been related to me by persons who suffered losses of sheep by him, and who took active part in the watchings for and ultimate capture of the animal. Amongst the rest, Mr. John Steel, of Asby, who fired the fatal shot, has carefully written his recollections of the affair.

No one knew to whom the dog had belonged, or whence he came; but, being of mongrel breed and excessively shy, it was conjectured he had escaped from the chain of some gypsy troop. He was a smooth-haired dog, of a tawny mouse colour, with dark streaks, in tiger fashion, over his hide; and appeared to be a cross between mastiff and greyhound. Strongly built and of good speed, being both well fed and well exercised, his endurance was very great. His first appearance in the district was on or about the 10th of May, 1810, when he was seen by Mr. Mossop, of Thornholme, who was near, and noticed him as a stranger. From that time till he was shot in September following, he was not known to have fed on anything but living mutton, or, at least, the flesh of lambs and sheep before the carcasses had time to cool. From one sheep he was scared during his feast, and when the shepherd examined the carcass, the flesh had been torn from the ribs behind the shoulder, and the still beating heart was laid bare and visible. He was once seen to run down a fine ram at early dawn, and, without killing it, to tear out and swallow lumps of flesh from the hind quarters of the tortured animal while it stood on its feet, without the power to resist or flee, yet with sufficient life to crawl forward on its forelegs. He would sometimes wantonly destroy seven or eight sheep in one night, and all his work was done so silently that no one ever heard him bark or growl.

At other times, when a lazy fit came over him, or when he had been fatigued by a long chase, a single life and the tit-bits it afforded would satisfy him for the time—taking his epicurean meal from a choice part of the carcass. He seldom fed during the day; and his cunning was such that he did not attack the same flock or sport on the same ground on two successive nights, often removing two or three miles for his next meal. His sagacity was so matured that his choice often fell on the best, or one of the plumpest, of the flock; and his long practice enabled him to dexterously abstract his great luxury, the warm blood from the jugular vein; and, if not with surgical precision, it was always with deadly certainty, for none ever survived the operation. The report was current at the time that he commonly opened the vein of the same side of the neck.

All through his career of depredation he was exceed-

ingly cautious and provident in the selection of his resting places; most frequently choosing places where a good view was obtainable, and not seldom on the bare rock, where his dingy colour prevented him from being descried on stealing away. For a few weeks, at first, it was thought from his shy habits that it would be easily possible to drive him out of the country. But this was an entire fallacy; for he seemed to have settled down to the locality as his regal domain; and though many a time chased at full speed for ten or fifteen miles right away, he was generally discovered by his murderous deed to have returned the first or second night following.

A few hounds had been usually kept in the neighbourhood to help in the destruction of the fell foxes, which took tribute of lambs in the spring and of geese and poultry at other seasons. These hounds, distributed among the farm houses in the vale of Ennerdale and Kinniside, and being allowed to run at large, were easily assembled at the halloo of any shepherd spying the dog, and were often available in chase, though of no real use; for the dog got so familiarised with their harmlessness that, speedy and enduring as they were, he has been known to wait for the leading dog and give the foreleg such a crushing snap with his powerful jaws that none of the pack would attack him twice. From the unequal speed of the local hounds, he seldom had more than one dog to contend with at a time, and his victory was quick and effectual.

The men of the district volunteered to watch on successive nights, armed with guns or other weapons; and when these were wearied out other volunteers came in from a distance, or were hired to watch on the mountains through the night, rain or fair; and the hounds were distributed in leading amongst them, covering many miles of the ground nightly. If anyone fired a shot or gave the view halloo, the dogs were let loose and were soon laid on the scent, pursuing it with the same bustling energy that accompanies the chase of the fox. But no dog had any chance to engage him singly till the rest came up. Various schemes were tried to entice him within shooting range, but he took especial care to keep out of harm's way. Poison was tried, but soon abandoned, on account of the risk of injury to other dogs. The bait of the sheep already destroyed had no effect on him, for he was too well versed as an epicure to touch a dead carcass, if ever so fresh. Week after week the excitement was kept up. The whole conversation of the neighbourhood and adjoining vales was engrossed by the interesting topic of the "Worrying Dog." Newspapers reported his doings, and friend wrote to distant friend about him, but no one took time to write a song about him.

Every man who could obtain a gun, whether capable of using it with effect or not, was called out, or thought himself called out, to watch or pursue, daily or nightly; and many an idle or lazy fellow got or took holiday from work to mix with the truly anxious shepherds, and to snooze under a rock at night, or stretch himself on the heather during the day, with a gun or a pitchfork, or a fell pole in his hand, under pretence of watching for the wild dog.

Men were harassed and tired out by continuous watchings by night and running the chase by day. Families were disturbed in the nights to prepare refreshments for their fatigued male inmates, or for neighbours who dropped in at the unbarred doors of the houses nearest at hand at all hours of the night. Children durst not go to school or be out alone, and they often screamed with fright at the smallest nocturnal sounds, or in their dreams; while women were exhausted with the toil of the farm their husbands and brothers were obliged to abandon to their care. The hay crop and all field labours were neglected, or done by hurried and incomplete snatches, no one attempting jobs that could not be performed in an hour or two—every eye on the look out and every ear listening for the alarm of the frequent hunt which every one was ready to join in. Property was disappearing in the shape of sheep worried, crops wasting, wages paid for no return, time lost, and work of all kinds left undone. Cows were occasionally unmilked and horses unfed or undressed. Many fields of hay grass were

uncut, and corn would in all likelihood have shared the same fate if an end had not opportunely come.

There are few dogs that do not occasionally indulge in a long and melancholy howl, when quite alone, and listening to the distant howl of other dogs; but "The Worrying Dog of Ennerdale" was never known to utter a vocal sound. And along with this remarkable trait, his senses of sight, hearing, and scent were so acute that it was rare indeed for anyone to come upon him unawares in the daytime. On the few occasions when he was accidentally approached he exhibited nothing vicious, and always fled hastily.

Seldom a week elapsed without the dog being once or twice chased out of the district, most frequently down in the lower country where the level land better suited his running, and where the softer ground of the fields did less harm to his feet.

On one occasion he was run across the vale of Ennerdale, through Lowes Water, and lost in the mist of night. Next morning his traces were found on his old ground by two or three fresh carcasses. On another occasion he was run from Kinniside fells through Lamplugh and Dean, crossing the river Marrow several times, and resting in a plantation near Clifton, till a number of horsemen and some footmen came up, and the hounds again roused him and ran him to the Derwent and there lost him, after an exhausting run of nearly twenty miles. This chase was more severe than usual, and he took two days to rest and return.

Many times he was run in the same direction, but always found means to escape. One Saturday night a great number of men were dispersed over the high fells watching with guns and hounds; but he avoided them and took his supper on a distant mountain; and the men, not meeting with him, came down about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning and separated about Swinside Lane end. In a few minutes after, one Willy Lamb gave the view halloo. He had started the beast in crossing a wooded gill, and away went the dog with the hounds in full cry after him. The hunt passed Ennerdale Church during service; and the male part of the congregation, liking the cry of the hounds better than the sermon, ran out and followed. It has been said the Rev. Mr. Ponsonby could not resist, and went in pursuit as far as he was able. This run ended at Fitz Mill, near Cockermouth, in a storm which the wearied men and dogs had to encounter in a twelve miles return.

Next morning the dog was seen by Anthony Atkinson to steal into a grassy hedge and lie down to rest. Such an opportunity seldom occurred and was not to be lost. Anthony charged his gun with swan shot and crept towards the place, with a determination to have as close a shot as he could; but the wily animal was on the watch, and stole away at a long shot distance with three of Anthony's pellets sticking harmlessly in his hide, as it proved when the skin was taken off some weeks after.

On another occasion thirteen men, armed with loaded guns, were stationed at different parts of the wood and fields where he was believed to be lurking. The halloo was soon heard, and every armed man was in hopes of earning the ten pounds reward that had been offered. The dog ran in the direction where Will Rothery was stationed with gun in hand, but so much was Will overcome by his near and first view of the creature that, instead of lifting his gun to take aim, he quietly stepped back and suffered the dog to pass at a short pistol shot distance without attempting to do him any harm; merely exclaiming with more fear than piety, "Skersa, what a dog!"

Many other long and arduous chases took place, but, the incidents not varying much, a full recital might become tedious.

On the 12th of September, the dog was seen by Jonathan Patrickson to go into a cornfield. Jonathan quietly said, "Aa'll let ta lig thee a bit, me lad, but aa'll want to see tha just noo." Away went the old man, and, without the usual noise, soon raised men enough to surround the field; and as some, in their haste, came unprovided with guns, a halt was whispered round to wait till more guns were brought and the hounds collected. When a good muster of guns and men were got

together, the wild dog was disturbed out of the corn; and only the old man who had seen him go into the field was lucky enough to get a shot at him, and to wound him in the hind quarters. This took a little off his speed and enabled the hounds to keep well up with him, but none durst or did engage him. And though partly disabled he kept long on his legs, and was often headed and turned by the numerous parties of pursuers, several of whom met him in his route from the upperside of Kinniside, by Eskat, Arlecdon, and Asby, by Rowrah and Stockhow Hall to the river Ehen. Each of these parties he shied, and turned in a new direction till he got wearied. He was quietly taking a cold bath in the river, with the blown hounds as quietly looking on, when John Steel came up with his gun laden with small bullets, but durst not fire, lest he should injure some of the hounds. When the dog caught sight of him, he made off to Eskat woods, with the hounds and John on his track, and after a few turnings in the wood, amid the greatest excitement of dogs and men, a fair chance offered, and the fatal discharge was made by John Steel, when the destroyer fell to rise no more, and the marksman received his well-earned reward of ten pounds, with the hearty congratulations of all assembled.

After many a kick at the dead brute, the carcase was carried in triumph to the inn at Ennerdale Bridge; and the cheering and rejoicing there were so great that it was many days ere the shepherd inhabitants of the vales settled to their usual pursuits.

The dead carcase of the dog weighed eight imperial stones. The stuffed skin was exhibited in Hutton's Museum, at Keswick, with a collar round the neck, stating that the wearer had been the destroyer of nearly three hundred sheep and lambs in the five months of his Ennerdale campaign.

The Rev. Frank Walters.



SUCCESSION of able lectures on the poets has helped to make the name of the Rev.

Frank Walters, pastor of the Church of the Divine Unity, familiar as a household word in Newcastle.

Mr. Walters was born at Liverpool, on December 28, 1845, and was educated at private schools in that city. Greatly influenced by the ministry of the Rev. C. M. Birrell, a leading Baptist minister, and father of Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., author of "Obiter Dicta," young Walters in 1859 joined the church of which the rev. gentleman was pastor. He preached his first sermon on Aug. 4, 1861, at the Baptist Chapel, Ogden, near Rochdale; and subsequently spent vacations in preaching throughout Lancashire and Cheshire. Having obtained a bursary for five years in 1863, he proceeded to Rawdon Baptist College, near Leeds, to study for the Baptist ministry, his theological training being superintended by the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D., now one of the secretaries of the Religious Tract Society. In 1866, Mr. Walters proceeded to Edinburgh University, where he remained for two years. He studied English Literature under Professor Masson, Logic under Professor Fraser, Greek under Professor Blackie, and Latin under Professor Sellar.

Towards the close of the year 1868 Mr. Walters received an invitation from the Baptist Church at Middlesbrough,

which he accepted. In the following year he acted as Moderator of the Northern Baptist Association on its visit to that town. During the spring of 1869, Mr. Walters paid a visit to Newcastle to conduct services in Ryehill Baptist Chapel.

The next important step in Mr. Walters's life was his appointment as pastor of Harborne Chapel, Birmingham. During his four years' ministry at this place, he passed through great mental changes. In his distress he took counsel of Mr. George Dawson, who advised him to resign his position among the Baptists. After much anxious thought, this step was taken in September, 1873.

Some correspondence now took place between Mr. Walters and Dr. James Martineau, who invited him to preach in his pulpit in London. An introduction to the Unitarian Church at Preston, Lancashire, followed, with the result that Mr. Walters was invited to become



Frank Walters

the minister. He accepted the proposal and settled there in January, 1874. Early in 1877, he received at unanimous call to the St. Vincent Street Church a Glasgow, in succession to the Rev. J. Page Hopps—the same church of which the Rev. George Harris was once minister. Having given the matter his favourable consideration, he commenced his ministry in Glasgow in May, 1877.

Mr. Walters's literary activity may be said to have commenced during his residence on the Clyde. He lectured at various times on "Shakspeare's Life," "Shakspeare's Heroines," "Shakspeare's Fools," &c.; and he became editor of the *Unitarian Magazine*, and subsequently of "Modern Sermons."

The year 1885 saw Mr. Walters settled in Newcastle, where he has not only endeared himself to his congrega-

tion, but made himself exceedingly popular among all the intelligent and thoughtful classes of the population.

Our portrait of Mr. Walters is reproduced from a photograph by Ralston and Sons, 141, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

The Lark Hall Sprite.

JANUARY, 1800, was the date when a mischievous sprite, whose pleasure it was to remain invisible, played such fantastic tricks at a place called Lark Hall, near Burrowdon, in the parish of Alwinton, as not only to astonish the somewhat simple-minded natives, but to puzzle the wisest heads among those learned Thebans who came to penetrate the mystery.

Lark Hall is a small farm, which belonged at the beginning of the century to Mr. William Walby, of Burrowdon, and was rented by Mr. Turnbull, a butcher in Rothbury, who kept his father and mother, two decent old people, at the place. There was also a hind and his family, who were separated from the Turnbells by a partition only, formed by a couple of those old-fashioned close beds which were once so common in Northumbrian cottages, and which left a narrow dark passage between, the two apartments constituting a "but" and a "ben." The garrets above were kept locked by old Turnbull, who had them filled with all sorts of stored-up trumpery. The only access to "ben the hoose" was through the outer room, and the occupants of the two halves were unfortunately not on the most friendly terms, it being almost impossible, under such circumstances of continual close contact, for even the kindest and best-disposed people to avoid annoyance and bickering.

It was suspected that the house was haunted. Knockings and noises were heard every now and then in Turnbull's apartment. The plates, bowls, basins, glasses, tea cups, and other crockery, which the old lady took a pride in arranging showily on the dresser, with peacock's feathers stuck in for ornament, jumped off the shelves and were broken. The chairs and tables danced about the room in the most fantastic manner. Scissors, knives and forks, horn spoons, wooden dishes, bottles, &c., flew in all directions, and the confused and terrified spectators were sometimes actually wounded by these uncanny missiles. A poor tailor had a tin pot full of water dashed in his face, and had the hardihood to stand to his post notwithstanding; when, to punish him for his temerity, a large rolling-pin descended from overhead, and hit him a smart blow on the shoulders that made him beat a retreat. One of the most curious tricks was played in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Lauder, the Presbyterian minister at Harbottle, who came to administer some spiritual consolation and comfort to the afflicted inmates,

but who went away almost, if not quite, convinced that the arch-deceiver Satan had a finger in the pie, while he was not gifted with the power of exorcising and laying him, as John Wesley had done the Building Hill ghost at Sunderland some years before. Mr. Lauder had been but a short time in the house, and had scarcely got his preliminary inquiries over, when a large family Bible, which had been lying in its accustomed place in the window recess, made a sudden series of gyrations through the air into the middle of the room, and fell down at his feet—a marvel enough to shake the nerves of a doctor of divinity, or even the moderator of the general assembly, let alone a poor village presbyter.

All these wonders were verified by credible witnesses. Two professors of legerdemain, besides many intelligent gentlemen, examined the premises with critical eyes, but failed to discover anything that could lead to an explanation. Suspicions, indeed, attached to a certain humorous individual, reported to be versed in the black art, and a frequent visitor to Lark Hall; but some of the most astonishing manifestations having taken place when he was certainly absent, these suspicions were set aside as groundless. Twenty guineas were offered for the detection of the fraud, if fraud it should turn out to be, but without success, for nobody ever came forward to claim the money. Nor was the mystery, so far as our knowledge of the records go, ever clearly explained.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

JOSEPH RITSON'S curious and valuable collection of legendary poetry, entitled "Ancient Songs," (edition 1790), contains a version of this Border ditty under the title of "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Græme," taken from a collation of two black letter copies, one of them in the Roxburgh Collection. The ballad first appeared in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and several versions have since been published—in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," in Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," and in other standard works on ballad poetry.

The Græmes were a powerful and numerous clan, who chiefly inhabited the Debateable Land. They were said to be of Scottish extraction, and their chief claimed his descent from Malis, Earl of Strathorne. In military service they were more attached to England than to Scotland; but in their depredations in both countries they appear to have been very impartial, for in the year 1600 the gentlemen of Cumberland complained to Lord

Scroope, "that the Græmes and their clans, with their children, tenants, and servants, were the chief actors in the spoil and decay of the country." Accordingly they were at that time obliged to give a bond of surety for each other's demeanour, from which bond their number appears to have exceeded four hundred men. (See Introduction to Nicholson's "History of Cumberland," page cviii.)

The nationality of the ballad is apparently as debatable as that of the land occupied in those days by the clan.



Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane;
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now good Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broad sword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tried."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your worst, now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can;
It shall be tried within an hour,
Which of us two is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

He set his back against a tree
And the yeomen compass him round;
His mickle sword frae his hand did flee,
And they brocht Hughie to the ground.

Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town;
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying "Hughie the Græme, thou's ne'er gae down!"*

Then hae they chosen a jury o' men,
The best that were in Carlisle town;
And twelve of them cried out at once,
"Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down!"

Then up bespak' him, gude Lord Hume,
As he sat by the judge's knee—
"Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"O na, O na, my gude Lord Hume!
Forsooth and sae it maunna be;
For were there but three Græmes o' the name,
They suld be hangit a' for me."

"Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,
As she sat by the judge's knee—
"A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"O na, O na, my gude Lady Hume!
Forsooth and sae it mustna be;
Were he but the one Græme of the name,
He suld be hangit hie for me."

"If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,
"Of me my friends shall hae small talk."
And he has louped fifteen feet and three.
Tho' his hands they were tied behind his back.

He lookit ower his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see.
Then was he aware o' his auld father,
Cam' tearing his hair most piteously.

"O haud your tongue, my father," he says,
"And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they cannot banish me frae heaven hie."

"Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife;
The last time we cam' thro' the toon,
'Twas thou bereft me o' my life,
And wi' the bishop thou played the loon."

"Here, Johnny Armstrang, take thou my sword
That is made o' the metal sae fine;
And when thou comest to the English side,
Remember the death o' Hughie the Græme."

"And ye may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blude,
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
To mak' it shorter by the hood."

Brougham Castle.

ONE of the most picturesque objects in the neighbourhood of Penrith, Cumberland, is Brougham Castle. With its surroundings it presents almost every feature in a landscape calculated to fascinate the eye of the artist. As will be seen from our engraving, which it may be explained is taken from the north (or Penrith) side of the river Eamont, the ruins have a noble and venerable aspect.

The chief entrance to the castle was from the east, near to the small group of trees to the left of the drawing. An outer gateway, surmounted by a tower, led to an inner gateway also surmounted by a tower. The great tower over the inner gateway was adorned with turrets and hanging galleries, all now ruinous. The turrets are not at the present time in the condition represented in the engraving; indeed, the general appearance of the whole edifice is one of gradual decay.

Brougham Castle first comes into notice in the time of King John, when we find that it is one of the possessions of Robert Veteripont, or Vetrupont, whose grandfather came over with William the Conqueror. Robert Veteripont was a favourite of King John, who, giving him possessions in Westmoreland, created him a baron and

* Gae down—Be hanged.

Sheriff of Westmoreland. Veteripont's estates, which included the castles of Brougham, Brough, Pendragon, and Appleby, were made hereditary without limitation to the male sex, as was also the office of sheriff. It is worth noting that some of his female descendants asserted the right to act as sheriff.

The castle passed by marriage to the family of Clifford. Roger, Lord Clifford, made large additions to the building, and placed over the inner gateway the inscription—

THYS
MADE
ROGER

Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, the last of the Cliffords, commenting upon this inscription, says that the words "are severally interpreted, for some think he meant it, because he built that and a great part of the said castle, and also the great tower there; and some think he meant it, because he was made in his fortune by his marriage with Isabella Vetripont, by whom he became possessor of this castle and lands."

The inscription is still to be seen; but, instead of being over the inner gateway, its original position, it is to be found over the outer gate, where it was fixed about half a century ago. For a long time the stone was lost to sight, but was found in a neighbouring mill dam.

Roger Clifford's grandson, Robert, built the eastern parts of the castle, and placed on them his own armorial bearings and those of his wife. In the fifteenth century the castle was almost destroyed, and the lands around it desolated, by the Scots, for some time after which the edifice was uninhabitable. The pile was subsequently renovated; but the Earl of Thanet, grandson of Anne Clifford, demolished it for the mere sake of the materials, when it became a permanent ruin. A later Earl of Thanet, however, has preserved the ruins from dilapidation.

It has been said, but not on very good authority, that Sir Philip Sidney wrote part of his "Arcadia" at Brougham Castle. Wordsworth makes it the scene of one of his poems, describing the festivities on the restoration of the "Shepherd Lord," Henry, Lord Clifford:—

From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Behold her, how she smiles to-day
On this great, this bright array!
Fair greeting does she send to all
From every corner of the hall;
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful lord,—
A Clifford to his own restored!
How glad is Skipton at this hour,
Though lonely,—a deserted tower!



BROUGHAM CASTLE, WESTMORELAND.

Knight, squire, and yeoman, page, and groom,
We have them at the feast of Brough'm.
How glad Pendragon, though the sleep
Of years be on her!—she shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem,
Beside her little humble stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward,
Her statelier Eden's course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely tower;—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair house by Eamont's side,
This day, distinguished without peer,
To see her master and to cheer—
Him and his lady mother dear.

Helvellyn Fatalities.



FAVOURITE climb of visitors to the English Lake District is that to the top of Helvellyn, the highest of the chain of hills extending from Rydal to the foot of the

Vale of St. John, or Buredale, as it was formerly called. Helvellyn is 3,055 feet above the level of the sea, being about thirty feet higher than Skiddaw and a little over a hundred feet lower than Scawfell Pike, the highest mountain in England. It commands magnificent views of the district, and the ascent, which may be made from three or four different points, is not difficult. The top of the mountain is gained from Patterdale by following the ridge known as Swirrell Edge, or that known as Striding Edge, which latter flanks the south-east of a mountain lakelet known as Red Tarn. Our engraving (copied from a photograph by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, Keswick) will convey some idea of the nature of the route. Whilst admitting that the journey along Striding Edge—thus called because it is in parts so narrow as almost to be stridden—has been performed hundreds of times without accident, it cannot be said to be devoid of danger, and it should never be attempted during the winter time, or when the mist obscures the path. Two noted fatalities may act as a warning to the adventurous.



STRIDING EDGE AND RED TARN, LAKE DISTRICT.

The first was the case of the unfortunate Charles Gough, a young student of nature, who, in 1805, whilst attempting to cross Helvellyn from Patterdale, after a fall of snow had concealed the path, fell, it is supposed, from the summit of Striding Edge to the rocks below, where his body lay for some three months, guarded by a faithful dog which had accompanied him on his ramble. Whether he was killed by the fall or perished from hunger will never be known. Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott have both commemorated the touching incident in verse.

Wordsworth's poem, "Fidelity," will be found in the series entitled "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," and is here reprinted:—

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through the covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, on hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cave, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not knowing what to think, a while
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks and all is clear:
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came,
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog has been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side;
How nourished here through such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!

Scott's tribute to the faithful animal is entitled "Helvellyn." It should be mentioned that Catchicam is the name of a mountain which joins Helvellyn. Here are Scott's well-known verses:—

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striding Edge round the Red Tarn was bending;

And Catchicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.
Dark-green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain
beather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming;

In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchicam.


It has exercised the minds of many persons as to how the dog existed during that long vigil. Mr. James Payn, the novelist, quotes the opinion of a Borrowdale shepherd who, dismissing the theory that the animal could have caught sheep, birds, or foxes, boldly asserted that the faithful companion lived upon the body of his master. We totally dissent from this theory, for the evidence of the dog's doings must have been clear and conclusive at the time. The clothes of poor Gough would have been disarranged, and the indications would have left no doubt in the minds of the persons who found the remains as to what had happened. But there is no record of the body having presented an unusual appearance, and it is very

well known that, had that been the case, it would have afforded gossip for the guides and shepherds for years. Besides, it is possible that the dog may have occasionally made his way into Grizedale or Patterdale, and found some morsels of food near the doors of the cottagers' dwellings.

It has lately been announced that Miss Frances Power Cobb and the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, Cumberland, have jointly borne the cost of a monument to Gough's memory. It will occupy an appropriate position on Helvellyn. The remains of the young man repose in the place of interment connected with the Friends' Meeting-House at Tirrel, Westmoreland.

The other fatal occurrence to which we have alluded took place in November, 1858, when a man named Robert Dixon was killed whilst engaged in the somewhat perilous sport of hunting mountain foxes. It is probable that during the excitement of the chase he had missed his footing and rolled down the precipice. An iron cross which stands near the east end of Striding Edge indicates the place where he fell.

Lumley Kettlewell, a York Eccentric.

P to fifty years ago, says Mr. W. Camidge, a local antiquary, York always had living in it men and women of singular character and habits, but of inoffensive manner. They lived peculiar lives, and did peculiar things, but were perfectly harmless. One of these "characters" lived for many years at Clementhorpe. He conceived the idea that eating was an acquired and a pernicious habit, which might be dispensed with, if anybody had the fortitude to carry out his purpose. To prove that his theory was correct he bought very valuable animals, weaned them by degrees, and when weakness overtook them he hung them in strips of cotton; but he no sooner got them to live without food, than, much to his annoyance and contrary to his expectations, they died. This peculiar character, known by the name of Lumley Kettlewell, was descended from a very respectable family. His father was an opulent farmer and wool stapler, residing at Bolton Percy, and was a tenant of Sir William Milner, Bart. Lumley was born in 1751, receiving an education equal to his position in life, and ultimately was apprenticed to Mr. Hotham, an eminent naberdasher in the parish of St. Crux, whom he served for eight years, which was then the usual term. He was admitted to the freedom of the city by virtue of his servitude, and became a member of the Merchants' Company, to the freedom of which he was also admitted by virtue of his eight years of apprenticeship. Ultimately he commenced business with a capital of £1,000 in High Ouse-

gate, his shop being distinguished by its elegant appearance, and a very magnificent fleece exhibited outside; but he never settled to the drudgery of business, and soon disposed of his establishment and stock, giving himself up to field pursuits. When about thirty years of age, he imbibed his peculiar notions about eating, and soon starved his valuable hunter to death. He then purchased another horse of equal or greater value, only to practise upon it the same cruelty, and all his life he was ever spending large sums on the best race horses, hunters, asses, and sporting dogs he could buy, and hungering them to death. This cruelty became so notorious that occasionally the people marked their sense of indignation by severe chastisements. Although he was well to do, he lived on the cheapest and coarsest food he could get. Denying himself the luxury of a fire, he would sit by anybody's fireside to get a little warmth in the winter. He died very suddenly (after an illness of four months produced by a fall) on the 10th January, 1820. L. G. M., York.

* * *

The end of 1819, says an old number of the *Wonderful Magazine*, closed the singular life of Lumley Kettlewell, of Clementhorpe, near York. He died of wretched, voluntary privation, poverty, cold, filth, and personal neglect, in obscure lodgings in Pavement (whither he had removed from his own house a little while before); he was about seventy years of age. His fortune, manners, and education had made him a gentleman; but, from some unaccountable bias in the middle of life, he renounced the world, its comforts, pleasures, and honours, for the life of a hermit. His dress was mean, squalid, tattered, and composed of the most opposite and incongruous garments; sometimes a fur cap with a ball-room coat (bought at an old clothes shop) and hussar boots; at another time a high-crowned London hat, with a coat or jacket of oilskin, finished off with the torn remains of black silk stockings. Early in life he shone in the sports of the field, and he kept blood horses and game dogs to the last; but the former he invariably starved to death, or put such rough, crude, and strange provender before them that they gradually declined into so low a condition that the ensuing winter never failed to terminate their career. Their places were as regularly supplied by a fresh stud. The dogs also were in such a plight that they were scarcely able to go about in search of food in the shambles or on the dunghills. A fox was usually one of his inmates, and he had Muscovy ducks, and a brown Maltese ass of an uncommon size, which shared the fate of his horses, dying for want of proper food and warmth. All these animals inhabited the same house with himself, and they were his only companions there; for no mortal, i.e., no human being, was allowed to enter that mysterious mansion. The front door was strongly barricaded within, and he always entered by the garden,

which communicated with Clementhorpe fields, and thence climbed up by a ladder into a small aperture that had once been a window. He did not sleep in a bed, but in a potter's crate, filled with hay, into which he crept about three or four o'clock in the morning, and came out again about noon the following day. His money used to be laid about in his window seats and on his tables, and, from the grease which had been contracted by transient lodgment in his breeches pockets, the bank notes were once or twice devoured by rats. His own aliment was most strange and uninviting; vinegar and water his beverage. Cocks' heads, with their wattles and combs, baked on a pudding of bran and treacle, formed his most dainty dish.

NIGEL, York.

* * *

"Lumley Kettlewell was the son of Mr. Richard Kettlewell, an opulent farmer, of Bolton Percy, and was born in 1751. He used to carry about with him a large sponge, and on long walks he would now and then dip it in water and soak the top of his head with it, saying it refreshed him more than food or drink. He admitted no visitor whatever at his own house, but sometimes went himself to see any person of whose genius or eccentricity he had conceived an interesting opinion; and he liked, on these visits, to be treated with a cup of tea or coffee, and the use of books, with a pen and ink. He then sat down close to the fire, rested his elbow on his knee, and, almost in a double posture, would read or make extracts of passages peculiarly striking to him, which occupation he would have continued till morning if allowed. His favourite subjects were the pedigrees of blood-horses, chemistry, and natural history." The above is an extract from "Yorkshire Anec-

dotes," by the Rev. R. V. Taylor, who gives the following references:—*Gentleman's* and the *Monthly Magazine* for October, 1820; the *Annual Biography and Obituary* for 1822, p. 478; also a "Sketch of the Life and Eccentricities of the late Mr. Lumley Kettlewell, of York," by Edw. Peck, York, 1821, in two parts, 64 pages, with engravings of himself and his house, back and front, &c.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Southport.

Wynyard Hall.

THE fair domain of Wynyard, situated a few miles from Stockton-on-Tees, has had its history traced back to the time of Edward I., when it was owned by Sir Hugh Capel, Knight. In 1414 it was the property of Thomas Langton, of Redmarshall, once the "Chamberlain and Chief Officer, with Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland." At the death of Thomas Langton, the estate passed to his niece Sibilla, who married Sir Roger Conyers, and whose granddaughter, Sibilla, married Ralph Claxton. The grandson of this last couple was William Claxton, who is described as the owner of "Winyarde" in the heraldic visitation of Durham, and who was the friend of Stowe and Camden. His estates passed to his daughters, who married Sir William Blakiston and William Jennison; but in 1623 the manors of Fulthorpe, Wynyard, and Thorp Thewles were advertised for sale by the co-heirs of William Claxton. The Davisons, of Blakiston, became the purchasers. From John Davison the estate passed to Thomas Rudd.



WYNYARD HALL: NORTH FRONT.

of Durham, and from the latter to John Tempest, M.P. for Durham, who died in 1766. At the death of John Tempest's son, who was also member for the Cathedral City, the estate came to his nephew, Sir H. Vane-Tempest, and so to his daughter Frances Anne Vane-Tempest, who married Lord Londonderry.

Wynyard was described more than two centuries ago as "fruitfull of soile and pleasant of situation, and so beautified and adorned with woods and groves as noe land in that part of the country is comparable unto them." That old description retains its truth. The charms of art are added to those of nature, and successive generations of owners have done much to improve what was excellent. Avenues have been formed, terraces constructed, gardens made almost perfect. A noble hall of Grecian design was commenced in 1821 and completed in 1841. Being soon afterwards destroyed by fire, it was immediately re-constructed. Large reception rooms, a splendid dining-room, a statue gallery, a magnificent conservatory—these are some of the apartments stored with the collections of art of many generations, which abound with signs of the wealth, power, and culture of the Londonderry family. An obelisk in the grounds tells the story of the visit of the Duke of Wellington, in 1827, to his old companion-in-arms, Charles, Marquis of Londonderry. Many Royal personages have also visited Wynyard, the latest being the Prince and Princess of Wales during the last week in October of the present year.

Our views of Wynyard are taken from photographs by Mr. W. Baker, of Stockton-on-Tees.

Jedburgh Abbey.

THE picturesque ruin of Jedburgh Abbey* occupies a fine situation on the west bank of the river Jed. David I., King of Scotland, founded the abbey for canons regular, who were brought from the abbey St. Quintins, at Bevais, in France. The architecture of the building is of a refined type, and the workmanship is of superior quality. In 1296, Robert, prior of Jedburgh, swore an oath of fealty to King Edward I., who, at that time, was suspicious of the intentions of John, King of Scotland, and had marched northward to punish his rebellious vassal. Roxburghshire, in the early centuries, formed part of Northumberland, and thus became the scene of many a sudden excursion and many a sanguinary fight. These events had a disastrous effect on the welfare of Jedburgh Abbey, so much so that its funds and the condition of the place were inadequate to the maintenance of the canons. Edward I., notwithstanding his warlike engagements, remembered the sad state of the inmates of the abbey, and sent several of them to other houses of the same order in England, there to remain until their own home was restored. In 1523 the Earl of Surrey marched to Jedburgh to punish the inhabitants for some marauding excursions into England. Surrey assaulted the place, and an obstinate fight ensued. Incensed by the resistance, he burnt the town and demolished the abbey. The

* A view of this famous abbey, reproduced from a painting by George Arnald, A.R.A., in Sir Walter Scott's "Border Antiquities," forms the frontispiece to the present volume.



WYNYARD HALL: SOUTH FRONT.

abbacy was ultimately formed into a temporal lordship in favour of Sir Andrew Ker, of Ferneherst (ancestor of the Marquis of Lothian), who was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Jedburgh, his patent being dated February 2, 1622. During the troublous times antecedent to the destruction of the abbey, Jedburgh lost all its ancient records—those existing extending only to 1619. The most beautiful part of the remains is a Norman door, which gave access to the south side from the cloisters. The nave has been restored, and serves the purposes of a parish church.

John and Albany Hancock.



THE death of Mr. John Hancock, which took place in Newcastle, at the advanced age of 82 years, on the 11th of October, 1890, ended a life that was almost wholly devoted, earnestly and lovingly, to the study of natural history. Mr. Hancock was, especially, an ornithologist, and in that branch of science achieved a success that has probably never been equalled. His love of natural history was inherited from his father, and was shared by other members of the family, notably by his brother Albany, who died in October, 1873, at the age of 62 years.

In a memoir of Albany Hancock, published in the volume for 1877 of the *Natural History Transactions of Northumberland and Durham*, Dr. Embleton, a co-worker with Albany Hancock and his friend Joshua Alder, gave some interesting information respecting the Hancock family. Present knowledge of the family extends only to the time of the grandfather of John and Albany, about the middle of last century. The grandmother, whose maiden name was Baker, was by the maternal side a Henzell, one of the family who, with the Tyzacks and the Tytteries, had brought to the Tyne and Wear, and also to Staffordshire, towards the end of the 16th century, the important art of glassmaking.

Thomas Hancock, the grandfather, was a saddler and ironmonger, at the north end of the Tyne Bridge, before the year 1771. He had two sons, John and Henry. John, the elder (the father of John and Albany), joined his father in business. But his inclinations were rather scientific than practical. When business was slack, he was in the habit of making, with two or three like-minded companions, trips on foot into various parts of the Northern Counties, spending the day in searching for plants, and insects, and especially shells. What they gathered, Hancock set in order and arranged, and in a few years he had amassed a considerable collection, in which sea-shells predominated. Mr. Hancock died at the comparatively early age of 43, in Sept., 1812, leaving a widow and six children, the eldest being eight years of age. The eldest on was Thomas; Albany was the second son and third

child; and John was the third son. Albany, John, and a daughter, Mary, afterwards embraced the study of different branches of natural history; but the exigencies of business compelled Thomas to relinquish his inclination for geology. Thomas and John entered the business at the Bridge End, and for several years it was carried on under the style of T. and J. Hancock.

To the departments of entomology and ornithology John Hancock early devoted his attention. In conjunction with his brother Albany, and with his friends W. C. Hewitson, George Wailes, R. B. Bowman, John Thornhill, Joshua Alder, and others, he very carefully explored the natural history of the district. To this band of students Newcastle owes much of the celebrity which it has attained in natural history circles, and to its influence was due in a great measure the establishment of



Mr. John Hancock.

the Natural History Society. About the year 1826, Mr. Hancock turned his attention to the art of taxidermy, principally owing to his friendship with Mr. R. R. Wingate, a celebrated bird-stuffer in Newcastle. The results of Mr. Hancock's life-work in this direction now adorn the shelves of the Museum of the Natural History Society at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, where they form the finest collection of British birds in the kingdom. When the British Association met in Newcastle in 1889, the President, Professor Flower, in his opening address, said:—"You are fortunate in possessing in Newcastle an artist who, by a proper application of taxidermy, can show that an animal may be converted into a real life-like representation of the original, perfect in form, proportions, and attitude, and almost, if not quite, as valuable for conveying information as the living

creature itself." Mr. R. Bowdler Sharp, in a paper published in the *English Illustrated Magazine* on ornithology at South Kensington, said that to Mr. Hancock was due the credit of having broken away from the time-honoured tradition in the mode of mounting animals in this country—that he taught how to combine scientific accuracy with artistic feeling, and that Mr. Hancock's name was a password throughout England wherever taxidermy was mentioned. In 1851, at the Great Exhibition in London, Mr. Hancock exhibited a series of groups illustrative of falconry. They are now in the Museum in Newcastle and form part of the collection presented to the Natural History Society. Of these groups, the late Rev. T. W. Robertson, of Brighton, thus spoke in one of his lectures :—"I have visited the finest museums in Europe, and spent many a long day in the woods, in watching the habits of birds, hidden and unseen by them ; but I never saw the reproduction of life till I saw these. They were vitalised by the feeling not of the mere bird-stuffer, but of the poet, who had sympathised with nature, felt the life of birds as something kindred with his own ; and, inspired with this sympathy, and labouring to utter it, had thus recreated life, as it were, within the very grasp of death."

Mr. Hancock was one of the closest and most careful observers of bird life in this country, and his opinions were held in the highest esteem by all ornithologists. He gave close attention to the changes of plumage in the falcons, and also to the discrimination between the Greenland and Iceland falcons—a question which agitated the minds of ornithologists here and on the Continent. In a paper which he read at the meeting of the British Association in 1838, as well as in a paper published in 1854, in the "*Annals of Natural History*," this question was first settled by him, and from his observations he was enabled to lay down a general law regarding the changes of plumage in falcons. His views are now accepted by all ornithologists. Mr. Hancock was not a prolific writer, his communications having been principally short papers in the "*Natural History Transactions*," and in the "*Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club*." In 1853, he published a series of lithographic plates drawn on stone by himself, illustrating the groups of birds shown by him at the Great Exhibition in 1851. In 1874, he printed in the "*Natural History Transactions*" a catalogue of the birds of Northumberland and Durham, illustrated by plates in photogravure from his own drawings. This catalogue, republished in an independent form, is now the great authority on the subject. In his earlier days John Hancock and his brother Albany contemplated issuing a work on British birds, with plates, in quarto ; but this was never carried out, although some of the drawings had been prepared.

In the various institutions of Newcastle connected with science Mr. Hancock took much interest. He was a

member of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and for some years was a member of the committee. He was one of the original members of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club. The interest he took in the Natural History Society, of which he was a vice-president, was evinced by the energy and enthusiasm he devoted to the acquisition of the new museum, and by his liberality in presenting to it his unique collections. The old museum in Westgate Street had for a long time been found to be too small and cramped for the collections of the Natural History Society, and the project of a more suitable building in another locality originated with Mr. Hancock. Through his personal influence, and the generosity of his personal friends, Lord and Lady Armstrong, the late Colonel Joicey, the late Mr. Edward Joicey, Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, and many others, the new museum, Barras Bridge, was begun in 1880. In the following year he presented his entire collection of British birds to the institution. In August, 1884, the new museum was opened by the Prince of Wales in the presence of a brilliant company, and Mr. Hancock received the congratulations of his friends on the success of his efforts. Of the Polytechnic Exhibitions held in 1840 and 1848 Mr. Hancock was a zealous promoter. He took an active part in the arrangements for the British Association meeting in Newcastle in 1863, and was an earnest promoter of the fine exhibition of works of art held in the Central Exchange Art Gallery at that time.

Mr. Hancock was not identified with any municipal concerns, with one exception. In the year 1868, there was a proposal to beautify the Town Moor and Castle Leazes, and a plan was prepared by Mr. Hancock. The advocacy of the scheme was left in the hands of the late Mr. Lockey Harle, who, at a special meeting of the Town Council on November 13, 1868, explained its details. Mr. Hancock proposed to remove the walls of the Bull Park (now the Bull Park Recreation Ground), laying out 50 acres as an ornamental pleasure ground. Eighty acres of the Town Moor to the east of the North Road was to have been converted into a plantation. Mr. Hancock also proposed a plantation on each side of the North Road, a hundred feet wide. There were also intended to be plantations on the road towards Kenton. The drive contemplated by Mr. Hancock was to be about six miles long. Mr. Harle declared that it would be, when all the plantations were fully grown, one of the most beautiful drives in England, as it undoubtedly would have been if the authorities had been equal to the occasion. The Leazes were also to have been treated in a similar tasteful manner. The Council, however, rejected the whole scheme, though it cordially thanked Mr. Hancock for his gratuitous preparation of the plans.

From his old friend Mr. W. C. Hewitson, author of "*The Eggs of British Birds*," &c., Mr. Hancock inherited a beautiful estate in Surrey. "Finding his residence in

Hampstead inconvenient," says Mr. Welford, "Mr. Hewitson purchased, in 1848, a portion of Oatlands Park, Surrey, at one time a seat of the Duke of York. Upon one of the most commanding sites in this fine property, having a view up the Thames Valley as far as Windsor Castle, an old Newcastle friend, Mr. John Dobson, the

later life, is copied from a photograph by Mr. John Worsnop, Bridge Street, Rothbury.

"4, St. Mary's Terrace, 24th inst., Albany Hancock." This brief and simple announcement appeared in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* on the 25th October, 1873, and recorded the death of one of the most eminent naturalists in the kingdom, whose fame, in his own particular branch of natural history at least, was more than European.

After finishing his education, at the age of nineteen, Albany was indentured to Mr. Thomas Clater, solicitor, Newcastle, and at the end of his clerkship he pursued his studies in London, being afterwards duly admitted as an attorney. On returning to Newcastle in 1830, he opened an office over the shop of his friend Joshua Alder, in the Side. There for two years he waited for clients; but the charms of natural history proved too strong for him, and he closed his office and left the legal profession for ever.

Between the years 1835 and 1840, Albany devoted much attention to modelling in clay and plaster, and succeeded in turning out one or two very fair busts. He also designed and painted flowers, fruit, and fish, and culti-



JOHN HANCOCK.

(From a Photograph by Mr. John Worsnop, Bridge Street, Rothbury.)



Albany Hancock.

architect, designed for him a charming house, while the grounds surrounding it, sloping to Broadwater, were laid out with admirable taste by himself and his still older friend, Mr. John Hancock. In this delightful retreat Mr. Hewitson lived and laboured for thirty years, and there he died, on the 28th May, 1878, aged 72 years." And it was to this same delightful retreat that Mr. Hancock used occasionally to retire in the later years of his life.

The great naturalist had considerable repugnance to all forms of portraiture, especially photography. Many efforts were made by Mr. H. H. Emmerson to induce him to sit for his portrait, always without avail, though the artist did succeed in painting a picture (not a portrait), representing Mr. Hancock at work on a group of birds. Mr. Joseph W. Swan, the eminent electrician, has in his possession, however, the negative of a photograph which was taken of Mr. Hancock in middle life. It is from this photograph that one of our sketches is reproduced. The other portrait, that of Mr. Hancock in

vated and improved his natural faculties and tastes for the fine arts, which afterwards proved of much service to him in his natural history work.

From 1842 to 1864, Albany Hancock, assisted by his friend Alder, was engaged in the study of conchology, and in the discovery of various new genera and species of nudibranchiate mollusca of the Northumberland Coast and other parts of the British Isles, and in the delineation and description of their external characters. Up to 1844, they had discovered and described two new genera and thirty-one new species, though in the time of Linnaeus only six species were known. In 1843, Joshua Alder

and Albany Hancock were the joint authors of a paper, published in the "Annals of Natural History," entitled "Observations on the Development of the Nudi-branchiate Molluscs, with Remarks on their Structure." About the time of the appearance of this article, a change occurred in the direction of Albany's thoughts and studies, which had great influence on his future scientific career, and conduced to make him so distinguished an anatomist in malacology that he was afterwards justly regarded as one of the highest authorities in this department of science. It will be interesting, to naturalists especially, to state the cause of this change. He had become convinced that, valuable for classification as are the external characters and the habits of animals, when carefully observed, it is absolutely necessary to investigate and understand their internal structure also, in order to form a correct idea of their physiology, and of their proper arrangement according to their natural affinities.

During the period between 1845 to 1855, there appeared the justly celebrated "Monograph of the British Nudi-branchiate Mollusca, with Figures of the Species, by Joshua Alder and Albany Hancock." This splendid work was published by the Ray Society, and soon gained for its authors a wide reputation. The description of external characters and the classification were the joint work of the two authors; but most of the drawings of the species, and the whole of those of the anatomy, were by Hancock

alone. The beauty of the drawings and the delicacy of their colouring it would be difficult to surpass, and the anatomical details are represented with perfect fidelity to nature.

Albany Hancock was one of the founders of the Tyne-side Naturalists' Field Club (instituted in 1846), and he contributed several important papers to the "Transactions." A valuable essay from his pen appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions" in 1858, under the title of "The Organisation of the Brachiopoda," which proved that its author was an enlightened naturalist, a philosophical anatomist, and an accomplished artist. In the same year that this great essay appeared, the Royal Society, in appreciation of the high value of his works, granted him its gold medal, an honour conferred upon very few. In 1863, Mr. Hancock, with the able assistance of Mr. Alder, classified and described, in the "Transactions of the Zoological Society," a collection of Indian Nudi-branchiata, sent by Mr. Walter Elliott. With Mr. Howse (now curator of the Natural History Museum in Newcastle), he contributed valuable papers on the "Fossil Remains of Marlslate of Durham"; and with the late Mr. Thomas Athey various descriptions of the "Fossil Fauna of the Northumberland Coal Field."

Mr. Alder, Albany's old friend, had been engaged for years in the preparation of an "Illustrated Catalogue of



John Hancock's Residence in Surrey.

the British Tunicata," to be published by the British Museum; and it was almost ready for publication when he received intimation that funds were no longer at the disposal of the trustees. In this emergency, Mr. Alder communicated with Mr. Hancock, asking for his assistance in the completion of the work, which he suggested should be more thorough and comprehensive than was at first contemplated. Mr. Hancock at once laid aside other duties, and undertook the onerous task. The Royal Society was consulted and expressed its willingness to publish the work in question; but the death of Mr. Alder in 1867 deprived his coadjutor of his valuable assistance. Up to the autumn of 1873, Mr. Hancock had completed a little over two-thirds of the book on the Tunicata, when failing health overtook him, and he was compelled to relinquish his task when he was within two years of its conclusion. During his illness, he received great attention from Sir William Armstrong (now Lord Armstrong), who induced him to stay with him during a portion of the summer at his beautiful seat at Craggside. Other friends rallied round him and showed him every kindness, but all was in vain. Dropsical symptoms, added to his increasing debility, proved fatal, and on the 24th of October, 1873, he quietly breathed his last at his own residence.

We have been greatly indebted for the foregoing information to a very interesting paper on Albany Hancock, written by his life-long friend, Dr. Embleton, in the "Transactions of the Natural History Society."

Notes and Commentaries.

THE CHESTERS.

A brief reference to Walwick Chesters, otherwise the Chesters, situated on the line of the Roman Wall, a few miles north of Hexham, the residence of the late John Clayton, appears on page 422 *ante*, while a view of the house will be found on page 424. The great attraction of the place is the invaluable collection of Roman antiquities made by the late proprietor, under whose direction nearly the whole of the station, on the site of which it stands, has been excavated.

Cilurnum—so the station was named—is supposed to have been one of the fortresses reared by the legions under the command of Julius Agricola, about the year 81 A.D. It certainly had an existence anterior to and independent of the Wall of Hadrian; for, whilst the stations of Procolitia, Borcovicus, and Æsica depend on that wall for their northern rampart, the station of Cilurnum is complete in itself, and has had communications independent of the military way which accompanied the wall. In the time of Horsley, whose "*Britannia Romana*" was published in 1732, "there were visible remains of a military way which seemed to have come from Watling Street, south of Risingham, to the station

of Cilurnum, or the bridge beside it." "And from this station," says Horsley, "a military way has gone directly to Caervorran, which is still visible for the greater part of the way." Agricola secured the possession of the valley of the North Tyne by planting in its gorge the fortress of Cilurnum, and amongst other communications with it threw a bridge across the river, suitable, apparently, for the march of foot soldiers only. Of this bridge a single pier is now the only remnant, the piers corresponding with it having either been washed away or absorbed in the stonework of those of a larger bridge subsequently built by Hadrian in connection with the wall. The total area of the camp at Cilurnum is about six acres; and during the excavations a great number of most interesting inscribed stones, coins, fragments of Samian ware, implements of various sorts, &c., have been found; a complete catalogue of them would fill a good-sized volume. The British name of the place, which the Romans converted into Cilurnum, was probably Coill-ur, which means "the beautiful wood." The image of an unknown goddess, Coventina, was some years ago dug up in the grounds, and this singular name has given exercise to the ingenuity of etymologists.

The Chesters estate, which formerly belonged to the Erringtons, was sold by Mr. William Errington, of High Warden, barrister-at-law, seventy or eighty years ago, to the Askew family, by whom it was resold, after a very short occupation, to Nathaniel Clayton, father of the late John Clayton. The mansion was built about the middle of last century by John Errington, who died in 1783.

AWE.

A TYNESIDE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

The roll of honour which included such well-known temperance reformers as George Charlton, George Dodds, James Rewcastle, Jacob Weir, and others, must also include the name of William Peel. Perhaps he may not have possessed the advantages of these worthy men or have achieved so much distinction, but without doubt he was every bit as earnest as they were, and probably devoted as much time and energy to the cause. Born at Ballast Hills, Newcastle, on June 26, 1816, in humble

circumstances, he became connected with the Primitive Methodist Society in that locality when he was about the age of fourteen. As a teacher in the Sunday School, it was his duty to address the children on simple topics. He displayed a certain fluency of language, and not a little grasp of the theme he selected for the subject of discourse.



WILLIAM PEEL.

Hence he was in frequent request, not only when other teachers failed to put in an appearance, but also as a helper for local preachers. Young Peel's first sermon was preached at the age of sixteen in a colliery school-room at South Shields. The place was so crowded that he could only find entrance through the window at the back. This was the commencement of his career as a local preacher, extending over a period of more than half a century. At the close of his philanthropic career he was rewarded with the knowledge that the good seeds sown by himself and other reformers had taken root and flourished. Temperance societies were formed with the best results in almost every village it had been his lot to visit. William Peel closed his earthly career on April 21, 1890. C.

BATH HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.

Two old cottages, of no consequence in themselves, but having a certain interest from their associations, were lately demolished in Westgate, Newcastle. The cottage shown in the accompanying sketch was a sort of lodge leading up to Bath House, which was built on the site of the first public baths in the town. Bath House



was the residence of Alderman Dunn, a former Mayor of Newcastle, and was purchased by Mr. Thomas Herdman from the representatives of the son of Alderman Dunn. All the surroundings have undergone marked change. Much of the ground that was formerly laid out as pleasure gardens has been covered with small workshops and warehouses. On referring to Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle," we find that the baths were built by Dr. Hall, an eminent medical practitioner, and Messrs. Henry Gibson and R. Bryan Abbs, surgeons. Dr. Hall was not only distinguished in his profession, but was also extensively engaged in commercial specula-

tions. The baths were erected under the direction of Mr. Craneson, architect, and were opened to the public on May 1, 1781. "Considerable medical skill," it is recorded in the "Picture of Newcastle," "has been employed here in the application of the gaseous fluids; and we imagine we begin to see the comfort and elegance of the Roman age revived in Britain, in the use of vapour, hot, and tepid baths, the swimming basin, and the cold enclosed baths, at this place." The water that supplied the baths was cut off in sinking a pit-shaft at Hemsley Main; and no other supply was obtained. Dr. Hall became sole proprietor of the baths and the adjoining premises, and at his death they were purchased by Dr. Kentish. On that gentleman leaving Newcastle, they were sold to Mr. Malin Sorabie, at whose death they came into the possession of Mr. G. T. Dunn.

XAVIER, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A GENEROUS SPOUSE.

Jim and Geordy were talking about the good qualities of their respective wives. "Begox," said Geordy, "but wor Meg's a grand un. She's that kind, man, that if she only had half a loaf she'd give somebody else t'other half!"

PILOTS AND CARPENTERS.

A South Shields pilot, whose sweetheart was rather given to flirting, one day gave vent to his feelings as follows:—"Fareweell, Annie. Nivvor ne mair gan wi' them clarty carpenter bodies. Wey, they can't wark for their pence a day, an' uz men warks for wor punds a day!"

RESPECT FOR THE DEAD.

In a house not far from the Ouseburn Police Station a number of women were discussing the life of the late Bridget McKinley, when the conversation turned upon what route the funeral would take. One exclaimed: "Noo, aa knaa Biddy as weel as onybody, and if they divvent bring her doon past the pottery she will, aa knaa, be aafully vexed!"

A TEST OF MATRIMONY.

At a village in Durham, recently, two miners were heard in hot dispute on the knotty point whether a certain companion of theirs was married to the female who had the honour of sharing his bed and board. The following were the closing exchanges of the colloquy:—"Wey, Jack, man, aa tell thoo they're not married. Aa knaa nicely." "But they are, aa can tell thoo for a sartinty. Wey, man, didn't aa see him hoy a glass at her? Dis thoo think he'd de that if she warn't married?"

THE INSTINCT OF PIGEONS.

The other day a pitman got into a railway carriage with a small basket. After sitting awhile, he observed to another pitman:—"Aa've some o' the best homing pigeons in the warld heor. Man, when aa first got the

breed frae London, some on 'em, when they were let out in Newcassel, flew straight hyem sooth agyen!" "That's nowt," said the other pitman; "aa yence got some pigeons' eggs frae London, and as syun as they wor hatched, the young uns flew reet off te thor muthors!"

MARRIAGE TROUSSEAU.

A pitman was seen outside a well-known baby-linen shop in Newcastle. After awhile he made bold to enter. Said he to the young lady in the shop, "Let's hev a luik at yor marriage troosors." The young lady blushed, and ran for the principal. "What do you want?" interrogated the principal, on coming up to the customer. "Aa want te see yor marriage troosors." "Marriage trousers! We don't sell such things here, sir." "Yes, ye de," persisted the pitman, "it says se in the windor." And then he pointed to a placard bearing the legend—"Marriage trousseaux." Tableau!

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. John Hancock, the eminent naturalist, died at his residence in St. Mary's Terrace, Newcastle, on the 11th of October. (See p. 566.)

On the 13th of October, Mr. Thomas Freear, senior partner in the firm of Freear and Dix, shipowners and brokers, Sunderland, died at his residence in that town, at the age of 70.

Mr. Robert Ambrose Morritt, owner of Rokeby, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott, died at Rokeby Park on the 14th of October, aged 74 years.

The death was announced on the 15th of October, of Mr. Isaac Crowther, newsagent, who was formerly identified in a prominent manner with the Chartist movement in Newcastle.

On the 17th of October, Mr. Mervyn L. Hawkes, a young journalist, died at the residence of his father (Mr. S. M. Hawkes, formerly of Marsden Rock), at Bruges, Belgium. Commencing journalistic work, in his boyhood, as a contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, the deceased was, in the course of a few years, entrusted with the editorial charge of a paper at Sunderland, and was subsequently connected with the staff of the *Echo* in London. Mr. Hawkes was twice or thrice a candidate for a seat in Parliament, and was the author of a novel entitled "The Primrose Dame." The deceased gentleman was only 28 years of age.

The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of October 18, announced the death, as having recently taken place, of Mr. Michael O'Hanlon, a frequent contributor to the columns of that paper.

On the 20th of October, Mr. William Brookie, a venerable and esteemed journalist and author, died at his residence in Olive Street, Sunderland. (See page 38.)

On the 22nd of October, Mr. F. Charlton Huntley, a gentleman well known in shipping circles, and for some years Consul of the Norwegian, Swedish, and Italian Governments, died at Sunderland, at the age of 66 years.

Mr. Thompson Richardson, solicitor, died at Barnard Castle, on the 25th of October, at the advanced age of 86. In December, 1839, he was appointed magistrates' clerk of the south-west division of Darlington Ward, which

he held till January, 1888, when he resigned through ill-health.

On the 27th of October, the Rev. Evan Hughes, Vicar of North Sunderland, died in London at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Gifford, to whom he was on a visit.

On the 28th of October, at the advanced age of 101 years, Mary Wild, a maiden lady, died at Blakelaw, on the Ponteland Road, about three miles from Newcastle.

On the 29th of October, as the result of having been accidentally run over by a horse and cart, Mr. Robert Walters, of Eldon Square, died in the Newcastle Infirmary. The deceased gentleman, who had reached the advanced age of 88 years, belonged to an old local family, being the youngest son of the late Mr. Robert Walters, of the firm of Clayton and Walters, solicitors. Between thirty and forty years ago, he had a seat in the Town Council as one of the representatives of East All Saints' Ward. Besides other bequests, the deceased gentleman left £500 each to the Newcastle Infirmary, the Newcastle Dispensary, and the Newcastle Young Men's Christian Association.

Miss Anne Clayton, daughter of the late Mr. Nathaniel Clayton, and sister of the late Mr. John Clayton, so long Town Clerk of Newcastle, died at The Chesters, North Tyne, on the 30th of October. The deceased lady, who was the last survivor of a family of eleven members, consisting of six sons and five daughters, was in the 94th year of her age.

On the same day, Dr. James Smith, one of the oldest members of the medical profession in Sunderland, died at his residence, The Grove, Bishopwearmouth, at the age of 72.

On the 31st of October, Mr. Robert Pybus, High-Bailiff of the County Courts of Northumberland, died at his residence in Wentworth Place, Newcastle. He was a native of Langton-upon-Swale, and his connection with this district began in 1847, when, on the establishment of the County Courts, under the Act of 1846, he was appointed to the office which he continued to hold till his death. The deceased gentleman was in the 79th year of his age.

On the 4th of November, suddenly, Mr. John Thompson, a well-known temperance advocate and advanced politician, died in Newcastle. For many years, the deceased was a valued and trusted servant of the Post Office; but he retired on a pension about eight years ago, and devoted a great deal of his spare time to the advancement of the cause of teetotalism. Mr. Thompson, who was a native of the Wooler district,



MR. JOHN THOMPSON.

was in the 73rd year of his age.

On the same day, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Grey died at St. James's Palace, London. She was an extra woman of the bedchamber to the Queen; and her late husband, Major-General the Hon. Charles Grey, brother of the present Earl Grey, was for many years private secretary to her Majesty. The deceased lady was 76 years of age, and was the mother of Mr. Albert Grey, formerly member

for South Northumberland. The body was removed to Howick for interment.

Mr. Thomas M'Kendrick, a gentleman well known in local art circles, and treasurer to the Newcastle Sketching Club, in connection with which he was himself a frequent contributor, died on the 5th of November. The deceased, who was a son of Mr. James M'Kendrick, chairman of the Newcastle Co-operative Society, was 37 years of age.



In his fifty-third year, Mr. George Chatt, editor of the *West Cumberland Times*, formerly connected with the literary departments of the *Hexham Herald* and the *Hexham Courant*, and the author of a volume of poems, died at Cocker-mouth on the 8th of November.

On the 9th of November, Mr. Alderman John Spence died at his residence, Northumberland Square, North Shields, aged 74. The deceased gentleman was mayor of the borough in 1881.

At the advanced age of 80, Mr. John Bradburn, head of the well-known firm of John Bradburn and Co., dyers, Newcastle, expired suddenly on the 10th of November. In early life, the deceased was actively associated with political movements. As a representative of the Northern Chartists, he attended the Complete Suffrage Conference held at Birmingham in 1845 under the presidency of the late Joseph Sturge. Mr. Bradburn also took a keen and practical interest in matters of local government, and at one time or other he had been a member of the Town Council, the Board of Guardians, and the School Board.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

OCTOBER.

10.—At the annual meeting of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, held at the Holborn Restaurant, London, Mr. Henry E. Armstrong, Medical Officer of Health, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was re-elected president.

11.—On the occasion of his first visit to West Hartlepool, the Bishop of Durham consecrated the church of St. Aidan, which had been erected at a cost of close upon £5,000, and towards which the late Dr. Lightfoot had subscribed £1,000.

12.—Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., inaugurated the winter sessional meetings of the Newcastle Socialists.

13.—Mr. Wigham Richardson, as president, inaugurated the eleventh session of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders.

—A public meeting against gambling was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The chair was occupied by Bishop Wilberforce, who was supported by the Bishop of Durham and a large number of local clergymen and others. Resolutions bearing upon the subject were carried unanimously.

—During a harvest thanksgiving service in High West

Street Wesleyan Chapel, Gateshead, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. Alderman John Lucas), Stephen Renforth, who had been instrumental in saving upwards of a dozen lives, was presented with the bronze medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society.

15.—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, the Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) read a letter from Mr. William Donaldson Cruddas, of Elswick, stating that he was the owner of about 4a. 0r. 21p. of land adjoining Scotswood Road, near George's Road, and that it would afford him much pleasure to give it to the town, upon condition that the Corporation form it into and maintain it in perpetuity as a recreation ground for the children and inhabitants of the neighbourhood. On the motion of the Mayor, seconded by the Sheriff (Mr. E. Culley), it was resolved that the warmest thanks of the Council be given to Mr. Cruddas for his very generous and valuable gift, and that the spot be called the Cruddas Recreation Ground.

16.—In the afternoon of this day, the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland, arrived in Newcastle, with a view of taking part in a series of public demonstrations in that city. On the following afternoon, at the People's Palace, in Percy Street, under the presidency of the Duke of Northumberland, he was presented with a number of addresses of welcome from Conservative and Liberal Unionist Associations in the four Northern Counties. In the evening, Mr. Balfour was entertained to a grand banquet in St. George's Hall, the chair being occupied by the Marquis of Londonderry. On the afternoon of the 18th, the Irish Secretary addressed a large public meeting in the People's Palace, over which Mr. W. D. Cruddas presided; and in the evening, under the presidency of the Mayor, he distributed the prizes to the successful students in connection with the School of Science and Art in Bath Lane.

18.—It was announced that the position of general passenger superintendent of the North-Eastern Railway, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Christison, had been filled up by the appointment of Mr. W. B. Johnson, who had for some years occupied the position of assistant general manager. Mr. Charles Jesper succeeded Mr. Johnson.

19.—A horsekeeper, named Joseph Cooper, died at Coundon, near Bishop Auckland, from injuries alleged to have been violently inflicted; and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against William Staveley and George Spenceley, two of five men who had been taken into custody.

20.—Surgeon T. H. Parke, medical officer of the late expedition to Central Africa, gave a lecture in the New Circus, Bath Road, Newcastle, on "Incidents Connected with the Relief of Emin Pasha."

—The Right Hon. Earl Granville, K.G., leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, and formerly, as Lord Leveson, member for Morpeth, visited Newcastle as president of the Newcastle Liberal Club. In the afternoon, his lordship presided over a largely-attended luncheon held under the auspices of the club in the New Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, at which the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P. for Newcastle, was also present. Later on the same day, Mr. Morley unveiled a portrait of Dr. Spence Watson at the Liberal Club, Pilgrim Street. In the evening, a great meeting was held in the Town Hall. Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., occupied the chair, and the principal speakers were Earl Granville and Mr. Morley.

21.—At a Convocation at Durham, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon Mr. H. M. Stanley, in his absence, and upon Surgeon Parke, of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

—A public meeting, under the auspices of the Society for the Suppression of the Indian Opium Trade was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle. The Bishop of the diocese occupied the chair, and he was supported by the Rev. Canon Basil Wilberforce, the Rev. W. S. Swanson (lately missionary in Amoy, China), and others. There was a good attendance, and resolutions condemnatory of the opium traffic were adopted. (See *ante*, p. 142.)

—The inquest on the bodies of William Murphy, James Gray, and William Bowey, the members of the Newcastle Fire Brigade who lost their lives through the Mosley Street disaster, resulted in a verdict, finding that the deceased died from the effects of inhaling the fumes of nitric acid. (See *ante*, p. 525.)

22.—A boy named Walter Thompson, aged nine years, fell over the cliff at Hendon, and was killed on the spot.

24.—Madame Adelina Patti, the famous singer, gave a grand concert under the auspices of the Police Benefit Fund Committee, in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

26.—For the twenty-first year in succession, the annual collections on behalf of the Hospital Sunday Fund were taken in the majority of the churches and chapels in Newcastle and district. The weather, unfortunately, was of a most stormy character, and owing to the meagre attendances at the places of worship there was a considerable falling-off, in many instances, in the amounts realized. The largest sum, £109 1s. 5d., was obtained at Jesmond Church; St. George's Church, Osborne Road, coming next with £71 8s. 10d.; while £70 12s. 10d. brought Brunswick Place Chapel into the third position. Hospital Saturday, constituting the operative section of the Fund, was observed on the 8th of November.

—The eighth session of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture

Society was inaugurated in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, by Mr. Herbert Ward, late of Mr. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, the subject being "The Congo Cannibals of Central Africa."

27.—A complimentary dinner was given in the National

Schools, Consett, to Mr. William Jenkins, general manager of the Consett Iron Company, Limited, in recognition of his twenty-one years' service at Consett. In the evening, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, when he was presented with an album and address. Mr. David Dale presided on both occasions.



MR. WILLIAM JENKINS.

—A religious convention, extending over

several days, on the principle of the Keswick Convention, was commenced by a preparatory prayer meeting in the Circus, Bath Road, Northumberland Street, Newcastle.

—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Wynyard Park, as the guests of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. (See page 564.) On the 1st of November, their Royal Highnesses and their noble host and hostess, with several guests, proceeded by special train to Seaham Harbour, where the Prince reviewed the 2nd Durham (Seaham) Artillery Volunteers, of which regiment the Marquis of Londonderry is colonel commandant. Addresses were presented by the Local Board of Health of Seaham Harbour and the local lodge of Freemasons. The town was splendidly decorated for the occasion.

—There was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, the *Sirius*, a second-class cruiser, for her Majesty's navy. The christening ceremony was performed by Lady Augusta Percy, wife of Earl Percy.

29.—At a special meeting of the Newcastle City Council, it was unanimously resolved to confer the honorary freedom of the city on Mr. Alderman Charles Frederic Hamond, in recognition of the long services he had rendered to the city. With the exception of two short intervals, Mr. Hamond has been continuously connected with the Council since the 1st of November, 1852. The alderman was also for some time one of the Parliamentary representatives of the borough. The official document conveying the freedom was formally presented by the Mayor (Mr. T. Bell), at a meeting held in the Town Hall on the 8th of November. The gift was accompanied by a gold star medal bearing a suitable inscription.

—As the result of a Conciliation Board formed on the suggestion of the Mayor of Newcastle, a settlement was effected of the strike of shipyard joiners on Tyneside, the joiners being directed to resume work on Mr. Burt's award, with the exception of that referring to the engineering work.

—Mr. Norris Watts, son of Mr. Edmund H. Watts, colliery owner, of Newcastle, London, Cardiff, and Newport, was shot through the groin by an unknown man



Herbert Ward

(From a Photograph by Henry Van der Weyde, London.)

while he was out hunting in the woods, near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, U.S.

—The Rev. Frank Walters concluded his very interesting and successful series of lectures on "Shakespeare" in the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. (See page 557.)

30.—The tower erected at St. Paul's Church, Spennymoor, in memory of the late Mr. Robert Duncombe Shafto, of Whitworth Park, Spennymoor, and known as the Shafto Memorial Tower, was dedicated by the Bishop of Durham.

—At a meeting of the ratepayers of South Stockton, a letter was read from Mr. Thomas Wrightson, Norton Hall, of the firm of Messrs. Head, Wrightson, and Co., engineers and bridge builders, announcing his desire, conditional upon the adoption of the Free Libraries Act, to build a suitable library on a central site, at a cost of £1,500, and to present it to his fellow-townsmen. The contents of the communication were greeted with loud cheers, and a resolution in favour of the adoption of the Act was carried unanimously.

NOVEMBER.

1.—New business premises erected in connection with the Swalwell District Industrial and Provident Society were formally opened by Mr. W. Fletcher, president of the society. On the same day, Mr. H. R. Bailey, of Newcastle, opened some new premises for the accommodation of the grocery and provision departments of the Blaydon District Co-operative Society.

—In common with other parts of the country, the annual municipal elections took place throughout the North of England. In Newcastle there were contests in four wards, viz., North Elswick, North St. Andrew's, West All Saints', and St. Nicholas'. A working man candidate came forward in each case. The retiring representatives in North St. Andrew's, West All Saints', and St. Nicholas' were, however, returned by large majorities; while in Elswick Ward Mr. James Blakey was elected in the room of Mr. Walter Scott, who did not solicit re-election. In Gateshead there was opposition in two wards, in one of which a working man was likewise unsuccessful. There were also contests in several other northern boroughs, but the proceedings altogether were of the most quiet and orderly description.

2.—The lecturer in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society was Mr. W. E. Church, of London, who chose for his subject—"Famous Literary Clubs and Coteries."

4.—Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, preached in St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle.

—A purse of gold and an illuminated address were presented by his parishioners to the Rev. Father Turnerelli, on the occasion of the completion of twenty-five years' priesthood in Sunderland.

5.—It was announced that the theological library of Dr. Lightfoot, late Bishop of Durham, which was bequeathed to the Divinity School of Cambridge, had been transported thither. It consisted of 1,900 volumes, weighing four tons. The rest of his library was bequeathed to the University of Durham.

—A coroner's inquest was opened, but was formally adjourned, as to the death of Richard William Forsyth, who, on the previous day, had been found lying dead in the office of his employer, Mr. Taylor, cement manufacturer, Gateshead. The marks of fingers were found on

the throat, and bruises on the chest and stomach of the deceased, as if he had been knelt upon, and foul play was suspected.

—At a meeting of the Sunderland Town Council, the Mayoress (Mrs. Shadforth), on behalf of the ladies of the town, presented a robe of office to the Mayor, and a mace to the Council, together with a robe for the macebearer. On the motion of Mr. Alderman Gourley, M.P., the gifts were accepted. A letter was then read from Mr. Alderman Storey, M.P., resigning his connection with the Council after 21 years' membership, and enclosing the usual penalty, on the ground that he disapproved of these "medieval customs."

—The annual show of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, cats, and cavies, under the auspices of the Newcastle National Columbarian Society, was opened in the Corn Exchange, Town Hall Buildings, Newcastle, the total entries being 1,740.

6.—The handsome pile of buildings erected in Fawcett Street as a Town Hall and Municipal Offices for Sunderland (see page 576), was opened by the Mayor (Mr. Robert Shadforth). The style of the structure, which has cost, in all, about £50,000, is that of Italian renaissance, the architect being Mr. Brightwen Binyon, of Ipswich. The buildings are 150ft. long by 90ft. broad, with an average height of 46 feet and a height to the top of the tower of 140 feet. The tower in the centre contains an illuminated chiming clock, with four dials, each 8ft. 6in. in diameter. The opening ceremony took place shortly after noon, and a procession, consisting of the members of the Corporation, officials, Mayors and Town Clerks of neighbouring towns, and members of the other public bodies in the town, left the old Council Chamber and proceeded by way of High Street to the Town Hall. The day was generally observed as a holiday, and, as the weather was de-



MR. R. SHADFORTH.

lightfully fine, the streets on the route were densely crowded with townspeople. Fawcett Street was lined with Venetian masts, and there was a good display of bunting. When the procession arrived at the hall, the Mayor was presented with a gold key by the architect, with which he unlocked the door, and the party proceeded to the Council Chamber, where a handsomely illuminated address was presented to his Worship by the chairman of the Building Committee (Mr. Alderman Fairless). In presenting the address, Mr. Fairless referred at length to the progress of the town, which at its incorporation consisted of about 45,000 inhabitants, whereas there were then quite 140,000 people living within the boundaries. In the evening, the Mayor entertained the members of the Council and other guests to dinner in the reception room of the new Town Hall.

—Mr. W. T. Oliver was elected secretary to the Newcastle Royal Infirmary.

7.—At the annual meetings, Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., and Earl Percy were respectively re-elected

chairman and vice-chairman of the Northumberland County Council; while Mr. John Lloyd Wharton, M.P., and Mr. Alderman Pease were similarly re-elected to the corresponding offices in the Durham County Council.

—A most favourable report was presented and adopted at the third annual meeting, which was held under the presidency of Earl Percy, of the Tyneside Geographical Society. The Council acknowledged the services rendered by the local newspapers, especially the proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, which journal not only published a supplement containing verbatim reports of Mr. Stanley's speeches, but kindly lent the type for the purpose of a reprint.

9.—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Professor Sir R. S. Ball, Astronomer-Royal for Ireland, lectured under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, his subject being "An Astronomer's Thoughts about the Explosion of the Volcano of Krakatoa."

10.—The 9th of November having fallen on a Sunday, the election of mayors and other civic dignitaries took place to-day. In Newcastle the gentleman chosen as mayor was Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis, of whom a portrait will be found on page 45 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1889. Mr. Stephen Quin, a member of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was elected to the office of sheriff. Mr. Alderman John Lucas was succeeded in the mayoralty of Gateshead by Mr. Alderman Silas Kent. The elections,



MR. STEPHEN QUIN.

in the great majority of cases, had been matters of pre-arrangement.

—Mr. Councillor F. E. Schofield, ex-Mayor of Morpeth, was presented with several suitable articles, in commemoration of the birth of a daughter during the year of his mayoralty.

General Occurrences.

OCTOBER.

12.—The English barque *Melmerby* struck on an island near Pictou. The captain and sixteen men were drowned.

13.—A disastrous fire occurred in London by which eight persons lost their lives.

—Death of Mr. J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.A., Professor of Political Economy at Oxford University.

15.—General d'Abreu Sousa, Portuguese Premier, made a statement that the Portuguese Government was unable to recommend to the sanction of the Chambers the convention of August 20th with Great Britain in regard to the Anglo-Portuguese dispute in East Africa.

—The Channel Fleet arrived at Scarborough.

16.—The river Orinoco, South America, overflowed its banks, causing terrible loss of life and property. Twenty square miles of land were flooded to the depth of six feet.

19.—Sir Richard Burton, the explorer, died at Trieste. He was born at Barham House, Hertfordshire, in 1821. One of his most important expeditions was made in 1856, when, together with Captain Speke, he explored the Lake Regions of Central Africa, and discovered Lake Tanganyika.

21.—Mr. Gladstone began a political campaign in Scotland by addressing a large meeting at Edinburgh.

—Mr. Sheehy, M.P., was committed to Clonmel gaol for a week for contempt of court at the Crimes Court, sitting at Tipperary, which was engaged in the trial of several Irish members for conspiracy.

22.—The result of a Parliamentary election at Eccles was as follows:—Henry J. Roby (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,901; Hon. Algernon Fulke Egerton (Conservative) 4,696.

24.—The bodies of a woman named Phoebe Hogg and her baby, Phoebe Hanslope Hogg, were discovered in Kentish Town, London, under circumstances which led to the belief that they had been murdered. A woman named Pearcey was arrested on suspicion, and charged with having committed the crime.

25.—It was announced that the strike in Australia had collapsed.

26.—Field-Marshal Count von Moltke celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

—Vice-Admiral Fremantle captured Vitu, South-East Africa, and burnt the town to the ground. Some Germans had been taken prisoners there, and it was found necessary to punish the natives.

29.—A party of moonlighters at Ardara Cliffs, Moher, county Clare, fired three shots through the window of a house occupied by Patrick Flanagan, and killed his daughter who was asleep in bed.

30.—Mr. Charles Pebody, editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, died at Leeds, aged 51.

31.—The census in the United States showed that the population of the country numbered 62,480,540 persons.

NOVEMBER.

4.—Death of Admiral Robert Tryon, of the English Fleet, aged 84. The admiral in his youth was present at the battle of Navarino.

5.—Millet's celebrated picture, "The Angelus," was repurchased in the United States on account of the French Government. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, pp. 384, 432.)

7.—During a violent storm which raged in the Irish Sea, Viscount Cantelupe, eldest son of Earl De La Warr, whose yacht had been driven ashore in Belfast Lough, was washed overboard and drowned. Many ships were wrecked on the English and Irish coasts with loss of life.

—The Government Powder Mills at Taiping Fu, Shanghai, China, exploded, three hundred persons being killed.

10.—Lord Salisbury attended the Lord Mayor's banquet, at the Guildhall, London, and delivered a speech on various public questions.

Index.

—OO—

- Adams, W. E., and Lord Tennyson's Letter, 526.
Adamson, Daniel, Death of, 139.
Advocate, Tyneside Temperance (William Peel), 570.
Æneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II.) in the North, 261.
Affleck, Alderman, Death of, 141.
Ainsley, Thomas L., Death of, 141.
Aken-side and Smollett, 330.
Aldam, William, Death of, 423.
Alefounder, James, Newcastle's First Postman, 398.
Allhusen, Christian, Death of, 139; Will of, 191.
Allies, the Grand, 170.
Alnwick:—Church, 8; Monument to William the Lion, 181; Castle, 303; American Poem, 309; Abbey, 344; Stables in the Sixteenth Century, 389; Brislee Tower, 440; Bondgate Tower, 496.
Amers, John H., 335.
"Angelus," Millet's, 576.
Anderson, James, Drowning of, 142.
Andrassy, Count Julius, Death of, 192.
Ankarstroom, the Assassin of Gustavus of Sweden, 319.
Arctic Expedition and a Newcastle Election, 498.
Armstrong, Johnny, 438.
Armstrongs and Elliots, 529.
Artists, a Family (of the Hemy), 417.
Artists:—G. F. Robinson, Arthur H. Marsh, J. Rock Jones, Stephen Brownlow, 181; Charles Napier, Tom M., and Bernard Benedict Hemy, 417-8-9; Thomas M'Kendrick, 573.
Assassination of Gustavus of Sweden, 318.
Athol, Sir Aymer de, 503.
Avison, Charles, Tombstone of, 334; First Public Concerts in Newcastle, 326.
Axe, a Jedart, 234.
Aydon Forest, 37.
Aynsley, Mark, Death of, 428.
Baines, Sir Edward, Death of, 192.
Balfour, A. J., in Newcastle, 573.
Ballast Hills on the Tyne, 276.
Ball in a Coal Mine, 171.
Bamborough Keep, 193; the Remains of the Forsters, 282.
Bank, Failure of the District, 548.
Barber, Joseph, Bookseller, 82.
Barber's News, or Shields in an Uproar, 52.
Barkas, Alderman, Presentation to, 479.
Barnard Castle Church, 57; Bowes Museum, 256.
Barnett, John, Death of, 288.
Bastie, de la, Murder of, 405.
Bath House, Newcastle, 571.
"Bau-bleshire, the Duke of," Thomas French, 163.
Beacons in Northumberland, 44.
Beaumont, Wentworth C. B., Marriage of, 46; Lewis, 324.
Beck-with, Thomas, Death of, 235.
Bedlington Legend, 278; the Leakes, 393.
Bee, Jacob, on Ponteland, 503.
Beeswing and Lanercost, 270.
Belk, Thomas, Death of, 379.
Bell, Thomas, 89; Matthew, 173.
Bell Tower, Bervick, 458.
Bellister Castle, 545.
Bellisay Village, Castle, and Hall, 399.
Benwell Board School, Laying Foundation Stone, 523.
Berkeley, Lady Henrietta, and Forde, Lord Grey, 241.
Bertram, Sir, and the Hermit of Warkworth, 346.
Bervick Bridge, 454; Bell Tower, 458.
Bewick, William, of Threepwood, 141.
Bewick Family, 7.
Bigamist, Taylor the, 481.
Biggar, Joseph Gillis, M.P., Death of, 192.
Bird, John, Mathematician, 90.
Bird Life on the Farne Islands, 463.
Birds:—Wren, 16; Titmouse Family, 86; Pipit, 124; Brown Linnet and Lesser Redpole, 163; Raven, Carrion, and Hooded Crow, 221; Shrike, or Butcher Bird, 247; Hawfinch, Bullfinch, and Goldfinch, 296; Jay, Chough, and the Nutcracker, 375; The Buntings, 419; Herring Gull, 466; Great Auk, 466; Common Guillemot, 467; Puffin, 467; Warblers, 515; Redstarts, 554.
Birnie, Alexander, the Case of, 13.
Bismarck, Prince, Resignation of, 240; Count Herbert at Wynyard Park, 332.
Blackstart, 555.
Blackett, Joseph, 42.
Blackett-Ord, Mrs., Death of, 476.
Blagdon Hall and Gates, 311.
Blair, Rev. James S., Death of, 380.
Blake Family Romance, the, 449.
"Blind Jimmy" (James Tearney), Death of, 523.
"Blow the Winds, I-ho," 109.
Belam, Archibald, and the Savings Bank Tragedy, 76.
Bolam, Village of, 391.
Bondgate Tower, Alnwick, 496.
Bonnet, Blue, the Shillbottle, 244.
Boucicaut, Dion, Death of, 523.
Books, the Household, of Naworth Castle, 257.
Borders, a Nook of, 363; Clans, 404.
Bowes, Marjory, wife of John Knox, 60.
Bowes Museum, 256.
Rowey, William, Death of, 525, 574.
"Bowld Airchy Droon'd," 165.
Bowman, Rev. Edward L., Death of, 140.
"Boys at Play," Sketch by Dorothy Tennant (Mrs. H. M. Stanley), 432.
Boyle, J. R., on Alnwick Church, 8; on St. Hilda's Church, East Hartlepool, 55; Barnard Castle Church, 57; Durham Cathedral, 117; Mitford Church, 150; St. Oswald's Church, Durham, 152; Durham Castle, 166; Durham City, 207; A Roman Traveller in the North-Country, 261; John Leland in Durham and Northumberland, 289; Kirkwhelpington Church, 350; Egglecliffe Church, 367; Harrison's Description of the North, 373; Camden's Account of the Northern Counties, 387; Town and Port of Sunderland, 406; Michael Drayton's Description of the Northern Counties, 446; Haughton-le-Skerne Church, 470; Toad Mugs, 474; John Taylor, Water Poet, 489; Kirkharle Church, 495; Three Norwich Soldiers, 533; Redmarshall Church, 543.
Bradburn, John, Death of, 573.
Bradley, Rev. Edward ("Cuthbert Bede"), Death of, 91; Sarah, Death of, 428.
Brancepeth Castle, 371; the Brawn, 371.
Brandings, the, of Gosforth, 170.
Brantwood and Coniston, 511.
Brantxholme Tower, near Hawick, 433.
Brawn of Brancepeth, 371.
Brigade, Tynemouth Volunteer Life, 319, 527.
Brigal Church and Banks, 32.
Brigal, William, Death of, 140.
Brislee Tower, Alnwick, 440.
Brookie, William, on Madame Stote and her Salve, 33; An Eccentric Magistrate (William Elfrick), 69; Tyne Conservancy Contest, 131; Moostroopers, 354, 402, 436, 500, 529; Jingling Geordie's Hole, 349.
Brookie, William, 33; Death, 572.
Brough, Jackey, 31.
Brougham Castle, 559.
Brown, Giles, of Seaham, 199.
Brownlow, Stephen, 183.
Bruce, Dr. J. Collingwood, on "Sair Feyld Hinn," 326.
Bryson, John A., Death of, 235.
Buccleugh, Wat of, 530.
Buddle, William, the Newcastle Butcher, 39; the Buddles, 171.
Bull Ring, North Shields, 232.
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, and the Dicky Bird Society, 239.
Burnett, John, and the Labour Conference at Berlin, 238-9; Eleanor, 332.
Burnup, Jane, Death of, 187.
Burt, Thomas, and the Labour Conference at Berlin, 238; Miss Dorothy Tennant, 333; Joiners' Strike, 431.
Burton, Sir Richard, Death of, 576.
Bury's (Bishop) Lending Library, 517.
Butcher's Dog, the: a Story of the Morpeth Road, 33.
Butcher Bird, 247.
Callopie, H.M.S., at Portsmouth, 240.
Cantelupe, Viscount, Drowning of, 576.
Camden's (William) Account of the Northern Counties, 387.
Cameron, Commander, in Newcastle, 46.
"Camilla of the White House"—Camilla Colville, 135.
Campbell, Superintendent, Death of, 428.
Carlisle, Railway Accident at, 192.
Carrick, Thomas, on Oak-Tree Coffins of Featherstone, 185.
Cauldron Snout, 105.
Centenarian, a Newbrough, 522.
Challoner, John, Death of, 284.
Charlton, R. J., on Pandon Dene, 71.
Charlton, James, and the Kirtley Hall Robbery, 314.
Chatt, George, Death of, 573.
Chess Tournament at Manchester, 480.
Chesters, The, Residence of John Clayton, 424, 570.
Chevington, West, Gun Accident at, 527.
Childs, George, Death of, 476.
Chilton, Tommy, and Nicky-Nack, 37.
Chough, 375.
Christison, Alexander, Death of, 476.
"Chronicle," Newcastle, 223.
Church Schools, Newcastle, 257, 287.
Clark, George Noble, 423; Will, 477.
Clarke's (Charles Cowden) Visits to Newcastle, 148; Thomas, Death of, 331; William, Death of, 428.
Claverings, the, 546; Claverings's Cross, 546.
Clayton, John, Solicitor and Antiquary, 422, 427; Will, 429; Chesters, 570; Anne, Death of, 572.
Clephan, James, on the Invention of the Lucifer Match, 145; the Lighting of Towns, 216; the Household Books at Naworth Castle, 257; A Cleveland Tragedy and a Cleveland Poet, 386; Arctic Expedition and a Newcastle Election, 498; Bishop Bury's Lending Library, 517; Bishop Cosin's Public Library, 532.
Cleveland Tragedy, a, 385.
Clifford, Lord, and Brougham Castle, 559.
Clock Mill, Miller of the, 487.
Coal Trade in the Northern Counties, 170; "Success to the Coal Trade," 494.
Cockburn, Piers, 438.
Cocklaw Tower, 41.
Coffins the Oak-Tree, of Featherstone, 185.
Coldstream Bridge, 183.
Coleridge, Hartley, and Nab Cottage, 272.
Collier, the First Sorew, 200.
Collingwood, Edward, 20.
Colville, Camilla, 135.
Common, the, Strong Men, 234; John, 234.
Concerts, First Public in Newcastle, 326.
Coniston and Brantwood, 511.
Conservancy Contest, the Tyne, 131.
Cook, Captain, 145.
Cooke, Joseph, Mystic and Communist, 54.
Cosin's (Bishop) Public Library, 532.
Cosyn, John, 19; House, 19.
Coughron, George, 22.
Countess's Pillar, 71.
Coupland, John of, 65; Castle, 201.
"Cousin's House" Sun Dial, 19.
Cownley, Joseph, 67.
Craddock, Dr., an ill-fated Churchman, 78.
Craig, Joseph, Rescue by, 526.
Craster House, Northumberland, 128.
Crawford Jack, Unveiling of Memorial at Sunderland, 239; William, Death of, 380; Toad Mug, 397.
Crawley Tower, 185.
Creagh, Sir William, 114.
Cresswell, Sir Cresswell, 68.
Crewe, Tragedy at, 144, 240.
Gronin Trial at Chicago, the, 96.
Cross, Launcelot, on Charles Cowden Clarke's Visits to Newcastle, 148; Cross, Ancient, at Gosforth, Cumberland, 473; Claverings's, 546.
Crosstall, Cumberland, 11.
Crow, the Carrion and Hooded, 221.
Crowley, Ambrose, 536; Crowley's Crew, 537.

- Cuckoo Jack (John Wilson), 110.
 Culley, Edward, 89; Matthew and George, 115.
 Cumberland Poet, Joseph Relph of Seberg-ham, 468.
 Curwens, the, of Workington, 353.
 Customs, Curious, of the Lake District, 130.
 "Cuthbert Bede" (Rev. Edward Bradley).
 Death of, 91.
 Cutter, Councillor John, Death of, 188.
 Cutty Soams, 214.
 Daere, Thomas Lord, 154; Mosstroopers, 436.
 D'Albert, Charles and Eugene, 105.
 Dale, David, at Berlin, 238.
 Darlington, Suicide of Thomas Donnison, 143.
 Darnell, Rev. W. N., 155.
 Davell, Robert, 156.
 Davis, Jefferson, Death of, 48.
 Davison, Sir Alexander, 157.
 Dawes, Richard, 202.
 Dawson, Henry, 233.
 Deer Parks in the North, 36.
 Delaval, Sir Ralph, 250; Admiral Sir Ralph, 251; John Hussey, 252; Thomas, 254; Edward Hussey, 255.
 Deodands, 174.
 Derbyshire, Watson, Death of, 236.
 Derwentwater, the Earl of, 1; Insurrection, 1, 49, 97; Lake, 175.
 Dick, Guinea, 42.
 Dickie o' the Den, 355.
 Dickinson, Robert, Death of, 332.
 Dickson, William, Clerk of the Peace, 205.
 Dicky Bird Society, Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the, 239; 524; Lord Tennyson, 526; John Ruskin, 526.
 Dixon, Robert, and Helvellyn, 563.
 Dixon, Sir Raylton, and the Freedom of Middlesbrough, 237; Jeremiah, 245.
 Dobson, Alderman John, Death of, 140; Thomas, 298.
 Dodd, William, Death of, 139; Rev. William, 299.
 Dodds, Alderman Ralph, 294.
 Dod Man, or Hermit of Skiddaw, 43.
 Doc of Ennerdale, the Wild, 555.
 Dollinger, Dr., Death of, 96.
 Dolly, the Wooden, North Shields, 161.
 Donkin, John George, Death of, 93; Armorer, 300; John G., on a Nook of the Borders, 363; William, Marriage of, 140 years ago, 378.
 Doubleday, Robert, 206.
 Dove, Robert, Death of, 476.
 Drayton's (Michael) Description of the Northern Counties, 446.
 Dryburgh Abbey, 233.
 Dryden, William, of Blyth, Death of, 236.
 Duane, Matthew, 302.
 Duckett, Thomas, Death of, 379.
 Duncan, Colonel, Bust of, 239.
 Dungeon Gill Force, 345, 346.
 Duns Scotus, 459.
 Durant, William, 337.
 Durham:—Deer Parks, 36; Dr. Lightfoot, 81; Cathedral, 117; St. Oswald's Church, 152; Castle, 166; Henry Dawson, first M.P. for County, 203; the City of Durham, 207; Thomas Morton, Bishop, 283; Consecration of Bishop Westcott, 287; John Leland, 289; William Camden, 387; Miners' Demonstration, 429; Election, Mid-Durham, 429; The Sanctuary, Durham Cathedral, 447; Illicit Whisky, 510; Bishop Bury's Lending Library, 517.
 Edlingham Burglary, and Justice Manist' 137.
 Edom of Gordon, 403.
 Egglecliffe Church, 367.
 Egglestone, W. M., on Deer Parks in the North, 36; A Weardale Knitting Stick, 90; A Weardale Holy-Stone, 330; A Weardale Stay Busk, 378.
 Ekins, Jeffrey, 443.
 Electricity in New York, Execution by, 432.
 Electric Lighting in Newcastle, 96.
 Elgey, Mrs. Mary, Death of, 140.
 Ellis, James, 442; Jos. Baxter, 576.
 Ellisons, the Cuthbert, 339; Henry, 341; John, 342; Nathaniel, 411; Robert, 413.
 Elliott, Thomas, 441; Willie, Liddesdale farmer, 514.
 Elliotts and Armstrongs, 529.
 Elsdon, Winter's Stob, 134; Village, 159.
 Elstob, William, 444; Elizabeth, 445.
 Elswick Overseership, 524.
 Elvet Bridge, Durham, 212.
 Embleton Bog, 329.
 Emin Pasha, 240.
 Emeldon, Richard, 489.
 Engineers' Strike, Newcastle, 237.
 Ennerdale, the Wild Dog of, 555.
 Ettrick, Wm., an Eccentric Magistrate, 69.
 Everett, Rev. James, 490.
 Evers, Henry, Teacher of Science, 439.
 Execution of Earl of Derwentwater, 100.
 Expedition, Arctic, and a Newcastle Election, 498.
 Explosions:—Ellison Terrace, Newcastle, 142; Llanerch Pits, Monmouth, 144; Jarrow, 190; Morfa Colliery, Glamorgan-shire, 192; Government Powder Mills, China, 576.
 Fairfax, General, in Newcastle, 507.
 Fairies, Wm. Watson, Death of, 523.
 Fairman, Robert, Death of, 428.
 Fairy Pipes, 186.
 Falloden Hall, 281.
 Falconer, the Last Laird of, 174.
 Farne Islands, Bird Life on, 465.
 Farthing Giles and Guinea Dick, 199.
 Fawcett, J. W., on Newcastle in Danger, 283; on Illicit Whisky in North-West Durham, 510; Miss Philippa, 336; Christopher, 492; Dr. Richard, 493.
 Fawcitt, Amy, the Sad Story of, 126.
 Featherstone, the Oak-Tree Coffins of, 185.
 Felton, Village of, 550.
 Fencibles, Northumberland, 439.
 Fenwick, Sir Ralph, in Tynedale, 406; Sir John, 537; Lieut.-Col. John, 540; Colonel George, 541.
 "Fidelity," Wordsworth Poem, 562.
 Firemen, Disaster to, in Newcastle, 525.
 Flambard, Bishop of Durham, 167.
 Fleming, John, Death of, 187; Will of, 191, 286; Sale of Furniture, &c., 287.
 Fletcher, Edward, Death of, 92.
 Ford Castle, 253.
 Forde, Lord Grey, and Lady Henrietta Berkeley, 241.
 Forster, Thomas, of Adderstone, 2; the Remains of the Forsters of Bamborough, 282.
 Forsyth, Richard Wm., Murder of, 575.
 Fort Bridge, Opening of, 192.
 French, Thomas, "Duke of Baubleshire," 163.
 Fynes, Richard, Presentation to, 46.
 Galilee, Durham Cathedral, 123.
 Galloway, Alderman, Death of, 284.
 Garnett, Joseph, 17.
 Gateshead:—Tramcar Accident, 47; Perambulation Tokens, 222; Thomas Topham, 283; High School for Boys, 449; Tragedy, 575; New Mayor, 576; Murder, 575.
 Gavelkind, the Law of, 502.
 Ghost, Stephen Hollin's, 271.
 Gibson's Conches, 381.
 Gilchrist, George H., 85; Robert, 165.
 Gostorth Colliery, Ball in, 171; Ancient Cross at Gostorth, Cumberland, 473.
 Gosman, Fred, Death of, 523.
 Gosse, Edmund, in Newcastle, 189.
 Gough, Charles, and Helvellyn, 562.
 Grames, the Gallant, 500.
 "Gramie, Hughie the," 558.
 Graham, Mrs. Cunningham, in Newcastle, 131.
 Grainger, Richard, Builder, 28, 90.
 Grand Hotel, Newcastle, 526, 527.
 Grange, Cumberland, 175.
 Granville, Earl, in Newcastle, 573.
 Graves, John Woodcock, Death of, 140.
 Gray, Thomas, Death of, 235; William, 333, 429.
 Green, Dr. Charles, Death of, 141.
 Greenwell, Dora, 8; G. C., on Old Street Calls in Newcastle, 379.
 Grenadier Guards, Insubordination, 432.
 Greta Hall, Keswick, 175.
 Grey, Hon. Mrs. Charles, Death of, 572.
 Grey, F. R., Death of, 236; Lord (Forde) and Henrietta Berkeley, 241; James, 525, 574.
 "Guinea Dick," 42, 159.
 Gustavus of Sweden, Assassination of, 318.
 Halfnight, Richard, Artist, 280.
 Hall, Sergeant C., on Workington Hall, 352; the Wild Dog of Ennerdale, 565.
 Halleck, Fitz-Greene, on Alnwick Castle, 309.
 Halle, the, of the Borders, 502.
 Haltwhistle Harried and Avenged, 529;
 Bellister Castle, 545.
 Hamond, Alderman, and Freedom of Newcastle, 574.
 Hancock, John and Albany, 566, 572.
 Harbottle, Northumberland, 365.
 Harcastle, M. S., on Miracle Plays and Mysteries in the North, 461.
 Harle, Looky, on Justice Cresswell, 68.
 Harper, Thomas, and a Cleveland Tragedy, 385.
 Harrison's (William) Description of the North, 373.
 Hartburn, Northumberland, 391.
 Hartlepool, East, St. Hilda's Church, 55.
 Hartley, John, Death of, 45.
 Haswell, Thomas, Death of, 91; George H., on Old Street Cries in Newcastle, 473.
 Haughton-le-Skerne Church, 470.
 Hawkes, Mervyn L., Death of, 572.
 Hebburn Hall, 42.
 Hedley, John, Death of, 286; Ralph, Sketch of the Sanctuary, 448.
 Heenan, Mrs. (Madame Tomsett), 396.
 "Hellfire Lad" (Rev. James Everett), 491.
 Hell Kettles, 374.
 Helm Wind, 11.
 Helvellyn Fatalities, 561.
 Henry, Charles Napier, 417; Tom M., 418; Bernard B., 419.
 Henderson, Archibald, "Bold Archy," 165.
 "Henwife Jack," 522.
 Herdman, Edward, on Gateshead Perambulations, 223; Bell Tower, Berwick, 458.
 Hermitage Castle, 513.
 Hermit of Skiddaw, 43, 90, 231; Warkworth, 346.
 Hetherington, a Northumbrian Highwayman, 229.
 Hexhamshire, 502.
 High Level Bridge, Newcastle, 263.
 "Highlander, the Old," North Shields, 326.
 Highlanders at Wolsingham, 246.
 Highwayman and the Preacher, the, 138; Northumbrian, 229; Captain Zachary Howard, 506.
 Hilla, the Burning, of Shields, 276.
 Hinde, John, Death of, 235.
 Hodgson, Mrs. Solomon, Thomas, and James, 224, 225; John, of Hartburn, 391.
 Hole, Jangling Geordie's, 349.
 Hollin's (Stephen) Ghost, 271.
 Hollinside Manor, 128.
 Hollon, Richard W., J.P., Death of, 427.
 Holy Island, Accident to Excursionists, 240.
 Holy-stone, a Weardale, 330.
 Horse Stealers of Last Century, 532.
 Horses, Pack, in the North, 397.
 Hotspur Tower, Alnwick, 496.
 Howard, Lord William, and Naworth Castle, 257; Captain Zachary, 506.
 Hoyle, John Theodore and James Thain, 319; Rev. Jonas, Death of, 427.
 Hudson, Thomas, and the Tyne Conservancy Contest, 132.
 "Hughie the Grame," 558.
 Hullock, Baron, 43.
 Hulne Abbey, 416.
 Hunt, Dean, 534.
 Hunter, James, Death of, 45; James, on the First Screw Collier, 200.
 Hurst, T. G., Death of, 427.
 Inglewood Forest Thieves, 501.
 Insurrection, the Derwentwater, 1, 49.
 Jack Tar Inn, Newcastle, 112.
 "Jackey Brough," 51.
 Jay, 375.
 Jedburgh Abbey, 565.
 Jeddard Aze, a, 254.
 Jenkins, William, 574.
 Jesmond Dene, Old Mill, 282.
 Jangling Geordie's Hole, 349.
 Jock o' the Side, 531.
 Jones, J. Rock, 183.

- Kemble, Stephen, and "Barber's News," 52.
 Kendal, Journalistic Enterprise at, 282.
 "Kenedy, Lord" (Taylor), the Bigamist, 481.
 Kennure, Earl of, Execution of, 99.
 Kenton, Oriel Window at, 327.
 Kerres, the Raid of the, 405.
 Keswick, Cumberland, 175.
 Kettlewell, Lunley, a York Eccentric, 563.
 "Kinmost Willie," 453, 530.
 Kirkham Church, 498.
 Kirkley Hall and Obelisk, 311; Strange Robbery at, 314.
 Kirkstone Pass, Fatal Accident in, 480.
 Kirkwhelpington Church, 350.
 Knitting Stick, a Weardale, 90.
 Knox, John, in Newcastle, 69.
 Kohen, Sophia, German Governess, Mysterious Disappearance of, 96.
 Krapotkine, Prince, in Newcastle, 47.
 Laird of the North-Country, a, 174.
 Lake District, Curious Customs of the, 130, 186.
 Lancaster, Mrs. Ann, aged 107, Death of, 92.
 Lancroft and Beewing, 270.
 Langton, Thomas, and Redmarshall Church, 543.
 Lark Hall Sprite, 558.
 Lauder, Rev. Mr., and the Lark House Sprite, 558.
 Lawson, Rev. John, Death of, 475.
 Leakes, the, of Bedlington, 393.
 Leland, John, in Northumberland and Durham, 289.
 Leonard, John, 6.
 Library, Bishop Cosin's, 532; Bishop Bury's, 517.
 Liddle, Sir Henry Thomas, 172.
 Liddesdale Thieves, 501; Farmer, 513.
 Liddle, R. K., Death of, 523.
 Liddon, Canon, Death of, 480.
 Litch, Thomas Carr, and the Tyne Conservancy Contest, 132.
 Life Brigade, Tynemouth, 319.
 Lifton House, Newcastle, 524, 525.
 Lightfoot, Dr., Bishop of Durham, 81, 92; Will of, 95, 240; Library, 575.
 Lighting of Towns, 218.
 Linnet, Brown, 153.
 Linton, W. J., and Brantwood, 513.
 Lister, J. Moore, on Richard Grainger, 90.
 Llanerch Pits, Monmouth, Explosion at, 144.
 Locke, Wm. Ferguson, Memorial to, 289.
 Loftus, Captain A. J., 150.
 Lomax, J., on the Hermit of Skiddaw, 43.
 Londonderry, Lord, and Wynyard Hall, 565.
 Longevity, Family, 281.
 Long, Luke, Quack Doctor, 275.
 Long Meg and Her Daughters, near Penrith, 273.
 Loraine, Sir William, 496.
 Lushburn Holes, 437.
 Mackay, Dr. Charles, Death of, 96.
 Mackenzie, James A. S. W., 173.
 Magdala, Lord Napier of, Death of, 144.
 Magistrate, An Eccentric, 69.
 Manisty, Justice, 136.
 Marsh, Arthur H., 182.
 Match, Lucifer, Invention of, 145.
 Mathematician, W. S. B. Woolhouse, 327.
 McKinley, Bridget, Death of, 475; Tariff Bill, 528.
 Milbanke, Lady, 199.
 Miller, the, and his Sons, 372; Clock Mill, 487.
 Milet's "Angelus," 576.
 Millie, Joseph, and the Savings Bank Tragedy, 76.
 Mill, Old, Jeamond Dene, 282.
 Milne, James Thomson, Death of, 427.
 Milne-Homes, David, Death of, 523.
 Milvain, Alderman Henry, Death of, 168.
 Miracle Plays and Mysteries of the North, 461.
 Mitford Church, 150; Castle, 324.
 M'Kendrick, Thomas, Death of, 573.
 Montpensier, Duc de, Death of, 144.
 Morpeth Road, a Story of the, 39.
 Morrison, John, 320, 527.
 Morrish, Mr., and Sir Walter Scott, 33.
 Morrish, Robt. Ambrose, Death of, 572.
 Morton, Thomas, Bishop of Durham, 283.
 Mostrotopers, the, 354, 402, 436, 500, 529.
 Mugs, Troop, 396.
 Muncoaster Castle, 40.
 Murat, Jean Paul, 469.
 Murders:—In Newcastle, 95, 190; Crewe, 240; Switzerland, 528; Canada, 528; Gateshead, 576.
 Murdoch, William, and the Lighting of Towns, 218.
 Murphy, William, 525, 574.
 Murray, Lindley, at York, 267.
 Mysteries of the North, Miracle Plays and, 461.
 Nab Cottage, Rydalmere, 272.
 Naworth Castle, the Household Books of, 257.
 Neville, Cioely, the Rose of Raby, 4.
 Newbrough Centenarian (Mr. Teasdale), 522.
 Newcastle:—Streets, &c., 30; New Assembly Rooms, 46; John Knox, 69; Pandon Dene, 71; Savings Bank Tragedy, 76; Riot of 1740, 83; Mayor and Sheriff, 89; Uncle Toby's Exhibition of Toys, 94; Murder, 95; Pantommies, 94; Mysterious Disappearance of a German Governess, Sophia Kohen, 96; Electric Lighting, 96; Fire, 141; Explosion in Ellison Terrace, 142; Suicide of Mordaunt Cohen, 142; Burns Club, 142; Valentine Smith, 143; Accident to a Furniture Van, 143; Tramway Employees, 143, 144; Bewick Club, 143; Sir Edward Watkins, 144; Charles Cowden Clarke's Visits, 148; William the Lion, 180; Hospital Fund, 189; Edmund Gosse, 189; Execution, 190; R.S.P.C.A. Branch Meeting, 191; W. D. Stephens Elected Alderman, 192; Suicide on Town Moor, 192; the Quayside, 215; *Newcastle Chronicle*, 225; Plumbers' and Engineers' Strike, 237; Sir J. Crichton Browne, 238; H. M. Stanley and the Freedom of Newcastle, 239, 381; Boat Race on the Tyne, 239; Sandow, Strong Man, 240; New Church Schools, 257; Pope Pius II., 261; Bridges, 263; Newcastle in Danger, 283; Miss Helen Gladstone, 287; John Leland, 291; First Public Concerts, 326; Government Licensing Meeting, 332; Bernhard Stavenhagen, 333; Fatal Accident at Haymarket "Hoppings," 334; Charles Avison's Tombstone, 334; Street Calls, 379; Sunday Music, 381, 431; Gibsons' Conches, 381; Gosforth Park Races, 382; Temperance Festival, 382; Starvation of Child, 382; St. Augustine's Church, 382; St. Jude's Church, 383; First Postman, 398; John Clayton, 422; New Town Hall, 430; Joiners' Strike, 431, 527; J. G. Youll's Resignation as Alderman, 431; Old Street Cries, 473; Oystershell Hall, 474; the Mayor and H. M. Stanley's Valet, 476; Storm, 477; Opening of Drill Hall in Barrack Road, 477; Thomas Richardson Elected Alderman, 478; Rose Inn, Pudding Chare, 479; Town Moor Allotments, 479; Presentation to Alderman Barkas, 479; John Taylor, Water Poet, 486; an Arctic Expedition and a Newcastle Election, 498; General Fairfax, 507; Hospital Sunday Fund, 524; George Sterling and the Elswick Overseership, 524; Lifton House, 524, 525; Disaster to Firemen in Mosley Street, 525, 574; Grand Hotel, 526, 527; Presentation to David Urwin, 527; Remnant of Roman Wall, 528; Benwell New Board School, 528; Three Norwich Soldiers' Description, 535; Failure of the District Bank, 548; John and Albany Hancock, 566; Bath House, 571; Gift of Recreation Ground by Mr. W. D. Cruddas, 573; Mr. Balfour, 573; Surgeon T. H. Parke, 573; Earl Granville, 573; Madame Patti, 574; Herbert Ward, 574; Alderman Hamond, 574; Municipal Elections, 575; Tyneside Geographical Society, 576; Sir R. S. Ball, 576; New Mayor and Sheriff, 576;
 Newman, Cardinal, Death of, 480.
 Nicholson, John, Death of, 475.
 Nicholson, John I., on Cuckoo Jack, 110.
 Nicky-Nack, 37.
 Niell, William, Death of, 235.
 Nitric Acid Disaster in Newcastle, 525, 574.
 Northbourne, Lady, Death of, 140.
 North Country, Laird of the, 174.
 North-Country Artists, 181, 417, 573.
 North, Deer Parks in the, 36.
 North Road, Two Bits of the, 488.
 Northumberland, Beacons in, 44; Duke, and John Knox, 60; Highwaymen, 229; Farmer's Wedding 140 years ago, 378; Fencibles, 439.
 Norwich Soldiers, Three, 533.
 Nugent-Hopper, G. W., on Journalistic Enterprise at Kendal, 282; Old Will Bittson, 252.
 Nutcracker, 375.
 Oatlands, Surrey, Residence of John Hancock, 569.
 "Ogilvie's (Sawney) Duel with his Wife," 198.
 Ogle Castle, 328.
 Ogle, Dean, and Kirkley Hall, 314.
 O'Hanlon, Michael, Death of, 572.
 Oriel Window at Kenton, 327.
 Ovingham Village, 7.
 Oystershell Hall, Newcastle, 474.
 Pack Horses in the North, 397.
 Page, Dr. David, Death of, 189.
 Paicy, Dr., and Guinea Dick and Farthing Gills, 193.
 Pandon Dene, Newcastle, 71; Home of Julia St. George, 104.
 Park, Surgeon T. H., in Newcastle, 573.
 Parker, Mr., and Coldstream Bridge, 194.
 Parnell Commission, Close of, 48.
 Paton, Robert, of Rothbury, Death of, 142, 486.
 Patterson, W. H., 542.
 Patti, Madame, in Newcastle, 574.
 Pebody, Charles, Death of, 576.
 Peel, William, 570; Death of, 284.
 Penrith Castle, 249; Long Meg and Her Daughters, 273; Brougham Castle, 559.
 Perambulations, Gateshead, 222.
 Percy, Dr., and the Hermit of Warkworth, 346.
 Phipps, Hon. Constance John, 498.
 Pickering, T. D., Death of, 380.
 Pierson, Thomas, a Dramatist, 387.
 Pinnacles, Farne Islands, 463.
 Pipes, Fairy, 186.
 Pipts, the, 124.
 Plant Lore, Yorkshire, 474.
 Plays and Mysteries of the North, Miracle, 461.
 Ponteland, 503.
 Pope Pius II. in the North, 261.
 Postman, Newcastle's First, 398.
 Preacher and the Highwayman, the, 138.
 Prelate, the Captured, 323.
 Price, John, Death of, 523.
 Pringle, Arnes, Artist, 399.
 Prophecies, Mother Shipton and Her, 61.
 Pudding Chare, 138.
 Pusey, Bishop, 119.
 Pybus, Robert, Death of, 572.
 Q. E. D., the First Screw Collier, 200.
 Quack Doctor, Luke Long, 275.
 Quayside, Newcastle, 215.
 Quin, Stephen, Sheriff of Newcastle, 576.
 Raby, the Rose of, 4.
 Radcliffe, James, the Last Earl of Derwentwater, 1; Charles, 101.
 Ramsay, John, Death of, 427.
 Rannulph de Glanville, 180.
 Raven, the, 221.
 Redesdale Thieves, 501.
 Redmarshall Church, 543.
 Redpole, Lesser, 163.
 Redstart, 554.
 Red Tarn and Striding Edge, 561.
 Reformation, Morning Star of the, 518.
 Reid, Christian Bruce, Death of, 91.
 Relph, Joseph, of Sebergham, 468.
 Renforth, Stephen, Presentation to, 384.
 Richardson, T. M., Jun., Death of, 93; James, Death of, 379.
 Riot, of 1740, the Newcastle, 83; Sunderland Seamen, 508.
 Ritson, Old Will, Death of, 183, 282.
 Robbery at Kirkley Hall, 514.
 Robinson Crusoe (Bracev. R. Wilson), Death of, 91.
 Robinson, G. F., 181; Rev. Thomas, Death of, 476; John, Death of, 476.
 Robson, Wm. Wealdens, on Justice Cresswell, 69; Turnip Husbandry, 101.

- Rogers, J. E. Thorold, Death of, 576.
 Roker, Boating Fatality at, 430.
 Roman Bath Found at Westerton Folly, 431.
 Roman Wall, Remnant of, 522.
 Rookhops Ryde, 228.
 Rose Inn, Pudding Chare, Newcastle, 479.
 Rothbury, Storm at, 142.
 Routledge, George, Will of, 142.
 Kuskin, John, and Brantwood, 513; Dicky Bird Society, 526.
 Russia, Outbreak of Influenza in, 48, 96.
 Rutherford, Dr. John Hunter, 226, 235; Will of, 288.
 Rutherford, John Henry, Death of, 429.
 Rydalmere, Nab Cottage, 272.
 Sadler, Joseph, Death of, 92.
 "Sair Fey'd, Hinn", 325.
 Salve, Madame Stote and her, 33.
 "Sanctuary, The", 447.
 Sark, the Battle of, 292.
 "Saufey Money", 437.
 Savings Bank Tragedy, Newcastle, 76.
 Scots, William the Lion, King of, 178.
 Scott, Sir Walter, and Mr. Morrith, 33; Branxholme Tower, 434; "Kinmont Willie", 453; Liddesdale, 513.
 Scott, John, Earl of Eldon, and Coldstream Bridge, 183; Bessie Surtees, 215; Alderman John O., Death of, 187, 287; Percival, Death of, 379; Adam, King of the Border, 438.
 Scotus, Duns, 459.
 Seaham, New (Nicky-Nack) Colliery, 37.
 Seamen's Riot at Sunderland, 1825, 508.
 Searle, Henry Ernest, Death of, 48.
 Seaton Delaval Hall and the Delavals, 251.
 Sehergham, Joseph Kelph of, 408.
 Shadforth, Robert, Mayor of Sunderland, 575.
 Sharp, Archdeacon, of Hartburn, 391.
 Shield, William, composer, 14; John, and "Barber's News", 52.
 "Shields in an Uproar, Barber's News, or," 52.
 Shields, Wooden Dolly, 161; Bull Ring, 232; Burning Hills, 276; Old Highlander, 326; Opening of New Post Office, 383; Seventy Years Ago, 390.
 Shillbottle, Blue Bonnet, the, 244.
 Shipton, Mother, and her Prophecies, 61; Cave at Knaresborough, 63.
 Shortreed, Robert, and Liddesdale, 513.
 "Show me the Way to Wallington," 421.
 Shrike, or Butcher Bird, 247.
 Side, Jock of, the, 531.
 Skiddaw, Hermit of, 43, 90, 231.
 "Skipper's Wedding, the," 269.
 Slack, John, Death of, 92; Thomas and Mrs., 224.
 Smith, George, Hermit of Skiddaw, 43, 90, 231; Valentine, 135, 143; James, Draughts Champion, Death of, 188; William and the Cleveland Tragedy, 385.
 Smollett and Aken-side, 330.
 Snape, Dr. James, 196.
 Snowden, Ann, niece of George Stephenson, Death of, 427.
 Soams, Cutty, 214.
 Soldiers, Three Norwich, 533.
 Southampton, Serious Riots at, 480.
 Southey, Robert, 175.
 Spence, Joseph, Death of, 91; John Forster, 321, 527; Robert, Death of, 429; John, Death of, 573.
 Spindleston Heugh, the Laidley Worm of, 193.
 Sprite, Lark Hall, 558.
 St. Augustine's Church, Newcastle, 382.
 St. Columba's Church, Sunderland: Consecration Ceremony, 335.
 St. George, Julia, and Pandon Dene, 74, 103.
 St. George's Church, Jesmond, Newcastle, 441.
 St. Hilda's Church, East Hartlepool, 55.
 St. Jude's Church, Newcastle, 383.
 St. Oswald's Church, Durham, 152.
 Stagg, Mrs., Sister of Sir Francis Blake, 451.
 Staite, W. E., and Electric Lighting, 220.
 Stanhope, Deer Park at, 36.
 Stanley, H. M., 48; 288, 333, 336; Freedom of Newcastle, 239; in Newcastle, 381; "Darkest Africa," 384; Edinburgh and Manchester Freedom, 384; Marriage, 432.
 Stanwix, Gun Accident at, 528.
 Stapylton, Miles, 532.
 Stavenhagen, Herr Bernhard, 333.
 Staward Farm House, 2.
 Stay Busk, a Weardale, 378.
 Steel, John, and the Wild Dog of Ennerdale, 555.
 Stephens, W. D., 192.
 Stephenson, William, 269; C. H., on Jed-dart Axe, 294; on Smollett and Aken-side, 330; on Lumley Kettlewell, 564; Robert, Death of, 427.
 Stockton and the Invention of the Lucifer Match, 147; Free Library, 575.
 Stokoe, John, on North-Country Garland of Song, 6, 52, 109, 165, 198, 269, 325, 372, 421, 453, 494, 568.
 Storey, Alderman, 575.
 Storm on the North-East Coast, 240.
 Stote, Madame, and her Salve, 33.
 Street Calls in Newcastle, 379, 473.
 Striding Edge and Red Tarn, 561.
 Strong Men: the Commons, 234.
 "Success to the Coal Trade," 494.
 Sunday Music in Newcastle, 387.
 Sunderland, Tragedy in, 94; Jack Crawford Memorial, 239; St. Columba Church, Southwick, 335; Town and Port, 406; Seamen's Riot, 1825, 508; New Town Hall, 570; Alderman Storey, 575.
 Surtees, Bessie, and Coldstream Bridge, 183, 215.
 Swan, J. W., and Electric Light, 220; William's Misfortunes, 273.
 Sweden, Gustavus of, Assassination of, 513.
 Swing Bridge, Newcastle, 263.
 Stybarrow Crag and Ullswater, 63.
 Tait, James, on a Liddesdale Farmer, 513.
 Tanfield, and Stephen Hollin's Ghost, 271.
 Taylor, "Lord Kennedy," the Bigamist, 481; John, "Water Poet," 485.
 Tearney, James ("Blind Jimmy"), Death of, 523.
 Teasdale, Mary, a Centenarian, 522.
 Tennant, Miss Dorothy, and Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., 333; at Wallington, 432; Marriage to H. M. Stanley, 432.
 Tennyson, Lord, and the Dicky Bird Society, 526.
 Temperance Advocate (William Peel), 570.
 Teviotdale, Raids in, 405.
 Thain, James, and the Assassination of Gustavus of Sweden, 319.
 Thompson, John, Death of, 572; Wm. Gill, 85; Lewis, Bequest of, 477.
 Thomson, James, on Aydon Forest, 37.
 Thornton, Roger, and Pandon Dene, 74.
 "Thornton Brass," Restoration of, 191.
 Titmouse Family, 86.
 Toad Mugs, 396, 474.
 Tomlinson, W. W., on Orvingham Village, 7; Elsdon Village, 159; Clavering's Cross, 546.
 Tomsett, Madame (Mrs. Heenan), 396.
 Topham, Thomas, in Gateshead, 283.
 Towneley Family, the, 125.
 Towns, the Lighting of, 218.
 Tragedies:—Savings Bank, Newcastle, 76; Sunderland, 94; Gateshead, 381, 575; Cleveland, 385; New Cross, London, 432; Leeming, near Bedale, 525; Kentish Town, London, 576.
 Traslav, Outhbert H., on Pudding Chare, 138.
 Tuer, Andrew W., on Fairy Pipes, 186.
 Tunstall, Bishop, and John Knox, 59.
 Tupper, Martin F., Death of, 48.
 Turnbull, John, "Henwife Jack," 522.
 Turnbull, Mr., and Lark Hall Sprite, 558.
 Turnip Husbandry, 101.
 Twizell House, Northumberland, 249; Castle and Bridge, 451.
 Tyne Conservancy Contest, the, 131; Bridge, 266.
 Tynemouth Volunteer Life Brigade, 319, 527; Jangling Geordie's Hole, 349; Dicky Bird Society Boats, 430.
 Tyzack, Wilfrid, Death of, 427.
 Ullswater and Stybarrow Crag, 63.
 Uncle Toby's Exhibition of Toys, 94; Boats at Tynemouth, 430; Dicky Bird Society, 524; Lord Tennyson's Letter, 526.
 United States, Census of, 576.
 Urwin, David, Presentation to, 527.
 Wakenshaw, Thomas, Death of, 379.
 Walker, John, Inventor of the Lucifer Match, 146; Wylam, Death of, 476.
 Wallace, W., on the Helm Wind, 13.
 Wallington, Northumberland, 358; "Show me the Way to," 421; Dorothy Tennant (Mrs. H. M. Stanley) at, 432.
 Wallis, Rev. Richard, 42.
 Walters, Rev. Frank, 557, 575; Robert, Death of, 572.
 Walton, Thomas, Death of, 523.
 Walwick Chesters, 570.
 Warblers, 515.
 Ward, Herbert, 574.
 Warkworth Castle, 23; Hermit 346.
 Wat o' Harden, 357; Buccleugh, 530.
 "Water Poet" in the North, 485.
 Watkin, Sir Edward, in Newcastle, 144.
 Watson, G., on Family Longevity, 281; Mason, Death of, 284.
 Watts, Norris, Shooting of, 574.
 Waugh, Edwin, Death of, 288.
 Weardale Knitting Stick, a, 90; Rookhope Ryde, 228; Holystone, 330; Stay Busk, 378.
 "Wedding, the Skipper's," 269.
 Weedy, James, Murder of, in Bedale, 525.
 Welford, Richard, on "Men of Mark Twixt Tyne and Tweed":—19, 55, 114, 154, 202, 250, 289, 337, 411, 441, 489, 537; Dr. Cradock, an ill-fated Churchman, 78; Gateshead Perambulations, 223; Luke Long, Quack Doctor, 275.
 Werner, Hildegard, on Charles and Eugene D'Albert, 105.
 Westcott, Bishop, 236, 332.
 Westerton Folly, Relics found at, 431.
 Whisky, Illicit, in North-West Durham, 510.
 White, Robert, and the Miller of the Clock Mill, 487.
 Whitefield, George, in the North, 321.
 Whittle, Thomas, 198.
 Wiggins, Captain, in Newcastle, 47.
 Wilkins, the Rev. John, Death of, 187.
 Wilkinson, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, 190; Northumbrian Highwayman, 229; Rev. George P., Death of, 475.
 William the Lion, King of Scots, 178.
 "Willie, Kinmont," 453, 530.
 Wilson, Sarah, on Hulne Abbey, 416; on Brialce Tower, Alnwick, 440; on Bondgate Tower, Alnwick, 496; Bracey R., Death of, 91; John (Cuckoo Jack), 110; F. R., on Alnwick Castle, 303; Alexander, Death of, 332; W. E., on Branxholme Tower, 433.
 Winlaton Hopping, 6; Mill, 535-6-7.
 Winter's Stob, Elsdon, 134.
 Wolsey, Cardinal, and Mother Shipton, 62.
 Wolingham, the Highlanders at, 246.
 Woolhouse, W. S. B., 327.
 Wordsworth on Dungeon Gill Force, 346.
 Worthington Hall, 352.
 Worm, Laidley, of Spindleston Heugh, 193.
 Wreok at South Shields, 240.
 Wren, the, 15.
 Wrightson, Thomas, and Free Library for Stockton, 575.
 Wycliffe, John, 518; Church, 520, 521.
 Wynyard Hall, 564, 574.
 York, Lindley Murray at, 267; Lumley Kettlewell, 563.
 Yorkshire Plant Lore, 474.
 Youll's (J. G.) Resignation as Alderman of Newcastle, 431.

Errata.

Page 28, col. 2, line 29—for "fourteenth" read "tenth or eleventh."

Page 28, col. 2, lines 36, 37, and 38—delete from "This was" to "to himself."

Page 308, col. 2, line 26—for "400 apartments" read "200 apartments."

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